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SPIRITUALISM.

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Spiritual Cosmology.

PART II.—STATICS.

THE HISTORY OF A RE-UNITED SOUL.

MRS. TAPPAN'S ORATION AT CAVENDISH ROOMS,
SUNDAY EVENING, MARCH 14TH, 1875.

Lesson: Revelations v.

INVOCATION.

Infinite Spirit! Thou supreme first Cause,
Ruling the universe with Thy great laws;
All uncreate, Thou great eternal soul,
Upholding all things 'neath Thy great control;
Usurping time and space and outer sense
With the full fervour of Thy recompense,
And drawing every spirit, glad and free,
Through the veiled image of Divinity,
Up to Thy height, O Lord! even to Thee.
O God! that speak'st in many a mighty tone,
Revealing unto those that are Thine own
The wondrous powers around, within, Thy throne;
Thou glorious and Divine light, Thou potent flame,
Thou Infinite, Eternal Source, whose name
Is all of being, whence all being came,
We praise Thee; on Thine altar there to-night
Gleam not the stars more infinitely bright
Around the potent and all-flaming sun;
Orb upon orb, since time had erst begun,
Revolved not worlds more perfectly than we
Around Thy soul, O Thou great Deity.
We praise Thee; angels tune their harps the while,
And ministering spirits o'er earth smile;
While many a mighty angel has gone forth
To give the earth the tokens of Thy worth.
We praise Thee, God, and silence keep, while space
Bends downwards with its wondrous face,
Lighting the silence in the sacred place. Amen.

ADDRESS.

Ere time began, within that solemn place,
Where God's great presence hides his sun-lit face,
The souls of being dwelt all undismayed
By matter ere their life was here portrayed,
In their advanced essence inly blent,
Until, like messengers from God, were sent
The mighty angels that came forth to live
In matter, by that potent power to give
Life unto chaos and their beings riven,
That their contention earth with highest heaven
Might weave through change on change the spell,
Wherein all nature at the last doth dwell
Perfect and alone, by God thus blessed,
Since through His spirit is all life expressed.
Thus dwelt I before the world was made;
Or ere earth in her orb did move and fade
And grow reluctant with the changing years;
Or ere were human hopes or hates or fears;
For lo! there was no time; eternity

Alone was there, glad, potent, free.
In other worlds, my primal states were passed
The lowermost of being; how I masked
My soul, first by its slow degrees
In outward garb, fashioned to please
The senses all the livelong day,
And sang in sunshine, idling hours away;
But in such being as I will not say.
For each soul in its primal life on earth
Or other world has that low birth,
Wherein the senses have all potent power,
Inheriting but one eternal dower,
Namely, existence. When the stage is passed
Which is the outward, then the soul's forecast
Pictures a higher being. But I came to earth
When the first angel from his higher birth
Rolled o'er far Indus with his primal light,
Illumining from his supernal height
The plains with ardours, that were warmly lent
To the sun's ray; and the races blent
All forms of outward passion in their way.
Twelve times I came beneath his potent sway,
Torturing the unwilling dross that round me lay,
Until I conquered; for when once the sway
Of being holds its primal course,
It needs must give to matter potent force,
Whereas the outward, by its slow decay,
Consumes that force and takes the will away.
Full oft the spirit striving still must fail,
But I was lowermost within the scale
Of grosser mortal being; now I please
To tell you that, by slow degrees,
I wrought the changes in the outward clay
That gave me power at last the earth to stay.
Nay, once when she my mother on the earth
Bore my form nearest ere my earthly birth,
A wounded roe fell down beside her feet,
The blood besprinkling her raiment sweet.
Then through all years of that life I did see
Blood stains where'er I went, it needs must be
That I would have the brand of Cain on me.
For whatso'er enstamps the outward form
Ere the full lifetime makes it pure and warm,
The spirit then must bear it; so I sought
Some life to wear upon my heart o'er wrought,
Perhaps to avenge the deadly primal wrong
Of the poor dumb thing, that had not made strong
Its life and thus was mercilessly slain.
So are we given our great height to gain
By compensation through a lesser pain.
Thence, and I flad across the desert waste
With the wild tribes, and, wheresoe'er I passed,
The winds blew on me from afar,
The boding breath of some revengeful star;
And I slew peoples wheresoe'er I went,
For thus my power seemed for vengeance lent
To give back to some race a wrong long spent.
Twelve times my life in Indus ebb'd and flow'd,
Until from out the inner being, goad
Upon goad tortured the dull sense,
To reap at last the spirit's recompense.

And then I sought for learning from those minds
 Whence the Egyptian drew sacred kinds
 Of learning; and by slow degrees I found
 Their secret, and the wondrous leaves unbound
 That now excel all other leaves, the lotus flower,
 Bearing eternity within their dower,
 For I was drawn then in the outward sense
 Of intellect, and by those still portents
 Of being found the subtle chain
 That linketh matter into soul again.
 For I built the pyramids; I mean I planned
 The purpose whereby we then spanned
 The elements, and made safe and sure
 The treasures that the harvest did secure.
 Threefold their sides to typify the light
 That shineth from the threefold God-like might;
 Threefold their power to increase the strength
 Wherewith by slow degrees the Nile's dark length
 Was wont to overflow, filling the vales
 With flowers and verdure; but the wails
 Of dying went up from that land so low,
 And we must needs have something sure but slow,
 That would keep buck the Nilus in his bed,
 Whereby we might our heritage thus tread.
 So these were built, not for the tombs of kings,
 Nor yet for other lesser offerings
 Than that the people might have bread
 To save them when the inundations came
 From far beneath the Abyssinian shows,
 When melting frosts the spring-time did disclose.
 So we built pyramids; Osiris then
 Was our great god; we found him threefold, when
 From earth and air the sun and sky
 We veiled the image of our deity,
 And made men think that that great power was nigh.
 Builded the pyramids! the thought was mine.
 Ah! many million hands with work combined
 To make those wonders where they stand to-day,
 And o'er the Eastern world hold solemn sway.
 And to the Western world with mystery,
 Veiled and enfolded is that age to-day.
 We built it for our garnered stores, for wheat and grain,
 That might not perish when the darkened plain
 Was covered with the Nilus' turbid flood.
 Ay, and we built it that in hours of blood
 And turmoil we might refuge find,
 For those of lofty thought and kindred mind.
 I dwelt there, but I was not there a king;
 Only I found the secret, subtle spring
 Of nature, whereby the threefold power
 Pierces even the circle's potent dower,
 Revealing there the mysteries supreme
 Of God that, in his own eternal dream,
 With threefold light pierces the spheres of space,
 And finds there room for the soul's dwelling-place.
 Then with the shepherd kings I dwelt and sang,
 And piped my tune; meanwhile there sprang
 Into my being mad ambition's play.
 I thought over my kind to still have sway,
 And move them with the magic of my will,
 To move them with a purpose God-like strong,
 And still to do the thing most daring; thus my song
 Unsung, piping my shepherd's lay,
 The wildest fancies 'neath my thought would play.
 I had but dreams of Egypt where I trode
 Once, and, as I tell you in my new abode,
 Only dim dreams and glimmerings the while;
 But somewhere there belonged the perfect smile
 Of life; my wish and utmost being to beguile,
 I longed for power; not learning's potent sway
 Sufficed me in that early earthly day.
 So after long wishing, seeking to please
 My spirit by these slow tortuous degrees,
 I was a king.
 Hebraic bards may sing,
 And David may tune his lyre; for, oh, the fall!
 I was rebellious, and my name was Saul.
 Unto me David sang, when with the Lord
 I wrestled. Not his potent word
 Could charm me from that deep tempestuous theme
 Wherein my spirit inly forced its dream
 To think that God was not the Lord of Host,
 Nor just; thus was I least or most,
 Lest in my spirit I should sink to dust,
 I bowed me down and yielded to the song;
 But still the force of nature could but throng
 Within my spirit, and ambition's power
 Claimed me as lost; for I was then its dower.
 Whene'er my spirit inwardly had burst
 The chains of outward being there was nursed
 Within my soul a hope alway
 Once more to try my thought with outer clay,
 And make the chain complete that I had lost.
 Thus many times an earth-life did it cost,
 To teach me that I should not inly blend
 The soul with outward being if I'd land
 My spirit to the lower, lesser power

Than that of Deity's all-potent flower.
 Therefore, I said, my life being well begun,
 Twelve times I came where the low sun
 Beams o'er the Indus. Ere one point I won,
 Twelve times I came (each time being taught) again;
 So by slow torture and by learning's pain,
 I found that all the height that I might gain
 Through mad ambition was but vain.
 Twelve times—and then there came within my soul
 Another song. Meanwhile the spirit with control
 That keeps the outward life grows all along,
 More mindful of experience; and each time
 I heard the outward surging, all sublime
 Of spiritual being. I knew more and more
 That that life was not real, which before
 Had wrapt me in its outward seeming word.
 I knew but one life and one song were heard
 Within the soul made perfect, glad, and free,
 By the eternal light of Deity.
 Thus much I'd learned, then, when Rameses came
 (He was the second angel, whose bright flame
 Illumined the world, and made me long
 To try my being, as I tell you), but not I for him
 (For I saw there in a shepherd's light so dim),
 Since, as I tell you, I was Saul
 And sang my song; ambition was my pall;
 Ambition was my grave; and I sinned most
 When most I thought the Lord and all his host
 Was on my side. Therefore, I pray you,
 When most you feel above your fellow-man,
 Remember that a beggar in the street
 May have more lines of light in him complete
 Than you who, sitting on your throne, but wear
 Your garb of outward splendour; but you bear
 The poverty of spirit in your soul,
 That marks your own ambition's dread control.
 Therefore, I needs must be a beggar, thence
 Bringing me down from my height the recompense
 Of that ambition which had made me glad,
 Of that ambition which had made me mad.
 In my estate I needs must beg, and go
 With weary feet upon the earth and slow,
 And be a servant for the tribe I served
 As king, since thus my being inly swerved.
 Each time I merged from the outward life
 To where the spirit holds its constant strife
 With angel, God, and matter, it was good
 To dwell upon the things not understood
 That, through unseen causes, my soul had done,
 And know that each time was, at most, but one
 Of the many changes that might make the last,
 When I should fully have resolved and passed
 Into the eternal cycle of my soul.
 It was this inner thought that held control
 Then, o'er my being, guarding night and day.
 The spirit-life is to yours as is the sway
 Of night and death. You sleep and dream;
 You wake and are not what you seem;
 So you will be when from life here below,
 You wake in spirit-life, and the dream below
 Comes dimly to you, ever full of change
 And meaning; and the constant range
 Of lessons which it needs must bring.
 Thus spirits ever on the wing
 Are alternating between day and night.
 You keep the earth alive with spirit-light;
 You keep your souls alive with that sweet height
 Which you attain when, growing weary here,
 Your spirit seeks the second atmosphere.
 And thus, twelve times again I sought the earth,
 Renewing from the dust and from the dearth
 The fragments, which at first and last we all
 Need when we've cast our die in one life, fall.
 How would the spirit, ever faltering, quail
 Before Infinitude, and its sense fail,
 If it could not the fragments gather clear,
 And make another life potent and dear?
 And so I came into Jerusalem
 When He was there, upon whose garment's hem
 Hung the sweet drops of heaven-healing dew.
 He passed me by; and lo, as unto you
 There might come now an angel from the sky,
 Sweeping through your being with mighty song;
 So swept my spirit when He passed along.
 And though I was but humble and unsought for then,
 I knew the throng of angels greeted me; for, when
 I turned my face, He smiled, passing me by,
 And I was but a child, and he so high.
 And then I learned to know
 The spirit's subtle process sure and slow,
 Where for the truth the martyr may be slain,
 And to those rising heights at last attain,
 What the soul seems to lose—pleasure in pain.
 Therefore, when the second persecution came
 Upon the Christians, I expired in flame,
 Glad to account my life of little worth
 If it might help to save a fallen earth,

That, not remembered by my own complaint,
 Was weary, faltering, desolate, and faint.
 And then my being nursed its powers to song;
 And I remembered Egypt, and the throng
 Of letters written on the mighty scroll,
 Which in my earlier life I did enrol.
 Then there came the yearning prayer that I
 Might, with some magic power from on high,
 Build something, make a deadly living thing,
 That would strike all men through with Christian sting.
 Ah! but I needs must first be priest and wear
 The galling yoke, the unequal glare,
 Forcing myself 'twixt mortals and their God,
 As though I could show them the ways He trod.
 Ah! then I felt it sore, for my priest's robe
 Chafed me; I knew that the whole globe
 Contained no soul that, living, could not move
 And breathe its power out even to His love;
 And that He was as near to every heart
 As their own being from themselves apart.
 Why should I stand betwixt them and heaven,
 And hold my hand as though I had the power given
 To show them light, or my own sins being shown?
 So I cast off my robe, and never felt
 The fervour of my faith within me melt.
 But oh! I saw the coils fasten on Rome;
 And thus the spirit fled that was my chosen home.
 But I would then make me some wondrous thing—
 A verse, or song, or outward offering,
 That should, by its estate, meet God's bright wing
 O'er earth.—I'd been with Plato and the rest
 Ere yet the torchlight left the Athenian breast;
 But I assure you tho' their wondrous words,
 Wending through space like chimings of sweet birds,
 Or wreathing like the surging sea of thought,
 Are with great power and beauty ever fraught.
 But had you dwelt there, had you seen with eyes
 Like man, and known hypocrisies
 To rankle in the breast of those who served
 The truth, I think your path had swerved
 From the great praises which you sing to-day,
 And you would say as I said, "Though the clay
 Is firmly mixed there, passion with thought holds sway."
 The Athenians did not claim the perfect state
 Of spirit. Only two things—
 Art, with her manifold wide wings,
 And Passion, with her deadly-venomed stings—
 Two things she claimed with her mighty boast.
 The senses also claimed them, for the most.
 So I would build, not pyramids—they shine
 And gleam afar in desert waste, not mine—
 But I would find some power or majesty
 Or potent dower wherewith through memory
 To feed the thought and keep myself alive.
 Eternity shone on me then,
 And I did shrive my sense, but not of men,
 Only of him for whom 'tis truly said,
 The spirit, when he gives the wine and bread,
 The spirit only ever can be shed.
 From the pure wine-press of the soul I tread,
 And poured my life for wine and bread,
 And gave it threefold sway
 In art. Now, at this later day
 You look and wonder at the chosen home
 All Italy makes moan; and she, my Rome,
 Was fallen; but o'er St. Peter's cloud-capped dome
 Another fervour have I living caught.
 You praise me there for pictures—statues wrought,
 But count it all as empty, voiceless, empty air;
 One thing I sought I found not even there.
 Perfect in art, in learning, in the power of things
 Sovereign, save that alone whose secret springs
 Could move, and crown, and bless, and make complete
 The life that held me. Oh, most sweet
 Would death have been then; but I worked away
 Upon my toils as if in common clay
 To find the thing I sought. And you to-day
 Marvel at work unfinished and unwrought.
 Nay, marvel not; I only wished a thought.
 St. Peter crowns me well, for 'tis a dome,
 Better than points to pierce the heavenly home.
 But 'tis of earth earthy, and will not stay
 When time and sense will fully pass away.
 I sought one being that might ever move
 Beside me as a voiceless, brooding dove.
 I sought her in a cold, clear form and face.
 I found her, but she came not to her place.
 I dwelt alone there: this was my disgrace;
 This was why I (Angelo) failed;
 And this was why my spirit inly wailed.
 No matter what art made me, it was love
 That only could my being crown and move,
 And I came for that once that I might burst
 All bonds of sense and find her first
 Whom I sought, the recompense
 For all my toil.
 You praise and plaud me well;

