

# THE TWO WORLDS

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM, OCCULT SCIENCE, ETHICS, RELIGION AND REFORM.

No. 112.—Vol. III. [Registered as a Newspaper.] FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1890

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June 6: Mr. Wallis affirmed "Spiritualism, True, Moral, and the Need of the Age." Mr. Grinstead denied.

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THE AGNOSTIC JOURNAL, Nov. 9th, has the following kindly notice: "E. W. Wallis, the well-known spiritualist, has recently held a debate in defence of his 'ism' with J. Grinstead, and the report of the debate has been published in pamphlet form. We recommend the pamphlet to the attention of all who are anxious to know the best that can be said for spiritualism and the worst that can be said against it. Mr. Wallis is the colleague of Emma Hardinge Britten of *The Two Worlds*, and an adept in the spiritualistic controversy."

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## SERVICES FOR SUNDAY, JANUARY 5, 1890.

**Accrington.**—26, China St., Lyceum, at 10-30; at 2-30 and 6-30.  
**Ashington.**—New Hall, at 5 p.m.  
**Bacup.**—Meeting Room, Princess St., at 2-30 and 6-30: Mrs. Gregg.  
**Barrow-in-Furness.**—82, Cavendish St., at 6-30.  
**Batley Carr.**—Town St., Lyceum, 10 and 2; at 6-30.  
**Batley.**—Wellington Street, at 2-30 and 6.  
**Beeston.**—Conservative Club, Town St., 2-30 and 6.  
**Belper.**—Jubilee Hall, at 10 and 2, Lyceum; at 10-30 and 6-30: Local.  
**Bingley.**—Wellington Street, 2-30 and 6.  
**Birkenhead.**—144, Price Street, at 11 and 6-30. Thursdays, at 7-30.  
**Bishop Auckland.**—Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa, at 2 and 6-30.  
**Blackburn.**—Art School, Paradise Street, at 9-30, Lyceum; at 2-30 and 6-30.  
**Bolton.**—Bridgeman Street Baths, at 2-30 and 6-30.  
**Bradford.**—Walton St., Hall Lane, Wakefield Rd., at 2-30 and 6.  
 Otley Road, at 2-30 and 6.  
 Little Horton Lane, 1, Spicer St., 2-30 and 6: Miss Pickles.  
 Milton Rooms, Westgate, at 10, Lyceum; 2-30 and 6.  
 St. James's Lyceum, near St. James's Market, Lyceum, at 10; at 2-30 and 6-30: Miss Walton.  
 Ripley Street, Manchester Road, at 11, 2-30, and 6-30: Mr. Macdonald. Tuesday, at 8.  
**Bankfoot.**—Bentley's Yard, at 2-30 and 6.  
**Birk Street.**—Leeds Road, at 2-30 and 6.  
**Bowling.**—Harker St., 10-30, 2-30, and 6: Mr. Hopwood. Wednesday, at 7-30.  
 Norton Gate, Manchester Road, at 2-30 and 6.  
**Brighouse.**—Oddfellows' Hall, at 2-30 and 6.  
**Burnley.**—Hammerton St., Lyceum, 9-30; 2-30 and 6-30.  
 Trafalgar Street, at 2-30 and 6-30.  
 102, Padiham Rd., Developing Circles, Mondays, Thursdays, 7-30.  
**Burslem.**—Colman's Rooms, Market, 2-45 and 6-30.  
**Byker.**—Back Wilfred Street, at 6-30.  
**Churwell.**—Low Fold, at 2-30 and 6: Miss Tetley.  
**Cleckheaton.**—Oddfellows' Hall, Lyceum, 9-30; 2-30, 6: Mr. Boocock.  
**Colne.**—Cloth Hall, Lyceum, at 10; 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. Johnson.  
**Cooms.**—Asquith Buildings, at 2-30 and 6.  
**Darwen.**—Church Bank Street, Lyceum, at 9-30; at 11, Circle; at 2-30 and 6-30.  
**Denholme.**—6, Blue Hill, at 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Midgley.  
**Deensbury.