



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

SPIRITUALISM.

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AN INSPIRATIONAL ORATION IN RHYME.

On Sunday, March 31, in accordance with previous announcement in the MEDIUM, &c., an inspirational discourse in rhyme was delivered by Mr. W. J. Colville in the Temperance Hall, Grosvenor Street, Manchester, at 2.30 p.m. Notwithstanding the inclement weather, there was a numerous attendance at the meeting, and a most harmonious feeling prevailed. The service was in commemoration of the 30th Anniversary of Spiritualism. Mr. Fitton led the singing, and Mr. Colville read a chapter from the book of Revelation, and also delivered a poetical invocation. The address purported to be inspired by an ancient Egyptian, who spoke of the object and meaning of the Pyramids, &c. The concluding poem came from the spirit of an Indian maid, who described the incursion of the white man, and spoke feelingly of her care of little children in the land that has no storms.

INVOCATION.

O Thou, our Father, Life of Life Divine,
Thy presence through the universe doth shine;
Thy beautiful life, in all things fully shown,
Proclaims that all things are indeed Thine own.
The mighty planets gyrating through space—
The glorious angels crowned with Thy grace—
The hierarchy of heavenly hosts on high—
Move in their orders and Thy light desire.
Those beautiful ones, surpassing man's poor thought,
Are with fair beauty through all ages fraught;
These mighty ones proclaim Thee—in Thy temple dwell,
Above the things of time and sense their glories far excel.
And we Thy waiting children, who here on earth abide,
Who enter in Thy temple, and worship at their side
In harmony with angels and all the hosts above,
Would know Thee, and adore Thee, and taste Thy matchless love.
O may Thy love descending in heavenly grace this hour,
Come with its magic beauty and give that glorious dower,
The Comforter, whom Jesus hath promised long ago,
Shall come to earth in fulness, and there shall surely flow
A tide of life celestial, sweeping each barrier down,
And all the cares of earthly life in love's fair ocean drown,—
The ocean of sweet peace serene, for ever calm and fair,
Which floweth in all tranquil hearts, and which all loved ones share.
And unto Thee, our Father, our grateful songs we raise;
O may our lives be beautiful, and may we sing Thy praise,
Not only with our lips of dust, to moulder and decay
Within the darkness of the tomb in some near future day,
But with our heart's affections, and with our spirit's power,
Surviving all the wreck of spheres,—we praise Thee at this hour.
Yea, and when time shall vanish, uprising from the tomb,
Will spring forth from the darkness and triumph o'er the gloom;
And even through eternity Thy matchless praise shall be
The work and loving worship of spirits glad and free.
We wait Thine inspiration, O Thou Eternal Mind,
And Thou dost give to every soul who seeketh; all shall find,
That Thy pure river floweth—water of life divine—
And in our souls reflected may Thy fair image shine;
And may the mighty angels who through the courts above,
All crowned with Thy glory, wait downward from above.
Thus may the promised Comforter, descending in this hour,
Cause every waiting soul of man to feel His holy power. Amen.

EXPERIENCES OF AN ASCENDED SPIRIT.

THE PYRAMIDS—INCARNATION, &c.

Down from the states celestial, down from those radiant spheres,
Where every purest thought of mind in unison appears,

And jarring thoughts are banished and never more may come,
To those bright states celestial, to that fair radiant home;
In interstellar spaces, beyond the furthest star
Which shineth in this system, where naught of earth can mar
The harmony celestial which from angel hearts doth flow,
We come to bless your spirits, and fain would have you know
The glories of that upper realm, so radiant and so bright,
Where God's own fairest angels are clothed with his light:
Wherein the glorious temple, with no need of the sun,
Or any light material, man's glorious race is run:
Where shine transcendent glories, where mighty planets roll,
In all their pride and fulness, a-near the heavenly goal.
All souls redeemed and perfect for evermore abide
Within God's living temple, all bathed in love's pure tide.

Amid the darkling shadows of earthly time and sense,
Receive ye God's own angels descending downward thence;
They would come closer to you, but much doth intervene,
They cannot in their fulness, clothed in the ambient sheen
Of light, and peace, and glory, come hitherward and dwell,
Beside and close unto you until your hearts excel
In purity, and virtue, and goodness, meek and mild,
And then shall every living man be truly God's own child.
Yet ye are now His children, for His life doth abide
Within your living bodies, and is the conscious tide
Of life and inspiration, so beautiful, bright, and clear,
Descending down doth bless you; and every spot now dear
And barren shall be made all bright, and beautiful, and fair;
And each soul now on earthly ground in the great light shall share.
And in those upper regions where spirits ever dwell,
Clothed with angel-purity, in goodness all excel,—
They send their loving messengers, who downward come to earth—
Those who were once amongst you, children of human birth;
They come from spheres of spirit all close unto your land,
But clothed with inspiration from that far distant strand.

And he who now addresses you, he fain would speak to-day,
Of days of old, and wondrous things wearing the form of clay,—
Doth come from those spheres near you and close unto your side,
Yet where the angel Beauty in bright light doth abide.

From interstellar spaces which far above each sphere
Are thronged with the inhabitants that some have loved here;
For some on earth have lived, some did on Saturn toil,
And some on Jupiter have dwelt, and some on Venus' soil;
And some from other planets have winged the spirits' flight;
All come, all meet together, crowned with heavenly light.
Now let your thoughts, ascending, meet with the heavenly sphere,
And banish doubt and darkness, and disbelief, and fear
And let your souls commingle with those bright hosts above,
Who feel God's nearer presence, and bask within his love.
Now let each impulse glorious within your souls go forth,
Destroy and crush for ever all pride and earthly wrath,
And banish all that vain desire which is of earth things born,
And under heavenly mysteries ascend; and, like the morn
Comes gradually to greet you with rosy streaks of light,
So God's own fairest angels, who in the nearer sight
Of these transcending glories which now you strive to gain,
Shall come and dwell amongst you and banish all your pain.

'Twas long ago in Egypt I dwelt, and dwell alone;
Outside the city's gates I dwelt, and there the seed was sown
Of future greatness, glory—of that transcendent power
Which the nation called Egyptian achieved in many an hour.
When the great and grand Osiris came down in living flame,
They worshipped him in semblance of the sun, and yet his name
Was ne'er revealed in fulness, the mystery ne'er known
In all its greatest glory to those who here are shown

Merely the outer symbols which speak of things within—
Of living great realities seen not amid earth's din.
Outside the city's gates I dwell, and there did often muse
Upon those mighty powers of heaven which then I strove to use
For furthering the interests of mankind living here;
But yet, alas! imperfectly, for darkness, doubt, and fear
Leaped forth into my human life—I could not there alone
Dwell in that calm, blest solitude; and yet some seed was sown.
As, when the glorious messengers from yonder realms of light
Came down by day to greet me, came down at silent night,
I listened for the voices, I fain would catch the strain—
I fain would bend my ears to catch the melodious refrain
Of that bright angel-choir who sing their songs in peace serene,
Who clothed ever with the light of the mysterious sheen
Of God's own presence. I abide inside that outer gate,
Through which you all shall enter when 'tis your glorious state
To rise above material things and catch a view of heaven;
And God's own spirit bringeth forth to you that precious leaven
Of holy peace celestial which here he doth distil,
And mixes all earth's varied cups with grains of darksome ill,
Only that learning you may rise and blest experience gain,
And mount aloft on eagles' wings to where there comes no pain.

I, in a mystic brotherhood, who dwell within a cave,
Lived there in ancient Egypt, and to the world I gave
Some portion of that knowledge—a portion weak and small,
Which, when it all is gathered, will form a mighty all
Of that grand lore so wondrous which is to Egypt known
Above all other nations, the kindred were mine own.
In language of the spirit, but not in earthly ways,
We dwelt as one blest brotherhood to sing God's holy praise.
We each one were ordained, we felt by grace divine
We knew we were all aided, for though the light did shine
Not like an earthly brightness, but ever bright and fair,
All earthly things transcending, and all the upper air,
And all the atmosphere, so bright, so beautiful, which you see,
On earth is dim and darksome—it appears so now to me—
As though the human instrument in words which yet my own
I fain would speak unto you, and fain I would make known
Some portion of my history, and tell you of those days
When living on the mortal plane I strove mankind to raise
Above their darksome customs, idolatries, and rites,
In which they were abiding, and strove, and hard did fight.
The light now streaming brightly from heaven's eternal throne
Shall come and dwell amongst you and claim you for its own,
And every waiting soul receive that inspiration given
From higher realms of cloudless light when darksome skies are riven;
And when the rifts in the dark veil let in that light supreme,
There comes a power, a presence, there comes a heavenly beam.
It lighteth all with glory, it floodeth every place,
It makes us meek and humble, bow low, and veil each face.
Before the glorious messenger we kneel and low adore
The messenger of mercy who comes to every shore,
And there beneath that glorious light continually would be
Until the higher mystery some day we hope to see.
But in the temple's service, above the azure sky,
Above the vault of heaven, in light ye ne'er descry,
They stand (those ancient angels) before the presence grand,
For the pure in heart alone can see the fingers of God's hand,
And those bright radiant fingers are angels bright and fair,
And called on earth Melchisedek; in this order I did share—
That ancient order which abides within the spirit-sphere.
But down to earth the angels do come all close and near;
To earth they bend their pathway, and fain would gather in
The temple's service of pure light all who strive against sin,
And after holiness so blest and virtues ever new—
The order of Melchisedek in earthly sense was true.
But every higher impulse—and these are greater far
Than that poor fleeting priesthood which many faults doth mar—
Is known only to the angels who dwell far up on high,
And in twelve glorious circles the inner light descry,
And 'neath them, that great multitude which gathered from afar
Are meeting all together and dwell in yon bright star,
Are never soiled by earthly things, are never stained when here;
They come as purging flames of light, their purity is clear,
Made manifest in outward life, and to those the prophets claim
The grand prophetic angels fired with the heavenly flame
Of holiest inspiration, the instruments remain
On earth, yea, all imperfect, but yet they strive to gain
Those heights, those realms celestial, where evermore abide
The fair and loving angels, and where flows love's pure tide.

'Twas to that ancient order, as a subservient one
To those who were my teachers, that I on earth did run,
A stream of glorious prophecy, a stream of mystic light
Which flooded us with knowledge and ravished with delight
Our waiting appetites of soul as each did strive to gain,
The meaning of the mystery, and lo! it was made plain.

We had in ancient Egypt our science and our law,
An almost perfect system, with scarce a single flaw:
A system bright and beautiful—it corresponded well
In outward things and semblance to those truths which excel
The mightiest flight of intellect, the mightiest flight of soul;
It did transcend it all full well, and was a wondrous whole
Of peace and purity. 'Twas brought when in ages past did dwell
Mystics in caves of solid earth that their spirit might excel
In all its power and triumph above each earthly thing,
And let their soul fly forth all free, expanding every wing.
And in those ancient Pyramids which now ye love so well
To strive to gain the knowledge of, we tell you there doth dwell
A deep and ancient mystery; 'tis graven on the stone
In wondrous hieroglyphics whose meaning is made known
By those fair angels who did come and down to earth did bend
Their loving footsteps; unto men with loving thought they tend.

But know the time is not yet in fulness and in power
To reveal the ancient meaning conferring heaven's high dower.
Science, she may explore them; she may the meaning show
Of outward signs and symbols, but no inward light doth flow—
The living, vital presence, meaning surpassing far
All ye can understand while here of those deep things which are
The spirit's inner purity if ye displace the soul
And claim that the material part of all things is the whole.

Some imagine that Osiris—that mighty angel bright—
Was only that fair sun which ye see gives its beautiful light;
And think the veiled Isis was but the mother earth,
The mother of material things who bringeth into birth
But earthly things and semblance, each bright and beautiful flower,
Each insect fluttering on the breeze, which liveth scarce an hour.
Some dream that mighty Horus, the son who, born in love
To Osiris and the Isis, coming down from realms above,
Was but the outward atmosphere and the material air.
Ah, no, the inner mystery which we would fain declare
Was this:—the grand Osiris was God who dwells on high,
The ever-living Spirit whom we would fain descry
In all His works and worship through the day's glorious rays,
Because the highest image through which we here could praise
The mighty glorious Spirit pervading every space
And flooding every soul of man with His transcending grace.
We knew that the male element in God dwelt not alone,
We knew the female principle upon the earth was shown;
And therefore mother Earth, she taught the mystery sublime—
Conjunction with the masculine, and they are both divine.
'Tis thus that mighty Nature, whose powers ye strive to know,
Is fraught with every blessing, and glorious truths doth show
In Nature's silent volume—the book which all who may read,
May read it in their solitude; perusing it, indeed,
May gain some knowledge beautiful, and though within a book,
A book of earthly parchment ye fain would strive to look
And find God's own word written; say do ye find it there?
Ye find it there in semblances, ye find there but one share;
Each prayer, each aspiration, each grand and holy thought,
Each deed o'er sin victorious, is with God's own word fraught;
Each action ye're performing to bless your fellow men,—
It is God's word, the mighty book which ever stands open
In the grand book of Nature, with every sun and sphere,
With every centre bright and grand, and e'en each trickling tear
Which flows in swelling sorrow, when man weeps over sin,
Is a blest and telling sermon which heaven's high praise doth win.
We know that God's own word of love is spoken in its might
Wherever any child of man strives after truth and right.

And this was the foundation of our religion pure,
This was the rock on which we built, we made our standing sure;
Not on the fleeting sands of Time, which change with every tide,
But on the eternal rock of Truth, which through all years abide.
For in the sense celestial the truth doth never change,
But in the sense material the atoms varying range;
The outer forms may vanish, and they are cast aside,
And others brought together, and they, too, must abide
Only until one angel, far brighter than the rest,
Can come to earth directly—give to man's inmost breast
Another mighty cycle, another epoch grand,
Another wave of Truth sublime, poured out in every land.

