



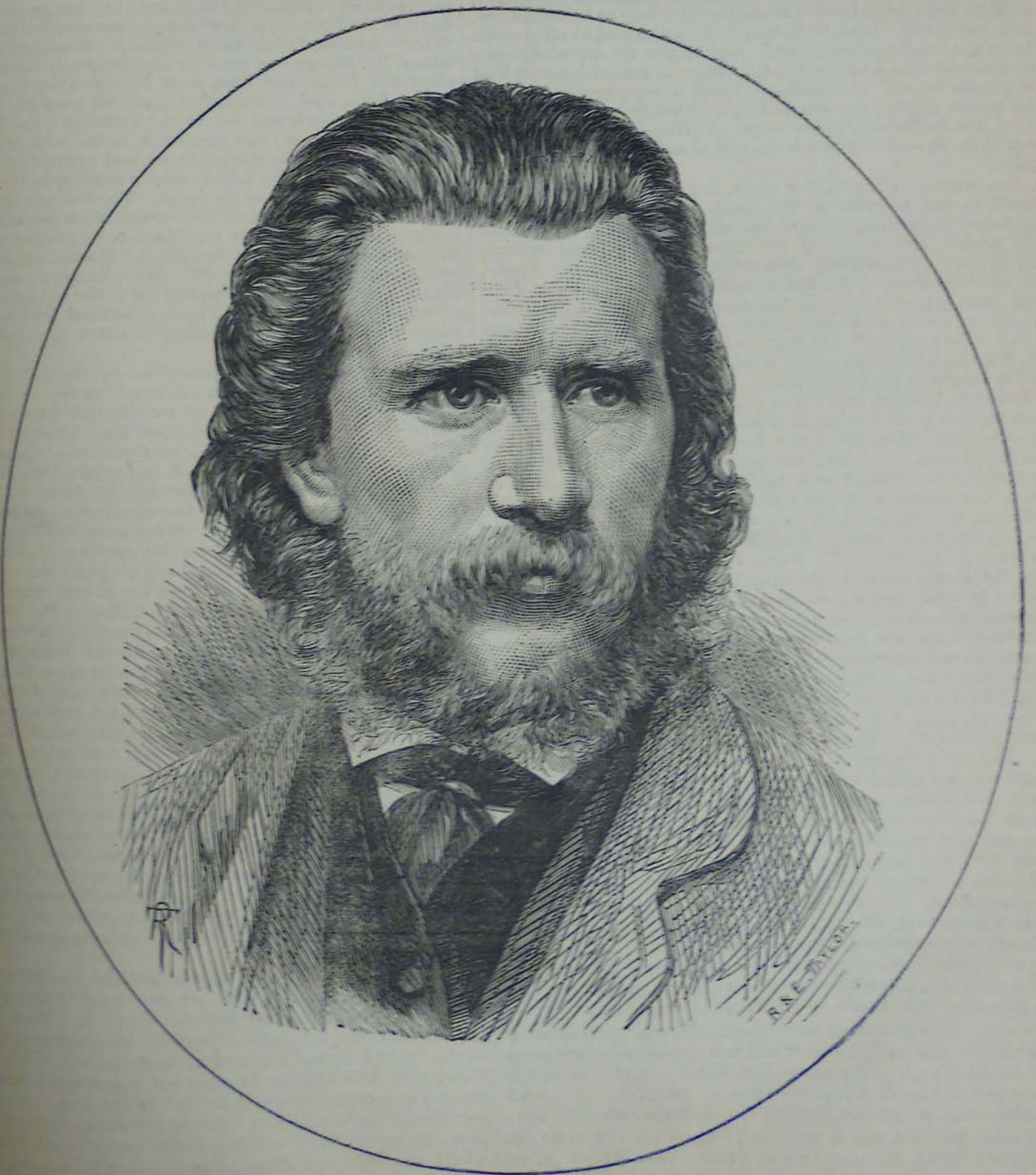
A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE HISTORY, PHENOMENA, PHILOSOPHY, AND TEACHINGS OF
SPIRITUALISM.

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GERALD MASSEY.

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The most interesting features of Mr. Massey's early life are pretty widely known, thanks to Dr. Samuel Smiles, the author of "Self Help," who made them the theme of a lecture which he first delivered to the young men of Leeds upwards of twenty years since, and afterwards embodied in a sketch that was published in *Eliza Cook's Journal*. The poet was born in May, 1828, in a little stone hut near Tring, where his father, who was a canal boatman, his mother, and the children then lived—if it could be called living. His bringing up was, of stark necessity, hard indeed. At eight years of age he began to work for his living in a silk mill, the wages paid him in exchange for his all-day and every-day imprisonment ranging from 9d. to 1s., and from that to 1s. 3d. per week. It was Hood's insight which guided the hand that penned such lines—

It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives.

Mr. Massey's pen, however, had been dipped in the bitterest gall of experience when he wrote,

The Devil might gloatingly pull for the peal that wakes the
child to work,

and of feeding

The factory's smoke of torment with the fuel of human life.

From the silk mill (which was burned down) he went to straw-plaiting, a poor exchange, which was accompanied by frequent attacks of ague. He says, "I never knew what childhood meant. I had no childhood." His mother managed to screw from their sorry means a few precious pence: he learnt to read at a school where the teacher and the taught were about on a par, and the desire to read was awakened. The Bible, Bunyan, "Robinson Crusoe," a few old Wesleyan magazines, comprised his library, until he came up to London at the age of fifteen as an errand boy, and then it was "Read, read, read! I used to read at all possible times and in all possible places." His hunger for knowledge was so insatiable that he often suffered hunger of a more material kind to provide himself with books. At first, he says, he cared nothing for written poetry. A poem on Hope, "when he was utterly hopeless," was his first attempt at verse. "After I had begun I never ceased for about four years, at the end of which time I rushed into print."

The tyranny and oppression which, in his struggle for unbuttered bread, he had to suffer at the hands of inflated shop-autocrats intensified his growing sense of the abstract wrongs of his class. He studied the works of the more daring political writers, and at length the pent-up stream burst forth. In the *Leader*, the *Christian Socialist*, the *Red Republican*, and the *Spirit of Freedom*, there appeared, in quick succession, a number of lyrics that proclaimed to the world the existence of a bard-poet of unique power. They bit their way into the memories of chance readers. Mr. Hepworth Dixon happened to meet with one in a paper which he had bought in Gray's Inn Lane. He stood in the rain until he had read it through, and when, some short time afterwards, an unpretentious book of verse, in paper covers, fell into his hands at the *Athenæum* office, Mr. Dixon remembered "The Song of the Red Republican," recognised the name of the author, and wrote the enthusiastic review which revealed to the larger domain of letters the existence of the poet. Mr. Massey had previously published, by subscription, a thin volume of "Poems and Chansons," in his native town of Tring, but it was "Babe Christabel" and other poems which Mr. Dixon reviewed. It is pleasant to know that it was during a visit which the editor of the *Athenæum* paid to Douglas Jerrold, at Brighton, that the leaves of the book were cut—that the estimate which Mr. Dixon had formed of the calibre of the new poet was cordially endorsed by the great humorist, as was afterwards proved by a review which appeared in *Lloyd's Newspaper*. Prior to the publication of the *Athenæum* notice, "Babe Christabel" had been offered to the trade without a single copy being sold: two days subsequently the edition was entirely bought up! Fame was Mr. Massey's at a leap, but little else. The business part of the publication of the four editions through which "Babe Christabel" rapidly ran was badly managed for him; and *kudos*, rather than coin, was his reward. But his place in literature was thereafter high and assured. He could reckon amongst his friends men like Walter Savage Landor, and Thomas Aird, and Canon (then the Rev. Charles) Kingsley. It was, I believe, through the instrumentality of the latter (who, it may be mentioned parenthetically, no doubt had the poet in view when he delineated the character of the hero of "Alton Locke") that Mr. Massey was appointed Secretary of the Tailors' Association, a society established on co-operative principles to aid the amelioration of a class to whose abominable treatment public attention had at that time been drawn by Mr. Kingsley and others.

Those were the poet's most fervid days. He was to be found at the John Street Institution, out of which, years subsequently, may be said to have grown the movement which culminated in the establishment of the New Hall of Science. Yet, let it be placed on record as a matter of fact, outside his writings, which always were and are now *the man himself* (and I speak after enjoying his friendship for more than seventeen years), Mr. Massey never was a materialist. He obeyed the fierce impulsion of '48 in his own high way; thundered forth his denunciations of kingcraft and

priestcraft; but through all his bitterness there ran a vein of faith in the retributive justice of God. If he sang to the people—

The palace-paupers look from lattice high, and mock your prayer;
The champions of the Christ are dumb, or golden bit they wear,—

he also said to the oppressed—

Cheer up, poor heart! thou dost not beat in vain,
For God is over all, and heaven above thee:
Hope on, hope ever.

If in his scorn he cried—

Out of the light, ye priests, nor fling
Your dark, cold shadows on us longer!

he also preached sermons, not to be slept over, from such kindling texts as this:—

Probe Nature's heart to its red core,
There's more of good than evil;
And man, down-trampled man, is more
Of angel than of devil.

Prepare to die? Prepare to live!
We know not what is living:
And let us for the world's good give,
As God is ever giving.

In no modern poet that I wot of is there such a clear consistency of purpose as is manifest in what may be roughly termed his political and national verses; for their politics are far beyond the range of party, and their nationality is, to the nationality of the "eloquent leader" or the more eloquent speech of the platform spouter, what diamond is to paste—what a fountain is to a force-pump. His political foresight is marvellous. He was never blinded by the professions of the late Emperor of the French as poor Mr. Browning was. As far back as the close of the Crimean War we find him pricking the bubble with words that Landor said Beranger might have written; and from that time to the end he continued to pelt the great "empiric" whose downfall he had predicted from the first. In the light of the more conspicuous events of the American War, "Nebraska" reads like a prophecy. Amongst the men with whom Mr. Massey was more or less intimately associated in and about the John-Street days were Thomas Cooper and the late Ernest Jones, each of whom had made his mark as a poet. I am not sure whether it was not to the author of "The Purgatory of Suicides" Mr. Massey was occasionally in the habit of appealing in that day of small things, when it occurred to him that the opinion of a brother bard might help to solve a doubt as to the smoothness of a line or the force of an image. The brilliant Irish barrister took to Mr. Massey with all the warmth of his fine nature. Meeting him in Fleet Street on one occasion, he grasped his arm, and with pardonable hyperbole exclaimed, "Massey, you and I are the two greatest poets in England!" Well, Ernest Jones was a poet, although not great in song; and as one of the real men of '48—the self-abnegatory workers in the cause of political freedom—his name deserves to be for ever affectionately cherished by the poorer classes of this country.

Within the narrow limits prescribed by the Editor it will be impossible to give other than a rough outline of Mr. Massey's career. Through Dr. Smiles, we are told that before the publication of "Babe Christabel" he did not keep his situations for long together. Three times within a brief period he was cast forth to look for work, presumably without that which your cheapener of flesh-and-blood takes away oftener than he gives—"a character." Mr. Massey owed his dismissal from employment on two occasions to having given expression to revolutionary opinions, and on the third because he was detected burning candle at his studies far into the night. Another time, I may add his boxes were bundled into the street, and himself after them, for having dared to make a pungent joke about a supercilious overlooker. The little tyrant of the shop was so hated that everybody within his "walk" constituted himself a circulating medium for the budding humorist's amusing "personality;" consequently it soon came to his ears, and Mr. Massey was immediately evicted. Some people have no sense of humour! I wonder if the tradition of the circumstance is yet preserved at the West-End establishment where it occurred? I do not know what age Mr. Massey was when he married, but should guess him to have been twenty-two or twenty-three, while Mrs. Massey was probably a year or so younger. As he stated in the first of his St. George's-Hall lectures on Spiritualism, his wife was a clairvoyante. He did not, of course, deem it necessary to state also that she was a lady of great beauty. After their marriage Mr. Massey, who had already lectured to the John-Street circle on literary and political themes, added mesmerism and clairvoyance to his then somewhat limited repertoire, and, with the aid of Mrs. Massey, afforded doubting audiences extraordinary glimpses of "the abnormal."

It is possible that there may be readers who have no remembrance of Mrs. Massey, who yet can recall "the clairvoyante Jane,"—one and the same person. When Mr. Massey was first introduced to the lady who afterwards became his wife, it was, as he has stated, to see her read without the use of her eyes. He found that this reading by abnormal vision was a fact. He had never properly understood it before. Since then, however, he had seen her read so hundreds of times, and convince hundreds of people. It would require every column of this paper to set forth, even in a bald narrative, the extraordinary mesmeric experiences of Mrs. Massey. Suffice it to say that she did more, by the unconscious revelation of surprising phenomena, to start thinking men and

women on excursions of hitherto unthought-of inquiry—did more, in fact, towards preparing the way for a reception of Spiritualism in this country—than any "subject" that was ever placed under the influence of mesmerism. The lecturer and his wife were so purely above and beyond the sphere in which mere exhibitors—wizards and the like—moved, that the spectator was obliged to listen and look with an attitude of respect, and hence the seed was laid in many minds that is bringing forth fruit to-day. It is possible that Mr. Massey's position in relation to Spiritualism is attributed outside to his being a poet, and therefore a visionary—a crackbrained dreamer. People who hold such a theory have never exchanged a word with him, of course. They know nothing of him personally—have never stood foot-to-foot with him on the broad, solid bases of fact that are at the bottom of all the superstructures which he has raised. A crackbrained dreamer! If he had been that his theories would have been demolished long ago; but the critics know better than try a serious back-fall with a man who can reason as closely as the best of them, who abounds in the healthiest humour, and who, instead of avoiding controversy, is only too anxious for it, to test, for his own logical satisfaction, the soundness of his own conclusions. Hence it was, I take it, that the Shakespeare book and the "Tale of Eternity" were respectfully ignored. They were far too tough to be tackled, and so were let alone. I cannot do better than refer the reader who has not heard Mr. Massey's lecture to the 111th number of the *MEDIUM* for a report of it, which contains a description of some of the mesmeric and Spiritualistic phenomena exhibited by his wife. With many of the circumstances (I was not, unfortunately, present at the lecture, and only saw the report of it the other day) I was already familiar. Long before "A Tale of Eternity" appeared I had heard from Mr. Massey's lips a calm and succinct account of the actual plot of that awful tale. The Müller episode was not new to me; while the mention of the spiritual aid which Mr. Massey declares he received in the investigation of the secret of the Shakespeare Sonnets recalled Mrs. Massey's sentiments on the subject of that investigation. She was strongly opposed to the books being written, on the wifely grounds that her husband might be employing himself more profitably, and was therefore a most unwilling witness in the case!