**—Vulcan Rd., at 2-30 and 6.  
**Eccleshill.**—Old Baptist Chapel, at 2-30 and 6-30.  
**Exeter.**—Longbrook Street Chapel, at 2-45 and 6-45.  
**Felling.**—Park Road, at 6-30.  
**Foleshill.**—Edgewick, at 10-30, Lyceum; at 6-30.  
**Glasgow.**—Bannockburn Hall, 36, Main St., 11-30, 6-30. Thursday, 8.  
**Halifax.**—Winding Rd., at 2-30 and 6-30: Mrs. Crossley, and on Monday.  
**Haswell Lane.**—At Mr. Shields', at 6-30.  
**Heckmondwike.**—Assembly Room, Thomas Street, at 10, 2-30 and 6, Mrs. Russell. Social Meeting, Thursdays, at 7-30.  
**Hetton.**—At Mr. J. Thompson's, Hetton, at 7: Local.  
**Heywood.**—Argyle Buildings, Market St., 2-30, 6-15.  
**Huddersfield.**—8, Brook Street, at 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. A. D. Wilson.  
 Institute, John St., off Buxton Rd., 2-30 and 6: Local.  
**Idle.**—2, Back Lane, Lyceum, 2-30, 6: Mrs. Craven.  
**Jarrow.**—Mechanics' Hall, at 6-30.  
**Keighley.**—Lyceum, East Parade, at 2-30 and 6.  
 Assembly Room, Brunswick St., at 2-30 and 6.  
**Lancaster.**—Athenæum, St. Leonard's Gate, at 10-30, Lyceum; at 2-30 and 6-30.  
**Leeds.**—Psychological Hall, Grove House Lane, back of Brunswick Terrace, at 2-30 and 6-30.  
 Institute, 28, Cookridge St., at 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. A. Smith.  
**Leicester.**—Silver St., at 2-30, Lyceum; at 10-45 and 6-30.  
**Leigh.**—Newton Street, at 2-30 and 6.  
**Liverpool.**—Daulby Hall, Daulby St., London Rd., 11 and 6-30.  
**London.**—Bethnal Green.—7, Cyprus Street, Globe Road: Wednesdays, at 8 prompt, Mr. Vango.  
**Camberwell Rd., 102.**—At 7. Wednesdays, at 8-30.  
**Canning Town.**—27, Leslie Rd., at 6-30. Wednesday, at 7.  
**Olapham Junction.**—295, Lavender Hill, Wandsworth Road, at 11, Quiet chats for earnest people; at 6-30; Lyceum, at 3. Wednesday, at 8. Saturday, at 7.  
**Edgware Rd.**—Carlyle Hall, Church St., at 7. Closed till Jan. 5th.  
**Euston Road, 195.**—Monday, at 8, Séance, Mrs. Hawkins.  
**Forest Hill.**—23, Devonshire Road, at 7.  
**Holborn.**—At Mr. Coffin's, 13, Kingsgate Street: Wednesday, at 8, Mrs. Hawkins.  
**Islington.**—Wellington Hall, Upper St., at 7.  
**Kentish Town Rd.**—Mr. Warren's, 245. Dawn of Day, Social Gathering, at 7-30. Tuesdays, at 7-30, Associates only. Thursdays, at 8, Open Meeting.  
**King's Cross.**—253, Pentonville Hill (entrance King's Cross Road): at 10-45; at 6-45, Mrs. Bell. Wednesday, at 8-30, Social Meeting.  
**Marylebone.**—24, Harcourt St., at 10-30 for 11, Mr. Goddard; at 8, Lyceum; at 7. Monday, Music, songs, and dancing. Tuesday, at 8, Mr. Burns, Phrenology, with experiments. Mr. Dale, Friday evenings.  
**Mile End.**—Assembly Rooms, Beaumont St., at 7.  
**Notting Hill.**—124, Portobello Road: Tuesdays, at 8, Mr. Towns.  
**Notting Hill Gate.**—9, Bedford Gardens, Silver St., at 11, Service, and Discussion; at 3, Choir; at 7, Federation Meeting. Messrs. Bell, Butcher, Emms, and Long. Choir Practice at 68, Cornwall Road, Bayswater, Fridays, at 8.  
**Peckham.**—Winchester Hall, 33, High St., at 11 and 6-30; at 3, Lyceum. Saturday, Members' Seance, at 8-15. Monday, at 8-15. Inquirers welcomed.  
**Stepney.**—Mrs. Ayers', 45, Jubilee Street, at 7. Tuesday, at 8.  
**Stratford.**—Workman's Hall, West Ham Lane, E., at 7.