And 'twas six thousand years ago, six thousand at the least,
When in the land of Egypt we had a mighty feast,
A feast of things celestial, all spiritual and fair—
Through dispensations mighty this glory we declare.
'Twas then we thought of building that Temple of the Sun,
Which now abides at Memphis though many centuries run,
And through the changes of the times and vacillating days,
Outlives much desolation; it remains unto the praise
Of those who made that structure from spiritual thought,—
That is with brightest knowledge and inmost meaning wrought.
We finished not that temple till a thousand years away
From the time the thought conceived within our minds did stay.
'Twas gradually developed through many passing years,
'Twas gradually forming with many doubts and fears.
Those who did form the priesthood would gather all in one,
And built that mighty Temple they thought was God's own throne.
And how was that great building, fashioned with art and care,
Brought, as it is, together, its summit high in air.
The mighty monuments remain, they point far up on high.
'Twas built of stone prepared, and gathered, and brought nigh;
In all the various portions 'twas fashioned with great care
Of materials brought together, which we shaped when all were there.
We builded all the pyramids in well-known ancient ways,
Forming from things brought thither; and when there is the grace
And beauty of the workmanship of the ancient system seen
Investing renowned buildings with long enduring sheen.
'Twas nigh unto perfection, and far more great and free
From the fear of wreck and damage than that which now you see.
The great civilisation, and the glory of your name,
To-day in works of art and skill is by Egypt put to shame.

We built these mighty pyramids for burial of our kings,
And even now resounding through all the courts there rings
The record of the ancient days, and of those heights sublime
To which the ancient monarchs did ever strive to climb.
We built them for the purpose of spiritual art,
We built them for our temples, and in their very heart
Were taught the sacred precepts of every mystic ray
To those who were noviciates; and when their spirits lay
In wonderful communion with regions passing fair,
The messengers of holiness did God's own truth declare.

Ye see the sarcophagus is a wonder e'en to-day,
It was a deep mysterious rite, and none could pass away

From out its cleansing tides till they were cleansed from fleshly ill;
 They fain would then to brighter heights be aye ascending still,
 And pass to higher orders mid mysteries profound,
 So great, so grand, so wonderful, e'en in the outer sound.
 All round that bath* were gathered, all things were made complete,
 And as the youngest students were sitting at the feet
 Of those who were the ancients, they passed through the fire—
 The purifying element—and every dark desire,
 And every low ambition, concerning things of earth,
 Must die within the bosom e'er the true spirit's work
 Was magnified, exalted, and those who came to be
 Our priesthood were redeemed—from the ills of flesh set free.
 And thus we lived for ages, and thus we dwelt while there,
 In caves and mystic settlements all fashioned with care;
 And in the wondrous Pyramids we worshipped day by day,
 Beneath the surface of the ground; and the mighty crypts there stay,
 And from the inner chamber, ye may them all explore;
 They communicate with Nilus which flows up from the shore,
 For, lo! the mighty river did overflow its banks,
 And open were recesses and all the inner tanks.
 Not only was it annual,—this is needful for the clime,—
 But it flooded banks and overflowed more freely at some time,
 And to gather altogether our sheep and all our goods
 Was the work of the people in so far as we could;
 Upon the Nilus bank we built those store-houses for grain
 Which now to-day in some ways a mystery remain.
 But these were not the Pyramids as some have thought on earth,
 The Pyramids were builded for things of heavenly birth;
 Not only for the burial of the kings of earthly clime,
 But for the burial of all earth's low desires
 In those who strove to climb the heights of inspiration,
 And from that priesthood grand raised up a mighty nation,
 Under the great Melchisedek, who dwelt within our land,—
 For the angels in the heavens held free converse in our hand.

I lived on earth at that time when the Pharaohs lived and died,
 When Joseph and the children of Israel did abide
 Within the land of Goshen, and all the slaves did seek
 By daily toil that they might build those wondrous things; and meek,
 And silent all, and patient, they at the work would be
 Until one Pharaoh passed away, another came, who, free
 From purity and virtue, actions just and fair,
 Would strive to heap upon them more work than they could bear.
 With pride and vain ambition, did this great Pharaoh throw
 His fierce commands upon them with passion's angry glow;
 Ye know that mighty Egypt now liveth in the past
 Concerning inspiration why did not her fame last?
 Why are not mighty spirits now dwelling in that land?
 Why is it not the centre of each fair favoured band?
 Why is it not? We tell you,—because built by the slave
 Were those great mighty temples where mankind sought to lave
 Their spirits in the mystery of glorious things divine,
 And God and angels blest them not, because they did oppress
 The myriads who did work for them; they lost their blessedness
 Because they far away did turn from heaven's celestial dower
 Of charity, and strove to gain distinction and earth's power.
 Then, as a word of warning, if ye oppress to-day
 The hireling who in your land abides, and if ye stay
 The progress of advancement and gather all in one,
 And strive to make men slaves on earth, so that your course is run
 To satisfy ambition, ill, the dark impending doom
 Shall come upon fair England, and blast her boasted bloom.
 'Twas thus in ancient Egypt catastrophes so dire
 Came down upon the people as token of God's ire.
 And why was his ire kindled? Because innocent must die
 In the chains and galling fetters so that monarchs might rise high;
 And that is why the mystery is now to be made known,
 Because God's glorious presence is once more fully shown
 To all the nations freely, without exception one;
 And as ye strive to grasp the truth, and every evil shun,
 So shall ye know the wonders and feel the magic power
 Of that bright holy spirit who is God's choicest dower.

I lived on earth to gather the records of old time,
 I lived on earth that I might be a father in my clime;
 I gained with the priesthood a glorious height sublime,
 And I was venerated in Egypt's mystic clime.
 But lo! I died in exile, I wandered far away,
 To Persia and Hindostan; there from the ills of clay
 I mounted to the realms above—I mounted to that sphere
 Above the earthly atmosphere where pure light shineth clear;
 And through the vibrant spaces, through every mystic zone,
 I passed on all swiftly till, claiming for my own
 A beauteous habitation, formed of thought divine.
 I dwelt there, and I found there aye and anon doth shine
 The outcome of each action which here I did on earth,
 Not for a vain ambition, but born with heavenly birth.
 And rising high and higher through every wondrous state,
 I mounted through the atmosphere and sought the glorious fate
 Which yet awaits each spirit—the union all divine
 In the states pure and celestial, where the counterpart doth shine
 Within each mystic angel a knowledge of that state
 Where, before he came to earth, he dwelt in that same beauteous state.
 But descending through each wondrous sphere, disunion then doth
 come;
 And as souls downward bend to earth and dwell in earthly home,
 On earth live disunited, but re-united come
 To heavenly heights of beauty—each to th' appointed home;
 And all earth's dark experience is needful for the soul
 To become a conscious spirit and reach the heavenly goal.
 To make your inmost spirit God's fitting dwelling-place,
 Oh, be it all your earnest care to seek and use His grace,

For not as machines dwelling within his temple gate
 Will God for aye be served, but those who gain high state
 Do gain it by experience, and through all earthly lore
 And through all mighty strivings, as in the days of yore,
 The spirits new, who, passing to yonder beauteous state,
 Find the bright and mystic angel close, close beside the gate.

But oh! the glories holy, and oh! the magic power
 Which all can feel in heaven, and which we fain would shower
 Down on the earth this moment, and flood your minds with light,
 And cause all vain desires of earth to give the place to right.
 As ye aspire for knowledge, so ye will surely gain
 An entrance to that world of love where pure delights remain;
 But not until the spirit is cleansed from each stain,
 And above all earth's ambition, can you glories brightly gain,
 And truly I have learned humility is the way,
 The only way to heaven, and those on earth who stay,
 And think by vain ambition to rise and to aspire
 To find the blest fulfilment of their own souls' desire.
 In truth make known the mystery, no longer dark and drear,
 Will find their disappointment when reaping doubt and fear.
 O, all earth's seeking children, this truth now fully know,
 'Tis through the lowly ports of love that heavenly truth doth flow.

I passed up through the bright spheres, I saw the planets roll,
 I passed on full swiftly, striving to reach the goal,
 And found in realms supernal my highest chief delight
 In ministering ever to dark ones clad in night;
 And when the bright and glad ray which, born of love divine,
 Did penetrate my bosom and round each fibre twine,
 I found in heaven the loved one I long had sought on earth;
 I found as the handmaid of God, through purest birth
 Into the upper regions, all earth-thoughts cast aside,
 With truth and love onflowing in one perpetual tide.
 Now in a glorious state we dwell, for ever bright and clear;
 I live now re-united with her who is most dear
 Unto my inmost spirit, because in love divine
 We now are joined together; and straightway there doth shine
 With every heavenly marriage a bright and beauteous ray,
 Which addeth to the lustre of the spirit realm's bright day.

Before my heavenly marriage, before I gained that state
 Abiding in the lower spheres outside the beauteous gate,
 I came to earth again, I dwelt when Jesus lived here.
 I was not re-incarnated, but when I would come near
 The earth 'twas through a medium—through John the Baptist then,
 I spoke the words I had to tell, and fain I would revive
 The inspiration beauteous, known to the ancient time,
 In the spirit of Elias revealed into earth's clime.
 I came as one of that band which when he dwelt below
 Did form to guiding angels who strove ill seed to sow
 Before the great Messiah should come in heavenly power
 And shed on earth the fulness of his true celestial dower.
 I came through John the Baptist, I walked on earth through him,
 And I saw the loving Jesus, I saw the bright light beam
 On Palestine's fair mountains, I saw him there abide
 Within the temple of our God, and lo! his steps did glide
 So swift and softly o'er your earth, her soft, bright carpet green,
 Clothed with nature's bright array, and decked with flowery sheen.

I came again when Angelo did work in mighty Rome;
 I fashioned great St. Peter's, and the thought was all mine own.
 But through the earthly medium was the presence known to earth,
 The presence of the spirit who fain would find its birth,
 E'en through the mind's most strong desire revealed in outward things,
 When bright imagination expands its wondrous wings.
 I worked here for a brief time, I strove to gain control,
 And not understanding fully the mystery of soul,
 It is not all revealed: re-incarnation's taught
 In the way we do not mean it—there is a meaning fraught,
 A hidden meaning, hid beneath that doctrine, we declare,
 But not as ye understand it, for each soul doth declare
 Its own distinctive entity, and each soul doth abide
 But once within the earthly form until it's glorified.

But those who wander through the states of darkness sad and drear,
 And cannot rise to heaven, by reason of their fear—
 By reason of their bondage, they come to earth again,
 But, working through another, they on the earth remain,
 And that is how the spirits which now descend to-day
 Oft come to gain experience—they linger and they stay,
 And through the human instrument the life is e'en their own
 Which they live through that medium, and thus the truth is shown,
 I say this, for ye doubtless know a brighter light shall come,
 And fuller meaning shall be shown from the bright, beauteous home
 Of those fair ancient regions where spirits bright abide,
 And where love's beauteous river doth with life perpetual glide.

This is the anniversary of spiritual truth,
 Which came into this century when, in their early youth,
 Two ladies in their quiet home heard rappings soft and low,
 Then loud and strong enough to deal to error mighty blow.
 The future life is now revealed, and, to the earth's surprise,
 Credulity is stunned, atheism ne'er shall rise
 Again to stand victorious with head up to the skies.
 And now to-day we pray you look onward, and aspire,
 The darkling mists shall vanish; for lo! the heavenly fire
 Which, like that flame celestial Prometheus stole from heaven,
 Shall come to earth once more, and bless with consecrated leaven.
 The old Church and the old State shall vanish and decay,
 The sun it shall be darkened, the moon's light pass away;
 The stars shall fall from heaven, not in the earthly sense,
 But in the spiritual kingdom they are departing thence,
 And mouldering into ashes, consumed in the fire.
 Shall all earthly institutions fade away; yet we desire
 To see the glorious re-birth, the phoenix from the flame
 Shall rise again all clothed, bearing God's holy name,

* The sarcophagus, which was used in the ancient Egyptian mysteries as an initiatory process prior to adepthood.—CONTROLLING SPIRIT.

And holding wide the banner, which shall wide-furled be
Over each earthly nation to set them all quite free
From earthly cares and bondage, redeeming from the pain
And sorrows of the earthly state, and lo! there shall remain
That tide of light celestial which streameth on your earth;
It never more shall vanish; it shall fulfil your birth
Into the kingdom spiritual, as ushered in to-day,
If ye within your inmost souls for ever strive and pray
To gain that knowledge glorious which from the heights sublime
Of heaven's eternal beauty descendeth to each clime.

I speak with feeble accents, and faltering I tell
Of wonders which I knew took place on earth, but there doth dwell
Within my heart a knowledge more beautiful and fair
Than that I gained on this earth, and which I shall declare
When next I can address you respecting that fair state
In the spiritual region inside the pearly gate,
'Neath the glorious vault of heaven, that bright bespangled dome
Beneath whose radiant beauty I find my spirit-home.
When passing from the earth I saw the dark ones bound in chains,
Who could not gain the heavenly place because the lingering pain
And strong desire for earthly things was uppermost in the mind.
They wandered on in darkness, and their rest they could not find
Until with the bright spirits and with the angel-throng
They would unite their voices and the music strains prolong
With that sweet grace humility, and praise their God on high
Whose light doth beam in holiness to each aspiring eye.
I passed through the spheres of which the spirits fain would tell
Where the poets and the sculptors in beauteous union dwell,
And where all the musicians with their harp-strings ever strung
To the music all celestial, and where the joy-bells rung
From those who fain would gather the flowers from earthly clime,
Transplant them into Paradise above the wrecks of time.
I saw the great philanthropists who laboured here for man;
I saw the seers and sages who revealed God's own plan;
I saw the loving Jesus and his apostles twelve—
I saw them all together, and yet I fain would delve
Into the inner mystery, and gain the knowledge true
Which underneath the surface is reserved for each of you.
I saw the mighty planets as they gyrate through all space;
I saw them burning, shining. I saw that God's own grace
Within no given limits doth abide; naught can confine
The freedom of His Spirit which through all worlds doth shine.
And at the beauteous entrance of the last and seventh sphere,
Which appertains unto your earth, I passed within all clear
The heights, the depths, the glories I knew full soon would be
Revealed in power unto me, but I am not fully free
From earthly things, and therefore not in the highest state
Do I abide at this time, but in that outer gate
Which appertains unto your world, and therefore I came here,
And fain would as a loving friend make earth less sad and drear;
But I came as one amongst you—I came as one who dwells
Within the spheres which appertain to earth; but there excels
A brighter, nobler region, to which I now aspire,
And which I fain would hope to gain with ardent, strong desire.
And now my upward flight I wing, and bless you all this day;
I cannot linger longer, I cannot longer stay
At this time to address you, but let my words abide,
In so far as they are spoken with an impulse purified—
Thoughts high, pure, and uplifted, drops of a crystal tide.
The truth which I have uttered bind on your hearts to-day,
But the dross, the earthly stubble, I pray you cast away.