During Mr. Massey's literary life he has accomplished an immense amount of endurable work. "Craigcrook Castle" more than maintained the glorious promise of "Christabel," and drew from the critics an almost unanimous shout of approval. It was in this volume that the Crimean lyrics, as full of fire as the Republican songs of the previous volume, appeared, and "A Mother's Idol Broken" Spiritualists are now enabled, thanks to Mr. Massey's first lecture in St. George's Hall, to read that wondrously-fine series of harmonious fragments *between the lines*. Mr. Massey was residing in Edinburgh when "Craigcrook Castle" appeared, engaged in the editorial duties of one of the Edinburgh newspapers, I quite forget which. It was while resident there that he became personally acquainted with the late Alexander Smith, with Sydney Dobell (Sydney Yendys, author of "The Roman" and "Balder"), and poor Hugh Miller. Part of his work there was a series of critical papers on the Manchester Art Exhibition, which Mr. Ruskin pronounced "entirely true." (One of these days, let me say in parenthesis, Mr. Massey's position as an art critic will meet with adequate recognition.) I am not sure whether it was prior or subsequently to the Edinburgh experience that Mr. Massey took up his abode for a brief season in Wordsworth's country, in a pretty little cottage belonging to Mr. W. J. Linton, the engraver; but it may be worth while mentioning, in passing, that the present occupant is Mr. John Ruskin. Mr. Massey competed for the prize of £100 which was given by the directors of the Crystal Palace for the best poem in honour of Robert Burns. Like several other of the beaten candidates, he soared beyond the occasion. He was placed fourth. Miss Isa Craig steadily kept the Palace and the day in view, and gained the prize. It is not likely that the verdict of posterity will endorse that of the Crystal Palace umpires. Who remembers Miss Craig's poem now, I wonder—or a line of it? Yet it was *the* poem of the Centenary. Mr. Massey took an early opportunity of publishing his contribution, with a number of others, in one of the ugliest quartos that the trade ever refused to look at. As anybody but an unbusinesslike bard might have expected, the pamphlet-book was a failure. Mr. Massey might, on every occasion except one, from the outset of his career until now, have been better published. The one exception was a reprint of his earlier poems, which sold immensely. It is the merest truism to say that, except in the rarest instances, a clever book will not make its way unadvertised. Mr. Ruskin should be aware of that fact by now. However, to continue, "Havelock's March," Mr. Massey's next book, was—as he himself in an after-reference thereto remarks—"secretly committed to the public, which secret, as Coleridge said of one of his publications, the public very faithfully kept. The author learned too late that a prefatory note had misled readers into looking on the book as a mere reprint of old matter, and so it passed unnoticed by reviewers." It was Mr. Massey's anxiety to seize the earliest opportunity that offered to express his sense of the kindness of the late Mr. Charles Dickens that did all the mischief in that preface. A number of the poems had appeared in *All the Year Round*, most of the Norse series, for instance; but certainly the greater part of the book was new matter, or as good as new. Some of the lines in "Havelock's March" are in the poet's noblest manner. Meanwhile he had taken a remarkably high position as a prose writer. He for some time supplied what is known as "the social leader" of the *Daily Telegraph*; while his contributions to the *Athenæum* and the *Quarterly Review* have, I doubt not, been recognised by those who, through his

lectures, knew what to look for. He has also contributed a number of brilliant papers on literary subjects to the *North British Review*. During Mr. Massey's connection with the *Athenæum* (which, I believe, terminated with Mr. Dixon's editorship) he was once, and only once, enabled to reveal the existence of a new and *obscured* poet as some years before Mr. Dixon had revealed his. The enthusiastic review of Jean Ingelow's first volume of poems which appeared in the *Athenæum* was written by him. It was my good fortune to be paying a visit to Mr. Massey, who then lived at Rckmansworth, when the parcel which contained Jean Ingelow's poems and Alexander Smith's "Dreamthorp" was opened. The first line of the first poem—

An empty sky, a world of heather—

struck his attention, and induced the pair of us to sit up until far into the night, or rather morning, until in fact every syllable of the verses had been read and the foundation laid for the review I have mentioned. After the *Athenæum* had spoken, other journals echoed the verdict, as was their wont, and Jean Ingelow's poems passed rapidly through fifteen editions! I have adverted to Mr. Massey's lectures on literary and art subjects; let me add that they are, in my opinion, unique. Whether delivered before overflowing audiences, under the auspices of, say, the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society, or before a select party—select in the loftiest and most intellectual sense—from Ashridge, a party including Mr. Robert Browning and other listeners scarcely less distinguished, they have never failed to leave a lasting impression by their delightful freshness, humour, acumen, and power. You get new thoughts at first hand, expressed in the most vital English from Mr. Massey. So much was Mr. Clarke, editor of the *Christian World*, impressed by Mr. Massey's lectures in Newcastle some years back, that the critical notices which he furnished from day to day to the *Northern Daily Express*, with which journal he was then connected, were not critical at all, but serious, daintily-written rhapsodies. You cannot avoid being taken prisoner by Mr. Massey's platform utterances, and though you may resent the capture, there you are! I recollect once seeing an Irishman in the toils. A comparison which the lecturer had drawn between Robert Burns and Moore so provoked the countryman of the latter minstrel, that he rose, and with tremendous fervour pleaded the cause of Ireland's bard as against Rabbie Burns!

In 1863 Lord Palmerston granted Mr. Massey £70 a-year from the small fund which is apportioned to such literary men and women as, from various causes, are deemed worthy of this kind of substantial compliment. It was rather "a big thing," as the Americans would say, for Pam to do. Mr. Massey had not persecuted him with a shower of laudatory sonnets after the manner of a brother—and a lesser—bard, but, on the contrary, had written—

Pam, Pam, you're a wonderful sham;
The greatest of humbugs is harlequin Pam!

Later, Lady Marian Alford, the poet's true and gracious friend for this many a day, gave him a house to live in rent-free, and thenceforward there was no fear of a visit from "the wolf" he had been so familiar with in his youth. The dedicatory poem of "Havelock's March" bears the name of "Lady Marian," in whose

Ancestral tree's old smiling shade,
Spencer and Milton sang, and Shakespeare played.
I cannot prophesy immortal fame,
And endless honour for my lady's name
Thro' my poor verse; but it shall surely give
All that it has, as long as it may live.
She heard my children singing in the street,
And smiled down on them starry-clear and sweet.

For "all that it has" one might read the *best* that it has. Some years afterwards the poet "inscribed" his very finest poem "to the Lady Marian Alford, on the death of her son, John William Spencer, Earl Brownlow, as the author's offering of sympathy in the common sorrow." Mr. Gladstone read that remarkable poem while stopping at Ashridge, and at his instance a copy was sent to the Queen. Her Majesty wrote in reply as follows: "The Queen returns the volume, having read and greatly admired the poem. She would indeed be most pleased to possess a copy of it."

Out of the *Quarterly Review* article on Shakespeare, called for by the Tercentenary, grew the work which up to that time was Mr. Massey's *magnum opus*. It is something to have set at rest the doubts of centuries; and that he has done that in respect of the "Sonnets of Shakespeare," I am firmly convinced. They are wiser and more devout worshippers of Shakespeare in Germany than we are here, and therefore they have adopted Mr. Massey's theory without question. How does it happen, then, that the English critics have abstained from discussing Mr. Massey's book, for such notices of it as have appeared are not discussions? Well, for various reasons. The author has never concealed the fact that he attributes the revelation of the secret of the Sonnets to direct spiritual aid. Let his aid have been spiritual or material, the superstructure which he has raised upon the ruins of the theories that he has ruthlessly demolished fits together too closely, stands upon foundations too broad and deep to be shaken, let alone upset, without the expenditure of an amount of labour at least equal to that which the patient builder gave to the erection. Then the reviewing of works of this description are generally given to Shakspearian scholars (as they are amusingly called), who, to a man, have their squinting views of the Sonnets. Catch them pleading guilty to *strabismus*! The case against the critics, in respect both of the Shakespeare book and "A Tale of Eternity," is that they have not dealt with either

with the least approach to fairness. What was Mr. Massey's commerce with the spirits to them? They were at least called upon to pass judgment on the work as such, to describe its nature, and they feebly declined to do so. I could have forgiven them if, confessing to a disinclination to meddle with the Sonnet-theory, they had credited the author with his life of Shakespeare, perhaps the best that was ever written, and the curious research shown in support of his view that Shakespeare's principal characters were painted from people whom he knew; but no, the safe policy of suppression was adopted. Then, oh, critics! is there no poetry in "A Tale of Eternity?" What about Mr. Massey's metre as distinct and apart from his "madness"? Given that he has written about a form of subject, less palatable and toothsome than the leprous themes of a Swinburne, at least favour the world with your opinion of the writing. They refuse. Intelligent readers must judge for themselves.

I had intended to say something concerning Mr. Massey's next book, but the limits assigned for this paper have long been passed, and I must refrain. I may hereafter have an opportunity of returning to the subject. By the time these words are in print he will have set foot on American soil. Let me conclude by wishing him such a reception in the United States and "the Dominion" as from his distinguished gifts is his right, and when his tour is over a safe return to complete the great work upon which he has been so long and laboriously engaged.

EPIGRAMMATIC ODDS AND ENDS.

By GERALD MASSEY.

DAYBREAK.

The World is waking from its phantom dreams,
To know reality from that which seems;
And in the flush of dawn shall blush to find
What wraiths of darkness had the power to bind
Its strivings for the light: what mists of grey—
As if of granite—stopped it on the way:
What shows could daunt it; what sham terrors keep
It covered, cowering in pretended sleep.

A GREEK REPLY.

"So many are your foes, their arrows shroud
The very Sun with an eclipsing cloud."
"We'll fight them in the dark then! and the horde
Illumine with the lightning of the Sword."

SPIRITUALISM.

You call it a great failure? ne'ertheless,
It is the Shadow of as great Success.

TO THE JUDAISERS.

Let Thought but lift the hand to scratch the head,
Your hold's not worth a pin;
You are dead scurf outside the skull, instead
Of living brain within.

WHITEWASHING.

When the light fades within, a wash of white
Upon the walls will not keep out the night.

SPIRITUALISM.

(To a young man who had large possessions.)

Are you afraid it may be true,
And, in the end, lay hold of you?
Are you afraid, lest you receive
That Message Dives wish'd to leave?

AT THE CIRCLE.

As hand-in-hand we sit and sing,
Magnetic currents run
'Twixt Heaven and Earth to make the Ring
That weds two worlds in one.

"OUR FATHER" TO A LITTLE ONE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

"Bless you, Dear One! May you be
Ever growing up to Me,
Near and nearer, so you may
Have new Birthdays every day."

THE DEVIL

We stand in God's own light to cast our evil
Shadow of Self, and say it is the Devil.

MAN AND HIS TWO MAMMÆS.

"You cannot serve two Masters," saith the Word.
But Satan nudges us and whispers, "Gammon!"
You lend your womankind to love the Lord,
And give yourselves to serve and worship Mammen."

WOMANKIND.

Dear things! we would not have you learn too much—
Your Ignorance is so charming! We've a notion
That greater knowledge might not lend you such
Sure aid to blind obedience and devotion.

THE LAW OF PHYSICAL FORCE.

As physical means of quenching legal lust,
A husband takes unto Himself a wife:
'Tis Cheaper, when the bones begin to rust,
And there's no other Woman you can trust;
But, mind you, in return, Law says you must
Provide her with the Physical means of life,
And then the blindest beast may wallow and roll;
The twain are one flesh, never mind the Soul:

You may not cruelly beat her, but are free
To violate the life in sanctuary;
In virgin soil renew old seeds of Crime,
To blast eternity as well as time;
No matter how you use her; no divorce
Is granted by the Law of Physical Force.

HERE AND NOW.

Doubtless in other lives will fruit have birth,
We want some fruit in this life, borne on earth.

THE OLD SAYING.

We eat our peck of dirt 'twixt death and birth;
We pay it back, a peck of dust, to earth.

THE STARTLING.

Motion and sparkle sooner take the eye
Than still, eternal splendours of the sky:
And half the world will leave its bed by night
To watch the Meteors in their fiery flight,
That calmly slumbers, with its curtains drawn
Against the stars that smile from dark till dawn.

THE SPIRITS OF ANIMALS.

Such look of an immortal likeness springs,
At times, into the eyes of dear, dumb things,
As tho' Hereafter we must recognise
The life that knew us unknown in those eyes!

OUR FATHER IN THE FOREST.

Our Father in the forest, found at last;
So long lost sight of in some unknown past;
Upon our way from Dust, it may be true
That for the Form's sake, we have come thro' you!
And yet I feel no kinship in your face;
No quickened heartbeat prompts the warm embrace;
Perhaps, because we have found our Spiritual kin,
Our Father in Heaven, whose likeness lives within.

TRUST.

When bent almost to breaking, Lord, I know
Thy hand doth grasp the middle of the bow:
And when it cracks at last the strength will be
Uppgathered in Thy hand and safe with Thee.

MRS. TAPPAN AT THE ROYAL MUSIC HALL, HOLBORN.