And in your memory my thoughts will dwell,
 As clamorous, severe, and full of art,
 Whence all things else must evermore depart,
 Leaving me only like a glittering thing
 Placed high above you, with my bruised wing,
 Beating against the prison bars of time.
 I stayed not there; I sang one song sublime
 After that life above; this is its chime:—
 "O, Thou Eternal One, whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide,
 Unchanged, through Time's all-devastating flight,
 Thou only God; there is no God beside.
 Being above all beings, Mighty One,
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore,
 Who rul'st the universe Thyself alone,
 Being whom we call God and know no more."
 You find the trace in the poor poet's life.
 He sang his song in fulness, leaving it rife
 With the one feeling; a perpetual strain,
 His song of worship that, poured out again
 Upon the earth, is better than the pain
 That built St. Peter's, for it gave the sense
 Unto my spirit. But she fled me thence;
 And then I followed far across the seas
 Beyond the islands of Hesperides.
 I found her in a guileless sylvan saint
 Whom all the world would never know. I paint
 Her face upon the walls of memory.
 It was the same, and in her breast
 I found the solace for my woe, and rest.
 We went out early from that life below.
 And they made monuments, those primal men,
 To her whom I found there. She knew me when
 I came; and we, lovingly, hand in hand,
 Walked out of earth into the higher land.
 I tell you we; but now 'tis only one.
 All the way, she as the moon and I the sun,
 Followed each other, alternating here,
 Missing each other everywhere; 'twas clear
 That we should never in all ages meet
 Until the rounded orb was made complete.
 And I had thought of battles, vanquishing
 Of strife, and every lesser thing.
 And so I found her. This is what I feel—
 This mighty impulse to earth to reveal,
 That now we are completed, perfect—one;
 And with the mighty soul of God's own son,
 We 'mong his angels shape the earth to-day,
 Holding control, not over common clay
 Of outward life, but over souls of men,
 Shaping their lives, until at last again
 Over governments and kings and thrones
 The mighty empire of the spirit owns.
 And this is what we do now, she and I,
 Holding our place betwixt your earth and sky.
 One of the angels the Messiah sent;
 One of the angels whom the Lord hath lent
 To do his work. And now we'll try to do it here at best,
 Holding you where'er your willing feet are pressed
 Against the right way, lest you wander thence;
 Holding you by the power and inner sense
 Of being unrevealed until all those
 To whom this word of meaning can disclose
 Earth's highest heights and days of sin will know
 What is the essence and the ebb and flow,
 And change their life, when two shall be made as one
 In the full glory of that sparkling sun.
 I tell you what we do. Egypt and Rome
 Are vanished from the earth; no more the home
 Of all the thoughts that, in the heart and brain,
 Fashioned the images, and out of pain
 And agony of bitter sore distress
 Made baubles for the nations fit to press,
 Until the time arrived when he,
 Mazzini, looked down on Italia free;
 Or even Garibaldi, with his sword
 Turned now into a pruning-hook, or word,
 By turning rivers from their turbid course,
 Than by so mean a thing, leaving discourse
 Upon the earth with his own tongue.
 We'll weave you songs of races unbegun,
 And build a temple made of human souls,
 That hath for its sublime perfect controls
 Freedom, the god-like image of the mind;
 Love, that within the heart is still enshrined,
 Truth innermost and outermost shall be;
 Its walls adorned with grace and poesy,
 And all that art, or soul of art, can give.
 But still the temple shall both move and live.
 We'll make you temples of the human race;
 Set down each in their own appointed place.
 For the stonework that beareth to the ground
 There are races strong. Iron doth abound
 Within the human frame; and these we will set
 Against the earth to keep the tender feet
 Of those that are chosen with faces sweet
 To sing the songs in that grand temple there.

Dorsham

We'll build it of all things most sweet and fair,
 Fit for the Saviour that shall come again,
 To charm the world from out its hidden pain.
 We'll not have kings or priests, but only men,
 Living and full of life and power. When
 The Comforter shall come, he tells you then
 The human Christ is here,
 Made sacred, pitiful, and more than dear,
 By all the blood for tears that's divine is ever poured,
 By a sweet-spoken wondrous word
 That every living heart hath heard.
 And this is what I mean
 When downward with the sheen
 Of thought I flung below
 My voice to-night, though slow
 And feeble is the tongue.
 Up there its notes are hung
 Like a clear crystal bell
 That, with its chime, shall swell
 O'er all the weary world
 Until, westward unfurled,
 A newer nation shall arise,
 Upspringing with a glad surprise.
 Not Rome nor Egypt, no: at most
 These were an unanointed host;
 But they whom the Lord loveth
 (As He by his love proveth),
 On whose every brow
 The stars shine even as now,—
 And temples shall be builded, not of stone,
 But each one in his place the accepted one,
 Carved, hewn out of thought, made perfect, fitting well
 The place wherein each thought shall dwell.
 Behold the earth, made as complete
 As God, shall at his feet
 Bow, and in whiteness drest,
 Stand the full earth, free her bare breast,
 No more with thorns pierced through and through,
 Nor feet that dragged in evening dew,
 By dust of cities over-worn,
 Trailing her garments in the blood, borne
 Out of battle cries.
 No more such temples can arise.
 We'll rear but prophecies and human things,
 And the sweet songs, through murmurings,
 Uplift the soul like the magic of God's wings.
 And we shall be there; we who bow
 Meekly before Deity now;
 And science and all art shall be
 The chosen image of humanity,
 And Christ and man made one
 Shall smile beneath God's smile, even as the sun
 Lighteth the earth with light below;
 And every soul God's soul shall know.

Subject for next Address—"Who are the Redeemed?"

POEM.

By "QUINA."

And if I speak my word,
 Even as a mated bird
 Heareth the note afar,
 And wondereth if the star
 Shines brightest which is here;
 So in my soul, which is his soul,
 I breathe the song,
 That to the earth is borne along,
 Of promises and burdens sweet
 Hovering around the earth's glad feet.

And I shall bring you flowers and things
 With rare bright plumage, and the wings
 Of birds that float and soar
 Ever their highest song to pour.
 And I shall gather all the tears
 Which all the souls shed in the years
 Of outer life, when sore distress
 Upon your spirits ever doth press,
 And change them into pearls for your crowns,
 Wearing them for thought upon your brows,
 Even as those are worn.
 For lilies upon the brows are born
 Of saints that have been slain,
 The world its goodness to regain.

And I shall hear the voice
 Of children making earth rejoice,
 In many a high and lowly place,
 Because of a new and perfect grace
 That shall be born in all children's eyes,
 The veiled light of other destinies,
 The glorious, wonderful prophecies.
 And mothers shall be made glad because of me,
 For I shall show them the light thus pure and free,
 Which intricately thrown across
 The earth, as sunlight on the moss
 Within the woods is thrown,
 Weaving the drapery of light and life thus
 For eternity;
 And we with our palms shall upbear
 Beneath the eye of Him whose potent prayer

Ruleth the world, the souls of them that faint,
 That fill the earth with murmurs and complaint
 Of woe most pitiful, until below
 All sounds grown sorrowful shall change to joy,
 And crowns of thorns be changed to flowers;
 And round your feet the words of life shall glide,
 And meet like murmurings of mighty streams,
 That you have heard of in your lofty dreams,
 And only bliss abide.

And so I add my voice
 To the great sound
 Of ocean's waters bidding you rejoice,
 Even as the sea-shell for ever sings
 Of ocean's glad song in its murmurings,
 Your souls of God's life will for ever sing,
 And He, o'er-brooding with his mighty wing,
 Uplifts you and sustains you till all else shall perish.
 Only God alone
 And love be left
 To every one.

[We have to apologise somewhat for the report of this wonderful discourse. The precarious state of Mrs. Tappan's health and pressure of time would not permit of adequate revision.—Ed. M.]

"IONA" ON THE MOODY AND SANKEY REVIVAL.

The promoters of this movement have contrived to make it the most conspicuous one of the hour. It is on the lips of everyone, but the most diverse opinions are formed of its character and of the influence it will exert on society. Many sneer at it as a mere temporary outbreak of religious mania. A weekly journal with a large circulation, representing this school of thought, and not remarkable for reverence, thus disparagingly opens its comments:—"Let us praise the Lord for what He is going to do in London. With this request, and the hundredth Psalm, Mr. Moody has begun the regeneration of the British Metropolis." Your readers will not generally adopt this cynical view; but, on the other hand, they will be little disposed to take what is called the evangelical view, and regard it as a deep and permanent outpouring of real spiritual influences. There is no doubt to their minds, encrusted around the whole movement, too much of the special theology of the particular party that supports it, and they will readily persuade themselves that it is nothing more than an extraordinary effort to convert men and women to a faith in their creeds, and an encouragement of that mere emotional piety which is too often made to do duty for purity of heart and the practice of a real religious life. There is, however, one feature in it that cannot fail to recommend it to Spiritualists. The deadly sin of the churches, and the deadly foe of mankind, is the gross materialism that almost universally prevails, that hangs around mankind like the plague of Egyptian darkness, and shuts out the soul from the light and life of spiritual being. Now this movement may fairly be held to be a systematic and vigorous attack on this materialism and indifference to true spirituality. It may not be all that we could desire or approve, but this it is at least. It would not be difficult, from the higher platform which we occupy, to point out many errors and weaknesses in it, but that would be somewhat an ungracious task. We must not forget the rebuke which the Master administered to John when he said, "Lord, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbid him, because he followeth not us." "Forbid him not," said the Great Teacher; "for he that is not against us is for us." Thus far there is a community of feeling and purpose between ourselves and the revivalists, that we both long for a spiritual awakening; and if to us there has been given a superior light, we must not forbid the zealous disciple, though he follow afar off, and is often indiscreet in his zeal. But having made this admission, we may be entitled to say that, after all, we should be sorry to see the world handed over exclusively to the religious zeal and pious enthusiasm of a party who create a sensation of panic and fear, and seek to hurry erring mortals in crowds to their Saviour; but the opportunity of grace should not be lost, lest, in their own words, Jesus of Nazareth should pass by, and they should be shut out from the grace he is waiting to bestow. As Spiritualists, we hold that this conception of the nature of spiritual influences, and the mode in which they are communicated are altogether erroneous; but, like them, we believe in the imperative necessity of those influences, if mankind is to be uplifted from the darkness and death which enshroud the world. To us it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God; to them that are without, all things are done in parables. But our superior light brings heavier responsibilities, and we ought to imitate their zeal, even though we avoid their errors. They speak of the "revival wave" as it has lately swept over England and America. Is there no wave of spiritual power that we might direct over the midnight darkness and void that have overshadowed the world? Has not the time come for us to invoke the real Pentecost? Our physical manifestations, our entrancements, our materialisations, our inspirations, and the knowledge imparted by the communion we love so well, are but means to the end—that end the elevation, the purification, the happiness of the great family of man. It does seem to me that now the special gifts of our great modern dispensation should be turned to more direct and practical account. We may surely now touch the realisation of that august era, and its gifts which Joel foresaw, and of which he wrote: "It shall come to

pass that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy!" We think that we have attained the meaning of that soul-stirring prophetic promise, but we do nothing to promote its advent. I throw out these suggestions to Spiritualists in Europe and America; probably they will not be altogether lost. Let us profit by the example of the revivalists, by a still more ancient and impressive example—that of the disciples, when they were all with one accord in one place, and were rewarded beyond their expectations, as they caught the mystic influence of the Pentecostal shower, and were all filled with the Holy Ghost. Perhaps we might meet together with similar accord, with similar motive, with similar result—to wait, to watch, to sing, to pray, to believe, until the angel of our spiritual dynasty shall let loose on our age and our race those real abiding, elevating, spiritual gifts which we are taught earnestly to covet. Our part in this great work would be simple indeed. It is God that giveth the increase, and we should have only to wait and pray in passive harmony, and in the exercise of a strong faith and an expectant hope. The active agents would be our Father in heaven and his holy angels; the end would be glorious, magnificent—the true baptism of the Holy Ghost.

SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.

To the Editor.—Sir,—During my visit to Greenfield, I have had several opportunities of witnessing the manifestations that take place in the presence of the Allen boy, as he is still called, though he is now twenty-three years of age, and I have seen enough to satisfy myself that he is a very extraordinary medium. In appearance he is an honest, simple-minded, uncultivated-looking countryman, which his history bears out. From his own lips I gained the following particulars:—He is a native of Hyde Park, Vermont. He lost his mother when three years old. His father married again and got a vixen for his second wife, who treated her stepson very badly, so much so, as to turn him out of doors, and he had to sleep in sheds and outhouses; and, like one of old, had not where to lay his head. For two years he had no regular home. It was at the age of five that little Allen had the first intimation of that wondrous power that has subsequently marked his career. At this period of his life he was visited by his mother's spirit, who used to come to him when in bed at night and speak to him, and tuck him up and console him, perhaps to compensate him for the unkind treatment he received at the hands of his stepmother. At the age of eight an uncle—himself a medium—took him under his care, and at this early age he began to hold regular sittings for manifestations. These were not given for the purpose of making money, but to gratify the curiosity of his neighbours. At this time little Allen worked on a farm, and this was his source of livelihood. His spirit-friends seem to have been always with him, and were accustomed to make their presence known in a variety of curious ways. Sometimes they would assist the boy at his work; thus answering the objection that sceptics frequently make that they never do anything useful. I will relate a few incidents that occurred.

On one occasion the little medium was pelted with snow-balls by invisible hands—invisible to the spectators, but recognised by Allen as two of his school-mates. Frequently when Allen had churning to do, the spirits would turn the machine while he sat by reading.

By way of experiment, the medium would be put into a basket, which would then be carried about the room. Potatoes would be brought up from the cellar in a bushel measure, and then cut up for the use of the cattle. The spirits would sometimes lift the boy up and place him on a beam in the barn, and generally, if he had to ascend a hay mound, he would be lifted on it by invisible agency. On one occasion his uncle was about to get a ladder to fix up a swing for the amusement of the lad, but this was rendered unnecessary by the spirits elevating the rope and adjusting it. Sometimes the spirits would play practical jokes, such as unhooking the bed in the night. This they did once when the Rev. George Severance slept with the medium to witness what phenomena might take place. On another occasion they undertook to cut the medium's hair, but failed to do it artistically; the head was nearly bald in some parts. It was no unusual thing for articles to be brought from one part of the house to another at the request of the medium, and if anything were missing the spirits would find it. These were the sort of things that were daily occurring, to the astonishment of the neighbours, who, not understanding it, thought young Allen bewitched. I must conclude this chapter of marvels with the mention of one more marvellous than the rest. Allen has a good musical ear, and it has always been a favourite amusement with him to whistle tunes for the spirits to drum to.

At one time he was in the habit of getting into a waggon, and, suspending two drums (a bass one and a kettle) to the sides, would sit by them playing a fife. The spirits would then beat the drums and draw the waggon back and forth. A person being present thought to stop the waggon by putting a piece of wood beneath the wheel, but it was forced over it. Great numbers of persons witnessed these extraordinary doings, and I have the names of some two or three who, I am assured, will vouch for the truth of these statements.

With this somewhat elaborate introduction, the truth of which I see no reason to doubt, I will now proceed to give a description of the seances, premising it by observing that, for the past four or five years, Allen has not acted as a medium, but has been engaged in farming operations; for this reason, perhaps, the manifestations are not so prompt as could be desired.

A dark circle takes place first. This is managed in the following manner: The medium takes his seat at a small table on which musical instruments are placed. A circle is formed all round the room, all holding hands, the medium's included. Behind the medium, resting on two chairs, is a dulcimer. This is a wooden box (thirty pounds in weight), across which strings are stretched, and is played like a harp, by pulling the strings with the fingers. After sitting some little time, during which singing is indulged in, sounds are heard proceeding from the dulcimer. The deepest silence prevails, for the notes are faint. Presently, however, they increase in power, and a variety of beautiful effects are pro-

duced. Some familiar tune will be played, and it will gradually diminish in power, so as to have the effect of music in the distance; and though at times so faint as scarcely to be heard, every note is perfectly true and distinct. Now bells will be imitated, and the effect of the sounds rising and falling, as if floating in the breeze, is beautifully managed. Sometimes a comic medley will be played, and at others the sighing of the wind imitated.

Drumming is another accomplishment of the spirits. This they manage by lifting the dulcimer on to its end and then beat it with two clapperless bells. The rapidity and vigour with which they do this are very extraordinary, and might lead one to suppose that the performer was formerly a member of some fife-and-drum band. On one occasion the dulcimer was resting against my back whilst being sounded. I asked the spirits whether I should lift it on the chairs. A rap, meaning no, was the answer. The next minute it was lifted over our heads and placed on the table. Another accomplishment of the spirits is imitating sawing and boring with an augur and a centrebit. This they do most perfectly. They seem to produce the sounds on the back of the dulcimer, but I have tried in vain to produce similar sounds. Lights are also seen in the dark circle, and hands are felt. The finale is brought about by each person in turn sitting next to the medium, and he is then manipulated by a gigantic hand. Occasionally direct writing is produced.