"Winoona," an Indian maiden, then gave a poem descriptive of her earthly and spiritual homes. She is the counterpart of the Egyptian spirit who gave the discourse.

"WINOONA'S" POEM.

Across the beautiful streamlet which outside your earth doth wait,
To waft every spirit over, the waters between the gate
Of the beautiful radiant region we term the land of the free,
Of every clime and nation, I come now greeting ye.
On earth as an Indian maiden I dwelt in a wigwam rude
With my much-loved earthly kindred, till the pale-faced ones pursued
And swiftly overtook us, and burned our dwellings down,
And in a sea of raging fire our lives and homes did drown.
I lived such time as the cities of the mighty Western plain
Were scarce in contemplation; the prairies did remain
In all their pristine beauty, the scenery so grand
I cannot well describe it, but yet the spirit-land—
O, it is far more radiant with every sweet delight;
So I envy not the pale-faced, who fiercely strive and fight,
To gain from our poor brethren their portion on your earth,
For they cannot wrest away from us our land of heavenly birth.
I come now to your people, and a word of warning give:
Ye cannot build your heavenly home while here on earth ye live,
Of perishable substance, of goods, of earthly clay,
All built upon this fleeting and will quickly pass away;
But every act of kindness, and every thought of right,
Is a gem within the diadem souls wear in heaven's fair height.
I found each deed of mercy I on the earth performed
Was registered in bright light. If I had clothed and warmed
A wayward, weary traveller, e'en though a pale-faced chief;
If I had ever offered to sorrowing ones relief;
E'en to a wounded animal, if I had succour given,
When from the earth I passed, and all the clouds were riven
Which hid my radiant homestead fashioned of thought on high,
Each was a beauteous floweret of bright and sparkling dye;
And in my home abiding, full many an earthly child,
Who is sent forth from earth-life by fierce storms rude and wild,
Doth dwell with me. I tend them, and find my highest joy,
As every sparkling moment I usefully employ.
With blessings free and copious I now will take my leave,
And as I enter my canoe, again I fain would breathe

On each and all amongst you some blessings from that home
Where I dwell, sweetly married, from which I never roam,
Except to bring you blessings in flowers which 'neath the sky
That is for ever genial spring forth, and never die.
"Winoona" showering roses now from you takes her flight,
And prays you to preserve them, and let no savage blight
Of earth's ambition wither the graces of the soul,
But yield all powers of being to love's most sweet control.

ORIENTAL CONTROLS.

(Reported and communicated by A. T. T. P.)

GODFREY DE BOUILLON.

"June was a fortunate month in my career. Ringing through every street and square of Boulogne was the call to arms. In those days religion was a fixed idea with high and low. Ignorant, illiterate, and unaccomplished as were my forefathers—French nobles, and also her sister England's nobles—still, without fear of contradiction, I make this assertion, that by them in the days in which I lived on earth was God more duly served and His ordinances better observed. Where ignorance prevails, the power of the priesthood is ascendant. From these messengers of the Pontiff's will, charged to command us, we took our orders, and those who would fain have remained at home looking after their tenants and lands were compelled to adorn themselves with the insignia of Soldiers of the Cross and enlist under the blessed banner of Rome, swearing to fight for the delivery of the Holy Land.

"I, Godfrey de Bouillon, heir of Lorraine, with my two brothers, Eustace and Baldwin, of Flanders, serving under me, had the command of the army given to me, enlisted for that purpose. Have you been to Nice—I mean Nice in Bythynia?" I answered, "No." "Before arrival there our forces stayed at Philopolis in Thrace on our going—I mean Philopolis then under the command of Alexius Comnenes. I can remember him well. He was one of the Greek Emperors, effeminate in appearance; so were nearly all his subjects. Our Western warriors were giants among these people. As for any knowledge of the art of war, it did not exist among them. Learning had arrived at such an extent as it has to-day, making many, as to-day, ignore the idea of a divine God in consequence of being forced to acknowledge the whole of the truth contained in Holy Writ. Reason rebelling against it, they throw themselves on the broad wave of atheism. So with these effeminate Greeks; they had reached to a high state of the so-called civilisation, and had learnt the way to ignore their God. Foreign soldiers, mostly British born, defended the body of the Greek emperor, forming his body-guard. Foreign soldiers defended his palace and its environs. Mine was a stormy interview with him. He held the brother of the King of France in captivity. I demanded his release. I would have brought the walls of Philopolis about his ears had he denied my request. I had no feeling of Christian love for his people. Sir, I am not, nor was I ever, a bigot; but man denies his reason when he denies his God's sovereignty.

"Amicably settled were the difficulties between Alexius and myself, and in the happy month of June—and June on earth was a happy month always to me—we besieged Nice, then the capital of the Sultan Suleiman; and afterwards, in the succeeding year and same month, Antioch, in 1098, and Nice was in 1097; and in 1099 besieged the city for whose deliverance this mighty mass of warriors was formed. Blood on either side flowed like water in this quarrel. The Sultan's people loved and revered this Jerusalem as much as did the Christians, for there had Mohammed's sacred feet trod. 'Twas there that the patriarchs mentioned in their Koran had their resting place. 'Twas there the most sacred place of worship was erected—the mosque in which it was death for a foreigner or any infidel to enter. Therefore, in the defence of this place, as sacred to themselves as to us, they fought like fiends—they with an undaunted courage and zeal, we with a fixed intention of conquering.

"We entered triumphant victors on the 15th of the next month, and in the sacred sepulchre of God's chosen one—of Him whose purity of life is an example to all men, of Him whom God so bountifully blessed with spiritual power, that men to-day should hold to the opinion 'that He was co-equal with His Creator'—in that sepulchre I knelt, praying God to take from my heart all earthly ambition; and as I so prayed, standing round about me were blessed spirits,—blessed, for I have seen them in spirit-life. None so beautifully arrayed as those I then saw. 'Whatever has been thy belief,' spoke one to me, 'concerning Him who rested here, thy intention has been pure and holy. Independent of religious creed, thou hast been an obedient son, a loving brother, and a good warrior. Go onward in thy path, and be blessed in thy going. Thy journey on earth, as a reward for thy service to God, will not be prolonged, and a year hence we will come again and fetch thee.'

"After this interview with these spiritual beings, a knowledge, foreign to my former nature, seemed to possess me. I began for the first time to believe in good works as infinitely superior to faith. I began to believe, for the first time, that he who arrives at the sovereignty of the Almighty, and acknowledges it, and lives a pure and holy life, is a man who pleases God well. So different became my thoughts from those of the past—they would have made me King of Jerusalem—I refused the crown of jewels and gold in the very city in which He whom God had loved had been crowned with thorns, but I accepted the title of Baron of Jerusalem—Defender of the Holy Sepulchre. This knowledge still continued with me; I was enabled by its means to establish a thorough and complete system of jurisprudence, whereby the feudal system was

established,—the highest law of European liberty, in this city which had been so long subjected to Asiatic despotism.

"And they met me again, as they promised. A twelvemonth exactly—at the same hour, and in the same place—I met them, and my higher life began, praise be to Almighty God, never to end. Would you ask anything of me?" I asked him whether the opinion he had formed of the Mohammedans was the same as generally expressed by Christian writers? In reply he said: "No—they were as conscientious believers in their faith as Christians in theirs, and in many respects purer lives. That he had known many learned and high-minded Saracens, and was much indebted to some of them for acts of kindness. I have a few regrets as to my treatment of them. I regret the destruction of the Sultan of Egypt on Ascalon's field. You had better prepare questions, and I will give answer by answer when I next control."

January 27, 1878.

VISIONS AND PREMONITIONS OF WAR.

(Extract from the *Concile de Libre Pensée*.)

Jan. 1874.—If a collection were made of all the dreams, premonitory visions, and warnings which are recorded in history, ancient and modern, hundreds of volumes would not contain them. We have reported a few of the most remarkable ones in the *Revue Spiritualiste*. We shall now make known a series of visions which we have witnessed ourselves, and which have been actually fulfilled.

These visions date from the period of my retirement into the country, and I have published some of them in the 8th and 9th volumes of the above-mentioned review. Probably the quiet and solitary life I led during that time contributed to that state of oneiromancy, and I have given it our most serious attention, having had no other mediumistic aids.

The year in which these visions of great contemporary events followed close upon one another, was the year 1866. I anticipated the war which terminated in the bloody battle of Sadowa. The night following the battle I had a vision of a lancer, whom I recognised by his uniform to be an Austrian Uhlan. He held a lance with a black pennant, and he was singing a mournful martial air, which I remembered to have heard in my youth sung by the veterans who were witnesses of the disasters of 1812 and 1813:—

"There they lie, and they sleep on the ground,
And the drum shall rouse them no more."

This vision made a painful impression on me, which haunted my waking hours. During the day the telegram announcing the defeat of Sadowa confirmed the truth of my dream.

In 1867 I took a special interest in Garibaldi's efforts to liberate Rome, and restore it to Italy. My earnest prayers were offered for the success of the modern Cincinnatus. The day after the action at Mentana, where the chaspeots of M. de Failly worked miracles, I had a distressing vision. I saw two white doves lying dead on the floor of a dim granary. Two night-birds of prey had transfixed them with their beaks. But these birds of prey were themselves dead, and stretched beside the bodies of the doves. This vision, the full significance of which I did not perceive at first, caused me a painful impression. I fancied that Garibaldi and his son were symbolized by the two doves, and that they had come to grief. I was then sojourning at the Villa Palissy, at Joinville-le-Pont. On the following morning I mentioned my dream and my fears to a Mr. Houdville, a neighbour of mine, a gardener and confirmed Spiritualist. News from Italy soon after convinced me that my interpretation of the dream was the right one. Seeking to elucidate the full meaning, I believed that the two birds of prey represented the Pope and the Man of December, who would come to their end after their struggle against the pure principle of liberty, which they had succeeded in crushing once more.

After the events which, in consequence of an absurd policy, alienated Italy, and increased the power of Prussia indefinitely, we had a series of visions, some of which were incomprehensible, until the accomplishment of certain great events threw a light upon them.

We were yet in 1867. One day I saw an innumerable multitude of armed men approaching Paris from Germany, and the French Empire falling in consequence of this great movement. At first I thought the vision was retrospective, and imagined that I was beholding once more the invasion of 1814. But sad events were soon to show us that this vision had to do with the fall of the Second Empire, which, moreover, had already been unanimously predicted by a host of somnambulists and mediums. I spoke of these visions to one of my subscribers whom I chanced to meet about this time. It seemed to impress him seriously. This was none other than Monsieur Saulay, a senator, and a member of the Institute.

On another occasion I saw a black cloud of ravens swoop down upon the fields in the immediate neighbourhood. The apparition of these birds of evil augury impressed me painfully. I saw them fluttering about the field and the tall trees, under the shade of which I used to seat myself, after which they resumed their flight toward the east. Subsequently, I knew that these ravens were symbols of the black Prussians, and the carnage of Champigny and Villiers-sur-Marne, two places where I had once sojourned.

Shortly after, I saw myself returning from the north of France, my native country, to Paris. I met with cavalry officers in foreign uniforms, one of whom, a middle-aged man, thrust me

aside with the point of his sabre, and ordered me, in an imperious voice, to stand off. This dream, which I was not able to explain at the time, had a very disagreeable effect upon me. In 1871, I got the interpretation of it. On reaching the Creil station in my return from my native place, I became aware, not without considerable distress of mind, of the presence of Prussian soldiers there. One of them, just as I reached the refreshment room, drew his sword on me, and turned me back. Every feature of this man's face brought back my vision of 1867.

In 1870, about the commencement of the year, there appeared before me a hideous skeleton. Soon after I saw the first Napoleon coming toward me. He had his jackboots, his little hat, his aquiline nose, and prominent chin. But his look was dull, his overcoat was no longer grey, but a dirty yellow. He would have shaken me by the hand, but I withdrew it, saying to him: "I love you not; you have wronged too deeply the cause of humanity. You have persecuted good men and true, and have falsified history. You know that I have judged you severely in my 'Drame de Waterloo.' Why, then, do you come to me? What do you want with me?" He answered: "I come to you not to complain, or to reproach you. It is true you have treated me very roughly in your 'Historical Restoration of the Campaign of 1815.' Yet, after all, you were right. You have illustrated the principles of truth, which I and my flatterers had obscured. I am willing to acknowledge this now. But that is not the question. You well know that I have always been passionately attached to France. I see her now, unless adequate precautions are taken, on the eve of a terrible crisis. Corruption is universal. Soldierly virtue is extinct. The men whom I have always detested, cowards, traitors, army contractors, unprincipled controllers, swarm in all ranks of the army. They believe themselves fully equal to a struggle with Germany, but they are mistaken. They have not taken the simplest measures of precaution. They have no knowledge of the real state of the enemy's forces, and the superiority of their warlike preparations. They are about to rush blindly into a great war, and will encounter nothing but disaster. I would, above all things, prevent such a catastrophe, by offering them my counsel. To effect this I have need of someone to interpret my ideas, a man like you, whom I can inspire. The perusal of your grand 'Epic of the Second Year,' and your 'Drama of Waterloo,' in the composition of which I have assisted you, though you knew it not, have convinced me that you were born with the genius of a great general. Your countenance is exceedingly like that of Hannibal. You understand, perfectly, great questions of strategy. We should understand one another,—I a spirit, and you my interpreter. Instructions have to be given to the Council of War, and to him—my so-called nephew—who rules. I appeal, then, to your patriotism."