On Sunday evening last Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan delivered her third inspirational discourse on Spiritualism, in the Royal Music Hall, Holborn. The room, which does not appear to be quite as large as St. George's Hall, was densely crowded, the audience manifesting the usual appreciative attention. The proceedings commenced at seven o'clock. A voluntary on the organ having been performed, Mr. Slater, the chairman, rose and said that he was desired to ask the audience if they would like to choose the subject of the evening's discourse, as on the previous Sunday; or whether they would leave it to the choice of the guides who direct Mrs. Tappan. On the question being put to the vote it was decided to let the lady's control select themselves the subject-matter of the evening's oration. A hymn (No. 6 in *Spiritual Lyre*) having been sung, Mrs. Tappan rose and delivered the following invocation:

Our Father, infinite Source of life and light, supremest Spirit, before whom all nations bow; on bended knee and with many a prayer the nations of the earth worship Thee before shrines and altars. Myriads of temples, reared to thy name under various images of worship, do call upon Thee, O God!—Not because men praise Thee, nor that this day is set apart amongst the Christian nations to worship Thee. But wherever we may be, there is thy temple; wherever the heart uplifts itself in thought to Thee in thanksgiving, there is thy shrine; wherever arching skies bend above the children of the earth, there is thine own temple; and wheresoever those of the spirit seeking Thee cry "Our Father," there art Thou. O Soul of all life! we praise Thee for the atmosphere, that is fraught with thy breath: even as the sounds that have vibrated on the senses go outward and upward in waves of harmony, so let us feel the tremulous throb of life and love from Thee, like the golden waves of the immortal harmony reaching us on the farthest shores of time. Father, we praise Thee for every form of life; for the manifold evidences of thy power; for the loving purposes of thy spirit, outwrought in nature; for the testimony of the earth and the stars that there is purpose and design in their creation; for the testimony of the soul, that leaps beyond time and sense, penetrating even into the dim mysteries of the spirit; and upon its altar, with hushed voice and seeking souls, we would worship Thee. O God, from every lowliest place in life, from all forms of woe and crime that the outward life has thrown upon thy children, this one sweet awakening voice, this one guerdon of hope, this one life and love,—that they are thy children,—inspires the lowliest souls. O Spirit of all souls! may all those who have grown pure and strong through suffering, and in the world of immortal light sing thy praise in deeds and words of lovingkindness,—may all these souls bend above thy children, and, with glad songs of thanksgiving and utterances of truth, teach them the ways of knowledge, the pathways of wisdom, and the glorious loveliness of thy truth. Father, to Thee shall be all our praise: whether in song, or whether in deeds of lovingkindness to our fellow-men, we will still praise Thee with thanksgiving for ever.

On the termination of this beautiful prayer, another hymn (No. 36 in the *Spiritual Lyre*) was sung by the choir, assisted by the audience, whereupon Mrs. Tappan again rose to her feet and commenced as follows:

As you decline having a committee to choose the subject for the evening's discourse, we will call your attention to one that is of the utmost importance to all who have investigated, or purpose investigating, the philosophy of modern Spiritualism. It is

THE REALM OF SPIRIT.

For many centuries the earth's surface has been the scene of constant explorations and voyages. From the north to the south pole, from the extreme east to the extreme western Indies, there have been voyages from all civilised countries to discover what unknown lands lay beyond the regions heretofore known, and supposed to be inhabited by man. Formerly the earth's surface was confined, or supposed to be confined, to Asia and the Hellenic nations bordering upon the Mediterranean; and it was believed that beyond the pillars of Hercules was a vast unknown sea, inhabited by all kinds of evils and demons of terror, and when at last the British Islands and eastern Europe were discovered, it was regarded as a wonderful instance of man's invention: he had simply found what had always been in existence! But the most daring discovery of all was that of the entire western continent—which, to all the nations of the east, had been a sealed book—an unknown land for thousands of years. But daring voyagers, inspired by the thought that the world being round there must be some balancing continent on its opposite surface, commenced their explorations; and while Americus Vesputius gets credit for the discovery, he died without knowing that the land he had discovered belonged to another continent, believing that he had found Asia by traversing the globe; but Columbus knew that he had reached another world, peopled by a strange race, where a new and strong generation should one day spring up.

All explorers to distant lands go out laden with prayers from their human habitations, and the least word from them is looked forward to with the greatest anxiety; and the whole scientific world is on the *qui vive* to know what they will discover. The late expedition of Mr. Hall is only one of the numerous evidences of the interest attached to these expeditions. Now, it is claimed that beyond the sea of death, beyond the Gorgon-heads of terror and darkness which have shrouded the other world, beyond the tomb, there is a realm—real, tangible, positive; inhabited, not by strangers, not by an unknown race of beings, not by barbarians and cannibals, in whom the world takes such a startling interest because of their novelty; but inhabited by your own friends, those that plunged into the sea of death and were swallowed up and lost to sight, and of whose existence you could have no evidence save through the eye of faith. It has been declared that, in the light of modern Spiritualism, there is a tangible world; that those friends inhabit a real realm of the Spirit, that is, indeed, their home; and that voyagers to and fro are constantly passing with messages from you to them, and from them to you. One would think that an announcement so startling, a proposition so astounding, would at once command the attention of the whole enlightened portion of humanity. But it so happens that, when grief is worn away and sorrow has accustomed you to forget the external presence of your friends, the spiritual longing is quenched, and the material satisfies, and satisfies fully and wholly; though there is still a yearning, still a longing, still a desire to know if, in some distant undiscovered country, they can know and comprehend what is passing on earth.

The realm of the Spirit has been heretofore a mystical, dreamy, transcendental region, or one so utterly materialistic as to repel all inquiring minds into the nature of its existence. The ancients believed in a material form of re-incarnation, wherein the soul might become immortal by passing into other forms of the material world; and Pythagoras taught the transmigration of souls into other forms, claiming that he once inhabited a material form and taught on earth. In this way, according to the ancients, the soul's immortality could be perpetuated. But among the revealed religions, that of the Hebrews is very indistinct with reference to immortality, except the immortality to be given to the children of Israel in the new Jerusalem, and except the immortality specially bequeathed by the Divine Mind to those who inherit His transcendent favour. Christians have an idea of the spiritual realm: the kingdom of heaven is a city; its snowy temples built of alabaster or some other material substance, and its streets paved with gold, undoubtedly form attractive elements to most of earth's inhabitants. It has diamonds and rubies and other precious stones emblazoning all its gateways and temples. Diamonds and rubies and precious stones are valuable in the eyes of men. Then its streets are flowing with milk and honey, delightful to the taste and sense of man, but rather unsuitable for the spiritual sustenance of the immortal soul. But this localised, material paradise, wherein are gathered together the elect of God and the angels, constitutes the heaven of the enthusiast of immortal life. Undoubtedly there are plains lying beyond this great city, and various trees and landscapes teeming with beauty and loveliness; and in the gardens of God the children of his salvation shall be gathered together beneath the eye of the infinite Spirit, and Christ the Saviour shall bless it with the glory of his countenance. But this heaven is far too small for mankind; it is far too exclusive for all the children of God. For, remember, the children of God are of all the nations of the earth, of all conditions of people.

The heaven of the Mohammedan is wonderful in the voluptuousness of its physical delights. The male alone is immortal. The female

Mohammedan cannot become immortal unless she pray to be transformed into a male soul at death: if this prayer be granted, she is immortal. The paradise of the Mohammedan possesses far more physical attractions than that of the Christian. This region of infinite blessedness is one wherein every sense is preserved, where the taste is never satiated, where the eye never grows weary because of renewed delights, where the hours, not of earth, but of heaven, are created for the especial delight of the blessed, and never fade and grow old; where the land teems with all luxuriousness—flowers, fruits, and beautiful foliage; and where, beneath the eye of Allah, are gathered together all the elect, the followers of Mohammed the Prophet. We could picture the delights of this region, but they are of such a material nature, and so revolting to every idea of spiritual existence, that they could only have had their origin in the super-sensuous nature of the man who invented the Mohammedan religion.

But the realm of the Spirit is far different from this. The world of spirit, as it is called, is not limited to any time, nor space, nor locality; and yet the actual habitation of the disembodied spirit is as tangible to the spiritual sense as your earth is to your sense. But do not mistake us in what we are about to say: remember, you must always separate the spiritual from the material sense. There might be ten thousand spiritual worlds, yet you could never see them with the material eye. There might be myriads of spirits around you, without your being able to perceive them with the physical sight. The region of the spirit is directly opposite, in its substance and formation, to the senses. The material world is objective, as you term it. That which appeals to your physical sense has an existence, and unless some one of the senses is gratified you do not consider that there is a world about you. The spiritual world, on the other hand, is what you term subjective; but bear in mind that that which is subjective to the sense becomes objective to the spirit, and that matter is only mutable and perishable while mind is immortal and eternal, consequently there is no material substance, in the usual acceptance of that term, in the spiritual realm; that this room, these appointments, all splendours of the world, or the beauty that appeals to the eye, is of no importance to the soul sense; that rocks, mountains, valleys, trees, rivers, and all material substances—all these are not of the nature of spiritual existence. The spiritual sense is the one sense alone which the soul possesses, and that is perception, for want of a better name. You call the spirit to testify from within your bodies to the sense of sight, the sense of hearing, the sense of touch, and all the senses that delight you; but these are only avenues through which external nature impresses itself upon the spirit, and through which the spirit reaches material life. When rid of your material bodies, you require but one absolute sense, even as the ray of light is white and pure until it is broken into fragments by the prism. The ray of white light starting from the sun is clear and pure; but when it is broken by refraction through some prismatic substance it becomes red, blue, yellow, &c. So the soul, white and pure in its original temple, within the embodied form is broken into rays, and, to the outer sense, manifests the variety of colours you call senses, but which are only the doors whereby the soul looks out into the material world and manifests its presence. You are accustomed to say such a one has large intelligence, and another one great virtue; and this one is possessed of Christian kindness, while as for that one, he is debased. It is not true: these distinctions are only modified expressions of the spirit. If soul could speak to soul, there would be but white light responding to white light. But material organs, imperfectly-developed surroundings and circumstances, so clothe upon the spirit as to make one soul dark and another light, one red and another yellow; but all gathered in the spectrum of God's eye are white—only white.

The spiritual realm of our planet is that portion of the atmosphere beyond the material atmosphere, which may express the spiritual zone surrounding that planet. As the aura surrounding distant planets is visible to you, so another aura, invisible to you, is around every planet, forming its spiritual atmosphere. This is, properly speaking, the spiritual law of every planet. There is beyond this realm a higher degree of spiritual existence, where the planets merge their spheres together, where the more advanced souls experience what has been called the higher degrees of spiritual life, and where, in some measure, the ties which bound them to earth have been broken, and they associate with spirits from other worlds than their own. Now the spirit-world that your friends inhabit is a realm just outside the limits of the prescribed atmosphere belonging to the earth's surface and incident on its motion. They are not confined to that habitation, but have there chosen to abide because of their desire to be near you; and between you and these spiritual beings there is an inter-atmosphere that forms their means of communication, and through which they pass to and fro. This inter-atmosphere is that which is employed by spirits to control mediums to manifest their presence; to clothe and render themselves tangible, when they require to do so, in order to reach your material sense. Do not, any one of you, if you have seen a spiritual form in a seance, imagine a spirit has touched you, because it is not a real spiritual form you see: it is only a form created or clothed upon by the spirit from this inter-atmosphere, whereby they make themselves tangible in order to reach your senses. Do not think, because spirits come knocking and thumping, that they are material and gross. You must bear in mind that the spirits have adapted themselves to your conditions. If a friend raps at the door in order to come in, he does not stop at the door and continue knocking, but you open the door and hear what he has to say. But when the spiritual world inhabiting this realm came knocking around your earth's temples, you said: Why this is

too revolting; I cannot believe our dear friends would come knocking and thumping in this ridiculous manner. Did it never occur to you that music is produced from an instrument made of wood with wires stretched across, and that upon an instrument of this simple construction the most ravishing melodies are played? That the poet makes use of the quill of a goose with which to write down his most rapturous strains, and that the artist does not cavil at the implement he has to use? This inter-atmosphere, that forms the means of communication between the two worlds, is a spiritual and not a material atmosphere. It has not been analysed by any scientific man on earth; there is no subtle chemistry that can discover it. It belongs to the realm of mind, and the spirit is clothed upon by it; and when it enters your atmosphere it becomes the power whereby spirits manifest their presence. Clairvoyance, or clear-willing, is a property of the spirit; the will, divinest will, is supreme over matter. Understanding all the requirements necessary to act upon material substance and force, the spirit wills to lift matter, and matter becomes mobile and pliable in its hands, just as the form you inhabit is rendered pliable through your voluntary action. You will to raise your hand, and do so. The disembodied spirit, with the force it can bring to bear, wills to raise a table, and straightway it is done; wills to raise a body in the atmosphere, and it is done,—of course under certain conditions. The more advanced a spirit is, the more perfect is its control over imponderable bodies or matter. Electricity, or force—whatever be the name you have given to those subtle elements you do not understand—form the means of communication between the spiritual world and yours. Thought forms the food of the disembodied mind in the spiritual world, as best suited for its sustenance, since mind has made all. Mind is imponderable to anything except mind. Mind can control matter; but matter, except to narrow it down in your physical bodies, cannot control or govern mind. Hence the spiritual world is either objective or subjective. According to your standard it is subjective; to the eye of the spirit, however, it is objective, since that alone is tangible to the spirit.

Have the spirits forms? you ask. Yes; the human form on earth in its highest state of development is the epitome and the representation of the spiritual form. It is not the form that shapes the spirit, but the spirit that shapes the form; and just in proportion as the spirit is advanced when freed from its earthly body, so is the spiritual form harmonious and complete. The human form represents matter and spirit combined; the spiritual form represents spirit only; the likeness, fashioned of light, is the outgrowth of the mind or the spirit, as clothed upon by whatsoever deeds it has done, or thoughts it has conceived on earth. Has the spirit senses? We have said it has one sense, and that is perception. It takes in all knowledge through this one sense. It does not depend upon hearing, sight, outward touch, but upon presence—upon that faculty which allies man to the infinite. Is the land which the spirit inhabits tangible? Yes; tangible to the spirit, we say. How is it fashioned? It is composed of the substance of the thought the spirit has made. The habitation of each individual here is being builded now. Whatever there is in your earthly life, that has a spirit; and whatever thought or deed you perform, that becomes your spiritual habitation. But kings—are they rulers? and are there paupers in the spiritual realm? There are kings, but they belong to the kingdom of thought; there are paupers, but they often belong to those who were great on earth. No retinue, no slaves in livery, no gilded thrones or sceptre around the disembodied earthly monarch; but whatsoever deeds of charity he has done, or whatsoever acts of kindness performed, these rise and form the substance of his spiritual home. Then there be those who on earth were lowly who have grander habitations than they. Ah, truly! They who walk humbly and do their duty to their fellow-men—they who every day think a good thought or do a kindly deed, not for praise of men, but for the love of goodness—these are building stronger habitations than the man who sits behind a fortress, or in a gilded palace, and selfishly slays the world. The spiritual realm is composed of just such thoughts and feelings as are daily going out from your midst; and oh, in that realm how many cares and sorrows find their shadowy resting-place! We have seen the man of splendour and power on earth, who lived in gorgeous palaces and had minions at his hand robed in purple—we have seen him enter the world of souls alone, clothed in a few rags of sack-cloth and ashes, vainly trying to conceal from the Infinite the deformity of his spiritual body. Then perchance a poor beggar whom he had benefited on earth comes with a flower of charity, and says: This is my offering; will this help you? Or some soul he had dropped a tear for brings a bright gem for his spiritual habitation. But the humility that begets compassion enters the heart of the fallen monarch, and he sees, as only the eye of the spirit can see, that the loving soul is supreme in the realm of spirit. Here is a pauper, perhaps fallen by the hand of man into the lowest depths of sin; maybe he has died a drunkard's death; but he has, however, never refused alms to the suffering, and has wept when others have wept; but he is the victim of an unfortunate organisation, and he goes out into the world of souls, and there are pitying angels around, who come to him and give him flowers, like the blossoms of the deeds of charity he has performed; and instead of ruin, want, and shame, he sees a temple fashioned of his early deeds of human kindness, and in his humility he thanks God for his home. Oh, the loving hands that are weaving garlands for you! Oh, the shining temples for those bright thoughts that are not to be corrupted and bartered by man! Oh, the bright and glorious beauty of that home fashioned of simplicity and love! Not for the ostentation of charity; not for those who give that it

may resound in the ears of men; but the kindly deeds that spring from the love of the human family; the generous act that would disenthral the lowliest child of earth; the pitying tear dropped when no one is nigh—these help to build the spiritual temple. Martyrs, saints, sages—the earth has stoned them, crucified them, burned them; but there they come into their shining abodes through flames, persecution, and dungeon walls, and angels guard the gateways of their future home.