The light circle is managed as follows. The instruments are placed behind two high-backed chairs; these are covered with a shawl. In one of these chairs sits one of the company, the other is vacant. The medium sits next, and places his hands in the hands of the sitter, and a shawl is placed over both of them, leaving only their heads exposed. The company sit in front and witness in a moderate light what takes place. Very soon the instruments are heard in motion and appear above the chairs; hands are also visible. The instruments are then played on in the same way as in the dark circle. Persons take their seat in the vacant chair, and their heads are freely manipulated, and if they put their hands over, they will be forcibly squeezed. Dr. Beals held a stick over; it was grasped, and in spite of his effort to retain it, it was forced from his hand.

It will be seen from this account that the manifestations which take place in the presence of the "Allen Boy" are of a very decided character, and are given under conditions that leave no room to question their genuineness. So much is this the case, that one sceptic maintained, as the only way of not "giving in to the spirit," that we were all psychologised, himself included.

Considerable controversy was occasioned some years ago by the fact that when any colouring matter was placed on the instruments it would be transferred to the hands of the Allen medium, although, sitting in the light as he did, it was evident he did not touch them. I do not know whether this singular phenomenon has been noticed with other mediums. It was not the case with the Davenportes when the experiment has been tried with them.*

Greenfield is a small country town about 100 miles from Boston. It is, for the most part, made up of pretty, detached, wooden villas, painted white. It is pleasantly situated in a valley, and in the summer would doubtless be delightful; at present it is covered with deep snow, and the thermometer is frequently below zero in the daytime. So you will see the conditions are not very favourable for spiritual lectures. Nevertheless, we manage to excite an interest in the subject, and last Sunday one of the clergy preached a sermon against it. Since that we have challenged the clergy publicly to discuss the question, "Is Spiritualism Requisite to the Progress of Humanity?" As yet we have received no reply. On Sunday next I go to Springfield, by invitation, to give the people there some information about Spiritualism in England. Greenfield, Mass., Feb. 9. ROBERT COOPER.

MRS. COLLIER'S PRIVATE SEANCES.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—Allow me the indulgence of space in your columns for giving a few incidents of what occurred at several seances at which I had the pleasure of being present.

At one time—and not very long since—I used to discredit anything and everything which came to my notice that had reference to Spiritualism, and considered that Spiritualists were labouring under exceedingly grave delusions. Although I am not willing for the present, however, to express any strong conviction for or against it, I am able this much to say, that there is certainly a something which is well worthy of investigation. It is not a delusion as many will have it, nor is it an imposition on the part of the "medium"; for if it is not even the hands of spirits that touch one, or the voices of the spirits that one hears, then I repeat that it is a subject for investigation, as there is evidently something to be learnt which the sitters are not able to comprehend and of which the mediums must be unconscious.

At the first and second meetings some very interesting incidents happened; present, Mrs. Collier (medium), Mr. and Mrs. Gilham, Mr. and Mrs. Besley, Miss Waler, my wife, and two friends. We had not been in darkness many minutes before rappings were heard in various parts of the room, next a rustling of paper, then a fan was taken from the table around which we were sitting, and conveyed above and before all the sitters, fanning each in turn, and as I could not—as some present did—see the fan, it was again carried to the ceiling, just at the top of the window, and then, owing to a small ray of light, I was enabled to see it distinctly. We were all sitting with hands together, and if anything had supported this article, it must have been discovered. Next, we were touched by hands, and I in particular, probably because a stranger, and—to a certain extent—a disbeliever. There was a somewhat heavy pressure on my hand and shoulder, a pressure which came again and again, lasting some time. This was supposed to be the spirit of my father, who, for some years, has been given up as lost at sea; and, to give credit where credit is due, I must say that Mrs. Collier—who, by-the-by, I had never seen before, and who knew nothing whatever of my family—very minutely described him. Questions were put and answers given; there was also spirit-writing, some of which is poetry, and most sublime. Mrs. Collier has a vast collection, I am informed, which will in due course be published. The meetings were of about an hour-and-a-

* Experiments of this kind are recorded in Hazard's "Mediums and Mediumship," price 2s., to be had at our office.—Ed. M.

half's duration, and all appeared much delighted with the proceedings. Many seances I have attended since, which I will not trespass further on your space to describe. Suffice it to say that the appearance of "spirit-lights" are most marvellous, and the various "spirit-voices" equally surprising; in fact, on one occasion, about four separate and distinct voices proceeded from the "medium." Some friends have said, "Don't you think it is ventriloquism?" I have curtly replied by saying that the professors of this art who appear nightly in London are nothing compared to the sounds which proceed through the "medium."

In conclusion, I beg to express the regret I have in learning but recently that Mrs. Collier will shortly quit our shores for America. I regret it the more because this medium was the first, and will probably be the last, with whom I may have the pleasure of seeing a little deeper into these phenomena. I shall use every endeavour to secure admission to another seance, and, if successful, will not fail to give a detailed report as soon as possible.

Enclosed is my card, and I shall only feel too happy to correspond with anyone who may think fit to do so through you.

Apologising to my friends, the readers of the MEDIUM, for not communicating earlier, at the same time not forgetting the debt of gratitude I owe to you, Sir, for your kindness in giving this publicity, I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

T. G. C. G.

New Cross, S.E.; 10th March, 1875.

MATERIALIZED SPIRIT-FORMS UNDER EXTRAORDINARY TEST CONDITIONS THROUGH BASTIAN AND TAYLOR.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—In furtherance of the great truths of Spiritualism, which are each day receiving more and more wonderful confirmation, and to assist worthy spirits in their efforts to remove from their medium certain stigmas hasty sceptics have put upon them, I have been requested by the company present to give an account of a seance, held in Messrs. Bastian and Taylor's rooms on Thursday, March 11th. Our company was selected under the direction of "George" and "Johnny," two of the controlling spirits, for the express purpose of assisting our friends out of the flesh to materialise their full forms, and walk out into our midst. We first arranged ourselves in a semi-circle in front of the black curtains suspended before the door of the adjoining apartment, with Mr. Bastian seated in front of us, to sit in the dark and receive directions from the controlling spirits. The lights were accordingly put out, we sang a song, and "George" having saluted us through the trumpet, we had a little conversation with him respecting our arrangements. All met with his approval, and he added a few final directions, and ordered lights again. It was generally remarked, that a feeling of complete harmony, peace, satisfaction, and a certain amount of elevation pervaded our circle; it seemed as if we could feel the presence of the higher spirits; indeed, some very bright and beautiful ones were seen by clairvoyantes in our company. "George" had explained to us in the direct voice a few evenings previous, whilst Mr. Bastian was in the trance, that he wished to have this seance "under the strictest test conditions; not to please the rabble, but to vindicate the honesty of his mediums, which had been impugned in several quarters, and also to bring forward another proof, for those who still doubted, of the continued existence of the spirit after the great change called death; not buried in a grave, but risen—active, useful, loving, and filled with sympathy for mortals left upon this earth!"

We now proceeded to follow out "George's" explicit directions. Two gentlemen were selected—Dr. ——— and Mr. Thomas Lowther—to examine the apartments adjoining the seance-room. Strips of paper were then guined over the frame of a back window, and over the door. Mr. Bastian then encoined himself in a large bag made of a black material. This was drawn up tight about the neck, and the string sealed with Dr. ——— private seal; the same string was then passed over the top round of the chair on which the medium sat, and sealed again with the same seal. Thus secured, Mr. Bastian was lifted into the next room, and placed about four feet from the door across which the black curtains were hung. A little lamp was arranged on a chair by the side of the door. We joined hands and began singing, when a loud rapping was heard. We stopped, and Mr. Taylor, who sat at one end of our semi-circle, was informed by "Johnny" that he had forgotten something. "What was that?" "To nail Mr. Bastian's sack to the carpet." So into the adjoining apartment again went the three gentlemen to nail the sack enclosing Mr. Bastian to the floor, and all being tight we resumed our places and our song. Scarcely five minutes had elapsed when two beautiful hands, bringing it was very evidently a light of their own with them—for they looked quite luminous—appeared within the square frame fastened in the curtains. These, upon inquiry, were said to be the hands of Mrs. Woodforde's guide "Lily," who has signalled to her medium several times in this way. They were followed by the face of a young girl recognised as "Aimee" by one of the circle; and afterwards Mr. Ronald's brother, who made his tenth or twelfth appearance, showed his face, and spoke to us in a voice very nearly perfect. When we remarked, he seemed hoarse, he replied, "The reason is, I have not my earth-body." The spirit then spoke to his brother about an absent brother—"Write to George that I want him to see me before the boys go away. I am coming out! Friends! We meet to prove that we have an immortal existence; we are not dead, but living!" He then withdrew, and "George's" voice was heard saying, "Come in, and examine my medium;" he also ordered the gas to be lighted, for the lamp smoked, and that the curtains were to be left hanging loose. The gentlemen entered the next room with a light, and on their return reported that the test conditions remained intact and unbroken.

We now resumed our seats, and began singing again (the gas burning low, but leaving every object distinctly visible), all eyes fixed expectantly upon the mysterious black curtains dividing us from our materialising spirit-friends, who had returned to earth to display themselves once more to our longing gaze. There was considerable shaking and agitation of the curtains, when lo! a form robed in white, and looking ghost-like enough, parted them, and stood out in front for a moment only, as if he found his position upon such an unaccustomed stage rather uncomfortable. The arms were partially extended, with a graceful sort of half-balancing, half-saluting movement. "It was a lady," whispered several

voices. "No!" answered "George," promptly; "it was an Oriental gentleman!" Now the form advanced again, with the same graceful, timid movement, stood again a little while bowing, and retired again. Once more he reappeared, stronger, more distinct. "Is it for me?" asked Miss Vigoureux. A bow in her direction.—"Is it Charlie?" Another graceful, decided bow, in which the white drapery upon the head, of a decided Eastern fashion, was plainly distinguishable. Before retiring this time, the figure stretched out a bare dark foot, which was clearly seen; this he did several times. The colour of the face, hands, and feet was unmistakably Indian. The spirit had frequently to retire to gain strength; and on his emerging once from behind the curtains, and appearing to step out with more strength, his sister addressed him, "Oh, Charlie, can you come a little nearer—may I touch your hand?" Slowly he advanced, with difficulty, as if he might scarcely hold together, and stretched out one hand. Once more their hands were clasped in undying love, bridging across the great gulf, certainly in a very unexpected and marvellous manner. The spirit again retiring, "George's" voice was heard saying, "Mr. Colman, you may advance half-way to the cabinet!" Mr. Colman did so. Out again came the figure, and advancing to Mr. Colman, clasped his right hand in his, and laid the left as if in blessing upon the young man's bended head. In response to some inquiries from his sister, this spirit spoke in a whisper so faint it could scarcely be heard, and disappeared for the last time.

A strange aromatic odour now diffused itself through the room, to which our attention was called by a lady present, who said it was precisely like the odour she had frequently perceived about bodies newly laid out, and she reminded us of what Swedenborg had written regarding the odours the celestial angels (as he calls them) diffuse about a corpse as a protection against evil spirits. Whilst we were conversing about this, "George" interrupted us to explain, "It is caused by the disintegrating the chemicals we extract from the atmosphere to form the materialised envelopes of the spirits."

We resumed our singing, and, in the course of five or ten minutes, the black curtains parted again, and another white-robed form appeared—this time unmistakably a female. The movements were very graceful, but marked by the same halting care, as if the limbs refused to fill their office, or could scarcely be depended on. The garments of some thick white material could be heard rustling along the carpet, as if stiff. The robe was of simplest fashion, with long sleeves, and caught in at the waist, and a white drapery covered the head, leaving the face exposed. The face and hands were fair, and the figure from the first directed its attention to one gentleman. "Is it you, Eliza?" he asked. A bow in response. "Can you come a little nearer, and give me your hand?" No reply, but a gradual, careful return to the curtains, as if the effort to hold the body together was almost painful. Again she came out, advanced with determination, clasped her brother's hand, and retired. She returned again with renewed power, and gradually made her way quite across the room to Mr. Taylor, and clasped his hand, when she retired for the last time. This spirit was not able to materialise a voice.

Our third ghostly visitant soon opened the curtains and stood before us, tall and commanding, with a black beard reaching to the middle of the breast. He was immediately recognised by us all. "Oh, Tom! that's you!" exclaimed Mr. Ronalds. "Yes! Here I am! Look at me!" answered the full tones of our frequent visitor from the other side. "You see I have kept my promise. I find this dress very inconvenient, but I must make the best of it!" "Can't you come and shake my hand, Tom?" "I'll try; I'll go back to get a little more strength." As he returned he seemed to grow shorter. Only for a moment or two he remained, and out he came with almost a rush, rapidly advanced with outstretched hand, and slapped it with a resounding blow into that of his brother's, and the two exchanged a good hearty shake. Mrs. Woodforde now begged for the same salutation, and the spirit, having retired, returned again, moved rapidly towards her, and gave her a good, vigorous shake of the hand. His hand was said to feel rather warm, but the others had been deathly cold. When this spirit, having exhausted his strength, retired finally to the curtains, we remarked he seemed to grow less and less, until, having come out a tall man, he disappeared a short one.

The gentlemen were requested to go in again and examine; the tests were found unbroken. Our singing was resumed, but we had no more forms. "Johnny" asked for a pair of scissors; they were handed in, and shortly fell upon the floor. "George's" voice bade us "Good night!" Our friends went into the other room, and found the strings had been cut by "Johnny," and the seals remained unbroken. Mr. Bastian, waking out of his trance, was in the bag, and the papers on the doors undisturbed.

A sensitive entering the room afterwards said it felt exactly as if a corpse had been laid out there, and she seemed to perceive the air full of odorous atoms floating about. The inquiry arose in my mind, "Can it be that immediately after death, disintegration setting in, the atmosphere surrounding the body becomes loaded with atoms, which at a certain period of decomposition may possess a kind of chemical fragrance; and are these the same atoms employed by the spirits; and may it not be a process of composing and decomposing they know well?" I throw this out as an inquiry, not pretending to any scientific knowledge myself.

Thus ended one of the most remarkable seances ever recorded. I append, by request, the names of the parties present, and remain, yours truly,

GEORGE HEWLETT PORTS.

Miss Vigoureux	Mr. Arthur Colman
Mrs. Woodforde	Dr. ———
Miss Loder	Mr. Thos. Lowther
Mr. Arthur	Mr. ———
Mr. P. Lorillard-Ronalds	

8, Maitland Park Road, Haverstock Hill, N.W., March 13, 1875.

MR. PARKES'S PHOTOGRAPHIC SEANCE.—The second was held at the Spiritual Institution on Friday evening last. Three gentlemen sat, and all of them obtained spirit-forms on their plates. The proceedings gave great satisfaction, but the drain upon the vitality of Mr. Parkes is too great to permit his being used for public seances. We think his remarkable power is so well-known and genuine that it should be esteemed a precious article, to be used only under the most favourable circumstances.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE WALLACE TESTIMONIAL.