I replied that I was deeply moved by his behaviour to me; that numerous visions had already warned me of the imminent catastrophe; that, in view of the purpose he had communicated to me, I was quite willing to stifle all antipathies, and to serve him, but that I greatly feared I should not be listened to; that if I appeared before the Council of War, they would never believe that I was in earnest. He replied that I must make the attempt, and that the good genius of France would do the rest. Whereupon he caused me to accompany him along the high road toward the frontier, the same that runs by my native place, and which he had followed with his guard on the way to Waterloo. On our way we met a family of legitimists, who turned their backs on him, and who, being ignorant of my reasons for attending the murderer of the Duc d'Enghien, upbraided me for my newly formed intimacy with him, and called me a renegade. "This kind of people," he said, "are always the same. I did everything for them, but they clung to me only while I was in power. These are the ingrates who are quite willing to receive benefits at our hands, but never think of making any return. My greatest blunder was making their bed for the Bourbons. May history pardon me."

While this incident took place, a number of French regiments were moving by us in silence, hanging their heads in a mournful way. They all carried their guns under the left arm, and their cloaks were of the same colour as the overcoat of Napoleon—a dirty yellow.

Passing between these regiments we drew near to the staff officers of the army, but they would not give me credit for being serious. They told me it was not the business of a civilian to discuss military matters. It was of no use my telling them that I was the author of the "Drame de Waterloo," a work replete with wise counsels, and praised by the leading historians of Europe. But this work, which, at the time, was being read carefully in England, Belgium, and Germany, had never been heard of by our men of war, who were far more in the habit of frequenting the *bals Mabille* and the cafes, than the military libraries. They treated me as a pitiable dreamer, and my spirit from the other world as a mere farce. "What a pity," said Napoleon, "that my nephew cannot be spoken with, he is a believer in spirits; perhaps he might listen to us, but his surroundings are unfavourable, he is beset by courtiers, jovial fellows, light-headed warriors, whose only object in life is a certain 'Buffet' surrounded by false 'Oliviers.' Besides, I see him under the influence of chloroform, and his most peccant organs are being sounded—a nice preparation for war! Nothing can be done; what a fatality! Poor France! miserable empire!" He pressed my hand and vanished.

I awoke after this last scene in a state of indescribable emotion. Was the dream untrue? Had I seen aright? Alas! the year was not to pass by without proving to me the truth of the vision.

Sedan, Metz, and all that followed were unmistakable evidences thereof. I then perceived the reason why the founder of the Napoleonic dynasty wore a great-coat of a dirty yellow colour, and why the unfortunate soldiers marched with their guns under their left arms, hanging their heads, and wearing cloaks of the same colour. Yellow, in fact, is the hue of shame; it is the flag of the prostitute and adulterous woman; it is the colour of the galley-slave's smock. In short the Napoleonic dynasty was about to sink into ignominy, and our poor soldiers to undergo such humiliation as they had never experienced during any period of our history!

I then saw in clear, consecutive visions—the civil war in Paris, the wicked burnings, the massacres, and, what terrified me exceedingly, many men shot after the conflict.

When the war broke out an extraordinary circumstance happened to me. For more than fifteen days, every morning, while getting out of bed, I heard a dull sound as of a cannonade, which seemed to come from Paris, and its environs. At first I imagined there was some émeute in the great city, to the tune of artillery practice on the esplanade at Vincennes, but I soon learnt that there was nothing of the kind. Whence came this noise of cannon firing, which only I myself could hear, but at regular intervals, and unmistakably? I could not account for it. It was not hallucination; I was in perfect possession of my senses, and laying my ear to the ground I heard the sound intensified. This I thought excessively strange, and I was careful not to speak of it to anyone lest I should excite their mirth, and give them reasons for suspecting that I was not quite in my right mind. Even now I ask myself how ever this audible phenomenon could be. Was I to understand it as a prophecy of the dreadful cannonade which was soon to thunder in Paris and its environs? At this present date I should so explain it, unless the fact be as incredible as it is extraordinary. Hence I augured no good of this war. Just then a man, who was employed on the roads and bridges, came to see me. He was an enthusiast—he believed our armies would be triumphant—"We shall go to Berlin," he said, "at all the spiritual seances it is announced, and I have been to a good many."

To me this was a very good reason for not believing it at all. I well knew how they entered into rapport with the spirits at these meetings, often implicitly relying on a single evocation, careless as to the discernment of spirits, and that, for the most part, there were no spirits at all, but only mediums replying to themselves, according to their likings and opinions; that even where spirits were really present, in consequence of the want of precautions, and the composition of the circle, these spirits were of the order of the tricky ones, mystifiers, or perhaps elementaries, having no free will of their own, always ready to answer the desire of the questioner, and biased by his will-power over them. I replied to my Spiritist friend that I desired nothing better than that we should go to Berlin, but that I didn't believe we should—on the contrary, that the King of Prussia would come and lay siege to Paris with 500,000 men. About this time I had a letter from my friend and assistant Mr. Olavaro. He asked me what my spirits said about the war. As for his spirit, in whom he had perfect confidence, this spirit announced nothing but disaster to those who had declared it. I answered him as I had done my Spiritist visitor. If necessary he could testify to this.

A few days after this an English friend of mine paid me a visit. It was Mr. S. Chinnery, a very sensitive man, and good seer, whose presentiments rarely deceived him. He, no more than myself, had faith in the coming triumphs of France. He related to me a scene he had just witnessed in the gardens of the Tuilleries, by the fountain nearest the Palace. A man—his dress in disorder, wild-looking, and hollow-eyed—had come there to weave a sort of incantation and denounce prophetically the potentate who resided close by. Laying coals on the edge of the basin and turning toward the Tuilleries in an attitude of malediction, he thundered out these words: "Napoleon, thy days are numbered, thy kingdom is coming to an end. Witness these coals, which have been sent me by one in the last stage of phthisis, whose death is close at hand."

After giving the particulars of this scene, which had made a strong impression on him, Mr. Chinnery recounted various prophecies and presentiments, of which he had made a collection, and which convinced him that France was about to pass through a very lamentable crisis.

I could not resist communicating my impressions to persons of my acquaintance. They called me a Prussian, they doubted my patriotism. What I answered was: "You see, I am like a barometer. It is no fault of the glass if it warns you of the coming tempest. The weather itself is to blame, whose movements it is unable to change. Though I am a consistent advocate of peace, I devoutly pray for the success of the French, but I sadly fear my prayers will not be heard. Not only will Paris be compassed with armies and besieged, but will have to suffer all the horrors of famine and civil war."

Decidedly, I passed for a Prussian, an alarmist, and my position among hostile or prejudiced parties was anything but agreeable. They knew that I was one of the proscribed of December, that I had always been opposed to the régime so oppressive to France, that in my "Epic of the Year II" I had exalted the Republic, and in my "Drama of Waterloo" had demolished the Napoleonic idol worship. Agents of the secret police had been for some time charged with the duty of watching my movements daily, and I never felt myself safe. A friend of mine in Paris wrote me that the situation was becoming daily more intolerable; that the intention of the Government was to have all its enemies arrested, all the avowed Republicans; that the lists were already drawn up,

and that I was down in them. One of these lists had been found at Lyons. "Leave immediately for Belgium," he added.

The Government had just ordered the publication everywhere of the news of the battle of Gravelotte, which they called a great victory. I began once more to have faith in the good fortune of France. However, I thought it advisable to make for the frontier. I was in Belgium at the time of the disaster at Sedan. I then proceeded to my native department, which is the North of France, and enrolled myself in the National Guard, it being impossible for me to return to Paris—besides which, I had no place of abode there.

Before leaving I had offered to the Flamant family, who dwelt at Joinville-le-Pont, on the other side of the Marne, the use of my apartment, in case the tide of war should reach Paris and its environs. I knew the enemy would not cross this stream in the teeth of the forts which protected it, but that the left bank was in great danger of being ravaged. The members of this family, though they had no faith in my predictions, were very soon only too glad to accept my offer.

But I have now to relate the most wondrous of all the wonderful phenomena of that grievous period of terrors and dangers. I was far away, but my good genius guarded my home. The new inmates very soon had unequivocal signs of his presence. As I had quitted home in a hurry, everything had been left in confusion; but when they took possession everything was found in the most perfect order. Certainly no mortal hand could have accomplished this in an apartment under lock and key. Who, then, could have put everything to rights? If it was a spirit, the new occupiers saw nothing of him; but their dog, no doubt, saw him, for no sooner had the animal entered than he began to tremble all over, to howl, and to signify that he wished to go out. They were obliged to open the door for him, and to find him quarters in the garden. A luminous spirit was seen to go out from the house and to soar over it in the open air, with outstretched arms in sign of protection, at the moment when the enemy's cannon announced the investment of the Marne.

From that time I pursued in the journals every detail of the siege with the greatest anxiety. As the enemy's projectiles were aimed at the heights which crowned the approaches to the river, I dreaded lest they should force the passage, or a cannonade come down upon the lofty building that contained my apartment, which was close by the church, on the highest point of the locality, and therefore could not fail to be a target for them. One morning I had a vision—it seemed to me that a bombardment had commenced, and they were stowing away my books in safe hiding places. I afterwards ascertained that this vision was true.

I was a confirmed Spiritualist. I had had a thousand proofs of the action of the spiritual world on the natural. My good genius over and over again had saved me from great misfortunes. To turn aside the balls once fired off seemed to me impossible even for him, but I believed it might be in his power to act on the organs of a human being, so I besought him, in case the house should be in danger of bombardment, to exercise his influence on the visual organs of the artillery officers who pointed the cannon. I had no hope except in this.

I was not deceived. For six weeks an iron hail of shells hurled over the centre of the village of St. Maur. The houses all round mine were burnt, but mine remained intact. This so astonished the Wurttemberg artillery officer who directed the firing, that at the time of the armistice he came to see it, and declared, in presence of the assembled villagers who had returned, and the brave Flamant family, that "the house must either be the devil's house or the dwelling of a sorcerer, as he had tried to set fire to it for six weeks, and had not succeeded." At the same time it cannot be denied that the good dames of the neighbourhood attributed this fact to the agency of "Our Lady of Miracles" of St. Maur; but, at all events, Our Lady might as well have preserved the other burnt houses while she was about it.

Whether people believe in these things or not, and howsoever they explain them, it is not the less certain that they are facts; and we have our own way of looking at them, undreamt of in their philosophy.

Let us add, in conclusion, that the unbelievers who had discredited our prophecies were disposed to regard them with more favour on our return. They blamed themselves for not having listened to them. Among these was a woman named Madame Rouette, who kept a baker's shop, and was courageous enough to continue to bake her bread during the siege.

I might deliver other prophecies bearing on the solemn events which must come to pass, but I refrain, as the world would not believe any more on that account. Besides, it is not well to be a prophet in season and out of season. There are times and circumstances when it is better to know how to keep silence. Therefore we will say no more.

Z. J. PIERART.

EMIGRATION.—Mr. F. A. Binney is sending out a letter in the interests of "educated Englishmen"—that is, those who have been brought up to the idea that other people ought to work to keep them. He recommends a colony of such in some foreign country, where the duties of the patriot might be shirked, and the animal man find luxuriant fields for enjoyment. If we were about to enter such a colony, we would vote that those "educated" ones should be excluded who look forward to mortgaging their neighbour's property, that they might live in idleness. Such a colony of usurers as that sketched by Mr. Binney would be truly "English." The most "educated Englishman" is he who can earn his own living, and give his neighbour and his country the benefit of a noble, independent life.

CHAMPION HILL PARAGRAPHS.

By J. M. PEBBLES, M.D.

The news were recently telegraphed from Africa that Mr. Shergold Smith, Mr. O'Neill, and their party had been massacred at Nyanza. Such is the beginning of the blood-harvest from Mr. H. M. Stanley's sowing. This self-styled hero of thirty battles has sealed up some portions of Africa and opened other portions to blood, murder, and massacre. The Zanzibar correspondent of the *India Times* says:—

The unfortunate news I have to send you to-day will probably reach your readers before it is known in London, where it is certain to create excitement as the first practical result of Mr. Stanley's swashbuckling policy. . . . Even from a mere practical point of view, there is a strong necessity for nothing but peaceful measures, if they desire a permanent connecting road to Zanzibar. Stanley's lawless conduct has, however, changed all this. Many of your readers will remember poor Shergold Smith as a naval officer of much distinction in the Ashantee campaign.

Dr. Franz Hoffman's letter under date of February 20, 1878, written from Wurzburg, Germany, to Messrs. Burhaus and Kuehn of Denison, Texas, U.S.A., is deeply interesting. Dr. Hoffman is not only a profound scholar, but a distinguished German professor of philosophy. Here are some extracts from his letter:

Esteemed Gentlemen:

(I cannot answer but in the German language.) The force, manifesting itself in so-called mediums, if producing ideas, can but be a spiritual one. Either the ideas written down by the medium emanate unconsciously from the inner self of the medium, or from other spiritual beings. A fusion of both may take place with either of the factors predominating. By far the majority of cases point as their cause to spiritual beings beyond this world and mostly to departed ones from earth-life.

A large number of mediumistic writings at least can only proceed from departed spirits, and proves consequently the continuation of man beyond this life; although the continuation, the immortality, can and has been proven philosophically; for instance, by Bender, Henrich, Ritter, Herman, Ulrich, &c., &c., as also, in different modes however, by Von Leibnitz, Kant, Schelling, Meisner, Fichte, &c. Facts of so-called materialisations are entirely undeniable, and, to some extent, I deem even spirit-photography certain. . . . Of German philosophers, aside from myself (Max Perly is more naturalist) J. H. Fichte, the ingenious son of the great J. G. Fichte (at present in the 82 year of his life) has in the third edition of his anthropology declared himself openly for Spiritualism. . . . The matter enters into a new stage in Germany, through the genial astrophysicist Zöllner of Leipzig, who recently in the first volume of his "Discussions of Physical Science" (published at Leipzig by Starkman in 1878) communicates a successful experiment, accomplished through him with the American medium Slade. This fact is very remarkable and will create quite a sensation.

Without spirit-influence the apparition cannot possibly be explained. That a strict investigator, a highly gifted naturalist, should declare himself publicly for Spiritualism cannot be but of vast importance.—Respectfully and most humbly yours,

DR. FRANZ HOFFMAN, Prof. of Phil.

A CREED AT LAST.—The *Banner of Light* says that on the Thirtieth Anniversary of Spiritualism, held in New York, Andrew Jackson Davis delivered "an address, in which he laid down the following points of his spiritualistic faith, which he had adopted, or which had been revealed to him the previous day by the spirits at Orange, N.J."—

POSITIVE.