Do they require food in the spirit-land? The food of the spirit is thought. Whatsoever nourishes mind, that is food. Do they wear garments, and what are they like? The garments they wear are dark or light, according as the spirit has bright thoughts, or thoughts which are shadows. As the lily clothes itself from within, taking the rays of sunlight which belong to its whiteness, and unfolds petal after petal to the clear light of heaven, so does the spirit bask in the sunlight of God's presence, and dress itself in the garments of purity. Some are dressed as the roses are—in the red of human kindness; some are golden, like the tropical lily; some are purple, like the shady violet, and modest in their humility; but all are clothed upon by the light of that love which is supreme. How then shall we know our friends when we meet them? Oh, the eye of love sees with the spirit that the face and form all wear the comeliness and the expression of kindness and love, only transfigured and made beautiful in the light of their heavenly habitations. And are there evil spirits in the spiritual realm? you ask. There are just such spirits as you are sending daily from your midst. Thousands go out from the earth with every instant of time. Who receives them? who cares for them? into what realm do they go? you ask. "In my Father's house are many mansions." They go into abodes they have fashioned, or that have been fashioned for them from their own thoughts. There is a place, there is room for all; and the spiritual land is thronged with those beings, light or dark, half-way light or half-way dark, that you are sending daily and hourly from your midst; but they are all somebody's loved ones, and that chain of love, however dim and soiled by outward circumstances or crime, is kept alive by an angel-mother, or some friend that loved them; and they are thus drawn to their spiritual home, and it is at last made brighter and happier for them. The earthly mother never forgets her child; though crime and degradation may soil, though prison-cell may enchain, she sits waiting, waiting, asking that her child may be there. The spirit-mother does not lose that love. Link by link the spiritual chain is drawn out. At the other end of the chain there is ever an angel waiting to draw you upwards; and through the knowledge and progress that comes from suffering, that angel-mother will teach there as here, and draw you to the light. Then do the evil spirits sometimes come and lead us astray? There is a law in chemistry that is known as chemical affinity, whereby certain substances attract other substances that are similar, or maybe opposite but have similar tendencies. There is a law in nature called gravitation, whereby certain objects are attracted to others. There is a law of spirit, more subtle than this, but more powerful, whereby you attract such spirits as are like yourself, and if you are in danger of being troubled by undeveloped spirits you know what it implies. Those who are pure, and free, and enlightened, fear no class of evil spirits; and we assure you there is no class of spirits in the spiritual world any worse than those that are upon your earth, and we have never seen one upon your earth that had not a spark of lovingkindness beneath the coatings of crime; for the criminal in his dungeon-cell will weep when you speak to him about his mother, and the poor magdalen in the street will shed tears when reminded of her childhood's home. There is no soul so dark that you need fear it, if you only keep the truth in sight and the clear white light of heaven in your view.

How do spirits employ their time, you ask, in the spiritual realm? Are there material occupations, agricultural, mechanical, as there are here? Every occupation on earth has its prototype in spiritual life, but it is of the spirit and not of matter. No invention ever reaches humanity that is not first known by some spirit in the world of light; the cause, being nearer the spirit-realm than this, every invention lying in the world of causes is therefore understood there before it reaches the mind that is prepared for it here. Every inventor is inspired; every discovery of a new truth only reveals through inspiration that which is known to spiritual existence. Then why do we not have some invention or discovery for such and such a purpose? says one. The world moves by stages and not by sudden leaps. You cannot mount from the first stair to the top of the flight at a bound; you must go up step by step; so the spiritual world cannot flood your world with things you cannot understand; but as soon as there is a demand for a new invention it always comes. What new motor is wanted to-day? you shall have it. What new fuel is required? there lies abundance of carbon ready for your use, to be mingled with oxygen and hydrogen, and when it is needed it will come. What new labour-saving machine is wanted? it is already invented. As fast as the hands of toil are ready, and need uplifting from their labours, some new employment is invented, and some new adaptation of an old principle is discovered. But, you ask, why is it not known that it is the result of inspiration? It does not matter whence truth comes. If the inventor is not the origin of these thoughts, it is stupid to cavil whence they come. Are there physicists in the spirit-land? Yes; Humboldt still inquires into the system and laws of nature; and he sees with the eye of the spirit and understands with the comprehension of the soul those vast inner elements of nature that were hidden mysteries before. Herschel in the spiritual world still discerns new planets. The poet sings

his songs; but they are woven of deeds of charity to fellow-beings. The artist still sees in the grand pictures of spiritual life the revelation of his genius; but he paints them, not with brushes upon canvas, but upon the hearts of men, that they may live and become realities to the soul. Raphael still dreams his inspired vision of the Madonna; but they are of the Madonna, the mother of humanity, who shall give birth to the saviour truth; and these pictures are imaged on the mind of every brother artist he can reach. Beethoven still dreams his pæans of living melody, but they reach your earth in deeds of love. Here the patriot and sage still picture to themselves the perfection of enfranchised governments; and those known in history as leaders and liberators of nations stand in solemn council around the altars of their spiritual temples, and found future governments that are yet to be born on earth, that the earth is waiting and longing for, and that shall come by-and-bye; when the world is old enough and mankind have thoughts free enough, these new laws shall come. The Spartan Læurgus, who enfranchised his people and then expatriated himself, is the first of those around the altar watching over the nations of the earth, over which, with others, he sits in council, waiting for the day of their enfranchisement. Whatever nation has a prophet, he is inspired. Is there a leader among you, he is led by that voice and hears from those higher councils above the nations of the earth? Not one nation, not one country, not a small patriotism is theirs; but the nationality of mankind, the country of the globe; the whole principality of souls, with the laws that deity has enstamped thereon—these are the subjects of their meditations.

What do they do? Can you conceive a world filled with countless myriads of souls with nothing to do? Can you conceive that those who have never failed to have the care of their loved ones on earth would fail in having something to do in the higher region of usefulness of the spiritual world? Here are children to be taught, grown-up children to educate in the mysteries of spiritual existence. Here are all the laws of all the worlds that these teachers receive from higher spheres—these are to be imparted. The employment of those in the spiritual life—and this is their sole employment—is to receive knowledge and to impart knowledge. Room enough here for all the toil of all the brains and all the spirit-hands that can be found; for here is somebody's babe that is dead; who in spirit-life shall take that tender bud and rear it up? There are gardens in which God transplants these buds, and they are watered by the tears of angels; and these attendants take charge of the children and rear them in the light of the spiritual life. Then, with buds and blossoms of truth, they return to scatter them around your careworn and weary way; and sometimes, as you brush away the dust from your eyes, you think you see the cherub faces, and the cool flutter of leaves comes upon your brow. Oh, it was not a dream, but a reality, for they are there. Work to do! Why the mills of heaven are busily engaged in grinding out the truths of ages, and God's handmaidens are holding back the doors of the temple of truth to the still plodding souls of time to make room for humanity to come in. Oh, there is work enough! It is not to delve alone in matter; it is not to adorn and beautify the earth alone, though this is given you to do; but it is that, side by side with the material temple that you rear, you shall also erect a spiritual habitation. You shall consider the importance of the spiritual; and, when you adorn your outward forms, remember that the inner adornment is that which the angels see, and that the enlargement of the spirit counts for more than all the gems you may wear.

"But," says one, "this is too transcendental; I cannot understand this." Do not expect to understand it with the material sense, you might as well expect to see your own thoughts, or to hear the throbbing of your own innermost spirit. "I cannot see this realm," says the astronomer; "I turn my telescope to the heavens in vain." Ah, but your spiritual telescope is reversed. You expect to see God with the material eye—to solve the spiritual world in your crucibles of science. Take the other telescope with which heaven has endowed you—the eye of spiritual intuition; point it there, and then you will see with faith and hope and love and charity—those rich lenses through which you can discern the realm of the spirit. It is kindness, pure thoughts, intuitive prayers, that make the frame of the telescope, but the spirit must point it heavenward in order to find this realm.

Andrew Jackson Davis, a distinguished seer of America, who has founded the Harmonial Philosophy, has seen portions of the Summer-land in the far-off region of the Milky Way, where he says the disenthralled and disembodied spirits first assemble. This is to a certain extent true of all those spirits who are not attached to, or have broken off their allegiance to, particular planets. Into this sphere they enter, attracted thither by the universal aim and object of gaining knowledge. They do not belong alone to your life, but are also of other planets, and find there the atmosphere most favourable to them. For spirits are in degrees according to their attractions, according to the quality and nature of their highest loves and aspirations, just as on earth we are distinguished by our different affections. In some it is love of country, in some love of parents, in some love of humanity, &c.; so the more advanced regions of thought are those where families or groups of spirits are gathered together by other laws than you know on earth, but still all governed by law, each intent upon benefiting the mass of other souls that are in existence. But this realm, as boundless and illimitable as it is, has its direct links, its cables of thought, binding all souls together; not one cable alone binding your earth to the spiritual realm. There is a link wherever hearts have loved and have supposed they have lost;

there is a tie wherever there is aspiration and interest in the benefit of human kind. There is, even though unconsciously, a silent chord that binds you, and uplifts you all, and sustains you even in your hours of sorest trial and adversity. You could no more live without this spiritual presence than you could live without the atmosphere you breathe. You are not aware of it, but it is the atmosphere your spirits inhale; it is that which keeps your souls alive; it is the direct flame from the altar of God's infinite sunlight, whereby your thoughts do not stagnate, and your souls do not become wholly immured in material life. The one divine spark which lives in the human spirit is kept alive by this steady constant flame, and the world of spirits lends their atmosphere which extends your heritage to the spirit-world. Oh, it is not far, it is near! It is not away, but by your side! and they, the loving ones, are for ever ready to bear messages to and fro. The one great message that they bring, the one sole science, the one religion, is that of your immortality, of the love of God for you, of the love of angels for one another and for their fellow-beings.

The following poem, recited on Sunday evening, was given impromptu by Mrs. Tappan, under inspiration, about three years ago at Washington. A professor from the Smithsonian Institution was asked for a subject for a lecture. He gave "The Nature of the Spiritual World and its Employments," and at the close asked for a poem on the same subject:—

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

There's a beautiful country, not far away,
With its shores of emerald green;
Where rise the beautiful hills of day,
From meadows of amber-hued sheen:
There beautiful flowers for ever blow,
With beautiful names that ye do not know.

There are beautiful walks, star-paven and bright,
That lead up to beautiful homes;
And beautiful temples, all carved in white,
Crown'd with golden and sapphire domes:
And beautiful gates that swing so slow
To beautiful symbols ye do not know.

There are beautiful valleys and mountains high,
With rivers, and forests, and hills;
And beautiful fountains leap up to the sky,
Then descend in murmuring rills.
There beautiful life-trees for ever grow,
With beautiful names that ye do not know.

There is beautiful music borne on the air
From rare birds with flashing wings;
And beautiful odours float everywhere,
Which an unseen censer flings:
And a beautiful stream near that land doth flow,
With a beautiful name that ye do not know.

Across this beautiful, mystical stream
Flash rare scintillations bright;
And many a witching, mysterious dream,
Is borne on the pinions of night;
And the stream is spanned by a beautiful bow,
With a beautiful name that ye do not know.

And beautiful gondolas, formed of pearl,
Come laden with wonderful stores;
While beautiful banners their folds unfurl
To the dipping of musical oars;
And beautiful beings cross to and fro,
With beautiful names ye do not know.

Would ye know the name of that beautiful land
Where the emerald waters roll
In gentle waves on a beautiful strand?
It is called the Land of the Soul;
And the beautiful flowers that ever blow
Are the beautiful thoughts ye have below.

And the beautiful pathways are your life deeds
Which fashion your future homes,
And the temples grand are the world's great needs,
While your saviours have reared the domes;
And the beautiful gates which swing so slow
Are the beautiful truths ye have learn'd below.

The beautiful valleys are formed of thought,
Of all that the world has been,
And the beautiful mountains are tears outwrought
Thro' immortal sunlight seen;
And the beautiful life-trees that ever grow
Are the beautiful hopes ye have cherished below.

All the beautiful melody is prayer,
That is echoed in music's powers;
And the beautiful perfumes floating there
Are the spirits of all earth's flowers;
And the beautiful stream that divides you so
Is the beautiful river named Death, below.

The beautiful flashes across the stream
Are your inspirations grand,
While the beautiful meaning of every dream
Is the real in this fair land;
And the beautiful million-coloured bow
Is formed of your tears for each other's woe.

The beautiful barges are all the years
That bear you away from pain,
And the beautiful banners, transformed from fears,
Are returning to bless you again;
And the beautiful forms crossing to and fro
Are the beautiful ones ye have loved below.

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THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1872.

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE "MEDIUM."

This issue of the MEDIUM is the first of a series of illustrated numbers which will appear frequently, and, if possible, of the same enlarged size as this number. Indeed, if our friends will second our efforts—which all must acknowledge are unflagging—we shall at some time not far distant permanently enlarge the MEDIUM to sixteen pages. The new machine, so long talked of, is now at work, and printed this large sheet on both sides at one operation. We have now increased facilities for accomplishing our mission; and, after what has been done, we ask our many friends to take courage, for no impediment can frustrate the progress of this great work. Let us have faith, not only in one another, but in the Great God who has graciously manifested His supreme wisdom and power in this age, and permitted us all the glorious privilege of being engaged in His divine service.

MRS. TAPPAN'S MEETINGS.