No time should now be lost in hurrying up subscriptions. The following list has been received. The Secretaries will be glad to have any mistakes promptly pointed out.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
"Wystowe" ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Theresa Wood ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. O. Luxmoore ...	2	0	0	Mrs. Stone ...	0	2	6
Mr. H. Biefeld ...	1	0	0	Mr. Henry Lord ...	0	1	0
Mrs. Biefeld ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Ann Lord ...	0	1	0
Mr. F. M. Parkes ...	0	10	0	Mr. Joseph Sutcliffe ...	0	1	0
From a Friend ...	0	1	0	Mr. Swinburn ...	0	10	0
A Widow's Mite ...	0	2	0	"Macbeth" ...	0	10	0
Dr. Dixon ...	1	0	0	Mr. Thomas Rowley ...	0	1	0
Collected at First Meeting	0	15	6	Miss W. N. ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Pawley ...	1	0	0	"T. S." ...	0	5	0
Mr. S. Chinnery ...	0	5	0	A Friend (per R. Fitton)	1	0	0
Mr. R. Fitton ...	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Ward ...	0	10	0
Per Mr. Brimley—				Mr. Allen Hall ...	0	0	6
Mr. Morrison ...	0	1	0	Mrs. Rudd ...	0	5	0
Mr. Lake ...	0	1	0	Miss Ponder ...	0	5	0
Mr. Brimley ...	0	2	0	A Friend, So. Kensington	1	1	0
Mrs. Wisken ...	0	2	6	Mr. Alexander Tod ...	0	10	0
Rev. Guy Bryan ...	0	5	0	Mr. R. B. ...	0	5	0
Dr. Stowell, Brighton ...	0	10	6	Per E. J. Blake, Newcastle—			
I. W. F. ...	0	3	0	Mr. F. Pickup ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. and Mrs. Sparey ...	0	5	0	Mr. Walton ...	0	1	0
M. O. ...	1	0	0	Mr. Jeffery ...	0	0	6
Mrs. Cooper ...	0	10	0	Mr. Wild ...	0	2	0
W. G. ...	0	10	6	Mr. Colman ...	0	2	6
Mr. Soales ...	0	1	0	Mr. Miller ...	0	2	6
Mr. Brain ...	0	1	0	Mr. Blake ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Brain ...	0	1	0	Mr. Haydock ...	0	1	0
S. D. ...	0	2	0	M. P. ...	0	1	0
Mrs. Welch ...	0	5	0	Mr. Wright ...	0	1	0
Mr. H. C. Davis ...	0	5	0	A Friend ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Berry ...	1	1	0	Miss C. Wood ...	0	2	0
Mr. Shorter ...	0	10	0	Miss Annie Fairlamb ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Bowman, Glasgow	1	1	0	H. A. K. ...	0	5	0
Mr. Thos. Hickling	0	2	6	J. H. J. ...	0	5	0
A. B. ...	0	2	0	Mr. William Armstrong	0	2	0
Mr. J. B. Stones ...	1	1	0	Mr. T. P. Barkas ...	0	2	6
Mr. George Stones ...	1	1	0	Mr. John Hare ...	0	2	6
Mr. Hocking ...	1	1	0	Mr. W. C. Robson ...	0	2	0
Mr. Charles Parsons ...	0	2	6	Mr. Kay ...	0	2	6
Mr. M. Fooks, Darlington	0	5	0	Mr. E. H. Green ...	0	10	6
Mr. Croal ...	0	2	6	Mr. J. Wason, Liverpool	2	2	0
Mr. Fusedale ...	0	2	6	Mr. T. Blinkhorn, Walsall	0	6	6
Mr. D. Davies, Cardiff ...	0	5	0	Sir Charles Isham ...	1	0	0
Mr. C. Reimers ...	0	5	0	D. H. W. ...	0	5	0
J. P. B. ...	1	0	0	A Friend ...	0	10	0
Mr. C. Pearson ...	0	5	0	Mrs. James Arthur ...	1	0	0
Anos ...	0	5	0	Two Friends ...	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Grant ...	2	2	0	Mr. W. Russell ...	0	1	0
"Fritz" ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Agnes F. Maltby ...	0	5	0
Mr. P. ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Ashman ...	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. Harrison ...	0	5	0	Mr. N. F. Dave ...	1	0	0
Mr. Stenteford ...	0	5	0	Mr. R. Johnstone ...	0	2	6
Mr. Alsop ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Emma Tyndall ...	0	10	0
C. S. ...	0	2	6	Mr. Champowne ...	0	5	0
A Friend ...	1	0	0	Mr. W. Volckman ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. N. T. Martheze ...	2	0	0	Mr. A. C. Swinton ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Hennings, Anerley	1	0	0	Miss Lawrence's Seance	0	12	0
Mr. Armfield ...	1	0	0	Miss Lawrence ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Armfield ...	1	0	0	Miss Maynard's Seance	0	9	0
Mr. J. E. George ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. B. Lister ...	0	10	0
Per Mrs. Everitt—				Mr. W. Burns ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. P. Adehead ...	1	1	0	Mr. R. Crawford ...	0	5	0
Mr. A. Calder ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Thompson ...	0	10	0
Mr. Martin R. Smith	1	1	0	Mrs. Stripe ...	0	5	0
Mr. Thorn ...	1	1	0	Mr. J. W. Gray ...	0	10	6
Mrs. Guppy ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Strawbridge ...	0	10	6
B. O. ...	0	10	0	Mr. W. Tebb ...	2	2	0
Mr. R. Gale ...	0	10	0	J. A. ...	0	1	0
Mr. A. Regan ...	0	5	0	Nottingham Psychologi-			
Mr. A. Joy ...	0	5	0	cal Society ...	0	10	0
Miss Kialingbury ...	0	5	0	Mr. A. Gardner ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Woodforde ...	0	5	0	American Mother ...	0	5	0
Mr. Smedley ...	0	2	6	Mr. T. J. Docton ...	0	3	0
Mr. Kenningale Cook	0	2	6	Mr. J. Lander ...	0	5	0
Mr. P. Treadwin ...	0	2	6	Dr. Sexton ...	0	10	6
Mr. W. Mannion ...	0	2	6				
Mr. J. Stokes ...	0	2	6				
							£71 14 6

FROM MR. TEBB.

Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in enclosing you my subscription to the Wallace Testimonial Fund for £2 2s., and hope that a sufficient sum may be obtained not only to relieve Mr. Wallace from his present pecuniary difficulties but also to enable him to establish himself in the photographic or some other business as a source of future income.—Yours faithfully,

Mr. J. Burns.

7, Albert Road, Regent's Park, N.W., March 15, 1875.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—Enclosed is a P.O.O. for 10s., which is the amount collected last Sunday evening at the meeting of the Nottingham Psychological Society held at their rooms, Church Gate, Low Pavement. —Yours fraternally, J. ASHWORTH, Cor. Sec. — 72, Rowland Terrace, Heskey Street, Nottingham. P.S.—The meetings of the above society are now private, and admission is by ticket only. Mr. W. Peck writes to say he will not be able, "through unseemly misfortune," to visit us as stated in the Medium of the 5th inst. The visit of Messrs. Peck and Sadler will not, therefore, take place.—J. A.

NEWS FROM BIRMINGHAM.

THE BIRMINGHAM SECULARISTS.—At a seance of the "infidel mediums," reported in the Birmingham Morning News, wonders are described in the form of physical phenomena, and at the close one of the mediums sarcastically said it was all trick, and an exposure of Spiritualism. This is about as valuable as the earlier statement of that "investigator," for before his "seances" and "tricks" can be regarded as an exposure of Spiritualism, he must demonstrate to all in what manner he produces the result. As matters stand there is no demonstration, but if the "infidel mediums" are anxious for such a climax, they had better allow themselves to be put in electrical circuit, as Mr. Crookes did Mrs. Fay, and that will be of much more effect than the attestations of men who seem to be as destitute of intellect as they are void of honour or nobleness of feeling. Their object, they say, is to expose the folly of Spiritualism, and prevent the public from wasting time in the support of tricksters; but these moralists, of Brummagem metal, are advertising themselves to give seances at 1s. a head, at the same time avowing that their aim is to deceive. Self-condemnation saves the trouble of giving further judgment.

Since the above paragraph was written we have come across the following letter, received during illness. It is of historical value in this affair:—

To the Editor.—My dear Sir,—With regard to the telegram I sent you last night. To explain: Mr. Russell of Walsall, the trance-medium, has a brother who is one of the leading men amongst the secularists. About a month ago we admitted him, with a friend of his, a secularist, to one of our seances. The result was he wanted the direct voice and hands and everything else in the light, which we could not give him. We had it in the dark, and "Mr. Hawkes" gave him a good grasp of the hand, and took it up as high as he could reach; but, like a great many more who inquire into Spiritualism first, he wanted everything all at once. Well, about a week after this he came again, and brought a Mr. Reddalls with him, who is editor of the Secular Chronicle, and a man from whom we have had a great deal of ungentlemanly abuse. The result was our medium and several of the sitters refused to sit with them—for I must tell you there were five of them in all—not caring to be played with.

Now to the point. Mr. Russell wrote to his mother and brother, who are Spiritualists, to tell them that last Tuesday week they (the secularists) had had a sitting, the report of which you have from Mr. Perks with his name, he taking it on the word of the secularists. "Mr. Hawkes" who is one of our hardest workers on the other side, in the direct voice cautioned me last night against having this report of theirs published, implying it was only a trick. There are a lot of details which I cannot explain by writing, but which, all put together, clearly show that it is only a trick on their part to catch us. Trusting you will soon be in health again, and able to go on with the good work, I am, dear Sir, truly yours,

J. H. CHAMBERLIN.

58, Suffolk Street, Birmingham, December 10th, 1874.

[Mr. Russell's letter sent by Mr. Perks stood in type for several weeks. It was in keeping with subsequent reports. Altogether the conduct of the "infidel mediums" is quite inexplicable. Some are of opinion that they are not sufficiently honest to avow the real nature of the phenomena.—ED. M.]

"WHAT SAITH MR. FRIZELLE?"

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—In a speech made by Mr. Walter Frizelle at Trinity College, on the subject of Spiritualism, the following statement is made, according to your report:—"At a seance at Belfast, during the meeting of the British Association, a light was suddenly struck, and the medium scrambled up from under the table, where he had been knocking on the floor."

If this refers to a seance held in my house (and I never heard of any other), it is a lie.—Yours truly,

ELLEN F. BROWN.

Edenderry House, Shaw's Bridge, Belfast.

MR. ROBERT JOHNSTONE, HEALER.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—I am glad to see that Mr. R. Johnstone has come forward as a public healer, as I know his power only wants testing to prove its great efficacy. I have had occasion to be grateful to Mr. Johnstone for services rendered to myself and family, he having cured my son of typhoid fever (recorded in the Medium about November, 1873), when he was given up by the doctor who attended him, besides, other minor ailments Mr. Johnstone has relieved. I send this quite unknown to him, as the only tribute I can give for his generous kindness, and I would urge all who suffer to avail themselves of the relief thus offered them.—Yours truly,

J. BRAIN.

44, Devonshire Street, Queen Square, March 12th, 1875.

DR. MONCK'S TOUR.—Dr. Monck is now at Oldham, where he is doing good work. He gives a series of seances there during the next few days, and lectures twice on Sunday next at the Temperance Hall, when crowded meetings are expected. On leaving Oldham he will proceed to Cheadle, and other neighbouring places, and then to Dundee, where he is to lecture and hold a number of seances. He may be addressed till next Monday, care of J. Smith, Esq., Henshaw Street, Oldham.

BARNSELY.—The tides of opposition and defence roll fiercely here. A correspondent says, "We have now had two lectures from Ashcroft and two from Lees, four from Mrs. Butterfield, and two from Mrs. Scattergood." Dr. Monck is invited, also Dr. Sexton, and our own personal presence would be welcomed. We may state that we gave our first lecture in Barnsley, and many good men and true in that town know us well. We should be glad to meet them again.

"I HAVE spared," says a correspondent, "a few stamps for the Institution, which may come in handy. I should have liked to have sent more, but after a working man has provided for his family, paid his club, and given a shilling or so to a poor mate laid up there is not much left to be disposed of." We make special note of this donation, as we know what it is to be a member of a family on 12s. a week. We are certain that such givers really give more in proportion to their means than those who bestow much larger sums.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE MEDIUM, AND TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The Publisher is instituting the greatest facilities for circulating the paper, and submits the following Scale of Subscriptions:—

One copy, post free, weekly, 2d.; per annum, 8s. 8d.
Two copies " " 4d. " 17s. 4d.
Three " " 5d. " £1 3s. 10d.
Four copies and upwards, in one wrapper, post free, 1d. each per week for 6s. 6d. per year.

All such orders, and communications for the Editor, should be addressed to JAMES BURNS, Office of THE MEDIUM, 15, Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, Holborn, London, W.C.

Wholesale Agents—F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. Curdice and Co., 13, Catherine Street, Strand, London, W.C.; John Heywood, Manchester; James McGeachy, 89, Union Street, Glasgow.

The Publisher is desirous of establishing agencies and depots for the sale of other Progressive periodicals, tracts, and standard works, and will be glad to receive communications from such as feel disposed to enter this field of usefulness.

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1875.

THE PROGRESSIVE LITERATURE PUBLICATION FUND.

We have inquiries from distant parts of the world respecting our co-operative plan of publication. The prospectus was repeated in the MEDIUM several times, and it has attracted a fair share of attention. Sufficient capital was at once deposited to print the works of Mr. Wallace and Mr. Crookes, so that the depositors have to congratulate themselves upon the early fruition of the seed they so generously sowed.

We desire that the friends of Spiritualism should place in our hands £1,000 to bring out a series of standard works on Spiritualism. The usury principle is to be superseded by the adoption of the co-operative basis. The money deposited is to be taken out in the works produced at cost price, or as it stands in past transactions, subscription price. In this manner the "Dialectical Report," "The Memorial Edition of the Letters and Tracts of Judge Edmonds," "Dr. Sexton's Reply to Professor Tyndall," "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism" by Mr. Wallace, and the "Phenomena of Spiritualism" by Mr. Crookes, have been given to the world in popular form, and at prices wholly unprecedented in the history of our literature. Recent works have been issued at higher prices, because of the expense of making plates, but even then the price is far below the usual figure charged for such works by other publishers.

By a more general adoption of the deposit method prices might be made even lower, and our position would be at the same time improved. It is the want of means which prevents our bringing out works more frequently. If we can only issue one work in a year we have the working expenses of a long period to be represented by the production of one book; but if we could bring out a volume monthly or oftener, then a slight addition to working expenses would produce twelve times the number of publications. Several works would at this moment find eager acceptance if they were on sale, and we are anxious to go on with the issue of

"Mrs. Tappan's Orations;"

"Dr. Hare's Work on Spiritualism," edited by Dr. Sexton;

"Professor Gregory's Letters on Animal Magnetism;"

"The Arcana of Spiritualism," by Hudson Tuttle;

"A New Instructor in Mesmerism;"

and others which might be named. These works would be gladly welcomed for the personal reading of experienced Spiritualists. They are instructive to every class of reader, and just such works as all who peruse these remarks would gladly place in their private library. Our object is to afford Spiritualists that privilege if they will take steps to secure it. If we were possessed of capital we might put it into books and charge well for them, and so, having command of the position, grow very rich on Spiritualism. As it is, our circumstances and objects are quite different. We have not the capital, and hence we ask our friends to furnish it, and in return they will receive these and other books at cost price—that is, at the same rate as if they were themselves the publishers. We are simply agents, paying costs and working expenses, and protecting our clients from imposition, seeing that they are ignorant of the publishing trade, and could not manage for themselves. We make no promises, we never did, but we point to the past as a guarantee of good faith. If 500 readers at once send us in £1 each, that will enable us to go to work and bring out the books above named. Some may be able to deposit more. When the works are ready they will be supplied as hitherto at low prices, and there is scarcely a Spiritualist who could not find purchasers for several copies of any of the works we issue, and thus the pound would be returned at the appearance of the first volume.

The poorer classes are sometimes quite as intelligent and eager for knowledge as their more well-to-do neighbours. They can be supplied at the same rates. We recommend the formation of book-clubs everywhere, into which one halfpenny, one penny, or more per week might be paid. When the deposits of the members amount to £1, it could be transmitted to us, and

the members may secure any work at the lowest price, when the amount standing to their credit is sufficient to pay for it.

We are anxious, as far as possible, to steer clear of the money-grubbing system. If we pay interest for money we must charge it in the price of the books we issue. When this interest goes back to the purchaser, then the evil is reduced to a minimum. Hence we have agreed to add discount or interest to the money which may remain in our hands over a certain period, for the particulars of which see prospectus.

We hope to hear from a great number of depositors almost immediately. We want every Spiritualist to be a book distributor, by which system the spiritual worker can help on the work most amazingly and at no expense to himself. We should be glad to appoint local representatives, like Mr. Blake at Newcastle, Mr. Coates, Liverpool, &c., who would lay themselves out to collect names and deliver the works. The plan which we present to our readers is a most equitable one, and can be made a powerful educational engine. We are thankful for the co-operation which has been already extended to us, and are certain that when the public take trouble to investigate the merits of our suggestions, that the co-operative system will become universal.