1. I believe in one perfect God, both Father and Mother.
2. Man, physically, was evolved from the animal kingdom.
3. Man, spiritually, was a part of the spirit of God.
4. Man, spiritually and physically, is rewarded for good and punished for evil, both in this world and in the next.
5. I believe in the universal triumph of truth, justice, and love.
6. I believe in the immortality of every human mind; in a sensible communion between the peoples of earth and their relatives in the summer-land; in the eternity of true marriage.

Then follow several negatives, commencing: "I do not believe," &c. What Mr. Davis, or any other equally distinguished man, does not believe is of very little consequence. This is an age of positive convictions. Knowledge is infinitely preferable to belief.

Thomas Brevior, one of the ablest writers upon and defenders of Spiritualism in England, recently whiled away some odd hours in jotting down—"My Confession," and "Psychological Oddities." I cull a stanza here and there:—

"I have lived in the world above half a century,
And useful have found it to keep an inventory
Of some things I have seen, and of books I have read,
And of notions and thoughts that came into my head.

"I think it unwise to enforce uniformity,
When no two grains of sand are found quite to agree;
I don't expect you to dance to tunes I may pipe,
And I don't admire minds cast in stereotype.

"I affirm it is madness for nations to fight,
And let gunpowder settle all question of right;
Because kings are unable their feuds to determine,
Their subjects, forsooth, must be shot down like vermin!"

Evidently he is no disciple of Mr. Darwin, for he says:—

"Some aver that the soul came like Topsy, 'tis grow'd,
From primeval binaus, farther back from a toad,
Or a tadpole, or skin-bag that clung to a rock,
Which quite gives to our nerves and our reason a shock.

"To call old things by new names is no great invention,
And often gives rise to no little dissension;
The effect, too, not seldom is taken for cause,
And the cart is just put to the fore of the horse."

He hits the Theosophists in this style:—

"Of gnome, and of sylph, salamander and what not,
A la Rosierucian, consult Colonel Olcott;
With these 'other-world' folk so familiar he's grown,
That in phrase rather graphic they're called 'Olcott's own!'"

"A Yankee revival of kobold and fairy,
Of science occult, and souls ele-men-ta-ry,
Whose visible presence he hopes soon to evoke
With incense, which will certainly all end in—smoke!"

"The 'Divine Revelations' of Davis can wait,
Till, like him, we attain the 'superior state';
With souls 'undeveloped' he has nothing to do—
The 'Arabula' for him, the 'Diakka' for you!"

"Of foes, I know not that I ever had any,
Of warm-hearted friends I am sure I have many;
And when I retire from life's banquet for ever,
It will be with contentment and thanks to the Giver!"

"See, the sun has gone down, and the gloaming has come,
Soon the hour must be near of departure for home:
A warm grasp of your hand ere I bid you 'good night!'
I will greet you 'good morn' in the new world of light."

E. W. Wallis, gifted with a kindly nature and excellent mediumship, has been taken out into the lecture-field again by his controlling intelligences to sow the "good seeds of the kingdom." When under the influence of his Quaker guide his utterances are apt, clever, and highly instructive. Many are the happy hours that I have spent in listening to his trance-teachings. If they were out-lived by us all, earth would soon become a blooming Eden. I am sure that both investigators and Spiritualists everywhere will extend to friend Wallis a most cordial welcome.

The war still rages in the Zulu; or rather the Kaffir-lands of South Africa. The grasping cupidity of Anglo-Saxons the world over, is rapidly undermining and driving to the wall the weaker parties. Anthony Trollope in his book on South Africa says:—

This is the way the British took Transvaal and the diamond fields: "A sturdy Englishman had walked into the Republic with five-and-twenty policemen and a Union Jack, and had taken possession of it. 'Would the inhabitants of the Republic like to ask me to take it?' So much inquiry he seems to have made. No; the people, by the voice of their Parliament, declined to consider so monstrous a proposition. 'Then I shall take it without being asked,' said Sir Theophilus Shepstone. And he took it."

Mr. Trollope has drawn it mildly. I met Sir Theophilus's brother in Natal, and become intimately acquainted with one of the Transvaal ex-members of her legislative body; and accordingly shall embody some ugly facts touching this "political grab-game," in my volume of "A Second Tour Around the World."

Though unasked, I take great pleasure in saying some approving words in behalf of Mr. Lambelle, who is employed in reporting and aiding Mr. Barns in bringing out the MEDIUM. This gentleman, though quiet and unassuming, is a solid, clear-headed thinker; and when entranced by ancient spirits he bears one quite away from the regions of earth into the sunny realms of the summer-land. Less and less do I care for physical phenomena, and more and more does my soul feast upon those sublime truths that stream down from angel-souls through the lips of inspired mortals. It is prophetic of good that England has such mediumistic teachers as Lambelle, Wallis, Morse, Colville, Mrs. Batie, and others.

Golden memories do I bring back from my recent meetings in Sowerby Bridge, Oldham, and Manchester. Memory is immortal. I shall meet, know, and love those friends in heaven.

The Rev. J. H. Harter, one of the most reliable and upright men within the sphere of my acquaintance, recently wrote me the following from his residence in Cayuga Co., New York, U.S.A.:—

Our county (Cayuga, N.Y.) hung a coloured man in our city about a year ago. I was opposed to hanging him, as I am opposed to hanging anybody. I did all I could to save his life, but all in vain. I visited him in jail, and on one occasion asked him whether he believed in a life beyond this. He replied in the affirmative. I asked for his reasons. He said, "My mother is dead, but she often visits me in my cell, so I know she is alive." "Now, Thomas," I said to him, "after you are executed and have been in spirit-life a spell, will you 'come back' to this jail and rattle and bang and thunder, and do anything else in your power, to convince the sheriff, jailor, and others of the fact of your continued existence?" He promised to comply with my request if able to do so. I kept still in relation to this matter for a number of weeks, when reports were in circulation in regard to "strange noises" that were heard in the jail, &c. I called on the jailor to make inquiries. He said that often in the night cell doors slammed, banged, opened, and shut, after he had locked them, and had the keys in his pockets. Dishes were heard to fall from the dining-room table as though broken to pieces, but on entering with a light, found everything in order. Tin pans would jump from the pantry shelf, and when he went in, found all things in order. He said to me: "Harter, these things are facts, but I don't know what the devil does it." So you see from this that even executed men are still among us. I will not enlarge. When you return to America I want to see you. I want you to help to organise our forces.

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TO SPIRITUALISTS IN THE COLONIES.

In places where no organ of the movement exists, we invite Spiritualists to avail themselves of the MEDIUM. Parcels sent promptly by mail or ship at cost price. Special Editions may be prepared for particular localities. A small supplement added to the MEDIUM would make a cheap and good local organ in any part of the world.

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

The MEDIUM is sold by all newsvendors, and supplied by the wholesale trade generally.

Advertisements inserted in the MEDIUM at 6d. per line. A series by contract.

Legacies on behalf of the cause should be left in the name of "James Burns."

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1878.

DR. PEEBLES' LAST ORATIONS IN ENGLAND.

Previous to his departure for America, Dr. Peebles will deliver two addresses in the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool, on Sunday, April 23; in the afternoon at 2.30, and in the evening at 7. As Dr. Peebles sails from Liverpool on the following Tuesday, the friends there have taken advantage of his presence, and have taken this large and commodious hall in order that friends from neighbouring towns may have an opportunity of hearing this noble apostle of the Modern Gospel before he leaves our shores. There will be no tax made at the doors, admission free to all, but a collection will be made at each meeting towards the expenses incurred in this undertaking. We hear that Spiritualists from Manchester, Preston, Burnley, Blackburn, and other towns expect to be present, so that it may be regarded as one of the most important gatherings of Spiritualists that has assembled in Liverpool for some time.

THE ANNIVERSARY NUMBER OF THE MEDIUM.

During the week we have received a large number of letters congratulating us on the admirable contents of the Anniversary Number. It strikes all readers as presenting a new view of Spiritualism, viz., not what Spiritualists believe, but what they intend to do. It is doing a good work amongst outsiders, and we have a few dozen left which we can send post-free for 1s. 4d. per dozen, or 2d. each copy.

THE AWAKENING.

Of-time while I'm deeply dreaming,
Comes a liquid lustre gleaming,
Like a sunlit orient ocean,
Round my room and round my bed;
Streams surpassing silver whiteness,
Beams excelling starry brightness,
Mingle, making mystic motion,
Mild as moonlight o'er my head.
Voices follow falling faintly,
Trilling psalms sounding saintly,
Lutes and lyres immortal, beating
Time in spirit-thrilling strain.
These harmonious nymph-like numbers
Penetrate my death-like slumbers,
Quick the Queen of Dreams unseating
From her throne upon my brain.
Down to earth the heavens seem bending,
Forms angelic are descending,
Beings beautiful, beguiling
Into light the darkness drear;
But these angel-forms are human
Glorified—still man and woman,
Softly speaking, sweetly smiling,
Glad to greet a loved one here.
Now I'm clasped by father, mother,
Now caressed by sister, brother—
By the fairest, fondest, dearest
Dwellers of the deathless shore;
Then they speak of spheres supernal,
Where the life is love eternal,
And the light of God is clearest,
And the night is nevermore.

April 21st.

JAMES LEWIS.

IRKLEY.—This famous location for hydropathic treatment seems to be increasingly popular. Rockwood House, under the management of Mrs. Lister (late Miss Butterfield) has been fitted up with every requisite for carrying on the hydropathic treatment.

MR. LAMBELLE AT DOUGHTY HALL.

On Sunday evening Mr. Lambelle's guides will again be heard at Doughty Hall, when it is hoped they will introduce the important study to which they alluded at their last discourse in that hall. We hope all friends will attend early and give Mr. Lambelle their warmest sympathies. To commence at seven o'clock.
Doughty Hall, 14, Bedford Row, Holborn.

THE CREATION: ACCORDING TO SAINTS TYNDALL, HUXLEY, DARWIN, AND SPENCER.

Translated out of the Original Tongues.

1. The unknowable moved on Cosmos, and brought forth Protoplasm, potent for evolving sky and earth;
Though indifferenced and inorganic quite,
Lo! what's-his-name evolved from it electricity and light.
2. By accretion, and absorption things were conglomerated;
Atoms having been attracted and differentiated,
Begot earth, air, and water, and—wondrous to tell—
From out the fluid mass evolved the first organic cell.
3. And cell, by nutrition, begat primordial germ,
And germ 'gat protogene, cozoön, and monad form;
Animacule progressed, and to ephemera gave birth,
And then the creeping things began to multiply on earth.
Now vegetable atoms evolved the molecule,
And thence came all the herbs on earth and in each turbid pool.

4. And animacule in water evolved fins, claws, and scales,
And in the air they sprouted useful wings and tails
To aid them in their struggles while in the firmament,
To harmonise and play upon cosmic environment.

5. All-potent protoplasm produced the radiata,
And molluscs and molluscs begat articulata,
Out of these the unthinkable developed vertebrata.

6. Now bipedal mammalia from vertebrata came,
Though men were still in embryo, and horses, too, the same;
From hipparions came horses, while man was yet a monkey,
And oridons progressing begat the noble donkey.

7. From assidian and amphibion sprang the pentadactyle race,
With hybolate and simidæ in proper time and place.

8. Out of simidæ came the lamur and platyrhine,
And platyrhine monkey begat the catarrhine,
And catarrhine begat the anthropoid ape,
And ape begat orang-outang of chimpanzeean shape.

9. Children of the anthropomorphic primordial type
Were born unto them when the cosmic age was ripe;
Homoneulus, prognathus, troglodyte, and autochthon,
These are the generations of primordial man.

10. Primeval man was naked, and was not ashamed of that,
In quadrumanous innocence he roamed without a hat!
And went into the land of Nod and took to him a wife,
A young longimanous gibbon as his better-half for life.

11. And it came to pass that man did grow in number, and pro-
From homogeneous to complex and heterogeneity; [gressed
But by natural selection came survival of the fittest,
Lo! quadrupeds and bipeds prevailed and smote the weakest.

12. And man grew thumbs, for some had found a short, firm
digit wanting
When seizing neighbours by the throat, or slaying beasts when hunt-
And as their limbs got perfect their hearts got full of pride, [ing;
They forgot their noble ancestry and brethren thrust aside.

13. And so the strong crushed down the weak, and made them
sorely wince;
Thus it was in cosmic periods, and has been ever since.

3, Ker Street, Devonport.

T. GAYLARD.

THE SOIREE THIS EVENING.

From present appearances Doughty Hall will be crowded to excess this evening at Dr. Peebles' farewell. Mr. Tebb will be unable to preside, but Mr. Everitt will undertake the duties of the Chair. Should there be any tickets left, they may be obtained at the doors. Tea, 1s. 6d.; entertainment only, 1s. Tea commences at 6 o'clock, entertainment at 7.30. Doughty Hall, 14, Bedford Row, Holborn.

Dr. Moock writes from Switzerland, that letters for him should be addressed 15, Southampton Row, London, W.C., whence they will be forwarded to him weekly.

KIRKLEY.—On Sunday, May 12, Mrs. Batie will occupy the platform of the Keighley Lyceum and deliver addresses. It is hoped a good muster of friends will meet and welcome this distinguished worker. Fuller particulars afterwards.

Mr. T. M. Browns will be in Manchester at the end of this week, and afterwards purposes visiting Rochdale. Letters for him to be addressed Mr. T. M. Brown, care of Mr. E. Rhodes, 42, Fremie Street, Everton Road, Charlton-on-Medlock, Manchester.

Mr. Gough proposes to leave for Europe on the 10th of July. His present plan is, after remaining in England for a short time, to visit Switzerland and Paris, and stay there till the fall. He will then go to London, where he will give 30 lectures. Then he will go to the South of France, and stay there during the winter and spring. It is quite probable that Mr. Gough will be gone two years instead of one.—*Boston Herald.*

REFLECTIVE NOTES.—No. 5.