**Longton.**—Coffee Tavern, Stafford St., at 6-30.  
**Macclesfield.**—Cumberland Street, Lyceum, at 10-30; at 2-30 and 6-30: Mrs. Wallis.  
**Manchester.**—Temperance Hall, Tipping Street, Lyceum; at 2-45, 6-30: Mr. J. B. Tetlow.  
 Collyhurst Road, at 2-30 and 6-30.  
**Maxborough.**—Ridgills' Rooms, at 2-30 and 6.  
**Middlesbrough.**—Spiritual Hall, Newport Road, Lyceum, at 2; at 10-45 and 6-30.  
 Granville Rooms, Newport Road, at 10-30 and 6-30.  
**Morley.**—Mission Room, Church St., at 2-30 and 6.  
**Nelson.**—Spiritual Rooms, Leeds Rd., 2-30 and 6-30.  
**Newcastle-on-Tyne.**—20, Nelson St., at 2-15, Lyceum; at 6-30. St. Lawrence Glass Works, at Mr. Hetherington's: at 6-30.  
**North Shields.**—6, Camden St., Lyceum, 2-30; at 6-15.  
 41, Borough Rd., at 6-30.  
**Northampton.**—Oddfellows' Hall, Newland, at 2-30 and 6-30.  
**Nottingham.**—Morley House, Shakespeares Street, Lyceum, at 2-30; at 10-45 and 6-30.  
**Oldham.**—Temple, off Union St., Lyceum, at 9-45 and 2; at 2-30 and 6-30.  
**Openshaw.**—Mechanics', Pottery Lane, Lyceum, at 9-15 and 2; at 10-30 and 6.  
**Parkgate.**—Bear Tree Rd., at 10-30, Lyceum; at 6-30: Mr. Rowling.  
**Pendleton.**—Cobden St. (close to the Co-op. Hall), Lyceum, at 9-30 and 1-30; at 2-45 and 6-30: Mrs. Green.  
**Plymouth.**—Notte Street, at 11 and 6-30: Mr. Leeder, Clairvoyant.  
**Rawtenstall.**—At 10-30, Lyceum; at 2-30 and 6.  
**Rochdale.**—Regent Hall, 2-30 and 6. Wednesday, 7-45, Public Circles. Michael St., Lyceum, at 10 and 1-30; at 3 and 6-30. Tuesday, at 7-45, Circle.  
**Salford.**—Spiritual Temple, Southport Street, Cross Lane, Lyceum, at 10 and 2; 3 and 6-30, Mr. Kelly. Wednesday, at 7-45.  
**Saltash.**—Mr. Williscroft's, 24, Fore Street, at 6-30.  
**Scholes.**—At Mr. J. Rhodes', 33, New Brighton Street, at 2-30 and 6.  
**Sheffield.**—Cocoa House, 175, Pond Street, at 7.  
 Central Board School, Orchard Lane, at 2-30 and 6-30.  
**Shipley.**—Liberal Club, at 2-30 and 6.  
**Skelmanthorpe.**—Board School, 2-30 and 6.  
**Slaithwaite.**—Laith Lane, at 2-30 and 6.  
**South Shields.**—19, Cambridge St., Lyceum, at 2-30; at 11 and 6: Mr. J. G. Gray. Wednesday, 7-30. Developing on Fridays, at 7-30.  
**Sowerby Bridge.**—Hollins Lane, Lyceum, at 10-30 and 2-15; at 6-30.  
**Station Town.**—14, Acclom Street, at 2 and 6.  
**Stockport.**—Hall, 26, Wellington Road, South, at 2-30 and 6-30: Local. Members' Circle, Monday, at 7-30. Public Circle, Thursday, at 7-30.  
**Stockton.**—21, Dovecot Street, at 6-30.  
**Stonehouse.**—Corpus Christi Chapel, Union Place, at 11 and 6-30.  
**Sunderland.**—Centre House, High St., W., 10-30, Committee; at 2-30, Lyceum; at 6-30.  
 Monkwearmouth, 3, Ravensworth Terrace, at 6.  
**Tunstall.**—13, Rathbone Street, at 6-30.  
**Tyldesley.**—Spiritual Institute, Elliot St., at 2-30 and 6.  
**Tyne Dock.**—Exchange Buildings, at 11; at 2-30, Lyceum; at 6.  
**Walsall.**—Exchange Rooms, High St., Lyceum, at 10; at 2-30 and 6-30.  
**Westhoughton.**—Wingates, Lyceum, at 10-30; at 2-30 and 6-30.  
**West Pelton.**—Co-operative Hall, Lyceum, at 10-30; at 2 and 5-30.  
**West Vale.**—Green Lane, at 2-30 and 6.  
**Whitworth.**—Reform Club, Spring Cottages, at 2-30 and 6.  
**Wibsey.**—Hardy St., at 2-30 and 6.  
**Willington.**—Albert Hall, at 6-30.  
**Wisbech.**—Lecture Room, Public Hall, at 6-45.  
**Woodhouse.**—Talbot Buildings, Station Road, at 6-30.