SEANCES AND MEETINGS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WALLACE TESTIMONIAL.

On Saturday evening, March 20, Mr. Herne will give a materialisation seance at the Spiritual Institution, at eight o'clock. Admission by ticket, price 5s. each. The tickets are being taken up already, and those who desire to be present should apply at once, as the limits of the company will on no account be allowed to interfere with the conditions.

Mr. H. C. Fay, husband of Mrs. Fay, the celebrated medium, has recently returned from America. He desires to give an inspirational discourse at Doughty Hall, for the benefit of the testimonial, on Sunday evening, March 28. We understand Mr. Fay has been used to such work in the States, and it is hoped a goodly meeting will come forward to hear him. Mr. Burns will take the chair.

Mrs. OLIVE has kindly volunteered a seance, for the benefit of the Testimonial, at eight o'clock on Wednesday evening next, at the Spiritual Institution. Admission, 2s. 6d.

WESTMORELAND HALL, 45, WESTMORELAND PLACE, EAGLE STREET,
CITY ROAD.

On Wednesday evening, the 31st instant, a seance will be given in aid of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace's Testimonial Fund. Admission, 2s. Doors open at eight o'clock. Mediums, W. Eglington, and W. G. Haxby.

THE spirit-photograph of M. A. (Oxon), taken in Paris while he was asleep in London, is finding many purchasers. It may be had post free on remitting thirteen penny stamps to this office.

THREE photographs have been taken with the magnesium light of "Cissy," the control of Miss Fairlamb, of Newcastle. Copies may be had, price 1s. each, on application to Mr. Blake, 49, Grainger Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

MR. COGMAN'S SOIREE.—On Sunday evening, at 15, St. Peter's Road, Mile End, Mr. Cogman's quarterly tea meeting will be held. Tea on table at five o'clock. Tickets, 1s. each. The meeting will be addressed by mediums and speakers of well-known repute. Mr. Burns will preside.

MISS MARY EYRE desires to call the attention of Spiritualists to the horrible practice of vivisection so ruthlessly carried out on animals by experimenting physiologists. When mankind study organisation as a development of spirit, and use clairvoyance as an aid to investigation, then the useless and clumsy cruelties of the vivisectionists will be relegated to their proper place. Materialism is a region of darkness and cruelty.

HONOURS TO DRs. HITCHMAN AND SEXTON.—Dr. William Hitchman, of this town, and Dr. George Sexton, of London—who have long been fellows of the Royal Society of Italy, &c.—were unanimously elected, on the 1st inst., honorary professors of natural philosophy (department, "Science of Man") in the Royal Galileo Academy of the University of Naples. The English doctors, it is expected, will deliver their first course of lectures, in the Latin language, on "Continuity of life, in its relations to the philosophy of celestial and atomic dynamics."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

MANY THANKS.—Some one, says the newspapers, wrote to Dr. Kenealy to ask if the rumour that he was a Spiritualist were true. The following is recorded as the reply:—"I can assure you I am no Spiritualist, and that those persons who make such statements are infamous liars." The "statement" which placed the Doctor "among the prophets" must have been made by some misinformed person, or hazarded as a guess, and hence it is a waste of Kenealyistic wisdom to dub the unfortunate aggressor a "liar." As it is we are grateful for the avowal of the distinguished M.P. There are far too many people Spiritualists already, for the credit of the movement.

HEREDITARY MEDIUMSHIP.—Mr. H. D. Jencken, 2, Goldsmith's Buildings, Temple, London, E.C., is announced to give a lecture on this subject about a week hence, for the Dalston Association. His task is to inquire whether mediumship may be transmitted from parent to child. To some extent this may be inferred from the fact that Mrs. Jencken (Kate Fox) is a remarkable medium, while her child is, perhaps, the most wonderful medium on record, having written a communication when five months old, a *fac simile* of which we gave in the MEDIUM, No. 214, published about twelve months ago. We write this paragraph to ask our readers to furnish Mr. Jencken with such facts as may have come under their notice in relation to the subject of his forthcoming lecture. As there is no time to spare, those who desire to assist in this work should write to Mr. Jencken at the address given above without delay.

FINAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE GRAND SOIREE ON APRIL 1st.

The promoters of the testimonial to Mr. and Mrs. W. Wallace, the veteran mediums, met again at 15, Southampton Row, on Monday evening; Mr. W. Towns in the chair. The secretaries handed over a considerable sum of money to the treasurer. The other business transacted may be gathered from the advertisement on another page.

THE TEA.

Mrs. Everitt and Mrs. Towns undertook to make arrangements for the furnishing of the tea-tables. A few more ladies are required to preside at the tables. No menial duty will be demanded of them, as all necessary articles will be brought to the tables by attendants. They will require to be in their places at 5.30 to receive the company. This social element will be an attractive feature of the evening. It is particularly requested that the friends who attend be present at 6 o'clock, that there may be time to clear the hall for the after proceedings.

THE SOIREE.

Those who hold *soirée* tickets will be admitted at 7.30; Mr. Thomas Everitt will take the chair at 8.45. The promoters of the *soirée* hope that as many of the early friends of the movement as possible be present to sustain Mr. Everitt. London, provincial, and foreign Spiritualists are alike cordially invited to take part. Those who cannot attend, who may not feel disposed to speak, or who may not have an opportunity to get a hearing, are requested to address the secretaries, and their letters will be published in the report of the proceedings. It is earnestly hoped that long speeches may be avoided, that as many friends as possible may be enabled to take part.

THE PRESENTATION.

During the evening an address from the contributors, and a purse containing the money subscribed, will be presented to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace by a deputation of ladies. This will, no doubt, prove a most interesting feature of the evening.

THE MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

Is expected to be of a high order, from the well-known character of the ladies and gentlemen who are expected to appear between the speeches. That no one may be neglected who would feel pleased to assist, the secretaries will gladly entertain the propositions of volunteers. Let everything be short and sweet.

THE DECORATIONS.

Can any lady or gentleman furnish a few flowering shrubs or plants, in bloom, for the platform? Assistance of this kind will be more valuable by being offered as early as possible. The loan of spirit-photographs, spirit-drawings, paintings, direct-writings, &c., will be accepted with thanks.

THE TICKETS.

Nearly 200 tea-tickets are out already. Intending purchasers should not delay a day. No doubt the hall will be well filled, and those who postpone the purchase of a ticket may be prevented from participating in one of the grandest demonstrations which the Spiritualists have yet held. Active workers in the cause are invited to send for a packet of tickets to introduce to friends in their locality.

COUNTRY VISITORS.

As the *soirée* takes place in Easter week, it is expected that the London Spiritualists will have the rare pleasure of meeting with many of their country brethren. Those who intend to visit London should not delay in sending for tickets.

THE LIFE OF J. W. JACKSON.

On Sunday evening, at Doughty Hall, 14, Bedford Row, Mrs. J. W. Jackson will give an address embodying the leading facts in the eventful career of her late husband. Mr. Jackson found so many admirers on account of his great talents as an author, and has been so deeply lamented, that we feel sure the particulars of his life in connection with those profound questions which his genius adorned will be listened to with pleasure. Sunday evening will not be misspent at Doughty Hall, which, we trust, will be filled with a sympathetic audience. Service at seven o'clock. Admission free.

ANOTHER "NIGHT WITH BURNS."

In accordance with a general request, Mr. Burns has consented to give another Scottish entertainment for the Marylebone Association at the Tarlington Hall, 90, Church Street, Edgware Road, on Monday evening, March 22, at eight o'clock. The lecturer will again endeavour to find some "spiritual and progressive thought in the writings of Robert Burns," which he will illustrate by choice readings from the poems of the immortal Robert. Humorous varieties will be introduced, and an interpretation of the Scottish idioms afforded for the benefit of those who have not been "over the Border." A talented musical party will assist, and render in pleasing style a selection of the most famous songs of the poet.

THE SCIENTIFIC SEANCE.

Last number of the *MEDIUM* has been so much sought after, that, in response to a general request, we have determined to reprint the account of Mr. Crookes's seance in a separate form for universal circulation. It will be made to fill two pages of the size of the *MEDIUM*, and other two pages will be filled with scientific announcements. These four large pages of interesting matter we hope to furnish at 3s. per 100, and we have no doubt but they will find their way into the hands of thousands of eager readers. Orders will be filled in the order in which they are received.

FROM SIR CHARLES ISHAM, BART.

Having had the pleasure of calling upon Mrs. Showers lately, and being told when there that "Peter" had within the last three days commenced producing exactly all the phenomena of Mrs. Fay, "Peter," in his clear and very cheerful voice, consented to show me his powers there and then, and he wishes me to state that after I had very securely tied the hands and neck of Miss Showers to staples in the wall, her feet being also tied, we suspended a piece of tape round her neck. I then, bandaging my eyes with my handkerchief, sat by the side of Miss Showers, and tightly held her hands, when in a few seconds, upon releasing my bandage, I found the tape tied in a bow, my friend Mr. Wedgwood, of Queen Ann Street, and Mrs. Showers being stationed on the other side of the curtain, behind which we were located.

I may mention that other feats were accomplished, such as cutting with scissors a small piece out of the centre of my handkerchief and driving a nail well home into a board, the hammer striking the board more frequently than the nail, Miss Showers exclaiming that she could see a finger holding the nail but nothing the hammer. Upon searching for the piece cut out of the handkerchief I was told it had been conveyed away as a keepsake for "Lenore." "Peter" asked how I liked his photo, and upon my saying he looked down too much, he replied, "I was ashamed of being seen in my nightgown." I have not lately had an opportunity of seeing "Florence" and "Lenore," but receive a letter from them occasionally, of which there is not the slightest doubt, as I have seen more than one written, and witnesses have borne evidence to others of them.

Lamport Hall, Northampton, March 14, 1875.

SPIRITUAL BOOKS FOR REVIEW.

We have sent for review to the newspapers a large number of the new works of Mr. Wallace and Mr. Crookes; also of "Willability," by Dr. Hands. We shall be glad if our readers will kindly call our attention to reviews if they notice them. We also announce that we would dispose of a few more copies if our readers could make certain of them being well noticed in the newspaper of their district. Let us work altogether, and produce a grand result.

THE CIRCULATION OF MR. WALLACE'S NEW BOOK.

We are pleased to find that several friends of the cause are exerting themselves most successfully in promoting the sale of "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism." These workers send for a quantity of the contents sheets, which they hand to their friends with the request that they subscribe for the book. If all Spiritualists worked in this way, the book would soon reach every household in the land, and more would be done for Spiritualism than could be effected by the expenditure of thousands of pounds. This process costs nothing, for intelligent people gladly pay for such a work when its claims are brought forward by a respected friend. We have plenty of the prospectuses in print, and shall be glad to supply them to all who can place them advantageously.

We shall continue to supply the work at subscribers' price to those who are depositors in the Progressive Literature Publication Fund, and we hope to add many other valuable books on the same terms, which will, no doubt, lead to a general system of depositing in the fund alluded to.

MR. CROOKES'S NEW WORK.

We have now received from the binder one of the most handsome volumes which ever had the honour of doing service in the cause of Spiritualism. It consists of the three parts of the "Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism," by W. Crookes, F.R.S., bound into one volume in first-class style. This is a book which stands alone in the investigation of Spiritualism. Its effort is wholly directed to the certification and enumeration of the most remarkable phenomena which have been at any time observed. As a testimony to the facts it is irresistible, and places the phenomena of Spiritualism on the same scientific basis as other phenomena observed in nature. The recent experiments of Mr. Crookes have attracted renewed attention to his work in this science, and now is the time to place his book on the phenomena in the hands of the public.

The book is published at 5s., but to subscribers it has been supplied at 2s. 6d.; or five copies for 10s. 6d.—We do not desire more from those who place themselves in the position of proprietors by depositing into our publishing fund. The English Spiritualists have now better weapons to fight the cause with than their brethren in any part of the world, and on our co-operative system they can be supplied at cost price, and thus do the greatest amount of work with the money spent. We hope to see renewed attention bestowed on our noble literature, which now bears on its titles the worthiest names in science. These works are placed at the disposal of the friends of the movement, and we shall be more than astonished if they do not make good use of such splendid advantages.

NOT A SPIRITUALIST, AND WHY?

Oliver Oddman, in his "Odd Thoughts for Odd People," treats of "Spiritualism" in the *Malvern News* of the 13th instant. He tells us of wondrous phenomena which he has seen, and yet persists in saying he is "not a Spiritualist." "Shall I say why?" he asks, and quotes Mr. Burns's letter, in a recent number of the *MEDIUM*, headed "A Friend in Need is a Friend indeed." Having done so, he continues:

"Now, some may ask, what that letter has to do with Spiritualism? Much; very much. I have alluded to fish, fruit, flowers, vegetables, and a host of other things having been brought into a room during a seance, when the doors, windows, &c., were locked, bolted, and barred, but I have never heard of the 'one thing needful' being brought in and laid upon the table. Mr. Burns wants a lot of money to keep the machine in motion. What a relief it would be to him, and those who work with him, if some night a thousand-pound Bank-of-England note were thus mysteriously deposited on the table by spirit-power or hands. What lots of anxiety he and others would be relieved from! I am, in earnest in what I say! If spirits can bring flowers, &c., as they may be called for, like the fluids out of the inexhaustible bottle, they can bring money to keep the wheels in motion. If some night, say now, as I am sitting in my study writing this article, a thousand-pound Bank-of-England note were deposited on this table, that would go a very long way to induce me to believe in Spiritualism: it does not come—though I have been waiting for it—and I am still an unbeliever in Spiritualism."

After alluding to the recent discussion at Trinity College, Dublin, and the many educated adherents of Spiritualism, the article concludes with the following postscript:—

"Have I made clear that I am not a Spiritualist, and shan't be till that thousand-pound Bank-of-England note is put on my table? My wife laughs at this, but I tell her it would be no laughing matter to have such a note brought, even by a spirit. I should say it would be a very good spirit, and it would help me to believe in Spiritualism ever after."

We believe spirits often do help the movement with money, but not in the manner desired by friend Oliver. A principle with the spirit-world is, in all cases, to make use of human instrumentalities, and enable people thus used for beneficence or inspiration to feel that they do it themselves. The object of the spirit-world is not to supersede human action, but to stimulate it to a higher elevation for the spiritual development of the individual. The Psalmist says, "Incline my heart, O Lord," and that is what the spirits do now. Instead of taking our individuality and our duty out of our hands, they help us to increase the one and perform the other, and thus give us grace to work out our salvation. Many of the terms used in theology allude to spiritual experiences which the theological world do not at all understand in the present day. The spirits, then, incline the rich man to devote money, and the rich man in doing so enriches his spirit by the performance of a disinterested action. If the spirit stole the £1,000 bank-note, the case would be very different. It is well that we persuade our well-to-do friend to help a good cause, but wrong that we pick his pocket and help the cause at his expense and without his consent. We think this characteristic on the part of the spirit-world shows, indisputably, the beneficent and God-like motives of the spiritual-workers. In like manner we who toil do so, not because we have £1,000 floated in at our windows, but because we love our work, and are pleased to do it in the face of bankruptcy, suffering, and the grave; waiting in faith for recompense and co-operation, not in money, but in soul-development in ourselves and fraternal sympathies from others that have been redeemed by our sacrifices. We may simply be tools, carrying out the behests of our spirit-guides, but with a noble feeling of deference for our personality, these make us realise that the work is our own, and that the divine *Ego* is at the basis of the work, and not an outside influence of which we may be the unconscious dupes.