Self-help is the most necessary acquirement in this world. We have too long reclined on the bosoms of saviours and defenders, and the needs of the times demand that we depend more on our own exertions to win the battle for eternity. Bibles and teachers may be useful in imparting certain thoughts, but it is our actions which mark our destiny. We should justly ridicule a commander who, just before an engagement, should disarm his men and thrust into their hands a Bible, commanding them, thus equipped, to march against the enemy. It is as wrong to support the Bible with the sword, as it is to support the sword with the Bible. When we combat error with any other weapon than argument, we err more than those whom we attack.

"Example is better than precept," so says the proverb; and it is true. If our lives are not practical illustrations of our teachings, we will produce little effect upon the world, and instead of encouraging others, we will cast reproach upon ourselves. The Jesuits were an important company, but their practices were inconsistent with their teachings. Of them it has been remarked "that though they inculcated a thorough contempt of worldly things in their doctrines, yet they eagerly grasped at them in their lives, and only cried down worldly things because they wanted to obtain them, and cried up spiritual things because they wanted to dispose of them." Now their very name is reproachful. May the cause of the spirit never suffer as that of the Jesuits and others has done, by an inordinate love of self. There is cause to fear; then take heed, O Spiritualists, and preserve your faith by the harmony of your works. The brightest and holiest teachings are impaired by one foolish act. Let our lives and conduct, then, show that we are not simply professors, but possessors also.

Spiritualism affords a theme for both preachers and writers to display their talents upon. The sensational part of man is always looking for something that will satisfy the cravings of that disposition; and, the manifestations of Spiritualism being of a sensational nature when regarded in their phenomenal aspect, we need not wonder at there being such a demand made upon them. If the mission funds are low, the minister will lecture upon Spiritualism; and if an aspirant for literary honours, who has failed on all other subjects because of his inability to grasp them, but takes Spiritualism up, he is sure to succeed, because of the lamentable ignorance of the people and of the prejudices of the Press to contradict his statements. But if we subtract false statements and slanderous abuse from their books and utterances, we shall find but a very small amount of reason left. Lately two reverends have been exerting themselves against Spiritualism. The one, the Rev. F. G. L. Lee, vicar of All Saints, Lambeth, has written a book on "More Glances of the Unseen World," and with this catching title he has evidently thought to effect a rapid and extensive circulation for his production. It is to be hoped, however, that those who require "more glimpses of the unseen" will not go to places where ecclesiasticism prevents a faithful view. For an opinion of this book I recommend readers to see the review in *Human Nature* for March and April, two months in one. The other saintly personage who has raised his voice to denounce Spiritualism is the Rev. J. Parker, of South Shields, who has been lecturing at South Shields and Sunderland on Spiritualism as "the work of evil spirits, and that they must be a very inferior class of devils who haunt the seance-room." And, in tracing its historical development, he referred to the conclusion of all rational investigation as "ultimate chagrin and disappointment of their dupes, none of them learned men." Had a medium given expression to statements as false as these, the secular press would, with alacrity, have copied them and circulated them throughout the land; but, as a "divine" committed the fault, the thing is pardonable. From the efforts of both these "followers of the Word" two truths are only discoverable; and these are that they lacked principle, and want preferment.

The reason why we see so much error afloat in the world is because truth will not adapt itself to all the crooked ways and wily sinuosities of worldlings; but they must unbend and adapt themselves to it; for truth, like light, travels only in straight lines.

W. H. LAMBELLE.

THE THREE SILENCES.—The following little poem was addressed by Longfellow to Whittier, the poet, on his seventieth birthday:—

Three Silences there are: the first of speech,
The second of desire, the third of thought:
This is the lore a Spanish monk, distraught
With dreams and visions, was the first to teach.
These Silences commingling each with each,
Made up the perfect Silence that he sought
And prayed for, and wherein at times he caught
Mysterious sounds from realms beyond our reach.
Oh, thou, whose daily life anticipates
The life to come, and in whose thought and word
The spiritual world preponderates.
Hermit of Amesbury! thou, too, hast heard
Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,
And speakest only when thy soul is stirred.

THE SUNDAY REVIEW.—The purpose of this quarterly is progressive, but its method of treatment is somewhat dry.

THE VOICE OF TRUTH.—This weekly, carried on by two ladies, improves with each issue.

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The Order of Spiritual Teachers.

No. 1 SCHOOL, 15, SOUTHAMPTON ROW.

Last meeting was one of the best ever held. The reading by the Chief Monitor was from the discussion on "Buddhism and Christianity," published by Dr. Peebles. Much instruction was conveyed. The spirit-influence was most palpable, and seers present gave interesting accounts of ministering spirits.

J. M. PEEBLES, M.D., AND J. BURNS, O.S.T., IN LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE.

That newspaper train at 5.15 a.m. from King's Cross is somewhat of an inconvenient convenience, but as it is the only means of getting down to Yorkshire in anything like reasonable time on a Good Friday, one is rather glad than otherwise to sleep with one eye open, so as to get up at four in the morning to prepare for it. This did Dr. Peebles and myself on Thursday night last week, and after a somewhat drowsy whirl through the cold fog we found ourselves promptly deposited at Halifax at 10.20. Our friends from misdirection as to time were not there to meet us, and as we had a parcel of "Anniversary MEDIUMS" to leave at Mr. Culpau's we made our way thither and were very kindly detained for breakfast. In due course we reached Mr. Gaukroger's, all on the way to Sowerby Bridge, and in the afternoon we accompanied the family to the Lyceum festival.

The wet state of the weather and the short announcement of London visitors somewhat interfered with an unusual attendance. An excellent tea was provided, of which nearly 100 persons partook. I was asked to conduct the meeting, which was indeed a very pleasant duty. The services of the choir were only called into requisition twice, the chief form of entertainment being solos and duets, which were well rendered by Mrs. Thorpe, Misses Alderson, Gaukroger, H. J. Gaukroger, Thorpe, Wilson, and Messrs. Broadbent, Wilson, Smith, and Gill. Mr. J. Armitage, of Batley Carr, supplied a useful element with his quaint recitations, which he delivers in inimitable style. The members of the Lyceum delivered recitations in an admirable manner, and Miss Harwood closed the entertainment with a fine performance on the pianoforte. The entertainment throughout was one of the most tasteful which the Lyceum has ever given, and the manner in which the children acquitted themselves speaks highly for the care bestowed on their instruction.

A separate paragraph must be devoted to Dr. Peebles' eloquent address, which appropriately divided the programme into equal portions. Mr. Sutcliffe, Mr. Broadbent, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Ashworth spoke to complimentary resolutions at the close.

On Saturday it still rained. Dr. Peebles went on to Manchester, and I betook myself on a little trip to see old and valued friends. In due course I found myself at Dr. Brown's breakfast-table at Burnley. Many valuable thoughts I exchanged with this earnest spiritual worker. I learned that his controls are making arrangements for a higher development of their power, just as they are doing with us in London. Dr. Brown and his circle have laboured ceaselessly all the time, but all localities have suffered more or less from the depressing influences of bad times and the results of recent disintegrating forces. Through all of this Dr. Brown has laboured incessantly, and has now, under the advice of his spirit-friends, opened up a new series of meetings, as announced in these columns last week and again in to-day's issue. We expect to hear of new fields being cultivated through these efforts.

Another short ride, in dripping garments, found me with Mr. Foster at Preston. Mr. Colville's recent visit was well spoken of. The work has always been done in this town in a quiet manner, but none the less effective on that account. In no place is the power of personal influence more distinctly manifested than in Preston. Would that we had more of it elsewhere.

The shades of evening were closing up a gloomy day when I rejoined Dr. Peebles at the "Spiritual Institution" of Mr. and Mrs. Rowe, Manchester. There was assembled a select meeting of friends, amongst whom were the medium and the greater part of the circle through whose instrumentality the volumes entitled "Angelic Revelations" were given to the world. A most interesting and instructive evening was spent, with clairvoyant visions, interpretations, intuitional teachings, and truly enlightened conversation. I do not know where the elements for a similar group could be found in any part of this country.

On Sunday morning an early train took us to Oldham. Already the friends were astir, flooding the town with handbills and otherwise promoting the work of the day. At eleven o'clock there was a good muster, mostly of Spiritualists, and an excellent spiritual influence they brought with them. It was the fifth anniversary

of Oldham Spiritualism, and Mr. Kershaw, the patriarch of the Movement, still staunch and true, was there in his place; and, in a few appropriate remarks, handed the meeting over to the visitors from London. Mr. E. Wood, the medium, through whom the work was commenced five years ago, was also on the platform, and his guides gave through him a suitable invocation. Dr. Peebles had his gallery of pictures on the wall, and at both services made them interesting and instructive to his attentive listeners. I have known Oldham from the first beginning of the Movement, and may say that I regard the Cause as in a better position now than at any previous time. The wheat has suffered somewhat from the thinning out of the tares, but now it is taking firm root, and fruits are promised in the future.

We were delighted with the excellent choir, which discoursed upwards of a dozen pieces from the "Spiritual Harp" during the day, led by Mr. J. Wood and Mr. Fitton. This melodious group is a grand attraction. Mr. Wood says it is contemplated to institute similar singing classes in other towns and have a grand Lancashire Choral Union. This is one of the best proposals that has ever been made in Lancashire. It shows that educational Spiritualism is obtaining a healthy ascendancy over society-making and clique-forming. In the future those Spiritualists will alone find audience who can teach and elevate the people.

The proceedings at Oldham concluded with an impromptu tea-meeting, which was indeed a joyful affair. After which there was a race for the railway station to be in time for Hulme Town Hall, Manchester, at 7 o'clock.

At four days' notice, and during Easter holidays, Mrs. Rowe got up the meeting on Sunday evening, and the effort was a complete success. Easter Sunday is not a good time for a meeting on Spiritualism, as people are distracted by holiday arrangements or the services at their own churches. No principality or power in Manchester would make arrangements for that meeting, and so it devolved upon Mrs. Rowe, who presided in a very able manner. The hall was not by any means full, but the quality of the attendance was good, and the collection and few subscriptions were sufficient to honourably discharge every obligation. Thus the meeting may indeed be regarded as a success, and so it deserved to be, seeing that it did not clash with any other arrangements.

Mrs. Rowe was warmly supported by well-known and active Spiritualists; Mr. Fitton led the singing; and Messrs. Hall, Chiswell, Campion, Knott, and others were busily engaged in performing various duties. This is indeed true organisation, to rally round anyone inspired with a practical idea and assist in its fruition. On this basis a work was done in Manchester on Sunday evening which all other existing agencies were inadequate to attempt.

Hulme Town Hall is a splendid place for Sunday evening meetings, and the rent is very reasonable. We have no doubt that the time is not far distant when the truths of Spiritualism will be heard there every Sunday evening.

Dr. Peebles returned to London on Monday, while I went on to Scarborough to visit the hydropathic and phrenological establishment of Mr. Wells, of which I may have more to say on another occasion. I reached London at four o'clock on Tuesday morning, but the soaking of Saturday rendered me unfit for duty till near the hour of publication.

It is impossible to estimate the good which Dr. Peebles accomplished in this little tour, and all the more good that it was undertaken from a pure love of doing it. It was indeed a blessed time—cheering to the soul, though exhausting to the body. It is a pity the Doctor has to leave us at the beginning of such an auspicious harvest.

J. BURNS, O.S.T.

SPIRIT-POWER CELEBRATION AT GRAFTON HALL, W.C. (Report supplied by Mr. Enmore Jones.)

This week we give a more extended notice of the semi-public meeting held on Wednesday the 17th of April. That day in London was a great hailstone day, accompanied by thunder, lightning, and heavy continuous rain till a late hour of the night. The streets were almost denuded of passengers, and, as a result, very many Spiritualists were absent who had stated their intention to be present; yet there was a goodly number of persons present, though, owing to the size of a hall holding 600, it was not crowded.

The appearance of the platform was unique; it was decorated with flowers in bloom, and in front, suspended from the railings, were from twenty to thirty spirit-drawings, paintings, and photographs in rich gold frames. The chairman was J. Enmore Jones, and on the platform as speakers were Thomas Shorter, H. I. Humphrey, H. D. Jencken, Dr. Peebles, and Dr. Maurice Davies. The remarkable phase of the meeting was the presence on the platform of the sisters Katie and Maggie Fox (now Mrs. Jencken and Mrs. Kane), the original mediums in whose father's house at Hydesville, New York State, in April, 1848, evidences of intelligent spirit-action on physical substances were given. During the speeches theappings, or rather knockings, were very frequent and loud; they could be heard clear and distinct throughout the hall. The flowers, arranged on forms, were seen shaking vigorously and continuously; several persons in the hall asserted they saw one of the centre flower-pots raised to an angle of about 45 degrees; of course no person was near the flowers.

Another notable incident was Mrs. Kate Fox-Jencken brought her two sons (ages, say three and five) on the platform. The spirit-persons who guide the manifestations produced in the presence of Katie have asserted that the elder son will be so developed as to overshadow the fame of his mother.

A fine musical effect was produced by the use of an harmonium and a piano leading the audience during the singing of "Men of Harlech," "We praise Thee, O God" (Jackson's), "There are angels hovering round," "Sweet by-and-by," and "Thou whose almighty word."

There was exhibited on an easel a large oil painting of D. D. Home. It is a superior painting, by the late Mr. Heapley. The artist has produced a strange weird effect by letting moonbeams through a window shine on one half of the face and room-lights on the other.

The Chairman stated that Spiritualism was carried on by three sections of workers, each anxious to be useful. The one section or wing of the army consisted mainly of psychologists, who are thoughtfully investigating the nature of the phenomena, as with a microscope, to find the laws which govern. The other wing consists principally of the old adherents of the late Robert Owen school of Secularists, who try to mould Spiritualism to the extinction of all creeds but their own individual thoughts. The centre section, in which the phenomena commenced in 1848, and of which this semi-public meeting is the indicative movement, in favour of publicly asserting the existence of individualised spirit-power produced by disembodied human spirits, is to be principally carried on by clergymen, ministers, churchwardens, deacons, and leaders of the various sections of the churches which hold one united faith, and which take the New Testament as their rule of principles, supported by the incidents narrated of spirit-power, as the physical proof of unseen intelligences acting on, for, and against men, and confirmed by passing events.