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## THE ROSTRUM.

### COL. OLCOTT AT NEWCASTLE; OR, THEOSOPHY ON BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR OF "THE TWO WORLDS."]

FOLLOWING up our report of Colonel Olcott's address on theosophy at Liverpool—his utter failure to tell what theosophy was, or what theosophists believed—Mrs. Hardinge Britten offered to discuss the question with Colonel Olcott publicly. This he declined, and in answer to the oft-reiterated questions from hundreds of querists—After all, what does he mean? Why did he not tell us what theosophy was? and What is theosophy, anyway, except the payment of entrance fees and the attachment of F.T.S. to the names of those who pay? these and many similar questions—we repeat—Mrs. Hardinge Britten undertook the task of answering, and that, not from her own standpoint of knowledge, but exclusively from the published writings of those theosophists who are claimed by the society to be its public and most authoritative exponents. No sooner, however, were Mrs. Britten's reply and lectures published than—*hey presto!*—there pours in a flock of letters, not attempting to deny Mrs. Britten's showing of what theosophy really is, but defending the said theosophical doctrines put forth—doctrines whose only merit is that they are entirely unproved. Mrs. Britten, in a recent issue of this paper, informed her correspondents, as courteously as she knew how, that if she had published one of these letters she must have published all—that their full sum would have occupied every page of at least two issues, and that *The Two Worlds* was only printed to expound and uphold the doctrines of spiritualism, and not of a cult directly and irreconcilably in opposition to it. She pointed out, moreover, that the theosophists *had* already had their say, first in the report of Colonel Olcott's lecture, and next in the abundant quotations from the theosophical writings which Mrs. Britten's lectures in Nos. 105 and 106 of this paper contained. All would not do. The Editor's table is at this very moment loaded with letters full of (to use the mildest term available) indignation (many would say abuse), and all for not filling up a spiritual paper with several reams of anti-spiritual and unproved theories.

Bearing up as best she can under the storm which her fidelity to her duty has raised, the Editor has at length the pleasure of informing the malcontents that their turn has come once more. In short, although the mission of this paper would not permit her to load its columns with a flood of very unreadable and unwelcome correspondence, she is perfectly willing to let the various writers' own great high priest speak for them. Hence, we republish, from the columns of the *Newcastle Daily Leader* of the 18th ult., a condensed report of Colonel Olcott's definition (?) of what is theosophy.

### LECTURE ON THEOSOPHY.

Colonel H. S. Olcott, the president of the Theosophical Society, recently delivered a lecture on Theosophy in the Bath Lane Hall, Corporation Street, Newcastle. Dr. Charles Williams presided, and there was only a moderate attendance.