If we worked for money, we would certainly meet with disappointment. We work for principle, and those on earth and in the spirit-world who love truth and humanity, see that our stern necessities are met, not in such a manner as to excite our cupidity, but just barely sufficient to meet our ends. We would not refuse £1,000, and wonder that it has not come along before now, seeing that there are so many thousands of pounds amongst Spiritualists lying idle, or worse, squandered in a form which is of no use to anyone. But we would prefer to receive it from the warm, loving hand of a devoted brother rather than have it deposited on our table by a spirit. We know that spirits cannot legally manufacture money, and they are certainly not warranted to steal it. To appropriate a flower, a fruit, or any small article is not thieving, but we should hesitate at being made the custodian of money bestowed upon us without the consent of its possessor. After all, money is not an essential of this movement. It is a mere accident, a representative of material means, but the sterling coin that passes at the highest value in the spiritual market is a genuine love of God's creatures. With that plentifully manifested in the souls of men, money and all else needed is sure to follow. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

THE UNSATISFACTORY SEANCE

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—In your last week's impression, under the head of "An Unsatisfactory Seance," you published a lengthy comment from "R. O. O." That the management of the seance was indifferent, the time late, and the number of people admitted excessive, I am prepared to acknowledge, and quite concur in the impartial account given by "R. O. O.," and also the editor's remarks at the conclusion. What I contend for is that the mediums should not be held responsible. They came from their employment at a late hour, and on their entry found a densely-packed room, to face which assembly was enough to discourage them from attempting the task. Anticipating the disappointment that would ensue on their refusal to appear, with misgivings they fearlessly entered the arena, with what result is already known. But underlying these unpublished letters, there appears to be an implication that the phenomena that evening and on other occasions were not genuine, and that trickery was resorted to by the mediums. It appears to me to be only a repetition of the "old, old story," a stigma cast upon the unfortunate mediums. It is thus with all mediums. Unwillingly at first, possibly (to draw a simile), they have launched themselves on turbulent waters,

in an unmanageable barque, without compass or rudder, and on the first storm an ill wind drifts and casts them on the rocks of Obloquy, into the seething cauldron of slander, and on a pitiless shore, with inhabitants equally as pitiless, they are stranded. To advance is to enter an unexplored territory, environed by subtle enemies, ever alert to cast their poisoned barbs on a defenceless victim. To retreat means to confess themselves vanquished, and their honour is for ever tarnished. Whether they recover from their first wreck, depends on the vital element possessed by these sensitives, and an unflagging determination to steer towards excelsior, but at any rate the never-forgotten brand is indelibly affixed.

To defend the good name of the medium, then, becomes the imperative duty of all true Spiritualists, and he is no friend to the cause and to truth who would shrink from it. The gauntlet has not yet been certainly cast, but there is no knowing whence from invisible agency it may come. In the name, then, of the unchallenged mediums, I will anticipate them, and throw to them the mailed glove, our motto—"Magna est veritas, et prevalet," and will leave the application of the severest tests to an ultimate impartial committee. As a member of the circle to which allusion is made, I have been a continual sitter, and amongst the sceptical I have been the greatest sceptic, so much so that I have incurred the displeasure of my fellow-members by my repeated doubts until those doubts have been dispelled. Well knowing the qualifications of the mediums, I have implicit confidence in them, and have, therefore, every faith in the result of an investigation, and the cause of truth demands such. To the sceptics who attended that evening's seance, I would say, if they obtained little for their "bobs," it was, at least, the intention of the mediums to give them a good "bob's" worth. If Maskelyne and Cooke's appliances had been on the premises, it is possible they would not have gone away disappointed; but, having no intricate machinery at command, they exerted their utmost endeavours to fulfil an engagement with the worst possible conditions—an overcrowded, inharmoonious congregation. In this era of facts let them reserve their conclusions until proved or disproved. To the Spiritualists I would say, Have more patience, and take into consideration the object for which the seance was held, and consolation from having contributed meritoriously towards a good object. To mediums, I would especially recommend them to cultivate more the virtues of faith and love towards one another, possess less selfishness, and not to arrogate to themselves alone a power that is extended to others as well as themselves, bearing in mind that it is this spirit of exclusiveness that has been the downfall of nations as well as individuals. Bear and forbear. H. E.

45, Westmoreland Place, City Road, March 16, 1875.

Mr. Eglington, one of the mediums, commends the remarks of "R. O. O.," and says proper conditions give the reward of better phenomena. He further adds, "I very much disclaimed at the time against letting so many people in the seance-room. But it was entirely out of my hands to prevent the over-crowding—it was the manager's fault for letting so many in. I am but a young medium (eighteen), but I have been so far acquainted with Spiritualism to know that we mortals cannot have our own way in everything. But myself and Mr. W. G. Haxby have laboured for the past eight months as physical mediums, giving seances free wherever asked, and exacting in return nothing except the goodwill of our fellow-creatures. There are scores of people who have had every chance of witnessing remarkable tests, both through Haxby's mediumship and my own—and some in the light, too—but it has never been published to the outside world because we did not wish to court publicity. It resolves itself into this: I am perfectly willing for a number of gentlemen to form themselves into a committee to investigate into the truths of the phenomena occurring in my presence, when and how they will. I promise that every available test shall be put, and it will not be my fault if they are not carried out. I would ask for what purpose it would have been for Mr. Haxby and myself to trick on the occasion above referred to, when the money was not coming into our pockets, but into another person's altogether, who had nothing whatever to do with us. We volunteered our services, and they were accepted. I am always willing to devote my time and services, as far as they will permit, to the cause of Spiritualism. In writing these lines I would wish to say there is no connection or partnership between Mr. Haxby and myself."

"In conclusion, I wish to say that with my young experience I have found that between mediums there exists, not only a feeling of jealousy, but of rivalry, instead of having a feeling amongst them as though they were brothers and sisters united together for one common purpose, viz., as instruments in the hands of the all-powerful One above to do good to all mankind."

The following is a report of one of the seances of the mediums in question:—

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—On Friday evening last the circle held its usual sitting, on which occasion we had a remarkable diversity of the phenomena. There were between thirty and forty present. After having been listeners to the various musical instruments for some time, sitters being touched by materialised hands, and spirit-lights in all directions, we were all agreeably surprised at a visitation by no less spirits than "John King," "Katie King," and "Peter," who all spoke in the direct voice to whoever put questions. As a test to myself, on request, "Peter" gave some remarkable proofs of the rapidity of his utterances—speaking to one sitter at one side of the room; with telegraphic speed the voice was next sounding in my ear; again you heard it at right angles, then on the left, and next completely round the large circle, as a winged bird would fly, and the sounds apparently emanating from the ceiling. "John King" was concise and abrupt; "Katie" was more consoling. After this the spirit "Joey," who usually controls our young but powerful medium, W. Eglington, made his appearance, and for the first time spoke to us in his direct voice. He appears to have a voice equally as powerful as "John King's," but with a much less light when he shows it. The light of "John King" shone with vivid distinctness, and I being a little sceptical in the matter, it was thrust in my face, and my head patted at the same time, as much as to say, "Do you now believe it?" Altogether, the seance passed off remarkably well, each sitter expressing satisfaction. After the sitting, and all had left, the medium was controlled by "John King," directing the circle in writing to have another sitting on Sunday evening for materialisation,

after which the medium retired to rest with his two brothers; but in going upstairs the lamp was put out, and immediately "John King's" light was seen preceding them to the top of three flights of stairs into the bedroom, where it remained in their company. A female spirit-figure was likewise visible, which came from the side of the medium's bed to the brother's bed opposite. On his expressing a desire that the toothache which he was troubled with should be cured, she made passes over his face, and he was relieved during the remainder of the night. I forgot to mention that Mrs. Davis had a beautiful camellia given to her by "Katie" during the Friday-night's seance.

Sunday evening was a strictly private seance for the circle, on which occasion we had a repetition of Friday-night's phenomena, with the addition of being besprinkled with an aromatic scent, and a large quantity of unusually choice flowers presented to each sitter, wet with dew, and to all appearance, in fragrance and freshness, just gathered. A piece of direct spirit-writing was written on Mr. Davis's knee in about sixty seconds, the book that we usually keep for that purpose being fetched by spirit-hands from another residence, where it is kept.

The light seen this evening was a perfect display, but none figured larger than that of "John King's." Materialised hands, from an infant's to very large and powerful, were felt by all of the sitters. After this a cabinet was extemporised in a corner of the room, into which Messrs. W. G. Harby and Eglington retired, when shortly after lights were ordered, and a Turk, dressed in Oriental costume, with turban, bronzed face, flowing black beard, and long hair, was seen, his dark, piercing eyes scanning the sitters. It remained in view about twelve seconds, after which it was seen in three different positions—one in a recumbent cross-legged position (*à la Oriental*); another, the full figure touching the ceiling, twelve feet high. I forgot to mention that before the writing was commenced, the book was carefully examined, and nothing found in it beyond that which was previously written and known.—

Yours, respectfully,

H. E.

45, Westmoreland Place, City Road, March 2.

DR. MONCK AT NORTHAMPTON.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—You will, doubtless, be pleased to learn that Dr. Monck's visit to Northampton has been a grand success in every respect. We had large audiences, both afternoon and evening. On both occasions great attention was paid, and I have every reason to believe that a deep impression was made on the minds of the audiences, who appeared to thoroughly appreciate the Doctor's discourses. Many of his old friends from Earls Barton, the scene of his early labours, came over for the purpose of once more beholding the face of their former pastor, and to give him a cheering welcome in our midst.

It would be impossible for me, in a short letter, to give you a tittle of the marvellous manifestations that occurred at his private seances. Briefly I will relate a few that took place last night.

A number of friends had the pleasure of sitting with him at his hotel, about twenty altogether, several of whom were mediums, and all, with one or two exceptions, thorough-going Spiritualists. On the whole, the conditions were good, and the influences proved very powerful. In the light the manifestations were quite satisfactory. A cardboard-box, something larger than an ordinary cigar-box, being placed on the table, was seen by all present to move about in various directions, the medium's hands at the same time being at a distance from the box. After this, the medium placed a white pocket-handkerchief on the table, when it immediately began to move as if a little bird or a mouse was underneath. Two or three friends were requested to lay their hands gently on the handkerchief, when they declared they felt a substance, apparently like a child's hand, under the handkerchief. The "seeing-mediums" present affirmed this fact by assuring us that they saw a luminous child's hand over the handkerchief.

After this, we had a dark seance, and had the most marvellous manifestations it has been my good fortune to witness. Loud raps were heard as though someone was hitting the table and floor with a heavy hammer; then sounds of feet, with heavy shoes on, walking about the floor under the table in various directions, from one end to the other. The table, I should have said, was, at the least, twelve feet long.

Dr. Monck now being controlled by the celebrated "Samuel," we had plenty of merriment and laughter at his witty sayings and amusing jokes. "Samuel" having amused us to his heart's content for some hour or so, he changed his programme by calling me out of the circle, asking me to catch hold of his medium's feet, which I did, but said I could feel nothing but his stockings, when "Samuel" said, "Hold them fast," immediately upon which I felt the medium rising up into mid-air to the height of thirty inches or three feet. After this, "Samuel" called out Mr. P. Derby to come and hold the medium by the feet. No sooner had he done so, when Mr. Derby cried out, "He is climbing up me," and in a few seconds the medium stood with his feet upon Mr. Derby's shoulders. "Stand firm," says "Samuel," and up he goes and stands upright on the very top of Mr. Derby's head, to the astonishment of us all. Still greater wonders awaited us. "Samuel" now requested the gas to be turned on, when, beckoning to two young ladies (mediums) to come and sit one on either side of him, and to take each of them one of his hands in theirs, the rest of the company to take hold of hands also, the light being again extinguished, when almost in an instant we had the most astounding manifestations. An accordion (a very large one) was floated over our heads and sounded, although the instrument was tied up with string. At the same time a pianoforte in the corner of the room was manipulated and played; a large ottoman was dragged from under the feet of a lady and placed upon the table. The accordion was now placed upon the head of one of the sitters, and there remained. Then a sound was heard, and with a rush came a large vase of wax flowers, with glass shade some twenty inches high, over our shoulders, from off the piano on to the table. Music and other books were thrown about in all directions of the room among the sitters. Stars and other luminous lights were seen floating about in various parts, and as a climax to the whole, the chair in which the medium was sitting was taken from under him and thrown upon the table close to the flower-vase, but without touching it. Several of the sitters were touched by spirit-hands, some tapped on the back or stroked on the face, or their hair pulled from behind. Names were given of several departed friends, which were recognised by those present as being their own relations and

friends in earth-life, whom it was impossible that the medium could have known.

It now getting late, a light was procured, when, lo and behold! what a chaos! The medium's chair, flower-vase and glass shade, ottoman, gentlemen's hats, ladies' bonnets, the medium's slippers, books by the dozen, all intermingled in chaotic confusion; on the table; gentlemen's hats on ladies' heads, the table-cover over someone's head, and the whole place in an uproar.

During the whole of these manifestations, I may add the medium's hands were never for one moment released from the firm grasp of the two ladies sitting next to him.

As a medium, Dr. Monck has fairly established his fame in Northampton, and will doubtless before long receive an invitation to visit us again.—Yours faithfully,

J. H. BLUNT.

Northampton, March 10, 1875.

DR. MONCK AT PETERBOROUGH.

To the Editor.—Sir,—Dr. Monck visited Peterborough on Thursday night. After being searched, the seance commenced at 9 p.m. Nine persons were present; we sat for nearly an hour and three quarters before any manifestations took place; then raps came on the table, floor, and under some of the sitters' hands; they rapped generally contrary to where they were asked. Then the table-cloth was raised in the middle; also match-box and candlestick several times, Dr. Monck's hands being on the table all the time. Dr. Monck was then entranced by his guide "Samuel Wheeler," who told us to sing to make harmony. After singing, he said, "Catling, come here; take hold of his feet," and the Doctor was put on my shoulders. There was no springing up, but he went up gradually; I was greatly surprised to find him so light. Two gentlemen and a lady had the same test. Then several most beautiful lights were seen; one was distinctly seen to be a child's hand. The light was then struck, and "Samuel" asked me to take hold of one of his medium's hands, and a lady the other. Having joined hands round the circle, the light was put out, and we had not sat long before the accordion was taken round the circle and played, books flying about, paper rustled round the circle, the cushion of the couch put on the table, I felt several hands, a comb was put in my hair which belonged to the lady holding the other hand. I was told to open my mouth, and immediately a book was put in it; at one time I had the comb in my hair, cloth over my head, and accordion in my lap. Several sitters had things thrown at them; my watch was taken off the chain and out of the pocket, and thrown at a gentleman nearly opposite; although it hit him, it did not hurt him in the slightest. A picture, 33 inches by 27 inches, was taken off the wall and put on the table; the couch was moved several times, lifted up at the feet, and let down with loud bangs. When the light was struck the Doctor was still entranced, and a pretty state the room was in; picture, books, cushions, papers, and sundry articles strewn all over the room. I said, "Where is my watch?" After looking a short time, the Doctor was influenced to write, "in Catling's coat-pocket"; and I was glad to find it there. The seances must do a great deal of good for the cause, and I hope the Doctor will be able to visit us again ere long. I particularly wish to impress upon those who are expecting a visit from Dr. Monck to have great patience, be as harmonious as you can, and keep the conditions; then you will have indisputable proof, as we have had, that spirits can communicate with those who are still travelling the earth's plane. I and the lady who held the Doctor's hands most emphatically state that we did not for one moment leave go of his hands the whole of the time that the physical phenomena were taking place in the dark.—Respectfully yours,

ROBERT CATLING.

Dr. Monck also visited Rushden, but we have not heard of particulars, saying that one of the seances was much too crowded.

The Doctor also gave a seance at Earls Barton, the scene of his early ministry. Various phenomena were observed, particularly the figure of a boy, which, as we understand from a Northampton correspondent, spoke with the gruff voice of a man, and wore a long beard and moustache. It is also stated that 30 years ago a boy died in that room, Tom —, who, from some ailment, had a voice and a beard like that exhibited on the apparition. If these statements be facts we should be glad to hear more of them.

A CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

In the *Signs of the Times* of March 3, under the heading of "Striking Instances of Conversion at Liverpool," the following paragraph appears:—

"Among the hundreds of persons who have been brought to Christ during the past three weeks at Liverpool, there are some cases which conspicuously illustrate the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. One is that of

"A SPIRITUALIST,

who was a medium, and has given seances at which demon spirits, professing to be deceased relatives of living persons, communicated through him. Like other Spiritualists, his faith in the atonement of Christ and in future punishment and other doctrines of the Gospel was much shaken. But he was led to attend Mr. Moody's preaching, and was brought to see his state as a sinner, and his need of an atoning Saviour. He has now experienced regeneration of heart, and is convinced of the Satanic influence of Spiritualism. Instead of seeking for communion with the spirits of the invisible world through the incantations of modern sorcery, he now holds direct communion with the Father of the spirits of all flesh through the scripturally-appointed means of prayer in the name of Jesus Christ."