Though a new place of meeting to the Spiritualists, the Royal Music Hall was filled to overflowing on Sunday evening, after only two days' notice. The orderly manner in which the vast audience quietly walked into their comfortable places, as if they had been used to it all their lives, reflected great credit upon the arrangements of the Committee. In one important respect, however, improvements are suggested, and that is in regard to the privileges of subscribers and admission to the special seats. The Committee have resolved on issuing a course-ticket, for ten evenings, for a subscription of 10s. 6d., entitling the holder to a seat in the inner hall up till 6.50, after which time all unoccupied seats will be filled with the general public. This arrangement is intended to come into effect on Sunday week, which will allow ample time for subscribers to secure tickets, and relieve the Committee from the inconvenience of disposing of that part of the hall in an irregular manner. As heretofore seats for one evening may be subscribed for at the rate of 2s. 6d. each, but these tickets must be procured before each Sunday, as the hall licence does not admit of money being taken at the door. As to the free tickets the Committee thank numerous friends for the assiduity with which these have been circulated amongst a class of people whose intelligence and deep attention have added to the great good accomplished by Mrs. Tappan's orations. Helpers are invited to engage in this work more systematically, which may eventually lead to the cessation of all expense for advertising.

One little matter may, however, be named in this connection. Each meeting at the Music Hall entails a very considerable amount of expense, which must come from somewhere, and should, strictly speaking, be contributed by those who actually attend the meetings and receive the benefits there dispensed. What we suggest is that on distributing the tickets our friends should couple these with a kindly injunction to remember the collection at the close of the service. Though tickets may not be sold on entering the building, yet there is no law against contributing on passing out. If this necessary department is duly attended to by all who take an interest in these meetings, the Committee will be saved from much trouble, and relieved from all anxiety.

Need we add a word respecting Mrs. Tappan's oration? We tremble so to do lest we profane such a glorious effort with commonplace remarks. To characterise that address is an impossibility, for it called up in the breasts of all who heard it feelings that are beyond expression. Perhaps the silent tear which furtively trickled from the eyes of many present was the most eloquent acknowledgment of the deep worth of that memorable address. The words

were not only spoken in an eloquent and impassioned manner, but they were accompanied by a power manner but felt, which gave them weight and authority.

The fair orator was an inestimable lesson in herself. Seated there in a plain black dress, her hair hanging gracefully and naturally, decorated only with a white rose and frond of fern, and exercising such a mighty power over the souls of her audience, she was an unanswerable protest against the conventionalism which humanity seeks to hide its true characteristics, and to keep for making an impression on hollow show rather than sterling worth.

After the singing of the closing hymn (104, *Spiritual Life*), Mr. Emma Jones rose and said they owed a large debt of gratitude to Mrs. Tappan, that he had seen many signs of emotion in the hall, and proposed that they express their thanks to the talented speaker by a quiet show of hands. This expression of thanks was spontaneous. A report of this meeting would hardly be complete without noting the different manner in which the oration was delivered to those of the previous Sunday evening. On the two former occasions Mrs. Tappan's manner was solemn and subdued, no single smile being allowed to play on the features; on this occasion, on the contrary, a calm exultation seemed to pervade the tone of the speaker; there was more "ring" in the voice, and her countenance was lighted up with a radiant light, as of transfiguration, giving her a wonderful and powerful hold on the feelings of her auditors.

MR. MASSEY'S LECTURES ON SPIRITUALISM.

In May, 1872, Mr. Massey gave the following course of four lectures in St. George's Hall, London:—

FIRST LECTURE.—Subject: "Facts of my own Personal Experience, narrated and discussed, together with various Theories of the Alleged Phenomena."

SECOND LECTURE.—Subject: "Concerning a Spirit-World revealed to the Natural World from the earliest times, by means of objective manifestations; with an identification of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil."

THIRD LECTURE.—Subject: "The Birth, Life, Miracles, and Character of Jesus Christ, reviewed from a fresh standpoint, which is neither Unitarian nor Trinitarian, but Spiritualist."

FOURTH LECTURE.—Subject: "Christianity interpreted as a Belief, but meant to be realised in Deed: A Second Advent in Spiritualism."

The effort was a great success. The meetings were large and highly respectable, and the proceeds left a handsome balance in the disposal of the committee. Reports of the lectures appeared in the MEDIUM, Nos. 111 to 114. During the autumn Mr. Massey lectured in several of the provincial towns, which was the occasion of lengthy reports in the newspapers, thus bringing the lecturer's statements before the eyes of numerous readers. One of the most striking benefits arising from Mr. Massey's advocacy results from the fact that a gentleman of his position in literature should thus publicly identify himself with the movement by inculcating the truths of Spiritualism as a professional lecturer.

GERALD MASSEY'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

In some respects Mr. Massey's tour in the United States may be looked upon as the most significant event which has yet occurred in the history of Spiritualism. Eminent men have, from the first almost, belonged to the ranks of our movement, and as its apostles have gone forth to proclaim its truths throughout the corners of civilisation. Mr. Massey's case is slightly different. He occupies a position in the front ranks of literature—indeed, is regarded by many as the poet of the age. Thus recognised by the literary world, Mr. Massey goes forth on a lecturing tour in the United States, not as an emissary of Spiritualism, but as one of the world's accredited teachers, voluntarily taking it upon himself to make Spiritualism one of the themes of discourse. His lectures in America are stated in the list of the *Literary Bureau* to be

- 1.—"Readings from his own Works."
- 2.—"Charles Lamb the most unique of English Humourists."
- 3.—"Alfred Tennyson and his Poetry."
- 4.—"Concerning Spiritualism."

In thus placing Spiritualism on his syllabus, Mr. Massey, as one of the most popular lecturers, sets an example of boldness and honesty which will yet reflect an extra charm on the numerous graces which are already acknowledged to be his personal characteristics.

SUNDAY EVENINGS AT GOSWELL HALL.

The Sunday services at 86, Goswell Road, increase in interest at every meeting. On Sunday evening last the speakers were Mr. Peebles and Dr. Dunn, assisted by Mr. Barber and Mr. Morse. Our reports of the speeches, we regret, cannot appear this week, but will be given in the next number of the MEDIUM. Mr. Morse will speak in the trance at Goswell Hall on Sunday evening. Service commences at seven o'clock. Admission free. Those who expect to get a comfortable seat should attend early, as the place on every occasion is crowded, and many are obliged to go away.

BIRMINGHAM.—A series of Sunday evening services will be commenced by Mr. John Collier, on Sunday evening, at the Athenaeum, Temple Street, at 6.30. A Spiritual Institution is about to be established in Birmingham.

GOWER STREET SPIRITUALISTIC MEETINGS.

On Wednesday, the 1st of October, 1873, Mr. J. Enmore Jones gave a lecture on the "Supernatural" to a crowded room, though the charge was sixpence and one shilling, to pay outgoings.

The bent of the lecture was to prove that from all solids there issued an aura, or soul force, unseen, but powerful for weal or woe; that the leading elements that governed the solar system were unseen. He instanced magnetism, electricity, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen. That by a suitable mingling of the unseen, the solid we called water was made visible. He stated his conviction that all the solids of the earth had been produced by a suitable mingling of the unseen elements he had just named; that all these minglings and unminglings showed the action of an intelligent mind. The lecturer, by means of oxy-calceine lighted pictures, led the audience on to spirit. There were then shown Doré's two paintings, "Elijah fed by the angel," and "Samuel appearing at Endor," followed by the picture of a spirit passing out of the human body at death. Then followed an exhibition on the screen of the celebrated magnesium-light photograph of the spirit "Katey," just come out of the tent. The picture created intense interest. The lecturer was evidently suffering much from influenza cold. From the beginning to the end of the lecture he had no notes to read from. The lecture occupied about two hours. Throughout the whole time deep attention was given by the audience, as the lecture was eminently a suggestive one—a systematic gathering of facts, and the principles that were to be deduced therefrom. Some twenty-two pictures were exhibited. The whole affair, lecture and exhibition, reflected in the highest degree upon the earnestness, intelligence, and self-sacrificing generosity of Mr. Jones, who does not permit age and physical weakness to interrupt the youthfulness and enthusiasm of his spirit. The Rev. F. R. Young was speaker on Wednesday evening. A tea meeting will be held there on Wednesday next.

DEPARTURE OF MR. PEEBLES.

Mr. Peebles and Dr. Dunn left London on Tuesday morning, and were entertained in the evening by the Liverpool friends. Mr. Chapman wrote on Wednesday: "Mr. Peebles and Dr. Dunn met about 200 Spiritualists and their friends on Tuesday evening in the Camden Street Hall, Liverpool, and delivered two very interesting addresses upon their 'Life and Travels round the World,' both amounting to a firm conviction and thorough knowledge of a sweet communion with their angel-friends. The audience seemed highly pleased, and it was expressed through the chairman (Mr. Casson) that the hope was that their voices and eloquence would soon again be heard on English soil. They were wished a safe and joyous return to their native homes, whither they to-day set sail."

DR. SEXTON'S TOUR.

OCTOBER 13TH, BLACKBURN, Exchange Hall. Subject: "The Philosophy of Spiritualism." At 8 o'clock. Front seats, 1s; Second seats, 6d.

WOLVERHAMPTON, OCTOBER 14TH, 15TH, 16TH.

HULL, OCTOBER 21ST, 23RD, 24TH.

Arrangements are being made for Oldham and Leeds.

Committees should write at once, and fill up dates. Those who engage Dr. Sexton on this tour will not be charged travelling expenses. Address: Dr. Sexton, 17, Trafalgar Road, London, S.E.

The *Christian World* gives a long report of the second meeting at Gower Street, characterising Dr. Sexton's address as an eloquent appeal against Materialism.

GATESHEAD.—Those who desire to take part in the formation of a new society for the investigation of Spiritualism are requested to meet at the Constitution Hall, High Street, near Sunderland Road End, on Monday evening, October 13, at 7.30.—JOHN STUBBS, 5, Denmark Street.

MARLBORNE ASSOCIATION.—The quarterly meeting takes place this evening, at 90, Church Street, Edgware Road, at eight o'clock. All who desire to find admission into private circles should attend and become members.

DR. SEXTON AT MANCHESTER.—Mr. Fitton writes:—"The lectures given by Dr. Sexton have been a great success. The clear and exhaustive manner in which they were delivered precluded all necessity for controversy, consequently the opposition was most weak and trivial. We hope to have him again shortly."

SOWERBY BRIDGE.—The tea meeting to inaugurate the new harmonium will take place on the 11th instant, in one of Mr. Broadbent's large rooms, Hollings Iron Works. Tickets, one shilling each; children under twelve, sixpence each. As the profits go towards the harmonium fund, a large meeting of friends is expected.—MISS GAUKROGER, Secretary.

OBITUARY.—Passed on to the spirit life, aged 72 years, Mrs. Ratcliffe, of Mytholmroyd. She was respected by all the brethren as a true Spiritualist.—At ten o'clock on Saturday morning, Mr. Wilfred Ainger, after a painful and tedious illness, was released from the suffering body by the "beautiful angel, Death."

"IOTA" has corrected the report we made of his remarks in St. George's Hall on the occasion of Mrs. Tappan's second oration as follows:—"I said, in substance, that Mrs. Tappan, in quoting the text given her by the committee as an answer to the first questioner had omitted that portion of it which seemed to justify his question, viz., the words 'and why?'—that the questioner probably considered (as many people did) that the reason why Christ produced so potent an effect upon society was that he was God. I neither said nor thought that Mrs. Tappan had not in her oration 'fully answered the question' put to her by the committee. In my humble judgment, the answer contained in that oration was perfect; and the first question addressed to her after its completion, unnecessary and not to the point. But it seemed to me that Mrs. Tappan's way of answering the last question left some opening for the objection that she had ignored or misinterpreted the evident drift, and had rather evaded it than distinctly declined to answer it, as she would have been perfectly justified in doing. Nor did I say that I 'should have expected the answer—Because he was God.' The spirits have intimated that the answer to the question 'and why?' will form the topic of a separate discourse."

MR. MORSE'S FOURTH ANNIVERSARY SOIREE.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—Four years ago, on the 21st of this month, my spirit-friends, aided by the kindly assistance of Mr. Burns, inaugurated a series of seances at the Spiritual Institution, 15, Southampton Row, W.C. These meetings have been held on Friday evenings, and they rapidly won their way to the front, owing to the excellence of the operating agents, who ingeniously combined utility with ability.

As a pleasant method of affording mortals and immortals an opportunity of testifying their mutual pleasure in this good work, at the two last anniversaries, the seances my beloved spirit-guides counselled social meetings. Soirées have accordingly been held on each occasion, at the above Institution, with marked success, being attended with great pleasure and profit to all who were present.

Such also is the advice of my guides upon this occasion. To give full force to their suggestion, and to afford my numerous friends an opportunity to meet together and enjoy a pleasant evening, it has been arranged to hold this year's soirée at the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street, W., on the evening of Wednesday, October 29th, 1873. Refreshments—consisting of tea, coffee, cakes, fruits, &c.—will be served in the Lower Hall from 6.30 to 7.30 p.m.; after which the proceedings will take the form of a conversation in the Large Hall, which will be tastefully adorned with flowers and artistic devices. The loan of objects of interest, such as spirit-drawings, pictures, photographs, writings, &c., are respectfully solicited for exhibition during the evening.

The Royal Osborne Hand-bell Ringers will be in attendance, and during the evening they will perform a selection of popular airs upon exquisitely-toned bells; while music, songs, recitations, and speeches from several eminent persons who are expected will, it is hoped, contribute to the enjoyment of the visitors during the evening. The tickets, now on sale, will be, for the soirée and refreshments, 2s. 6d.; but for the accommodation of those whose engagements will not permit them to be present in time for the serving of refreshments, tickets for the soirée only will be issued at the reduced price of 1s. 6d., available after 7.30 p.m.

Tickets can be obtained at the office of the MEDIUM, 15, Southampton Row, W.C.; Mr. Cogman, 15, Peter's Street, Mile End Road; the secretaries of the various local societies; and of myself, as under; and also of Mrs. Maltby, 8, Hanover Place, Regent's Park, W., to whom all communications are to be addressed. Hoping to meet as many of my friends and their friends as can make it convenient to attend, I am, dear Sir, yours fraternally,

J. J. MORSE.

Warwick Cottage, Old Ford Road, Bow, E., Oct. 6, 1873.

A HOME FOR SPIRITUALISTS IN LONDON.