The Chairman, in opening the meeting, explained that he was there that night as a medical man interested in present-day questions. Among the phases of thought which had come across his notice were spiritualism and theosophy. With the former he was deeply interested, and had he not come into contact with theosophy he might have thrown in his lot with that form of religious thought. The president of the Theosophical Society was a man of European, he might say almost universal fame, and that might be the last occasion on which they would have the opportunity of hearing Colonel Olcott, for he was about to leave these shores for India.

Colonel Olcott then commenced his lecture. [After a considerable amount of verbiage concerning the sundry misconceptions the society had to endure from the world at large, the speaker went on as follows.]

Then they had had to contend with a great misconception with regard to Madame Blavatsky, who had been held up as one of the most ingenious impostors in the country. Learned societies had undertaken the task of investigating the phenomena connected with theosophy, and because of insufficient data they had come to unfavourable conclusions. All that, he said, had been due to the misconception that theosophy rested upon the merits or demerits of those associated with it. If the gentlemen who had been so industrious in making calumnies against his colleague, Madame Blavatsky, had taken the trouble to consult the ancient writers of Asia and the mediæval writers of Europe, and compare them with the phenomena of their own day of psychology and mesmerism, including clairvoyance, they would have seen that in any case Madame Blavatsky was nothing more than those who at different times had possessed remarkable psychical development. That was all she claimed for herself. Turning his attention to the growth of the society and the spread of theosophical principles, the lecturer pointed out that the society was formed in 1875 by Madame Blavatsky, himself, and a few other friends. In 1878 they transferred the headquarters of the society to Bombay, where they had since been located, though their headquarters were now in Madras. Since that time the society had spread by leaps and bounds, and beginning with two stations they had spread over the whole earth, so that at the present time they had 200 branches, including persons of all nationalities and religions. The lecturer then proceeded to deal with the principles of theosophy, contending that theosophy was not, as was often supposed, mere Buddhism, but was found in all religions. They found that it was the soul and spirit of Christianity; they found it in Mohammedanism, in Zoroaster, and in Solomon's Song. The difference between theosophy and theology was, that the former was a concept of the universe, and its laws did not require to be trammelled or compressed within the limits of any particular dogma. It was, therefore, not opposed to Christianity, and it had never been said of one theosophist that he did not respect and love the Christian as a brother. The Theosophical Society had no war for any true Christian, though it did not spare the shallow-minded and hypocritical one. After describing at considerable length the origin of theosophy and the writings upon which it was based, he described it as a ground of thought upon which all people could unite. They had proved that in India, and people had found out the truth. It was not a dream. At a meeting of the leaders of various religions in Madras in the month of December last, there could have been seen some two hundred persons, priests of different races and religions, sitting together in perfect accord. It was a sight never seen before. That meeting furnished a model of cause, effect, and power, which was founded upon

their own principles. First, it formed a nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race, creed, caste, or colour. Next, they wanted to promote the study of ancient philosophy, literature, religions, and sciences for the purpose of enlarging their information with reference to these things. Many were the societies which were formed for the purpose of taking up new ideas, but the Theosophical Society took up the old ones. Amongst their ranks they had got many persons of social distinction, and eminent men of science. He would anticipate a question that was sometimes asked, and might be again that evening—and the answer to that question was that Mr. Edison, the great electrician, was a member of their society, and had been since 1888. They also sought to investigate the unexplained laws of nature, and the physical powers of man. To give them some idea of the extent of knowledge possessed by the Eastern people in the direction of hypnotism, he would direct their attention to a well-authenticated trick, whereby a man performing in front of a large crowd with a piece of rope some ten or twelve yards long made it appear that after he had tossed the rope into the air he made it stand on end, and not only that, but that he climbed up the rope and disappeared from view at the top. That kind of thing had been a mystery for generations, but, thanks to research in hypnotism, they could now understand it. When a person was hypnotised it was possible for him to stand in front of a man and not see him at all. Hypnotism was long a mysterious trick of the juggler, and the knowledge of it transcended anything we had yet attained. The juggler was simply able to throw a glamour or suggestion upon the people about him. Theosophy was the most practical form of religious belief. It was a high ideal, based upon the instigation of the human heart. What more could they seek? They had given an ancient theory which was reasonable and not conflicting. They rejected nothing—excepting the theory of miracle—that came within their knowledge which was promotive of the brotherhood of mankind—the making of men true altogether.