We have made inquiry into the above circumstance, and all that we can make out are the following facts:—A young man who professed to be a Spiritualist was asked to officiate by another young man, a friend of his, as officer and usher at Messrs. Moody and Sankey's services one evening, and went into the inquiry meeting and took his stand. It was ordered that the "saved ones" should stand up, and he being already upon his feet, hence the mistake. We would caution the public against such sensational reports when not authenticated with names or warranted by the consent of the parties concerned. JOHN CHAPMAN,
10, Dunkeld Street, Liverpool.

"WHAT HAS THE DEVIL GOT TO DO WITH IT?"

On Sunday evening Doughty Hall was well occupied with a highly intellectual audience to listen to Mr. Burns's lecture and do honour to Miss D'Aroy for her services as organist. Mr. Allen conducted the services. The choir sang the pieces printed last week very nicely, and it was indeed quite a pleasure to listen and take part with them. Mr. Burns's lecture seemed to afford much interest, and no doubt it will one day see the light in printed form. At the close Mr. Robson was controlled, and his spirit-guide addressed Miss D'Aroy in a very nice speech, the closing admonition of which was, "Be thou faithful unto death," stating that the spirit who inspired her, when on earth composed music to these words. A good collection was taken up in passing out, which was handed to Miss D'Aroy by Mr. Burns. During the service Mr. Burns read the following poem by "Robert Burns" in spirit-life, through the mediumship of Mr. Malcolm Taylor, of Messrs. Bastian and Taylor, mediums:—

THE DEIL'S ELEGY.

Wheesh, frien's, an' draw thegither near!
I bring ye news o' unco cheer,
So open wide ilk list'nin' ear,
An' pay close heed,
While I tell ye what's a' the steer—
The Deil is dead!

Nae doot but that the news is true;
As I yon toon cam straglin' through,
I met o' preacher-folk a few
In mournin' weed,
Wha said the same as I say noo—
The Deil is dead!

Ye ken Auld Nick for some time past,
Has ailin' been and failin' fast,
Though Doctor Kirk, wi' skill sae vast,
Did drug an' bleed;
But he has thrown his heel at last—
The Deil is dead!

At first he caught, through negligence,
A slight attack o' common sense,
That still increased, wi' pain intense,
An' nae remede,
Till Truth's high fever took him hence—
The Deil is dead!

Wi' superstition for his nurse,
He aye was gettin' wae and wae,
An' wi' great throes wad rave an' curse,
Oot o' his head;
But noo he's ready for the hearse—
The Deil is dead!

Wae's them! what will the clergy dae
For scapegoat, on wham blame tae lay
O' temptin' their puir flocks astray,
Ower sin's wide mead,
So they can get the shepherd's pay?—
The Deil is dead!

For though he was, in manner mean,
Abused by them frae morn till e'en,
Through him they a', frae clerk tae dean,
Got bed an' bread;
An' sae they've lost their truest frien—
The Deil is dead!

Noo gin they wad their livin' earn,
They maun some new profession learn,
Or frae their foolish nonsense turn,
An' change their creed,
Tae state plain facts, though hard an' stern—
The Deil is dead!

Gin they their value wad enhance,
Tae truth they maun gie utterance—
The source o' sin is ignorance,
They maun concede;
We're creatures a' o' circumstance!
The Deil is dead!

Perfection lives in God alane!
Man never can sic grace attain;
An' born wi' free-will o' his ain,
Gin thochts mislead,
And he does err, wha should arraign?—
The Deil is dead!

EPITAPH.

Here lies a bad ane by report,
A wicked ane—the warst in short;
He wha garred man in Eden's court
Ken guid frae evil;
Although he gained nae credit for't—
Him ca'd the Deevil!

HANDLING HOT COALS.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—I have penned these lines to inform you of a somewhat remarkable occurrence which took place here last Saturday. We are troubled with a spirit of no very high order, who thinks proper to call himself "Saint John the Divine." This spirit appears to entertain a dislike to "Chatterton" and myself; and about a fortnight back he contrived to produce certain manifestations which cast some suspicion on me. "Chatterton," when this became known to him, promised that he would, through the same spirit, obtain some test which should be thoroughly satisfactory. This was accordingly done on Saturday evening last, in a way which, I believe, is somewhat uncommon. I took a large ember from the fire, glowing red, and continued to hold it in my

hand until it had cooled—"St. John" the while addressing the company, through me, in a voice which was acknowledged to be quite different from my natural one. The same test was repeated later in the evening, another spirit influencing me; and one or two present, having expressed doubts whether the coals were really hot, were convinced in a very effective manner by the controlling spirit causing me to apply them to their hands. My own were narrowly examined after each manifestation, and found to be free from the slightest trace of burning. It appears that the same manifestation is to be repeated through me before long.—I remain, Sir, yours very truly,
J. L. VEITCH.

Dalton-in-Furness, N. Lancashire, March 8, 1875.

In a recent letter Mr. Veitch alludes to the hot-coal manifestation, and says: "We have had it twice repeated—yesternight very convincingly. I left my own room in a state of trance, walked into the kitchen, where some of the boys happened to be at the time, took a red ember from the fire before their eyes, and went with it into the parlour, where Mr. Harrison and two gentlemen who sit in our circle were. Here, I am told, I walked up and down for a couple of minutes in full gaslight with the coal in my hand, and then laid it on the table. It was picked up by one gentleman present, who found it even then too hot to be held, and was forced to let it fall. All who saw this were much impressed, and I was gratified when I awoke to learn what I had been influenced to do. I think myself that my mediumship develops." This must be something of "a school for the children of Spiritualists," when such phenomena take place before their eyes.

TEMPERANCE HALL, MANCHESTER.

For some time past a series of very instructive and eloquent discourses has been delivered in this hall through Mr. Johnson, who, amongst the circle of Manchester Spiritualists, is known as a highly-developed trance medium. The last of these discourses was delivered on Sunday afternoon last, by a very beautiful exposition of a subject, entitled, "The Absolute Necessity of Spiritual Reform in all Men." The audience present were informed that they had by previous discourses been taken step by step through the ordinary changes in man's spiritual life, and had had pointed out to them the necessity of salvation. They had been carefully shown that there was a necessity for salvation in man's outer humanity; that there was also a necessity for salvation in man's nature, moral and intellectual. They had been shown the inadequacy of the Church to meet the times or demands thereof in grappling with this question, and how much ignorance prevailed as to the real necessities of salvation. The great master medium, who was recognised as a perfect development of the Godhead, a mighty power of truth wrapt up in humanity, a fountain of light enshrouded in the workings of the earth material, had said, "Except ye be born again, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." This had been taught by the Church as meaning a change from a certain sphere of life. This "to be born again," according to the teaching of the Church, was to undergo a change, designated by our preachers of to-day as "conversion," a change of heart and life, a turning round for another state or sphere of existence, ignorant altogether that there was a necessity for a new birth in the material, as well as the spiritual nature of man.

Passing on to the more immediate part of the subject, the medium pointed out in clear and unmistakable tones the various reforms required both in our material and spiritual nature; that man, to become more spiritual, must as a natural consequence draw around him all the elements of that which constitute spiritual. The great mass of people to-day needed a reform in their spiritual existence. If we visited our penitentiaries, asylums, prisons, and not only these, but our working-men's homes, our palaces and temples of worship, our secret chamber where we often went to pray, we should often find that reform there was needed; that the true spark of spirituality had not kindled the pure flame of God love. Man in all his capacities required to be more spiritual, and to all there was an absolute necessity for this spiritual reform.

Touching upon the amount of ignorance which prevailed the speaker said that the numerous elements which composed our nature ought to be better known, so that the reform could be more effectually carried out. If we refused or, through ignorance, neglected to develop the "God of God" in our nature, we must as a natural consequence expect to find weeds and briars growing in that beautiful garden of development which God had given us to till. The effects of the influences of man were then forcibly elucidated, and a very comprehensive discourse (of which this is but a very imperfect summary) was brought to a close.

It is the intention of our Manchester friends to give, if possible, a pretty full report of a new series of discourses to be delivered by Mr. Johnson.

When are we to bear Mr. Johnson in London? He is "lang o' comin'."

March 14, 1875.

OLDHAM.—Mr. Kershaw sends us an interesting account of a meeting on Sunday evening week in the Temperance Hall. Mr. Wood, of Halifax, was controlled by a spirit, who spoke in a weak female voice, and who was recognised as Mrs. Langley, of Rochdale, whose remains were interred on the previous day. The control was deeply affecting. The deceased lady was a medium, and highly respected by numerous friends. Mr. Kershaw proceeds to inform us that Mrs. Langley's funeral service was conducted by Mrs. Scattergood, who gave a very appropriate address at the house, followed by Mr. Wood, who also spoke with much feeling. Having arrived at Heywood cemetery, the body was conveyed into the chapel, where Mrs. Scattergood was again controlled, and read a portion of St. John, chap. xiv., followed by an address. At the grave another hymn was sung, and Mr. Wood was controlled, and his spirit-guide gave a short discourse. A meeting was afterwards held at the abode of the bereaved family. Other spiritual funerals have been conducted, one by Mrs. Butterfield, at the interment of Mr. Smith's child, and another by Mr. Quarumby. On the succeeding Sunday, Mrs. Butterfield and Mr. Quarumby delivered addresses respecting the deceased brother. Mrs. Butterfield has also given a public reply to the Rev. T. Ashcroft, the second she has given in Oldham. There seems to be much life and earnestness in the district, and the light of Spiritualism has withdrawn the sting of death.

THE FREE GOSPEL OF SPIRITUALISM.

Sunday Evening Services,

AT

DOUGHTY HALL, 14, BEDFORD ROW, HOLBORN.

Organist—Miss D'ARCY.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

Sunday Evening, March 21, at 7 o'clock. Doors open at 6.30.

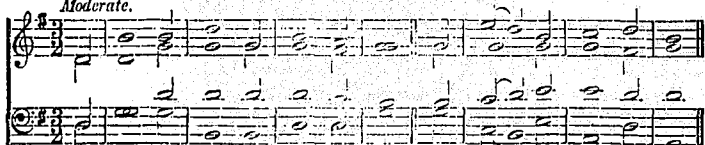
First Voluntary—Extemporaneous.

HYMN No. 66 in the "SPIRITUAL LYRE."

CHERITH.

C.M.

DR. LOUIS SPOHR, d. 1859.



From realms su - per - nal, fair, and bright, They of the se - cond birth,



On ho - ly er - rands wing their flight To ev - 'ry home on earth.

- 2 To sorrowing souls they bear a joy,
To cheerless souls a love,
To weary hearts they tidings bring
Of holy rest above.
- 3 The darksome hearth they light with smiles;
The lonely home they throng,
Till the lone pilgrim wakes to bliss
In list'ning to their song.
- 4 They go with champions of the right,
They nerve the struggling arm;
They watch above their path, and shield
Their every step from harm.
- 5 They lead the way to victory sure,
E'en though upon the sod
The body falls, they guide the soul
In triumph on to God.

READING OF SCRIPTURE.

HYMN No. 42 in the "SPIRITUAL LYRE."

MELCOMBE.

L. M.

S. WEDDE.



We do not die—we can—not die; We on - ly change our state of life



When these earth temples fall and lie Unmoving 'mid the world's wild strife.

- 2 There is no death in God's wide world;
But one eternal scene of change;
The flag of life is never furled,
It only taketh wider range.
- 3 And when the spirit leaves its frame,
Its home in which it long hath dwelt,
It goes, a life that's real to claim,
As if in this it had but slept.
- 4 Then let us speak not of "the dead,"
For none are dead—all live, all love;
Our friends have only changed—have sped,
From lower homes to homes above.

ANTHEM—"Scatter the Seeds of Kindness."

ADDRESS: "A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE INVESTIGATIONS AND WRITINGS OF THE LATE J. W. JACKSON." By MRS. J. W. JACKSON.

HYMN No. 4 in the "SPIRITUAL LYRE." Tune—"Old Hundredth."

- 1 Supreme o'er all Jehovah reigns,
All space his temple and his throne!
Yet where his people meet to pray,
He calls that humble church his own.
- 2 O let us, with each power we boast,
Bend at his feet with awe profound;
Put off what'er deforms and stains,
And think we tread on holy ground.

Concluding Voluntary—Mendelssohn.

THE Marylebone Association no longer holds meetings at 6, Blandford Street.

BIRTH.—On Wednesday, the 10th instant, Mrs. Williams, wife of the well-known medium, of a daughter.

MR. E. HALL, 24, Carnarvon Street, Manchester, desires to join a circle in that district. Address him as above.

MR. THOMAS WILSON, Woodhouses, Ashton-under-Lyne, acknowledges, with thanks, "a large parcel of very expensive books" from Mr. John Scott, Belfast, for gratuitous distribution.

OSSETT SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION.—On Sunday, the 21st instant, Mrs. Scattergood will give two addresses, and on Sunday week Mrs. Illingworth will give two addresses on "Spiritualism."

THE DISTRESSED FAMILY, BIRMINGHAM.—In looking over accounts, we find that two sums have not been acknowledged: Mr. Mahony, 4s.; Mr. Ainsworth, 5s. 6d. These sums have been paid over in the proper quarter.

WATCHMAN.—We are unable to tell you why you see so many figures and scenes. Sometimes during illness, or when it is coming on, similar experiences are met with; but the same effect may be produced on the vision or imagination by other means.

"Z." thankfully acknowledges the receipt of the following sums which she has received for a "Woman's Mission":—M. B., £1 1s.; T. C., £1 1s.; M. C. B., £1 1s.; D. M., 5s.; K. C., £5; Mrs. Woodforde, £1 1s.; A Friend, £15; another Friend, 10s.; Mrs. B., £1.

THE Bristol and West-of-England Psychological Society have published a series of very elaborate rules. The secretary is Mr. George Tommy, 7, Unity Street, College Green, Bristol, who, on receipt of a stamped envelope, would, no doubt, send a copy on application.

THE ADVERTISER, a Spiritualist, would be glad to join a circle where investigation is carried on simply with a view to discover the truth without reference to religious opinions of any kind. Would be able to sit regularly. Within easy distance of Battersea preferred.—THOS. EDWARDS, 8, Rolls Street, Battersea Park, S.W.

ENTERED into rest, March 12th, at 9 p.m., Barbara Henry, wife of James W. Farquhar. The deceased lady was the wife of the author of the four discourses on "Spiritual Theology," which have recently appeared in the MEDIUM. For a long time she was a sufferer. Her poems breathe piety and spiritual-mindedness, and assure those left behind that the transition must have been a blessed change.

THE NEW HALL (19, Church Street, Upper Street, Islington).—On Sunday evening, 14th inst., Mrs. Bullock occupied the platform and gave an address on "Religion," showing that true religion was not theory, but practice, which was well received by the intelligent audience. After the address, a poem was given by Miss Eager under spirit-control. Next Sunday Mrs. Bullock will again occupy the platform. The subject to be selected by the audience. On Good Friday there will be a social meeting at the above hall, commencing at six o'clock, when all friends are invited.

MRS. SCATTERGOOD IN LONDON.—This eloquent and devoted lady has been invited to come to London for a Sunday or two that her brethren in the South may make her personal acquaintance. She says in her reply, "I could not come before May, for I am engaged for March and April. It is very difficult for me to get away from this district, what with social parties and the opening out of Spiritualism in places where it is not much known." Mrs. Scattergood is of that right sort who do not labour for honour or pay. She is heard of most frequently in places where there is no kind friend to receive her, no funds to remunerate her, but opposition and cross-questioning in the meetings as the sole reward.

GOSWELL HALL MEETINGS.—On Sunday evening Mr. Wallace, the missionary medium, delivered a very able lecture to an appreciative though small audience. A hymn from the "Spiritual Lyre" was sung, and Mr. Haxby read a chapter from the New Testament, and afterwards gave notice that for the present there would be no further meetings held at Goswell Hall. They had been carried on since the beginning of the year at a sacrifice of time and money, and as there was but little prospect of much improvement financially or in the attendance, it was thought that for a time the meetings must be discontinued. Another hymn was sung, and Mr. Wallace, under spirit-influence, rose, and for some forty minutes gave forth to the few friends gathered together a few chosen words, and concluded by exhorting them to follow in the example of Jesus, and to seek for higher and more loving influences than surrounded them at the present time. No particular subject was selected, but much information was given on the immortality of man's soul, the progression of all created beings, the flowing of the divine essence and prime mover in and through all natural and spiritual creation, the dual of all nature and the wonders of vegetation, the feeling of love and the united harmony of purpose in the higher states of progression, &c. At the close of the address a few questions were asked and very ably replied to.