The speeches were by Messrs. T. Shorter, W. Humphrey, C. Reimers, H. D. Jencken, Dr. Peebles, and Dr. Maurice Davies. They were short and effective.

The meeting commenced at half-past seven, and, as announced, closed at ten o'clock. It was opened by the instruments jointly playing "Men of Harlech" as the speakers and mediums came on the platform, and ended by the audience rising and joining with the instruments in that grand hymn of the churches:—

"Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight"—

Dr. Maurice Davies giving the benediction.

A CIRCLE IN ROME.

To the Editor.—Dear Sir,—Immediately on my arrival in Rome I called upon Dr. Curtis, at whose private circle in the Piazza de Spagna I had previously to my departure for England been a regular attendant. He informed me that during my absence of nearly three months his son's mediumship had been developing wonderfully; that, amongst other phenomena, they had had the direct voice at a seance.

I re-joined the circle last night at eight o'clock for the first time since my return, where I met the usual members, with the addition of an extra lady, whom I discovered had had no experience whatever in Spiritualism. We sat down to table a party of eight—an equal number of both sexes—first in the light, but for the greater part of the seance in complete darkness.

Mr. Percy Curtis, the medium, aged fifteen or sixteen, began by writing a few sentences automatically. His control asked us for some scent. A bottle of eau-de-Cologne was procured and a handkerchief saturated, which the control desired should be wafted about continually over the table as we sat in darkness. Dr. Curtis, who waved the handkerchief, feeling his arm tired after a time, asked if the same result might not be obtained by spreading the handkerchief over the bronze lamp supporter that was suspended from the ceiling over the centre of the table, the lamp itself having been removed and extinguished. This was done, but the controls wished the lamp supporter to be set in motion. The thought struck me as to whether the custom of swinging incense in churches might not after all be of spiritual origin. We had not set it swinging many seconds when down the whole thing came with a tremendous crash upon the table, the glass shade shivered to atoms. This, naturally occasioned some consternation, and a light was struck; but, though the table was by no means a large one, and we were sitting closely round it, not one person was touched by its fall. A short delay ensued, during which the broken pieces of glass were swept up. The sitters then re-composed themselves, and the medium's control wrote out, after expressing his sorrow for the accident: "It should have fallen towards Mrs. G., but I prevented it, thank God."

We were then desired to sing, which we did, singing almost continually throughout the whole of the seance. The medium then became entranced, and, speaking in a voice totally different from his own normal tone, gave us directions from time to time. He seemed to me somewhat chary of his voice, never speaking more than was absolutely necessary, as if he intended reserving all the power for other manifestations. Both before the entrancement of the medium and during his trance, until the end of the seance, which lasted until eleven o'clock, we saw the most beautiful spirit-lights, and in such a quantity as I never yet saw at any seance, either public or private. They varied from the size of a fire-fly to the size of the light used by "John King," and were to be seen in all parts of the room, shooting across it like falling stars, ascending, descending, whirling, and wriggling. I observed, as I have done on previous occasions, that these lights are not always seen by all the sitters at the same time.

Towards the end of the sitting the control explained to us the reason, viz., that the body of the spirit intercepted the light from some of the sitters. From the appearance of a few of these lights I really expected we should see some attempt at materialisation. However, for this the power proved insufficient. The medium, all the time entranced, was moved in his chair all round the room, and once I felt a blow on the back of my head as if from a portion of an arm chair. In answer to my question who had struck me, the control replied that it had been done by the counterpart of his chair. I presume (speaking as a spirit) he meant the material counterpart of his spiritual chair. Now, I cannot imagine how the chair could have struck me at all on the head unless the medium had been lifted in his chair off the ground.

At the end of this seance the control thanked us for our attendance, and declared that he felt his soul "palpably relieved." He then gave us his blessing and disentranced the medium, after promising to do his best for us another time. This spirit has controlled the medium before, and habitually gives his communications in doggerel rhyme. He was pleased to rhyme upon my name in the course of the sitting. Trusting I have not trespassed too much upon your valuable space, I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

A. H.

22, Via di Monserrato, Rome, April 10.

LESSONS WHICH COMPULSORY VACCINATION SHOULD IMPRESS UPON THE COUNTRY.

1. That doctors have proved themselves ignorant, tyrannical, and unworthy of public confidence, and that the country should therefore transfer its faith from the pernicious quackery of these doctors, to the unflinching laws of health, and the natural means of cure which the Creator has established and placed within the reach of all.

2. That the Queen, Lords, and Commons, whose sole duty to the nation lies in maintaining equal political freedom and justice for all, have, by passing and continuing the iniquitous and cruel Vaccination Acts, which give one sect of doctors the monopoly of creating disease in healthy human infants, greatly sinned against the entire country.

3. That in a world under the all-good and all-wise providence of God, it is clearly impossible that the corrupt practice of vaccination, which is a doing of evil under the delusion that good may come, and the heavy despotism of the Vaccination Law, which makes it penal to continue to keep a child in health, could have fallen upon us unless we, as a people, had been corrupt and despotic ourselves, and had, consequently, chosen as our representatives in Parliament fitting instruments of our deserved chastisement.

4. That, in order to be delivered from the bondage we have brought upon ourselves, through our despotic and benighted political representatives in high places, it is necessary that we utterly reject what we see to be amiss in ourselves, and uncompromisingly and faithfully obey the Truth as it comes home to our individual convictions, the Living Truth alone being thus able to make us free.

5. That even if the Vaccination Acts, which are but a fraction of the legislative evils under which we are labouring, were abolished, the country would not, as a whole, be thereby improved, so long as the source of bad legislation is allowed to exist, because this prolific source would inevitably give birth to new forms of injustice and oppression.

6. That instead of electing, as we have long done, incompetent rich men and political partisans, who would continue to do mischief, we should be careful to choose those only, as our Parliamentary representatives, who have proved themselves upright, large-minded, and judicious, and who would honestly and diligently endeavour to protect every member of the community equally in the free and full exercise of his or her God-given rights; thus precluding such scandalous legislation as now oppresses us, and securing ample scope for individual and national progress, and for the attainment of increasing prosperity and well-being.

7. That as judges, magistrates, and all other executive officers, cannot carry out any unjust law without being themselves guilty of injustice, it is, therefore, their bounden duty to God and man to refuse, at any cost, to administer any human enactment which they in their conscience are convinced is opposed to universal right.

Hence it may be seen that the Anti-Vaccination Movement, in its wide scope and true tendency, is a movement for electoral reform, legislative and administrative regeneration, domestic independence, and the national health. Such a movement requires the aid of those only who are willing to devote themselves cordially and uncompromisingly to this good work.

WILLIAM HUME-ROTHERY,

President of the N.A.C.V. League.

DR. WYLD.

To the Editor.—Sir,—In the MEDIUM of the 19th April, I see Dr. Wyld in print again. Dr. Pearce is quite able to defend himself against Dr. Wyld's "utter nonsense," and I leave Dr. Pearce to this task. Dr. Wyld refers to me again. He told a London audience that I had "backed out" of a challenge given by me, which he, Dr. Wyld, had accepted. I pointed out, in your columns, the great inaccuracy of this statement, but Dr. Wyld offers no explanation or apology, but makes another mis-statement, when he says—"Mr. Lewis stated in the MEDIUM that a London doctor had declined an offer of £20 a night to discuss vaccination." I had a good motive and reason for offering a certain physician "£10 a day to discuss" vaccination, and I presume this physician had an equally good reason for never condescending to give me any sort of reply. This, Dr. Wyld twists into "declining £20 a night," which he, Dr. Wyld, innocently imagines any man with M.D. (Edin., Prague, or New York) tucked on to his name, had a right to claim!

If Dr. Wyld is willing to discuss vaccination without fee or gratuity, it can, I think, yet be arranged; but Dr. Wyld has a "commodity" which he is anxious to get into general use, viz., "calf-lymph." Whether this commodity is good or bad need not be argued. I am strongly inclined to think discussion of "calf-lymph" might be somewhat akin to an advertisement of the article, seeing the discussion would be widely published, backed up with the positive assurance of a physician (perhaps two), that as certain is it that "two and two make four," as that calf-lymph is "almost" a complete protection against smallpox. And then this "almost" may be entirely missed and everything lost unless the operation has been "properly performed."

One of the leading medical journals stated recently that "once efficiently re-vaccinated in adult life, you are for ever after free from this loathsome disease," smallpox. Of course it follows that the re-vaccinated doctors who have themselves died of smallpox were ignorant of the "efficient" method. It also follows that the thousands of re-vaccinated who die of smallpox were vaccinated by ignorant, inefficient, although "properly qualified" medical men.

If Dr. Wyld is very desirous of discussing vaccination, I should be glad to know what portion of the cost of discussion he is willing to bear, and also if he will discuss the question with any gentleman who will debate for me.—I am, yours truly,

JAMES LEWIS.

Questions and Answers.

In this department we desire to present from week to week those queries for information which may occur to our readers. In the following or other succeeding weeks we will give the replies, if any such are sent us. We invite answers from spirit-controls in any part of the country, and thus may various views on the same subject be presented.

ANSWERS.

21. Mr. Atkinson has asked "many learned professors" (without obtaining a satisfactory answer) "Why is a black object reflected in water?" for as a black object is truly supposed to absorb all light and reflect none, it must follow that the black object is not, and cannot be reflected in water or anything else; but the objects surrounding the "black object," and forming its background, are reflected in water in consequence of the incident light reflected from them, and thus the outline of the "black object" is defined, which appears to be reflected.

That this is the explanation can be very easily proved by the use of a photographic camera. Set up any light objects, and in front of them a slip of black velvet, and to complete Mr. Atkinson's conditions of a "black post by the side of a pool of water," lay a looking-glass in front of all, and take negative and positive.

As a post is not absolutely black, it will of course reflect some light, and thus may give rise to the idea that the black post is reflected in water.

HENRY COLLIER.

22. Mr. H. G. Atkinson asks: "Why is a black object reflected." I suppose he means—Why is a black object reflected in the pool of water against which the black object is fixed? The surface of the water, in conjunction with the globular particles of water in the atmosphere, acts as a mirror, and absorbs the form and colour of the black object on the film of watery air, which is formed on the surface of the water, by the magnetic force of the earth, impelling globules of water from the body of water forming the pool. The magnetic action of the earth is used by the Almighty to replenish the air with the watery particles, which produce the oxygen in the air to sustain all kinds of animal and vegetable life. The globular particles of water act as reflectors, as well as refractors of light and objects. As the space for answers to queries is limited, my spirit-guide refrains giving further information at present on this subject, but will give a reply to Question 22.

23. H. J. B. asks: "What is the difference between 'spiritual material,' and 'unspiritual material'?" I suppose H. J. B. wishes to know whether a spirit is a distinct body of material substance. Yes, the body of a spirit, or angel of purity, is as distinct and as marked in its form and construction as a human body is distinct and tangible. The spirit is an elastic body, compressible, as hydrogen gas is expansive, or compressible. The gas forming the body of a spirit is surrounded by a film of matter impervious to the escape of the gas forming and filling the interior of a spirit-body, as distinct as the flesh of the human body surrounds the soul or spirit of man. The word *immaterial*, as H. J. B. uses it, is a condition which does not exist. All gases are material. The air, being composed of gases, is material. The invisible gases are the only indestructible portions of man's surroundings. My guide controls me to write the above in reply to H. J. B.

Manchester, 22nd April, 1878.

SAMUEL MARSH.

24. Perhaps the following quotation from Dr. Hands' "Essays on Matter, Motion, and Resistance," published in *Human Nature*, vol. xi., sec. 62, the October part, 1877, may help H. J. B. out of the fog:—"We may, perhaps, assume that the spiritual matters, heat, electricity, &c., are capable, under certain conditions, of being changed, or progressing onwards, into the incipient life-principle of the plant; and, again, this high endowment of the vegetable world may be transposable or promotable into the vital capacities of animals, and we may further venture to aver that both these latter energies are susceptible of growing into or forming the terminal result of Nature's culminating efforts, the formation of the spiritual, reasoning, human soul."—Fraternalty yours, 69, High Street, Stamford, April 23.

JOSEPH REEDMAN.

No. 1 INSTITUTION SEANCES.

On Tuesday evening, the 16th of April, the usual weekly seance was held. Mr. Pitcher was called to the chair. There were eight visitors present. Mr. Towns was controlled by "Mother Shipton," and spoke more particularly on the control of the previous evening, when Mr. Towns had been controlled by "John Wesley," who, in a long address, compared the teachings as given from the various pulpits of to-day with those of true Spiritualism. Among the visitors we noticed a minister who had evidently come out of curiosity. The control of this evening (April 16th) gave special attention to the visitors affording them many convincing tests. The table also answered, satisfactorily, mental questions. As agreed, these seances have been held for thirteen nights. The sum collected has been £3 17s. 3d., and the expenses £3 5s., leaving a balance of 12s. 3d. It was resolved that the balance should go to the library fund for the use of members of this circle whose names are on the No. 1 School books.

J. KING, O.S.T.

DIET CURE.

Dear Mr. Barns,—A friend of mine, a medical man, had a patient whose complaint was great trouble to his adviser, and had tried many prescriptions. He put his patient on vegetarian diet, and only two meals per day. This brought such a change that his patient not only feels much better, but has actually gained fourteen pounds in six weeks on his two meals per day of vegetarian diet. Now I do know this for a fact, and think it quite important to give it publicity, to show what truth there is in vegetarianism.—Yours in the Cause, E. E. FAIRBIE.

190. DALSTON ASSOCIATION.—We shall be glad to hear of future proceedings through your medium. There are great times near at hand. All we have to guard against is foregone conclusions. All our findings must be held as tentative in the first place, and yet we must maintain an attitude of regard for our spirit-friends—waiting always for more light.

MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION OF INQUIRERS INTO SPIRITUALISM.

QUEBEC HALL, 25, GREAT QUEBEC STREET, W.

On Sunday evening, April 21st, a most interesting seance was held, with Miss Mancell, clairvoyant medium. This is the first public seance held at our hall by Miss Mancell. The conditions were very harmonious. The circle was limited, only nine persons being present, among whom was Mr. Holmes, of Preston. The clairvoyant power of the medium was quite confirmed by the number of indisputable tests of spirit-identity given to the majority of the sitters, none of whom had any previous knowledge of the medium, all being strangers to her. She is a most genial and unassuming person, and as her powers become better known, no doubt that any seance at which she may be the medium will be more numerously attended.