A large number of questions were handed up, and after they had been weeded down to nineteen, Colonel Olcott proceeded to reply, the feeling of the meeting having been taken on the point.

Asked if he believed in prayer, he said he did not see what that had got to do with the matter. As he had explained, their ranks contained men of all shades of belief, including clergymen of the Church. They might ask them if they believed in prayer. It was a matter of private belief.

Asked if he still held the opinions which he expressed in his book regarding spiritualistic manifestations, he said that he did. He would admit that there were cases of jugglery in connection with manifestations, but there was a great deal that was genuine. There were things over which it was impossible to draw glamour.

Asked if this was the fiftieth appearance in this world, how could he tell whether he had been born before or not, he said birth was a thing of which there was no memory. There was much in the course of a life of which only a tithe was recollected, but they often found incidents that had passed completely out of their minds suddenly springing back upon them.

Other questions followed.

The Chairman asked what comfort theosophy gave in the presence of death, and Colonel Olcott replied in effect that this was to be found in the knowledge of the return again to physical life, and the prospect of meeting again.

Mr. Kersey, on behalf of the spiritualistic body in Newcastle, thanked Colonel Olcott for his lecture, and invited him on behalf of the spiritualists to meet them in discussion upon the question of theosophy and reincarnation. He hoped Colonel Olcott would see his way to oblige them.

The Chairman intimated that the Colonel's early return to India would preclude such an engagement.

Colonel Olcott also said his time was extremely limited, and as he had only a limited belief in the good accruing from such discussions, he thought, under any circumstances, he would not be able to accede to their wishes.

The audience then dispersed.

As it may not be uninteresting to the onlooker to note what effect the above grandly verbose but non-committal speech had upon some at least of his listeners, we append the following editorial remarks, also from the *Newcastle Daily Leader*, of the 18th ult.—

## THEOSOPHY AT BATH LANE HALL.

### NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

Theosophy does not seem to attract the majority in these parts. Some two or three hundred people gathered together from various parts of Tyneside made a thin, subdued, and rather melancholy audience. Some were spiritualists, most were sicklied o'er with the pale cast of recondite speculation, including the majority of the ladies, of whom there was a sprinkling. All were patient, which, on the whole, was a good thing for them.

For Colonel Olcott is not precisely an ideal prophet. True, his ample grey beard, artistically curling grey locks, thoughtful forehead, and Roman nose remind one curiously of certain St. Peters we have seen in the old masters—as if, in fact, one of them had been buttoned into a modern frock coat and provided with a pair of gold spectacles; but his speech is too dry and technical, his manner too pedantic and “philosophical” to be attractive to the world at large.

The world at large, we take it, looks for solace in its troubles. It is true that Colonel Olcott told us with philosophic calm (heightened by an American accent and a sort of serious slyness in his eye) that theosophy is not only a “philosophic concept of the universe, unfettered by sectarian dogma,” but also “a highly religious idea based upon the instincts of the heart.” But when these points of solace were pressed home by questions—particularly by the questions of the chairman—it was disappointing extremely to find the answer a mere theory—old, but not as yet venerable—stated in a strange pedantic jargon. To tell a man who has lost a beloved friend that “Karma settles the whole matter” is not to aid, but to mystify and depress.

It would seem from the applause which greeted the chairman's quiet question, and the silence at the conclusion of the colonel's answer (if it was an answer, which we strongly doubt), that a good many of those present were conscious of a certain vacuum in theosophy as expounded by its chief prophet—Madame Blavatsky perhaps excepted. No doubt no subject (and certainly not so vague and comprehensive a subject as theosophy) can be fully treated in a single lecture; but such an important point as death and its sorrows should be treated at least sympathetically—seeing that at present at any rate the majority consists of men and women whose hearts have not yet been withered up by Karmic pedantries.