MISS LAWRENCE, THE WELSH MEDIUM.—On Wednesday of last week one of the most interesting seances we ever attended took place at the Spiritual Institution for the benefit of the Wallace Testimonial. Miss Lawrence, from Wales, happened to be in town for a short sojourn, and hearing of the testimonial, freely offered her services. It was her first appearance in public as a medium, and notwithstanding the sympathetic nature of the circle, yet she for some time manifested a considerable degree of nervousness. Two passive sitters were ultimately placed beside her, which improved the control, and the conversation then coming more from the opposite side of the circle, the replies became very interesting. Two controls having been effected, "Dr. David," a French physician, manifested. The conversation turned on Keltic remains, re-incarnation, and the effect of spirit-intercourse on spirits. The information afforded by this spirit very much engrossed the attention of the sitters, some of whom had never been in a circle before. The Doctor is about to write a series of papers on the druids, which, it is hoped, our readers will yet hear of. Then "Rosey Dawn" controlled, and gave Mr. Burns a very good description of a celebrity who stood near him. To a lady the name of a spirit was given. The lady said it must be a mistake, as no such name was known to her. We understand that after going home and making inquiries, the statement of "Rosey Dawn" was found to be quite correct. We were much pleased with Miss Lawrence, who is a young lady of fine organisation, and promises to be a medium of valuable capabilities.

THE LATE NORMAN MACLEOD ON SPIRIT-COMMUNION.

The current number of "Good Words" contains an article by the late Norman Macleod, D.D., on the "Communion of Saints," from which the following extracts are sent us by Mr. Rhodes, Newcastle, formerly of Kilburn:—

"But if this eternal principle of genuine love unites the faithful in heaven with the faithful on earth, in how many ways unrevealed to us, yet guessed at by the instincts of our hearts, may not the holy departed manifest their love to us here? Scripture tells us nothing positive about this, and therefore we do not feel warranted to intrude into things unseen, far less to hold as an article of faith what has not been expressly revealed. But Scripture does not forbid the idea which we may presume humbly to entertain—that heaven is, perhaps, not far away, but surrounding us; that, maybe, the physical journey, from the bed of death to the unseen world of holy and happy souls, is within the confines of the room in which they leave us; that, maybe, love not only becomes more intense because more perfect, but passes into actions in our behalf, and that if angels are ministering spirits, so possibly may saints be also. And thus the power of ministering tender influences, and of gently coming with unheard footfalls and touches of love to comfort and guide, may possibly be assured as a glorious reward to the parent towards the orphan children—to the husband or wife towards the beloved partner left behind. The loving and strong arm on which the weak one leant on earth may not be altogether removed, though unseen; nor the love which burned most brightly at the end, cease to shed its influence on our earthly path, though to our eyes its heavenly origin may be unknown. We do not say that this must be, or that this is; but we do say that it may be, because the Church is one, and its members who have stepped across the threshold of the heavenly sanctuary do not love less, but more; and do not cease to remember, but rather cannot possibly forget."

AN ANTIPODAL SUGGESTION.—AERIAL NAVIGATION.

To the Editor.—Sir,—If aerial navigation is ever to become a practical thing, I think there is only one way in which it may become so. It is dependent upon another question, and if that other question can be settled as I shall point out, the solution of the one difficulty will be the solution of the other.

Certain parties maintain that table-moving is accomplished by the direct agency of intelligent influences wholly outside of both table and parties seated at it; that it will still move, or attempt to move, with the mediums sitting upon the top of it, and even that the influences obtain far better control if the table is suspended in the mediums' hands than if it were resting upon the floor.

(Now if this be so, and seeing that any other light article will answer as well, indeed better, than a heavy heap of furniture, let suitable parties step inside a balloon—it need be raised only so as to float clear of all obstructions—and let them lay their hands upon its fixed timbers, evoking and wishing, and directing according to rule. If no response, Spiritualists will find a difficulty in explaining why; if it does move, they have a victory offhand, and have solved the other problem—only it should be observed that if the controlling influence be bad, the adventurers may not have such a pleasant journey as they would like—in fact, if they do not keep their weather eye open the said victory may result in their being instantly tumbled out and getting their necks broken!

The experiment, preposterous enough looking to be sure, is not really unscientific; it is the logical outcome of the adoption of the table-theory. It is certainly not so unscientific as Sir H. Thompson's "brilliant" theory of man's original descent to earth riding on a meteor!—I am, &c., W. C.

Mount Nebo, New Zealand.

THE COMPREHENSIVE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

On Sunday afternoon, at 3.30, at Cambridge Hall, Newman Street, Mr. F. Wilson lectured on the "Homogeneity of Universalities." The first explanation required was as to the meaning of homogeneity, which was specified as the attempt to realise a homogeneity in that which was not provable; and that which was not provable, but which might be conceived; was the existence of universes in space quite distinct from the one in which we dwell, but that as no mind has the power to think in a straight line, and that spherification was the uniformity in creation, he assumed that each successive universe in its locality verged to an inclosing angle with the preceding straight line, so that the mind in its extended search was brought by the back way to the point from whence it started. The analysis of universality was then comprehensively explained. The subject for next Sunday will be, "The Analysis of the Influence of Messrs. Moody and Sankey."

GOOD FRIDAY AT OLDHAM.—The Spiritualists' committee at Oldham wish you to be good enough to announce the tea-party and meeting they purpose holding in the Temperance Hall on Good Friday. Mr. Wood, Mrs. Scattergood, and other mediums will be present, and it is expected a good sociable evening will be spent. There will be a conference in the morning, to which all Spiritualists are invited.—S. H. QUARMBY.

J. R. MONTAGUE, 2, Unity Street, St. Phillips, Bristol.—We think the spirits should interpret their own writing. Why should they waste your time by giving messages in cryptographic characters? Some local investigators may be able to assist you. Ask the spirits to deal with you in a more straightforward fashion, and not leave you to concede so much to their foibles.

SOVERBY BRIDGE.—Next Sunday, March 21, 1875, Mr. Wm. Swain will speak—afternoon and evening; service at half-past two and half-past six. On Good Friday, March 26, a tea party and entertainment, consisting of songs, recitations, dialogues, &c. Tickets for tea, 1s. each. Tea on the table at half-past four o'clock. On Sunday last Mr. Joseph Armitage, of Batley Carr, spoke under spirit-control, afternoon and evening, to moderate audiences.

BISHOP AUCKLAND.—A soiree will be held on Good Friday in the large room, Mechanics' Institute. Tea on tables at five o'clock p.m. After tea there will be a musical entertainment, given by Spiritualists belonging to the town. The committee hope that the Spiritualists and their friends will assemble in good numbers, and assist to make the affair as successful as possible. Several spirit-photos and other interesting objects will be on view. Tickets for tea and entertainment, 1s. each. Jos. Gibson, Hon. Sec.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—On Friday evening last a seance was held at 45, Westmoreland Place, Eagle Street, City Road, and some very good physical manifestations took place. The direct voices of "John King," "Katie," "Peter," and "Joey" were heard with great satisfaction several times. A concertina was floated, and, with other instruments, carried many times round the room, and above the heads of all present. Some coppers were taken from several of the sitters, and three watches, but all returned to the same individuals. A table standing at one corner of the room was lifted over the heads of the sitters into the centre of the circle. Many large and small spirit-hands were felt. This seance was intended as a benefit to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, but owing to the short notice, only a few friends attended. It is therefore proposed that another seance be held on Wednesday evening next, the 31st instant, at the above address in aid of the Wallace Fund. Admission, 2s. Doors open at eight o'clock.—I remain, yours very truly,

JOHN W. HANBY, Secretary to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace's Testimonial Fund.

8, Sandall Road, Camden Town, N.W.

SEANCES AND MEETINGS DURING THE WEEK, AT THE SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION, 15, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, Mr. Herne, for Wallace Testimonial, at 8. Admission 5s.
SUNDAY, MARCH 21, Mrs. Jackson, at Doughty Hall, 14, Bedford Row, at 7.
MONDAY, MAR. 22, Mr. Herne, Physical Medium, at 8. Admission, 2s. 6d.
WEDNESDAY, MAR. 24, Mr. Herne at 3. Admission, 2s. 6d.
Mrs. Olive, for Wallace Testimonial, at 8. Admission 2s. 6d.
THURSDAY, MAR. 25, Mr. Herne at 8. Admission, 2s. 6d.

SEANCES AND MEETINGS IN LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

FRIDAY, MAR. 19, Mrs. Olive, Seance, at 49, Belmont Street, Chalk Farm Road, at 3 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d.
GREENWICH, 38, Blissett Street, at 8. Mr. Elley, medium.
SATURDAY, MAR. 20, Mr. Williams. See advt.
SUNDAY, MAR. 21, Mrs. Tappan at Cavendish Rooms, 71, Mortimer Street, at 7.
Mr. Cogman, Tea meeting, 15, St. Peter's Road, Mile End Road, at 5.
Mrs. Bullock, 19, Church Street, Upper Street, Islington, at 7.
W. Eglington's Circle for Investigators, held at Westmoreland Hall, 45 Westmoreland Place, City Road. Commence at 11 a.m. Admission free.
MONDAY, MAR. 22, Developing Circle, at Mr. Cogman's, 15, St. Peter's Road, Mile End Road, at 8 o'clock.
Mr. Hocker's Circle for Investigators, 33, Henry Street, St. John's Wood, at 8.45; admission 1s.
Mr. Williams. See advt.
GREENWICH, 38, Blissett Street, at 8. Mr. Elley, medium.
WEDNESDAY, MAR. 24, Lecture at Mr. Cogman's, 15, St. Peter's Road, Mile End, at 8 o'clock.
THURSDAY, MAR. 25, Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism. A Seance at their rooms, 74, Navarino Road, Dalston, E., at 8 p.m. Particulars as to admission of visitors on application to the Secretary.
Mr. Williams. See advt.
FRIDAY, MAR. 26, Mr. Herne's Seance for Spiritualists, at Herne's, Oak Villa, Rockmead Road, South Hackney, at 7. Admission, 5s.

SEANCES IN THE PROVINCES DURING THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, MAR. 21, KNEIGHTLEY, 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.
SOVERBY BRIDGE, Spiritualist Progressive Lyceum, Children's Lyceum, 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Public Meeting, 6.30 p.m.
BOWLING, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 2.30 and 6 p.m. Hall Lane, 2 and 6 p.m.
BOWLING, in Hartley's Yard, near Railway Station, Wakefield Road, at 2.30 and 6 o'clock.
BIRMINGHAM, at Mr. Perks's, 312, Bridge Street West, near Wall Street, Hockley, United Christian Spiritualists at 6 o'clock, for members only.
MANCHESTER, Temperance Hall, Grosvenor St., All Saints, at 2.30.
HALIFAX Psychological Society, Hall of Freedom, Back Lord Street, Lister Lane, at 2.30 and 6. Children's Lyceum at 10 a.m.
NOTTINGHAM, Churchgate Low Pavement. Public meeting at 6.30 p.m.
OSSETT COMMON, WAKEFIELD, at Mr. John Crane's, at 2 and 6 p.m.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, at Freemasons' Old Hall, Weir's Court, Newgate Street, at 6.30 for 7 p.m.
LIVERPOOL, Public Meetings at the Islington Assembly Rooms, at 3 and 7 p.m. Trance-mediums from all parts of England, &c.
DARLINGTON Spiritualist Association, Free Assembly Room, above Hinde Bros. Stores, Ridsdale Street, Yarm Road. Public Meetings at 10.30 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.
SOUTHSEA, At Mrs. Stripe's, 41, Middle Street, at 6.30.
LOUGHBORO', Mrs. Gutteridge, Trance-medium, Dene's Yard, Pinfold Terrace, at 6 o'clock.
GLASGOW, Public meeting, 6.30 p.m., at 164, Trongate.
HECKMONDWIRE, service at 6.30 at Lower George Street.
Developing Circle on Monday and Thursday, at 7.30.
OSSETT Spiritual Institution, Ossett Green (near the G. N. R. Station, Service at 2.30 and 6 p.m. Local mediums.
HALIFAX, Hall of Freedom, Back Lord Street, Lister Lane, at 2.30 and 6.
OLDHAM, Temperance Hall, Horse-Edge Street, at 6.
NEW SHILDON, at Mr. John Sowerby's, 85, Strand Street, at 6 p.m.
MONDAY, MAR. 22, BIRMINGHAM, 58, Suffolk Street, at 8.
TUESDAY, MAR. 23, KNEIGHTLEY, at the Lyceum, at 7.30 p.m., Trance-mediums, Mrs. Lucas and Messrs. Wright and Shackleton.
STOCKTON, Meeting at Mr. Freund's, 2, Silver Street, at 8.15.
NEW SHILDON, at Mr. John Sowerby's, 85, Strand Street, at 7 p.m.
WEDNESDAY, MAR. 24, BOWLING, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 8 p.m.
OSSETT COMMON, at Mr. John Crane's, at 7.30.
Mr. Perks's, 312, Bridge Street, at half-past seven, for development.
LIVERPOOL, Farnworth Street Lecture-room, West Derby Road, Mrs. Olsen at 8. Admission free by ticket, of Mr. Chapman, 10, Dunkeld St.
THURSDAY, MAR. 25, BOWLING, Hall Lane, 7.30 p.m.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Old Freemasons' Hall, Weir's Court, Newgate Street. Seance at 7.30 for 8.
BIRMINGHAM, A Developing Circle, for Spiritualists only, is held at Miss Baker, Ashbourne Place, St. Mark Street, at 8. A good Trance, healing, and Clairvoyant-medium.
FRIDAY, MAR. 26, LIVERPOOL, Weekly Conference and Trance-speaking, at the Islington Assembly Rooms, at 7.30 p.m. The Committee meet at 7.
NOTTINGHAM, Churchgate Low Pavement. Seance at 8 p.m.

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Pianofortes, Polished Walnut, 25 guineas, worth 35 guineas.
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MISS CHANDOS having made the Origin and Eradication of Organic and Nervous Diseases (including Dyspepsia, Consumption, Cancer, and Insanity) a special practical Study, is prepared to undertake the charge of a few additional cases.—Terms: One Guinea per visit (in London), including the necessary specific treatment, or Two Guineas per month if by post.

Miss Chandos continues to give instructions (privately, and by post), on Electro-biology and Mesmerism.—Write to Vale Cottage, Merryvale Street, Balham, Surrey.



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ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE of GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND. [In which are united the Anthropological Society of London, and the Ethnological Society of London.] 4, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, W.C.—President, Col. A. Lane Fox; Treasurer, Rev. Dunbar J. Heath, M.A.; Directors, E. W. Brabrook, Esq., F.S.A., and F. W. Rudler, Esq., F.G.S.—The Institute will meet on **TUESDAY, March 9, at Eight o'clock p.m.** precisely, when the following Papers will be read:—1. "Ultra-Centenarian Longevity," by Sir Duncan Gibb, Bart., M.D. 2. "Molecules and Potential Life," by Rev. Dunbar J. Heath, M.A. J. FRED. COLLINGWOOD, Secretary.

THE NEW SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION, 19, CHURCH STREET, UPPER STREET (opposite the Turkish Baths), ISLINGTON, N. LECTURES, by various speakers, EVERY SUNDAY EVENING, at 7 o'clock. ADMISSION FREE.

A SEANCE will be held every FRIDAY Evening, and a SOCIAL MEETING every SATURDAY Evening, at 8 o'clock, for subscribers.

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MR. J. J. MORSE, INSPIRATIONAL TRANCE SPEAKER, is at present in the United States on a lecturing tour. He will return to England on or about June next. Letters sent to annexed address will be forwarded to him in due course. Warwick Cottage, Old Ford Road Bow, London, E.

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And others.

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