This was the first of a series that will be held at Quebec Hall on Sunday evenings, with Miss Mancell as medium. Friends wishing to be present must be at the hall before 8 p.m., as the seance commences at that hour sharp, and no one will be admitted under any pretence after that time. Doors open at 7.30, closed at 8 p.m. sharp. Admission 6d. to defray expenses.

On Tuesday last Mr. Watt lectured, or rather preached a sermon, in which he gave a thorough recantation of his former views, and expressed his belief in Christ as his Saviour from sin.

On Sunday afternoon next, at 3.15, Mr. W. J. Colville will deliver an inspirational oration.

On Tuesday, April 30th, Mr. Young, secretary of the Anti-Compulsory Vaccination Society, will lecture on "Some Facts about Vaccination," commencing at 8.30 p.m.

We have received reports of Mr. Morse's lectures at Cardiff, and also one from Newcastle-on-Tyne, which we promise to publish as soon as the state of our columns will permit. We tender our thanks to the contributors of them.

BRADFORD.—On Easter Monday the friends of Spiritualism in this place met together and enjoyed a social tea-party and entertainment. There was a good attendance, and everything passed off very creditably and to the satisfaction of all parties. Mr. W. Wallace, the pioneer medium, was present, and took part in the proceedings; he goes on to Macclesfield to lecture there on Sunday next. Communications for Mr. Wallace may be addressed to 329, Kentish Town Road, London, N.W.

JOHN SUMMERFIELD (Birmingham).—We desire it to be publicly and distinctly understood that we do not at any time or under any circumstances accept contributions on the understanding that we puff any particular medium, and we are sure that the Spiritualists of Coventry and Birmingham are the last men to use any kind of intimidation to force us to do anything of the sort. We will thank you to allow our friends to accept us or reject us on our own well-known merits without any comments on your part, either *pro* or *con*. Let every man take care of his own good name.

M.—We have no opinion on "Theosophy," for it is hard to know what it is. The word "theosophy" is misapplied to that which is so styled by certain Americans and others, which makes the whole pretension look very much like humbug. We think it is a kind of big gooseberry newspaper man's job—a fruitful nine days' wonder, out of which to create capital for the manufacture of newspaper articles and books. News-mongers and wonder-creators must live, and their bread-and-butter may just as well be called "Theosophy" as any other name. To us Spiritualism comprises all study in connection with man.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.—A lecture will be delivered on Sunday, April 28th, at four o'clock, by Herr Christian Reimers, on "Twenty-Five Years' Experience of Psychical Phenomena, —a Disclosure of Facts and Illusion." "Excited imagination and controversy having somewhat blurred a clear view on these conflicting occurrences, a plain exposition of facts may be best calculated to form a basis for everybody's own judgment." *Syllabus*: Strange facts—Stranger theories—More difficult experiments—Faraday's checking influence—Further experiments in England—Suspicious interruption of a seance—Swelling literature on the subject—Dr. Carpenter's lecture on "Epidemic Illusions"—Healthy reaction therefrom—More severity in test arrangements—Strange reluctance of mediums to submit to them—Critical appliances to test alleged materialisation phenomena—Extraordinary and conclusive results—Final separation of fact and illusion. Admission: 1s., 6d., and 1d. Free admission to members of the Sunday Lecture Society by presenting their season tickets.

32 pages, price 2d.; One Shilling per dozen.

PAST AND PASSING EVENTS:

THE CHURCH; MODERN JESUITISM; CHURCH LANDS,
AND THE RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.

Being a few Night and Morning Thoughts from

THE NOTE-BOOK OF A HUMANITARIAN.

CONTENTS.

The Sailor's Home.	The Good Clergyman.
Haunts and Associations of Childhood.	Tithes.
Christianity.	Church Revenues not Religion.
Night Thoughts.	Past Neglect of Education and Religion.
The Irish Church.	Ecclesiastical Commission.
Roman Catholicism.	Rights of Church Property.
The English Church.	Rights of Private Property.
The Earl of Mountcashel's Predic- tion.	Duty of the People.

London: J. Burns, 15, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

MR. MORSE'S APPOINTMENTS.

BELPER.—Saturday, April 27, Chamber Lecture. Sunday, April 28, Two Services. Monday, April 29, Social Gathering.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Sunday and Monday, May 5 and 6.

FOR THE LANCASHIRE DISTRICT COMMITTEE OF SPIRITUALISTS.

LIVERPOOL.—Sunday, May 12.

BOLTON.—May 13.

LEIGH.—May 14.

BURY.—May 15.

BURNLEY.—May 16.

ROCHDALE.—May 17.

MANCHESTER.—May 19.

OLDHAM.—May 20.

ASHTON.—May 21.

MACCLESFIELD.—May 22.

HAYFIELD.—May 23.

HYDE.—May 24.

CAMBRIDGE.—Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, May 26, 27, and 28.

Societies, circles, and local Spiritualists, desirous of securing Mr. Morse's services for public or private meetings, are requested to write him for terms and dates, at Elm-Tree Terrace, Uttoxeter Road, Derby. Mr. Morse's guides deliver addresses on the Temperance Question.

W. J. COLVILLE'S APPOINTMENTS.

LONDON.—Quebec Hall, Sunday, April 28, at 3.15 p.m. Ladbroke Hall, April 28, at 7 p.m. Dalston Association, Monday, April 29, Conversazione. Langham Hall, Tuesday, April 30, at 8 p.m. Dalston Association, Thursday, May 2, at 8 p.m.

LIVERPOOL.—Sunday, May 5, Camden Hotel, at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. May 6, at 7.30 p.m.

MANCHESTER.—Hulme Town Hall, May 8, at 8 p.m. Temperance Hall, Grosvenor Street, May 12, at 2.30 and 6.30 p.m.

ROCHDALE.—May 26, and June 9 and 23, and July 14. Regent Hall, at 2.30 and 6.30 p.m.

MACCLESFIELD.—June 16.

ULVERSTON AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.—Sunday, May 19, and following week.

Mr. Colville accepts engagements to deliver orations and poems in London or the provinces. Address—care of Mr. Burns, 15, Southampton Row, Holborn, London.

MR. E. W. WALLIS'S APPOINTMENTS.

CAMBRIDGE.—Public Hall, Jesus Lane, Sunday, April 28.

DERBY.—May 2, 3, 5, 6, and 7.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—May 12, 13, 19, and 20.

Mr. Wallis is agent for Spiritual Literature, Dr. Nichol's works on Physiology, Solidified Cacao, &c. His guides also deliver addresses on the Temperance Question.

Friends desiring Mr. Wallis's services should write to him at 1, Englefield Road, Kingsland, N.

NEWCASTLE PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY,

WEIR'S COURT, NEWGATE STREET.

Sunday, April 28, at 6.30 p.m. Trance Address. Miss E. A. Brown.

Admission free. A collection to defray expenses.

4, Nixon Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. H. A. KESSEY, Hon. Sec.

THE LANCASHIRE DISTRICT COMMITTEE OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Mrs. Batie will speak as follows:—

Liverpool Sunday, April 28, at 11 and 6.30

Mr. Sutcliffe at

Bolton " " 28, at 6.30

Mr. Holt at

Oldham " " 28, at 2.30 and 6.30

Mr. Jackson at

Manchester " 28, at 6.30

Messrs. Johnson, Hartley, and Ogden at

Hyde Tuesday, April 30, at 8.

These meetings are free, and all Spiritualists and their friends are earnestly invited to attend.

March 24, 1878.

JOHN LAMONT, President.

CHARLES PARSONS, Secretary.

BURNLEY CIRCLES.—A circle will be held at the house of Dr. Brown, 40, Standish Street, Burnley, each Sunday night until further notice. Doors open at 6.30 p.m. All Spiritualists in Burnley and district are cordially invited to attend. Dr. Brown's developing circle meets on Tuesday nights at 6.30 p.m., doors closed at 7 p.m. Spiritualists and investigators wishing to become members must make application to Dr. Brown, or Joseph Briggs, chairman of the circle.—JOSEPH BRIGGS.

DALSTON ASSOCIATION.—On Monday evening next, April 29, a conversation will be held in the rooms of the above association, 53, Sigdon Road, Dalston Lane, at 7.30. Admission 1s. On Wednesday, May 1, the second subscription seance, with Mr. W. Eglinton, will be held in the same rooms. Applications for tickets to be made through members, who are requested to apply to the hon. sec. without delay, as the number of tickets issued will be limited, as on the previous occasion. Seance commences at 8 p.m. On Thursday evening, May 2, an inspirational discourse will be delivered by Mr. W. J. Colville at the same place, at 8.15.

BARROW-IN-FURNESS.—The friends in this place have formed themselves into a society for the promulgation and investigation of Spiritualism. We have two local mediums, Mr. Proctor, from Dalton, and Mr. Taylor, from Millom, besides three others under development. They have been favoured with a visit from Mr. Morse, which has provoked much inquiry in the town. The subject chosen by the audience was, "Spiritualism: what is it, and in what consists its utility?" The address was delivered in a very efficient manner, as though great pains had been taken in its composition preparatory to its delivery; and was very truthfully reported in the *Barrow Herald* of April 16. Mr. Colville will, it is expected, visit us on May 19.—Yours truly, J. WALMSLEY.



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

SUNDAY, APRIL 28.—Mr. Lambelle at Doughty Hall, 14, Bedford Row, at 7.
 TUESDAY, APRIL 30.—Select Meeting for the Exercise of Spiritual Gifts, at 8.
 THURSDAY, MAY 2.—School of Spiritual Teachers, at 8 o'clock.

SEANCES AND MEETINGS IN LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, APRIL 28, Service at Ladbroke Hall, Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill Station at 7.
 TUESDAY, APRIL 30, Mrs. Prieard's, at 10, Devonshire Street, Queen Square, at 8. Developing.
 WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, Mr. W. Wallace, 329, Kentish Town Road, at 8.
 THURSDAY, MAY 2, Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism. For information as to admission of non-members, apply to the honorary secretary, at the rooms, 53, Sigdon Road, Dalston Lane, E. Mrs. Prieard's, at 10, Devonshire Street, Queen Square, at 8.
 FRIDAY, MAY 3, Mr. J. Brain's Tests and Clairvoyance, 29, Duke Street, Bloomsbury, at 8.

MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION OF INQUIRERS INTO SPIRITUALISM, QUEBEC HALL, 25, GT. QUEBEC ST., MARYLEBONE RD.

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 WEDNESDAY, Members' Developing Seance: 8 for 8.30. THURSDAY, Social Meeting of Members and Friends: 8 till 11. SATURDAY, Inquirer's Seance, Medium, Mrs. Treadwell; admission 6d., to pay expenses; Local and other Mediums invited. SUNDAY, Afternoon, Trance and Normal Address: 3.15. Evening, Inquirers' Seance, various mediums; admission 6d., to pay expenses: 7.30 for 8. Admission to Seances by previous application or introduction.

SEANCES IN THE PROVINCES DURING THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, APRIL 28, KENNELLY, 2 p.m. and 5.30 p.m.
 BIRMINGHAM, Mr. W. Perks, 312, Bridge Street West, near Well Street. Hockley, at 8.30 for 7, free, for Spiritualists and friends.
 BOWLING, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 2.30 and 6 p.m.
 BRIGHTON, Hall of Science, 3, Church Street, doors closed 6.30 p.m.
 BURY, No. 2 Room, Temperance Hall, Henry Street, at 2.30, and 6 p.m.
 CARDIFF, Intellectual Seance at Mr. Daly's, Osborne Villa, Cowbridge Road, Canton, at 6.30.
 DARLINGTON, Spiritual Institution, 1, Mount Street, adjoining the Turkish Baths. Public Meetings at 10.30 a.m. and 6 p.m.
 GRIMSBY, at Mr. T. W. Asquith's, 212, Victoria Street South, at 8 p.m.
 GRIMSBY, S. J. Heraberg, No. 7, Corporation Road, at 8.
 GLASGOW, 164, Trongate, at 6.30 p.m.
 LEICESTER, Lecture Room, Silver Street, at 10.30 and 6.30.
 LIVERPOOL, Lectures in Meyerbeer Hall, 5, Hardman Street, at 7 p.m.
 LOUGHBOROUGH, Mr. Gutteridge's, School Street, at 6.30.
 MANCHESTER, Temperance Hall, Grosvenor Street, All Saints, at 2.30.
 MIDDLESBRO', 23, High Duncombe Street, at 2.30 p.m.
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, at Freemasons' Old Hall, Weir's Court, Newgate Street, at 6.30 p.m. Lecture.
 NOTTINGHAM, Churchgate Low Pavement. Public Meeting at 6.30 p.m.
 OLDHAM, 158, Union Street, at 6.
 OSSETT Spiritual Institution, Ossett Green (near the G. N. R. Station). Lyceum, 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.; Service at 6 p.m.
 SHAHAM HARBOUR, at Mr. Fred. Brown's, in the evening.
 BOWSBY BRIDGE, Spiritualist Progressive Lyceum, Children's Lyceum, 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Public Meeting, 6.30 p.m.
 TUESDAY, APRIL 30, SHAHAM HARBOUR, at Mr. Fred. Brown's, in the evening.
 STOCKTON, Meeting at Mr. Freund's, 2, Silver Street at 8.15.
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Old Freemasons' Hall, Weir's Court, Newgate Street. Seance at 7.30 for 8. For Members only.
 SHEFFIELD, W. S. Hunter's, 47, Wilson Road, Well Road, Heeley, at 8.
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 BIRMINGHAM, Mr. W. Perks, 312, Bridge Street West, near Well Street, for Development at 7.30, for Spiritualists only.
 MIDDLESBRO', 23, High Duncombe Street, at 7.30.
 THURSDAY, MAY 2, DARLINGTON, 1, Mount Street, at 7.30. Mutual Improvement.
 GRIMSBY, at Mr. T. W. Asquith's, 212, Victoria Street South, at 8 p.m.
 LEICESTER, Lecture Room, Silver Street, at 8, for Development.
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