“The human heart,” said Colonel Olcott, “is always longing for some refreshment.” Theosophy proposes to refresh it with “philosophic concepts,” with phrases such as “potentiality of the development of an objective universe,” with jargon about “Rounds,” “Rings,” the “Seven principles of man,” “Nirvana,” and “Paranirvana,” “absorption into the eternal,” and a hundred other bewildering phrases, and speculations involving the most far-reaching philosophic problems and phenomenal knowledge of universal facts.

In contrast with which vague and awful chimeras, the sounds of a choir rehearsing near by, and even the wheezy shriek of a passing accordeon, seemed solid entities. So, too, did the chairman's expressive alternations of gloom and smile—for he smiled rather pityingly at some of the lecturer's statements. And when the questions came, and a spiritualist arose and challenged the colonel to public battle—verbal, of course—one realized the existence of the earth once more. It was rather comic to hear a spiritualist reproving the arch-priest of theosophy for not squaring his theories with facts! Still it was difficult not to sympathise with his picture of the lecturer fighting “a gallant struggle with philosophical difficulties.”

Colonel Olcott declined the contest, and we think he was wise. Theosophy exists, beyond doubt, and, as regards abstract theories of the universe, it projects questions of profound interest and importance which are certainly worth looking into. But whether it can ever be a direct agent of human regeneration seems to us, as at present advised, a very doubtful matter indeed.

[If Colonel Olcott—although the avowed founder and high priest of theosophy—were its only interpreter, and his lectures, as reported above, were the all of the cult, we should either be disposed to say, with Sir Charles Coldstream in “Used Up,” “there's nothing in it,” or we should think the prudent orator had studied and put in practice Dean Swift's advice to young critics, to wit, “Please everybody—praise everybody—agree with everybody.” Unfortunately, however, Colonel Olcott's colleagues have not been quite so complaisant as their leader, and the doctrines of “Spookism,”



"Reincarnation"—utter annihilation of individuality and consciousness at death—utter annihilation of all loves, kindreds, affections, or memory at death—a thousand years half awake and half asleep in Devachan, &c., &c., &c. (see *Two Worlds*, Nos. 105 and 106), are all published abroad as authoritative theosophical doctrines—Colonel Olcott and his *all things to all sects*, notwithstanding.—ED. T. W.]

## THE MYSTERY OF THE POSTERN GATE.

### CHAPTER I.

[NOTE.—The circumstances of the following narrative were communicated to the Editor by a descendant of the family whose fortunes they detail, and the curious episode connected with them was only permitted to be repeated on condition that the real names of the actors should be concealed, as well as the scene of the occurrence, under fictitious titles.]

ABOUT a hundred years ago there resided some twenty miles from Prague, in a small town that skirted the edge of a wild and extensive forest, a watch and clock maker, whom we shall call Johan Kalozy. He was the younger son of an ancient and once illustrious Baronial house—only two brothers of which survived at the time when our story opens. The eldest of these brothers, Baron Paul Kalozy, still resided in the old half-ruined castle, which stood on a high peak of rocks overlooking a vast range of forest landscape, broken into hills, dales, thick groves, and romantic passes. The castle was only accessible by a steep and very ill-kept road, which wound along the rocks, and led to the now dried moat and drawbridge, the means of raising which had long grown rusty from age and disuse. The buildings of this old time residence must once have been extensive and imposing; at the time of which we write, only a small portion of it was inhabited, all the rest sinking to decay and hopeless, though still picturesque ruin. The few rooms that were in tolerable preservation were inhabited alone by Baron Paul Kalozy, who bore the reputation of being either the poorest or the most miserly of men; his mean garments, wretched worn face and figure justifying this reputation, and his utter isolation from all association with his kind leading to the belief that a niggardly spirit and fear of his fellow mortals rather than absolute penury was the cause of his deep solitude. Be this as it may, in this wild, lonely, and ruinous retreat, Baron Paul lived by himself; no human being ever invaded his seclusion, or any one being knowingly admitted within the castle gates, save an old woman, wife of a neighbouring woodsman and charcoal burner, who was permitted to come every day to perform some little domestic duties, and receive at the end of each week the petty dole which had been agreed upon for her services. It was on a certain New Year's Eve afternoon, 17—when the Baron was busy rummaging amongst some old musty books and chemicals in a laboratory which popular rumour had given out to be a retreat devoted to the "black art," of which the Baron was supposed to be an adept, that he was startled in the midst of his occupations by a low knocking at the Postern Gate, which communicated with that part of the castle yet inhabited, but which had not been supposed to have been opened for many years. To hear a summons at this gate was so unusual a circumstance, that it was a long time, and not until the knocking had been several times repeated, that the lonely chatelain could believe it was an actual appeal for admittance. When he could no longer doubt the fact, however, he hastily arranged his books and papers, and carefully closing the door after him, traversed several passages until they terminated in an angle which he turned, entered another and still shorter passage than the rest, at the end of which was a low but heavily iron clamped postern door.