Mrs. Jackson, widow of the late J. W. Jackson, so well known as a contributor to *Human Nature*, and scientific reporter of spiritual phenomena, has just taken an elegant house, No. 3, Torrington Street, which she has furnished in a comfortable manner, for the accommodation of the friends of Spiritualism who may require to visit London. The house is within a few minutes' walk of the Spiritual Institution, in the midst of the numerous squares which extend to the north of Holborn, and is therefore convenient and healthy. We hope that our friends, who may be seeking a temporary residence in London, or even Londoners who require permanent apartments, will give Mrs. Jackson their suffrages.

MISS LOTTIE FOWLER'S MEDIUMSHIP.—LIVERPOOL.

"Pilgrim" characterises Miss Fowler as "the great American seeress," and points out some difficulties in the way of success from the presence of conflicting mentalities which are occasionally to be met with in the circle. He very truthfully points out that Miss Fowler is not a medium for grammatical orations, but, aided by a simple child in the spirit-world, is able to convey to investigators the certainty of spiritual existence. "Pilgrim" deprecates large public seances, such as Miss Fowler generously gave recently for the benefit of the local society. Only a few persons get tests; and, though they may be satisfied, large numbers who are ignorant of the merits of mediumship come there to ridicule and scoff, thus destroying the conditions for the medium and gaining a wrong impression for themselves. Our correspondent concludes by commending Miss Fowler to the kind regards of all friends of progress, and hopes many will avail themselves of her powers.

"Lottie Fowler is a marvellous clairvoyante. She unfolds the past like a scroll," writes Dr. Hitchman.

"Long Ago," a monthly journal of popular antiquities, is announced.

Mr. MORSE is girding up his loins for another tour in the Provinces. Apply to him at Warwick Cottage, Old Ford Road, Bow, E.

For Mr. Massey's views on Spiritualism, see his work entitled "Concerning Spiritualism." Price 2s.

The last two numbers of the MEDIUM contain verbatim reports of Mrs. Tappan's first and second orations.

We have not heard from Dr. Sexton as to his lecturing at Cavendish Rooms on Sunday evening, therefore we may conclude he will adhere to the announcement made last week.

The East London Association of Spiritualists, which has hitherto met at Tyssen Street, has removed to the Temperance Hall, 103, Mile End Road; Mr. E. Lambert, secretary.

Mr. MORSE's seances at the Spiritual Institution are resumed again this evening. The character of the proceedings is such that the rooms ought to be crowded on each occasion, and even a larger place might be filled if these seances were duly appreciated. We hope the friends of Spiritualism will induce investigators to attend. Time, 8 o'clock. Admission, 1s.

Mrs. BERRY writes:—"Mr. Jesse Shepard, the musical medium took luncheon with me to-day, having just returned from Russia. As a matter of course, after we went into the seance-room, as I was curious to see if I could get the voice through him. A spirit came and chatted with us for nearly an hour, pealing in German, French, and Italian, but very little English. Two other spirits also joined in the conversation. Mr. Shepard appears to be in excellent health and spirits."

MR. PEEBLES' TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

BEING HIS SPEECH DELIVERED AT HIS RECEPTION AT THE SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION, SEPT. 30, 1873.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—It is with emotions of satisfaction and pleasure that I rise to address you this evening in a sort of colloquial manner. It is needless to say that it is with pleasure almost unbounded that I again look into your friendly faces and grasp your warm hands, feeling that pulse beats to pulse in a sweet sympathetic union, partaking more of heaven than earth. Beautiful is that friendship which unites human hearts as golden links in the chain of conscious being.

I remember when at school, in New England, that the old geography said:—

"The world is round, and like a ball
Seems swinging in the air;
The sky above surrounds it all,
And stars are shining there."

Upon the testimony of the schoolmistress when a lad, and the testimony of scientists in after years, I believed these lines; but it was *only* belief, and the metaphysician knows there is a distinctive line of demarcation to be drawn between belief and positive knowledge. That the globe is spheroidal shaped I now know to be a fact; for, since leaving you, I have crossed the continent of America westward, sailed out into the Pacific Ocean to Australia, China, India, Arabia, Egypt, Palestine, Italy, and so forth, planting my feet once more in London with my face *still* westward. Having circumnavigated the globe, and finding myself in the social atmosphere of friends known and loved before, I now know that the world is round, and belief has ultimated in actual knowledge. At this point we might philosophise thus: The great mass of humanity believe—only *tremulously* believe—in a future state of existence; but Spiritualists, following the injunction of Paul, "Add to your faith knowledge," know that there is no death, that what is *termed* death is but birth into a higher and brighter life than this. Spiritualists are blessed beyond all blessing, inasmuch as they positively know of a future existence of eternal progress and blessedness.

But I must give a running sketch of my travels. Visiting London for the first time, some four years since, I remember stepping into this Institution and seeing Mr. Burns busily packing a case of books for Australia. "What," said I, "Mr. Burns, sending books to Australia?"—"Ah," said he, "and to the isles of the ocean."—"Are there, then, Spiritualists on the other side of the globe, with feet pressing against ours?" With the inquiry the thought flashed upon my mind like a sunbeam: I must see those Spiritualists; does not the command read, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel"? When first conversing with my spirit-teachers through the mediumship of Dr. Dunn, they prophesied that I should visit oriental countries and sail round the world. A number of years afterwards, a very intelligent spirit, through Mrs. L. V. Tappan, said to me, "You will soon take the tour of the world, going westward." "No," said I, "I am going by London." "No," replied the intelligence, "you are going westward," and it so proved. Is it not true, Mr. Chairman, that our lives are mapped out by spirits occupying the higher planes of causation, ourselves often being instruments in their hands carrying out their purposes? When I had resolved to take this journey round the world, I invited my friend Dr. Dunn (of whom you have often heard me speak) to accompany me. Since he was a mere youth, our lives have seemed to run parallel for a purpose not yet fully revealed. He joined me on this tour in California. The first stopping place, Sandwich Islands. Here we remained a week, finding the Kanakas, or natives, a fine, tall, swarthy race, much resembling the American Indians. It is almost a universal belief among them that spirits return and hold converse with them. After a few weeks of pleasant sailing among the Pacific Islands, calling at Auckland, New Zealand, and Sydney, we reached Melbourne, a truly-magnificent city, considering the recent development of Australia. Its thronged streets, elegant buildings, fine parks, and bustle of activity reminded me of an American city. But when commencing to lecture upon Spiritualism, an unexpected condition of things was immediately manifest. The opposition was fearful: priest and press sought to outdo each other in slime and slander. They called me "the Yankee trickster," "the long-haired apostle," and said that such "renegades should be ducked in the horse-pond." It took me back twenty years in the history of American Spiritualism. The spirits, through Dr. Dunn, said, "Be firm; speak your highest thoughts firmly yet kindly, and all will be well." In the meantime the Doctor gave seances and healed the sick with marked success. The press continued its abuse for several weeks. At length the friends, thoroughly arousing themselves, secured the Prince of Wales Theatre for the Sunday lectures, and crowds literally flocked to hear them. Three thousand was the number in attendance during several weeks, when lo! the press suddenly changed tone and style, becoming delightfully sunny and impartial. The people compelled them to this manly course. The Terrys, who print the *Harbinger of Light*; the McIlwraiths, Stamfords, Brights, Walkers, Watsons, and other noble-hearted souls, did themselves and the truth great honour in this vigorous campaign. After two or three months, being invited, we sailed for New Zealand. There are many excellent friends in Dunedin. But it was the old battle of anonymous letter-writers in the press over again. Cowards only stab in the dark. I did not condescend to answer these newspaper scribblers. The Doctor was exceedingly successful here in his clairvoyant practice, as well as appreciated in his lectures on Temperance and Spiritualism. We shall long cherish pleasant memories of T. Redmaine, the Beverleys, Logans, Stouts, Reeds, and others. Departing, they gave us illumined scrolls all aglow with kind words and prayers for future prosperity.

From this Britain of the South Pacific we sailed for China—land of Confucius, Laou-tze, Mencius, and other Chinese sages. It may be said that China is a land of Spiritualists. They nearly all believe in some form of spirit-communion. They have writing-mediums, using a table sprinkled with white sand in place of paper, and a forked stick instead of a pencil. They also have the trance, clairvoyance, clairaudience, and other phases of the manifestations. They endeavour to conceal these gifts as much as possible from the eyes of barbarous Europeans. At the residence of Dr. R—, in Canton, I met a German clergyman who had just read a series of Chinese books containing the whole system of divination and

spirit-control, including "haunted houses," written by a Chinese scholar 900 years before Christ.

On our bark sailing from Dunedin to China there were 107 Chinamen, two or three of whom had books with plates demonstrating the science underlying the principles of psychology, phrenology, and physiology. These were taught in China long before the birth of Christ. The country charmed me. The higher classes of Chinamen are eminently thoughtful and literary. From China, after a pleasant voyage of eight days, we were dropped down at Singapore, Asia's most southerly point of land. The weather was intensely hot, the people a conglomeration of all Eastern races, the foliage magnificent, and the breezes in evening time literally heavy with the fragrance of spices—cloves and adjoining cinnamon groves. To offset these bewitching charms, flies, bugs, mosquitoes, fleas, lizards, and other "pests" made the night wretched. Tarrying a few weeks in these equatorial regions, we reached India, meeting Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, whom Mr. Burns and probably others of you met a few years since in this city. He favours Spiritualism because of its liberalising influences. I met Peary Chand Mittra, a noble spiritually-minded gentleman; he has been for several years a Spiritualist and a medium. Although conversing with his spirit-wife and other spirits, "I remain," says he, "a Brahmin; Brahmin is the infinite life—the infinite soul of the universe." Names of the Deific presence are of little account; the longer I live, the more do I dislike childish technicalities and such petty divisions grounded upon theories as can lead only to strife and contention. You and I, friend Burns, know what it is to differ upon theological opinions. No two can think precisely alike. Spiritualists should differ only in love. While conversing with Peary Chand Mittra, a friend of his came in, saying, "I have just finished my book—a translation from several Spiritualist authors into Bengalese." He has also translated Emma Hardinge-Britten's "Ten Commandments" into the Bengalese language. Other pamphlets and books, either original or translations, upon Spiritualism, are being circulated freely in India. To know is to admire the Hindoo character. They are kind, trusting, and generous in social life; as scholars, they excel in mathematics and metaphysics. Spiritualism is destined—and that very shortly—to take a strong hold of the Hindoo mind. Visiting Benares, Allahabad, and other interior cities, we sailed westward for Arabia and Egypt. In Cairo the proprietors of the hotel were Spiritualists, the lady a writing-medium. In Egypt, China, India, Palestine, and every country visited, I gave away papers, pamphlets, and books treating of Spiritualism; all of us should be sowers of the good seeds of the kingdom. After a brief rest in Cairo, we started for the Pyramids, a portion of the way being over the ruins of ancient Memphis and the templed tombs of Sakkarah. Locomotion across the sands is by camels and donkeys. You ought to have seen me on my little contrary donkey, with long legs dangling and feet dragging in the sand. It is impossible for me to look graceful on a donkey. The first sight of the Pyramids thrilled me with ecstasy. We resolved to stand upon their summits. The Doctor commencing the ascent first, I supposed he would reach the pinnacle long before myself. Each had three Arab attendants. When reaching the top of this monument of antiquity, the scene was transcendently beautiful. Glancing round and looking for the Doctor, he was not there; stepping to the edge, however, and casting my eye downward, there I saw him, and the Arabs staring at him as he gesticulated. I was alarmed, and thought something was wrong. Had I known he was entranced, the fright would quickly have passed away; however, I gave my Arabs the necessary "backsheesh" to go to him and help him up the ascent. Reaching me, I found he was entranced by an Irish spirit, who jokingly said, "Faith, and here's Micky O'Brien; shure don't I want to see the Pyramids as well as you, and be jabbers ain't they like the round towers of owld Oireland." He was full of fun; but at length he left, and another came, with a deep, earnest voice, and spoke grandly. I would I had the eloquence and power of speech to express those sublime thoughts that were breathed into my willing ears. Standing on the summit of that pyramid, the ancient spirit said to me, "One grand object of your life is now accomplished; you stand upon a monument that has defied the storms of ages. I lived," said he, "after this pyramid was built, but I know by whom they were built, and why. They were granaries and treasure-places for storing food and treasure during floods and wars. There are seven chambers in the great pyramid, and the centre one was supposed to hold the sarcophagus containing the body of the king; but it was not so—there was merely a plain yet highly-polished coffer there, and this lidless. What was it there for? It was simply a measure for grain. Another object of their building was astronomical and geometrical, for they are built upon astronomical and mathematical principles; the passage-entrance looks directly to the north star." After the departure of this grand and eloquent Egyptian, came Powhattan, who spoke of the waning sun as symbolising the decline of the American Indians. It was a grand manifestation, and charmed me exceedingly.

From Egypt we went to Palestine. Our hotel (kept by a German) was on Mount Zion. After visiting the "holy sepulchre" and the environs of Jerusalem, such as Mount Olives, &c., we went over, *via* "Bethlehem of Judea," to the Jordan. We bathed in the Jordan, also in the Dead Sea, which one can do without fear, in consequence of the buoyant power of the water; nor is it unpleasant, unless you have an abrasion on the surface of your body, in which case it would make you tingle worse than a schoolmaster's birch. The waters of the Dead Sea are clear as a crystal. We then left for Trieste, then on to Venice, Milan, and Turin to France. At Paris I met a number of Spiritualists, where, at a seance, I was introduced to Victor Hugo. Whilst I was with him, he listening to a spirit-message, the tears streamed down his face, unable to control the feelings that were awakened by the heavenly communication he received. How many of these great men are earnest investigators, and others firm believers! Many as yet conceal their Spiritualistic convictions, because either political or religious cowards.

But I must draw this rambling talk to a close by simply saying that, in my journey "round the world," I frequently felt that the world was not so good—so beautiful—as I had thought, and for a time, because of vice and deception, I lost faith in humanity; but again, being dropped down in an English-speaking country, and amongst so many kind souls, enjoying the pressure of your hands and sensing your fraternal sympathy and love, I have recovered that faith. I am happy, and yet I feel the effect of years. These eyes are becoming somewhat dimmed, the ears

dull, and the flush of life fading; but it is to me a beautiful thought that I am going to the spirit-world—a world of eternal unfoldment—where I sincerely hope to meet you and know you soul to soul, and for that I am proud of my whitening hairs.

I am sincerely happy to meet so many friends here this evening. I believe that some four or five years since Mr. Burns was guided by the spirits to the Cavendish Rooms, where I had the pleasure and honour too of speaking for nearly six months each Sunday, excepting when relieved by Messrs. Burns, Shorter, and others. Nor have I forgotten the sunny gatherings and beautiful seances I have attended at your homes, where I often spoke to you of spirit-communion—the love principles so potent to redeem. I have often told you that love—or love and wisdom—were the great redemptive powers; that love-sympathy would seek and find out the most abandoned; that Jesus and the arch-angels and the glorified hosts are not resting away in the heavens, but come earthward in the morning and evening-time to touch some heart, and thus continue the great work of redemption. Cordially do I embrace you all in spirit; deeply do I love humanity, and the angels that minister at its altars.

Never can the parting at the Cavendish Rooms be effaced from my memory. It was a group of harmonious souls. The speeches were thrillingly eloquent, the farewells sad and tearful. Englishmen have ever dealt generously and nobly by me. If we differ upon knotty points of theology, let us differ in love. Charity is of more importance than faith or hope. We all belong to the family of God—are, in fact, brothers. In my inmost being I recognise no nationality—no American, no Englishman, no German, no Oriental; for we all constitute one brotherhood of souls, certain of a common destiny in the upper kingdoms of immortality. Holding to you, then, this right hand, warm with gratitude and goodwill, let me assure you that there blooms in it the olive-branch of peace. My prayer is that the branch may never wither; but budding and blooming on earth, may it bear fruit for ever in the garden of eternity! In the name of the angels, I thank and bless you.

HOW MRS. SCATTERGOOD BECAME A MEDIUM.

In the year 1868 Mrs. Scattergood was seized with a sore affliction, which lasted two years and a half. The disease was spasmodic cramp, and no human being could suffer more during that period. Six doctors had attended her and prescribed, but all in vain. One day, while she was suffering extreme agony, her husband called in to his assistance Mr. Green, at which time Mrs. Scattergood had to be held by force in bed, so great was her suffering. Mr. Green, being a Spiritualist, strongly recommended that a healing medium should be sent for, as he had confidence in the spirits' power, and said he was sure they would restore her, but Mr. and Mrs. Scattergood heeded not on that occasion to take the advice given. Some time after, however, Mr. Scattergood began to think seriously of the matter, and went to one of the Spiritualists' meetings, where he heard an excellent address through Mrs. Barnes, a medium, whom he knew to be an entirely uneducated woman. This astonished him, and caused him to attend the meetings and investigate more fully into the subject, and was so far convinced that he told his wife he should like to ask a medium to come and see her. Mrs. Scattergood excitedly replied that she believed the doctors had done their very best to restore her to health, and if their skillful efforts had so far failed to arrest the disease, she was quite certain that the Spiritualists could do her no good, for she was sure that spirits in heaven would never come to witness such sufferings as these, and those in the other place she was also sure would never be allowed to come; and thus the subject dropped for a time. Mr. Scattergood still continued to attend the meetings at Nottingham, at which place they resided. One Sunday he had gone to the meeting, when Mrs. Scattergood all on a sudden determined to follow, although still confined to her room; with great difficulty and help from her attendant, she succeeded in reaching the place. When she got there Mrs. Barnes was delivering an address in the trance state, but on Mrs. Scattergood opening the door the medium ceased speaking, and with closed eyes walked forward to Mrs. Scattergood, whom the medium had never seen or known before, and began to manipulate the parts affected. With the exertion of the journey the old cramps had returned, but in the space of five minutes all pain had been removed from the body, to the astonishment of herself and all who knew her. She attended the meetings for some few weeks afterwards, and her strength gradually increased; but separating herself from them, her complaint in some degree returned, and one day, while suffering from a most severe attack, Mrs. Scattergood was herself influenced, and made to speak; but her husband, fearing from the statements she then made that her brain was becoming seriously affected, went for Mrs. Perkins, a healing medium, who at once discovered that Mrs. Scattergood was under spirit-influence, and while she was thus controlled a course of treatment was given through her which had been followed, and for five years not a symptom of the disease has ever returned. The next meeting she attended she was entranced, and spoke for about half an hour. This gift has increased, and Mrs. Scattergood has developed into one of the finest mediums in England.

We give an extract from the *Liverpool Daily Albion* of October 1st, and though written to suit sceptical readers, will give a fair idea of the mediumship before an audience:—

"She comes to the platform, where she takes the middle seat—bulwarked by a gentleman on either side. In hackneyed language she is then, of course, the cynosure of all eyes, and although only a mechanic's wife she is worth looking at, and, in a physical sense at least, is worthy of admiration. A fine woman—of that degree of development which in Scotland is termed 'gaucie'—she were certainly not the *beau idéal* of a spirit-medium. Right modestly she took her seat on the platform, and certainly seemed perfectly undisturbed either by the admiring looks of friends who had come firm in faith of her mediumistic functions, or of the less pleasant regards of the unbelievers. Her head dropped gradually like a fading flower on its bending stalk, her white handkerchief—black-bordered—fell from her nerveless grasp, and, to the uninitiated, it seemed as though she were about to fall prone on the untarped floor of the deal platform, when suddenly the hymn ceased, and like a prophetess inspired she rose, and with eyes closed addressed the meeting. Taking the words of the Apocalypse which had been read as the

ground of her remarks, Mrs. Scattergood—for that we believe was the lady's name—expended her mental and physical powers for the space of half an hour to an extent that only a woman of like magnificent physique could have done and stopped short of absolute prostration of body and mind. To look and listen engendered feelings of wonder and amazement. Those who believed in the spirit-influence must have felt that no charitable departed effluence of a once-created being could have taken such rude possession of a living woman, and the sceptical could not help allowing doubt of the verity of the thing to enter into their misguided minds. To give an adequate sketch of the lady's oration would be a task too high for our accomplishment; but if anyone can conceive of a blending of the deliverance of an ancient Sybil while possessed with her own familiar spirit, and the ecstatic utterances of a Rantier of the first decade of the century, he will have some idea of the manner in which the medium of the Islington Assembly Rooms illustrated the vision of St. John. Some of us can remember the action of Gavazzi when he first came to England, ere he had thrown away the garb of the order which he had disowned, and while the fervour of his native Italy was flushing warm in every vein; but the stern enemy of Pius IX. never showed in his palmist days the vigorous declamation of the English mechanic's wife who on Sunday night last made the rafters of the Islington Assembly Rooms resound to the melody of her voice. True it is that the eyes were closed and expressionless, but every limb—every muscle—was in unceasing action, and the voice rose and fell—now exerted to the topmost limit of its scope, now falling to the lowest cadence of a woman's whisper, in a way that was something to wonder at."

A NEW MEDIUM AT BRISTOL.

To the Editor.—Sir,—I send you a report of some experimental seances which have been held at Mr. Tommy's, 7, Unity Street, College Green, Bristol, during the last three weeks. The medium is a young man whose name has not yet been published in connection with the manifestations; he is free from the corrupting influences of drink and tobacco, pure in his habits of life, and his spiritual attendants are consequently like himself—kindly, intelligent, and pure. If this young man can be induced to devote his life to the work of establishing the truth of spiritual communion, and kept free from the corroding and cankering influences of money and the love of sensual indulgence, he will be a great addition to the forces already in the field for the propagation of truth.

I do not affirm too much when I say that his power is of the best type; it will be seen from what I relate that the controlling individuals can use him for almost any purpose. I will not write a description of the seances in detail, but rather the character of the manifestations which took place. The average attendance was about twelve individuals; the names of a few of them are—Mr. and Mrs. Tommy, myself, Mr. Bradshaw, Mr. Penny, and Mr. Fowler, all of Bristol; a lady from Dumfries, Mr. Bell, of Goole, and about three others besides the medium. We all sat round a large square table; in the light we had powerful proofs; the raps were loud, and intelligently rendered in answer to many questions; the table rose from the floor repeatedly. The light being turned very low, the medium was entranced, and gave unmistakable evidence of strong seeing power, many spirit-friends being minutely described. Scenes were brought back to view which had been long forgotten; in one case of many, the description was so minute that the pages of a life were laid open which had passed over this stage of being thirty years ago, and incidents were brought back which were only known to the viewless intelligence and one other soul then present. Another case was that of an old man who passed away a quarter of a century ago; he came unthought of; the picture of him was recognised by me at once as that of a good old man who died an atheist. It was so interesting to hear him tell how surprised and pleased he had been to find that he still existed; but, above all, how he expressed his delight at being able again to enjoy the communion of his old friend, and to tell him that the only true life is to be found in the sunshine of God's love.

Next as to touch; almost all were more or less touched, but several were caressed in every conceivable manner while all hands were held; a bell was carried about the room, and made to ring in any way and in any place, and to touch the hands and heads of different persons.

While the circle and hands were complete, the medium was placed on the table; he was then taken to the ceiling, when he placed on it a piece of paper, which was left adhering to it; soft, beautiful lights were seen by all floating about the room; many trials were made at materialisation, and some thought with partial success. There can be no doubt whatever that with a little more experience on the part of those beings who are controlling this youth, developments of spiritual action of a very high order may be expected through him. Much may be done through his instrumentality to give to the spiritual seance the character of an institution for the elevation of the mind, instead of one to bewilder and perplex.

Since the above paragraphs were written, I have had the pleasure of attending another seance with the same young seer. In this instance a long stage was gained towards the expression of completed human form; the lights were continuous over a space of time from one to five minutes; one luminous mass moved freely round the company, saluting each in turn. Its nature I cannot define; its luminosity did not depend upon any kind of combustion or apparent chemical action, yet it was substantial; as it passed near to my face, I felt the air disturbed by the passage of it. Whether heat was set free or not could not possibly be determined. It is promised that it shall become sufficiently pronounced in form and permanence to be amenable to photography.

The old man, already referred to, came again. I had never before alluded to him except as "James Lynn." I had for some minutes been desiring his presence, when the guiding spirit called out, "Here is the old man." I said, "Who?" He replied, "Jeannie." He then called me by an old familiar name, asking did I not remember? I asked him to tell me how he was now employed. He answered, "Helping the like of you." I said, "Are you now pleased with your position?" He said it was "one of duty, pleasing and peaceful." I remarked, "Your life on this plane was hard." He replied, "Yes, I lived hard, I worked hard, and I died hard, and they would not allow me to die in peace."

Now, part of this is so very significant that I must, in a few sentences, give the key to it.

Jennie Lynn was a man of a type to be met with only here and there. He was truly a thinker; he lived in a little world of his own, all outside of his little circle, in him, was intellect, and, in many cases, credit; he was never got above the burden of labour; for years he was degraded by drink; then he became a strict temperance man, and his words were powerful weapons dedicated to temperance and purity.

But he was an atheist, and he had all the burden of life to bear without sympathy; yet the picturesque old man here bravely up against toil and frost. I often did wish I could be closer to him.

He died of a painful internal obstruction; he left me in York to go home to Leeds. He said, "John, I am going home to die." I tried to cheer him, and to persuade him otherwise, but he seemed to know it, although there were then no symptoms of danger.

The dear old man suffered painfully for a month. A Wesleyan minister called to see him, and when he could not get "Jennie" to change his views, he then threatened him with the vengeance of God due to unbelief. Jennie turned round and said, "Will no one take this man away and let me die in peace?" The minister then called on the temptations to "come and see an infidel die." Jennie had only known life as a man of letters, a man of letters, a man of letters, and a man of letters. He had been accustomed to being alone in it all, and alone he was content to pass as he went to the end of all, but what he was going to do was to be the opening out into the full light of being. He told me he was but a short time in the spiritual world when his eyes were opened to the existence of his loving Father, who, through his spirit, had all along been doing the best possible for his ultimate good happiness and us. But how remarkable the words, unknown to present, and unknown to me. "I lived hard, I worked hard, at died hard, and there would not allow me to die in peace."

Epithet, October 2nd, 1871.

JOHN DUNN.

A TEST—CHARLES DICKENS AND "EDWIN DROOD."

[Note of a seance held at 16, Brunswick Street, Manchester, October 2nd, 1871. Mrs. Olive, trance-medium.]

Mrs. Olive was first controlled by the little Indian girl called "Satanstoe," who gave into to extend of the company, after which, at half-past eight p.m., she said she must go, as "Charles Dickens" wished to communicate. This was in pursuance of a request and promise made at a previous seance. Accordingly, the medium, after an interval of silence, went through the usual physical movements supposed to denote a change of the control, and began making mechanical passes over her mouth, forehead, and throat, after which she spoke slowly and gravely as follows:—"An invitation has been conveyed to me to meet our friends here to-night. We gladly accept that invitation, especially if we can do anything to further the cause of truth. My name when here was Charles Dickens: one understanding the love of Spiritualism, and in his own family practicing it."

In reply to a request that he would give a test of his identity, he said, "One line that we might mention is that the unfinished work called 'Edwin Drood' we are now completing on the other side of the Atlantic. It will by-and-by be published, and it is so far as it is found to correspond with my own writings, will it, I hope, prove another test of the truth of Spiritualism."

Several questions were put to the spirit. Amongst others he was asked whether he did not know someone in Manchester with whom he could have an interview through Mrs. Olive's mediumship, but he said he did not remember names, and in reply to the objection that through the American medium he is said to have written the names of the London publishers he wished to be employed, he stated that he had more frequently used the American medium, and had therefore more complete control over him, and the memory was retained, but through the present medium he could not at present remember names. If he used her when he returned would return to him. He was asked if he could give a selection from the last-written chapter of "Edwin Drood," written through his American medium, but he said he could not do so through the medium. He was then asked whether he could, through his American medium, write an account of the present seance and the fact of his having controlled the medium here, and have it published in the earliest possible issue of the *Banner of Light* of Boston, before word could be sent from this country, and meanwhile a similar copy would be sent to the English Spiritualist papers. He said he did not think the conditions would enable him to do all we asked, but he would do his best. He would give us a test, but it should be in his own way. He then volunteered to give the following test of his identity. He said, "I am personally acquainted with Washington Irving. He often communicates through a medium in New York with a relative. I will give him a message which he shall give to his nephew, and then through a seance the message shall reach the medium (naming Mrs. Olive), and by her it shall be forwarded to you."

He was further asked why he could not himself write through his own medium direct, instead of sending his message through Washington Irving's medium, when he said, "Through my medium I will mention the name of the medium (Mrs. Olive), and through my friends in America I will then communicate with you by letter."

Several other questions were put to the spirit, who added that he had said this medium before, and had spoken to old friends through her. When reminded that such interviews had not been made public, he explained that the persons concerned had positively to maintain, and dare not make it known. He himself had written against Spiritualism in *All for Fear*, but had subsequently investigated it at his own house and found it true.

[The communication, forwarded by the author of "Where are the Dead?" was received by us on Oct. 2nd, too late for last issue of the *Monitor*.—Ed. M.]

A carman in Sheffield, who is a singing, writing, drawing, and clairvoyant medium, would be glad to meet with parties with whom he could form a circle. Applications may be made to the Editor of the *Monitor*.

U., who formerly lived at Sudbury, gives several instances of spiritual phenomena which have occurred spontaneously to individuals of the town. He is of opinion that Dr. Benson would do a good deal of good there if it were possible for him to deliver a lecture in the Epiphany.

EXPERIMENTS IN SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor.—Sir.—A few days ago the two gentlemen whose names were attached to my last communication called upon me, and after some preliminary conversation we agreed to have a sitting. We had not been at the table more than ten minutes, receiving various communications, when one of them began to show signs of unconsciousness and slumped back in his chair, with his head leaning against the corner of the table and his hands resting upon his knees. I turned round and saw a few, the medium was drawn from the chair across the table. He lay there for a few seconds, when, finding him perfectly rigid, we turned him on his side, in the direction of its longest axis. Immediately, and without any visible cause (his own hands resting upon his body), he began to move rapidly backwards and forwards, and it was with difficulty that we could prevent the movement. After considerable effort we succeeded in bringing the stiff and unresponsive body to a state of rest. In a minute afterwards a voice proceeded from the medium, directing us to notice his mouth and countenance. We asked who the spirit was. "Shakespeare," was the reply. "I wish you to notice my mouth particularly. You will hear me speak, but you will not see me move in the mouth. I am using his voice, but not his lips. That is, that you may have peculiar evidence of the truth and power of Spiritualism. Notice carefully and see that it is so, and be sure to be at the moment of it as the *Monitor*." We carefully watched the face of the medium, and thought a communication was made within a few minutes, and the voice was comparatively loud, the lips were motionless and the whole countenance as expressionless as if we had been in the presence of death. The lips were slightly separated and seemed to be drawn in at the sides, as to give them a circular appearance and form the aperture so formed the voice proceeded, but not the slightest movement could be detected.

Among other matters referred to by the "spirit of Shakespeare" was the following:—"I had, during the communications, which were of a serious nature, said a few words of a rather childish character, which sufficiently the voice was raised, and said: 'I am sorry you have spoken thus. You have given me much pain. We are not aware of our movement at proper times, but when we are serious we wish that you should be the same.' On asking how a few words could give such pain to a spirit said: 'You, 'Paralala,' will surely understand me (for it is your own teaching) when I say that thought is a substance, and that the utter grave expressions when we are in a merry frame, or joke, when we are serious, the thought which the expression evokes, as it were, strikes from you and strikes against us, giving more or less pain to us. We like to be in harmony with you; but do not sufficiently change your manner, as your thoughts, although expressed, are injurious to us. Here you, 'Paralala,' not taught this very doctrine long ago?' In replying to the affirmative, the spirit immediately said: 'This is the future to befall towards us; we wish to serve and benefit you and the world at large, but we hope you will consider us and the medium which are most congenial to us. Farewell.' Much more was said, but I will abstain and send to you again, if you can find space in your most valuable and interesting paper for my communications.—Yours sincerely,

October 4, 1871.

A TEST FOR SPIRITUALISM.

On the 5th of September I became aware that my wife was a medium, since which time we have had no seances. On Saturday, the 21st, my wife and I sat down to a small table, 20 in. diameter. We expected a spirit, the number that usually came, but only three appeared. I said for my mother (who had attended all previous seances), A. She began out with a friend; when she comes back we will let you know. We then conversed with one of the three spirits present for about an hour, what mother came. Q. Where have you been, mother?—A. Praising God. Q. Where?—A. I was sitting by the side of the table on his head towards heaven. Q. What is the boy's name?—A. John. Q. How old is he?—A. Ten years old. Q. What part of the world did the little boy live in?—A. America. Q. What city?—A. Massachusetts. Q. What city or town?—A. Weymouth. Q. What street?—A. Don't know; will ask the mother when she comes back.

On the day after (Sunday the 22nd), at 9 p.m., we expected a spirit to come and sit. Some spirits came; six gave themselves names as follows: the seventh hesitated, its lengthy speech was not heard. Q. Are you the little boy my mother was with last week?—A. Yes. Q. How old are you?—A. Ten years. Q. What day did you die?—A. Last night at half-past eleven by Washington Street. You tell me the name of street and number of house in?—A. Yes; (count) 4th Street, No. 4 house. Q. Is your living?—A. No; she is in heaven with me. Q. Is she living?—A. No. Q. Is he in heaven?—A. No. Q. Why then?—A. Died for (count) 15 years. Q. How long have you been there?—A. Six years. Q. Don't you feel miserable, mother in heaven, knowing that your father is miserable?—A. Cannot be miserable here. Q. Do we offend God by our sins?—A. Yes, in this way?—A. No, we come to teach you to be good. We good, then?—A. Not good enough. Say your prayers, and any other punishment for sin after death besides but not detained from the face of God for ever. Q. Do they get greater intensity than we know of in this world?—A. Yes, for ever?—A. Till God is satisfied. Q. Do you mean to say that God's love for all eternity?—A. Only when they are pure.

I sent these particulars (with the same heading) to the *Tuesday morning*, September 26th, but I suppose the subject of interest of sufficient importance to occupy the valuable editorial representative of the press. The letter would have arrived at that date, but what you publish it there will have been of small arrival.

Mr. Editor, on the 4th of August I attended Spiritualism, but since I have had more to convince me of the reality of a faith thirty years of Catholic teaching and practice. Since the publication of the doctrine of the Infallibility of the Pope (which I have begun to doubt the divine origin of the remainder of

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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12, Oration at the Royal Music Hall, 242, Holborn, by Mrs. Tappin, at 7 o'clock. Admission by ticket only. See advt.
MONDAY, OCTOBER 13, Mr. Herne at 8 o'clock. Admission 2s. 6d. See advt.
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, Afternoon Seance at 3 o'clock, by Mr. Herne. Admission 2s. 6d. See advertisement.
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, Mr. Herne, at 8. Admission, 2s. 6d. See advt.

SEANCES IN LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12, at Mr. Cogman's, 15, St. Peter's Road, Mile End Road, at 7 o'clock.
Mr. J. J. Morse at 85, Goswell Road, at 7 o'clock.
MONDAY, OCTOBER 13, Developing Circle, at Mr. Cogman's, 15, St. Peter's Road, Mile End Road, at 8 o'clock.
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14, Seance at Temperance Hall, 163, Mile End Road, at 8.15. Mr. Morse will attend during his stay in Town.
SOUTH LONDON ASSOCIATION, 24, Stamford Street, Blackfriars, S.E., at 7.30. Intending Visitors write for admission to Mr. F. M. Taylor, at the above address.
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, Dalton Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism. Seances at their rooms, 74, Navarino Road, Dalston, E., at 8 p.m. Particulars as to admission of visitors on application to the Secretary.
St. John's Association, 7, Corporation Row, Clerkenwell, at 8. Free.

SEANCES IN THE PROVINCES DURING THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12, KEIGHLEY, 10.30 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. Messrs. Shackleton and Wright, Trance-Mediums. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 9 a.m. and 2 p.m.
BOWENY BRIDGE, at Mr. W. Robinson's, Causeway Head, Children's Lyceum, 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Public Meeting, 6.30 p.m. Trance-Medium, Mr. Wood.
BOWLING, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 2.30 and 6 p.m. Hall Lane, 2 and 5 p.m.
BOWLING, in Hartley's Yard, near Railway Station, Wakefield Road, at 2.30 and 6 o'clock.
MANCHESTER, Temperance Hall, Grosvenor St., Mount St., at 2.30.
COWME, at George Holdroyd's, at 6 p.m.
GAWTHORPE, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 2.30 and 6 p.m. Mrs. S. A. Swift, Test and Healing Medium.
MORLEY, Mr. E. Baines's, Town End.
BALFAX Psychological Society, Hall of Freedom, Back Lord Street, later Lane, at 2.30 and 6.30. Children's Lyceum at 10 a.m.
NOTTINGHAM, Churchgate Low Pavement, Children's Lyceum at 2 p.m. Public meeting at 6.30 p.m.
OSNEY COMMON, WAKEFIELD, at Mr. John Crane's, at 2 and 6, p.m. Healing and Trance-speaking Medium, Mr. John Crane.
BIRCH AUCKLAND, at Mr. Fauditt's, Waldron Street, at 6 o'clock. Notice is required from strangers.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, at Freemasons' Old Hall, Bell's Court, Newgate Street, at 8 p.m.
LIVERPOOL, Public Meetings at the Islington Assembly Rooms, at 2.30 and 7 p.m. Trance-mediums from all parts of England, &c.
BATLEY, at Mr. Parkinson's, Taylor Street, at 2.30 and 6 p.m.
DARLINGTON Spiritualist Association, Large Room, above Hinde Brothers Store, Risedale Street, Yarm Road. Public Meetings at 10.30 a.m. and 6 p.m.
SOUTHSEA, At Mr. W. H. Stripes's, 31, Middle Street, at 6.30.
ROCHDALE, River Street Hall, afternoon and evening.
BIRMINGHAM, at Mr. Perks's, 312, Bridge Street West, Well Street, Rockley, for Spiritualists only, at 7 p.m. Physical and Incipient Trance-Medium, Columbus Perks (boy medium, twelve years of age).
LEIGHBRIDGE, Mrs. Gutteridge, Trance-medium, Dene's Yard, Pinfold Terrace, at 6 o'clock.
GLASGOW Association of Spiritualists. Public meeting, 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., at 164, Trongate. Seance at 5 p.m.
HULL, 5, Strawberry Street, Drypool, at 7.30.
MONDAY, OCTOBER 13, HULL, 42, New King Street, at 8.30.
GLASGOW Association of Spiritualists. Seance at 164, Trongate. Doors closed at 2.30 p.m.
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14, KEIGHLEY, at 7.30 p.m., at the Lyceum. Trance-mediums, Mrs. Lucas and Messrs. Wright and Shackleton.
BOWENY BRIDGE, at Mr. W. Robinson's, Causeway Head, 8 p.m.
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, BOWLING, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 8 p.m.
MORLEY, Mr. Emmanuel Baines's, Town End, at 7.30, for development.
OSNEY COMMON, at Mr. John Crane's, at 7.30. Healing and Trance-medium, Mr. John Crane.
DARLINGTON Spiritualist Association, same place as on Sundays. Public Developing Circle at 7.30 p.m.
GLASGOW Association of Spiritualists. Public meeting at 164, Trongate, at 8 p.m. Occasional seances during the other nights of the week.
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, BOWLING, Hall Lane, 7.30 p.m.
GAWTHORPE, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, a Developing Circle, at 7.30.
WEST HARTLEPOOL, Seance at Mr. Hull's, Adelaide Street.
BIRCH AUCKLAND, at Mr. Fauditt's, Waldron Street, at 8 o'clock. Notice is required from strangers.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Old Freemasons' Hall, Bell's Court, Newgate Street. Seance at 7.30.
BIRMINGHAM, Circle at Mr. Thomas Godridge, 16, Court House, 12, Wrentham Street, at 7.30.
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, LIVERPOOL, Weekly Conference and Trance-speaking, at the Islington Assembly Rooms, at 8 p.m. The Committee meet at 7.
NOTTINGHAM, Churchgate Low Pavement. Seance at 8 p.m.

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THE LONDON PRESS ON MRS. TAPPAN'S ORATIONS.

From the *Daily News*, September 22nd, 1873:—"Mrs. Tappan, whose maiden name was Cora Scott, is a delicate lady, petite in person and in face. She is extremely fair, and her hair if not 'thick' is full, 'with many a curl.' A bit of blue ribbon was its only adornment. She was dressed in black with a white border round the neck, bust, and wrists. Her appearance is prepossessing; her voice is sweet and, it might be said, weak, if it were not that it is so modulated and attuned as to be capable of filling large spaces in which a louder voice would fail to be heard. Her style is excellent—clear, precise, deliberate, and meditative. She uses but little action, and what she does use is confined principally to the motion of the wrists and fingers. Last night she spoke for nearly an hour and a half, and was listened to with breathless attention. . . . There was no nonsense in Mrs. Tappan's mode of dealing with the question, and the use of the word 'judicious' by Mr. Owen in recommending her to the British public could not be more happily applied. As to the substance of the oration, we can only say here that it was an able and thoughtful pleading for mind as against matter, and for immortality as against annihilation. . . . Her peroration was very eloquent, and prophesied the union of all dissident sects and religions under the new principle, and the triumph of spirit over death. The audience seemed highly pleased with the discourse."

From the *Standard*, September 22, 1873:—"Judging from the densely-crowded state of the hall, and the large number it was found necessary to close the doors upon, it was evident that there was great excitement among the believers and inquirers in this movement at the advent of the new speaker, whose first appearance in England was the occasion of this meeting. . . . No one could question the great beauty of the wording of the opening prayer nor the felicitous manner in which it was delivered. Another hymn, and then Mrs. Tappan proceeded to her oration on 'Spiritualism as a Science and as a Religion.' It may at once be said that her speech was delivered with great fluency and good elocution, her language at times abounding with highly poetic thoughts, and at others with effective practical points. . . . On resuming her seat the fair lecturer was greeted with loud cheers, and as a sort of *encore* recited a poem descriptive of the general illuminative powers of Spiritualism in bringing human nature from its previous darkness and its assurance of the immortality of the soul. The assemblage was composed mainly of well-dressed persons of mature age, the sexes being fairly divided. The greatest attention was paid throughout the whole of the service."

From the *Hour*, September 22, 1873:—"After a second hymn, Mrs. Tappan, who is a lady pleasing personal appearance, and apparently some five and thirty years of age, began her oration the subject being, 'Spiritualism as a Science, and Spiritualism as a Religion.' . . . The delivery of this oration was, perhaps, its most noteworthy feature. Mrs. Tappan, for upwards of an hour, poured forth an uninterrupted flow of language, without hesitating for a single instant; sentences of the most involved character, and abounding in parentheses, being evolved without apparent effort, and every word fitting into its place as in a child's puzzle. Though somewhat devoid of elocutionary emphasis, her delivery was clear and telling, and her diction of a very high order. If, as is stated, she is merely a mouthpiece of the spirits, the condition of the *belles lettres* in the spiritual world is decidedly encouraging. If, on the other hand, her lecture is a mere effort of memory, its recital is a feat rarely excelled."

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