This door, after a moment's hesitation, the Baron opened, at first slowly, and then throwing it back to its full extent, stood looking, in amazement, on the fairest face—*save one*—that his gaze had ever encountered. "In the name of heaven, who are you, and who sent you hither?" he said, in a tone tremulous with agitation or alarm—it might have been difficult to say which.

"I am your niece, Constance Kalozy, and I was sent here by my father and your brother," replied the girl, in a voice as sweet as her face was lovely, "and I came to ask, dear, dear uncle, if you would not come to-morrow—New Year's Day, you know—and, forgetting all old quarrels and past offences, you and father join hands as brothers once more, and—and—dance together at my betrothal." These last words were uttered in a very low murmur, and then, in a louder and coaxing tone which few listeners could have had the heart to resist, she added, "Won't you come, uncle

dear? Won't you come, and you and father be good brothers once more?"

"And so you are my niece, are you?—Constance Kalozy, eh?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Well then, Constance, who told you to come to *this* gate, and how to knock *three threes upon it*?"

"Father told me, uncle. Did I do it right?"

"Father told you, did he? Well now, Constance, you can't come in at this gate; nobody can or must. Go round the castle walls till you come to the bridge, cross that and stand at the great gate till I meet you there. I will open it for you myself, and then I will let you in and hear what you have to say."

The girl departed, and the gate closed with a clang which woke up strange echoes, seemingly at a long, long distance off. The same sound might have been heard when the Baron Paul first opened the gate, but the sound was only a single one, and resembled the striking of a distant bell. Now, as the door closed, had there been anyone there to record the fact, they might have heard the same bell-like sound, but repeated twice, though still so distant did it seem that it might have been the chink of some far-off forester's tool striking against a metallic substance. Heeding nothing but the path she had to traverse, Constance made her way amongst thickets of bramble, weeds, and thistles, ever keeping as close as the overgrown tangle would let her to the ruined walls and the ins and outs of the castle, until she stood before what she afterwards described as the great, great gate. This was the grand and imposing entrance to what had once been a splendid edifice—now little more than a grey, grizzled, undistinguishable mass of tumble-down walls, the ruins of which were only redeemed from the aspect of utter desolation by the masses of thick ivy and other parasites which extended their green banners, as if to hide the ugliness beneath, over every portion of the once noble carvings and stone ornamentalions around the iron-studded gate.

As if to depict in a *tableau vivant* the present forlorn and ruined condition of the place, in the now open gateway stood the master himself. He was a tall man, of about sixty years of age, though his extremely gaunt figure, long untrimmed grey beard, elf locks, and hollow cheeks, gave him a much older look.

Every lineament of the face and form bespoke neglect or penury. His long, dark frock was ragged, and his appearance betokened the miser or mendicant to every eye that gazed upon him. The only features that awakened any idea of interest in living things were his piercing dark eyes, and those, peering forth from beneath his shaggy brows, looked like lurid fires blazing beneath the shadow of a pent house. The appearance of this grim object, standing framed as it were beneath the archway of the entrance gate, was all the more remarkable, as it contrasted with the fresh young flower-like creature that stood timidly before him. She was a girl of some eighteen or nineteen summers. Fair, rosy, with lovely features, golden brown hair, and eyes of lustrous deepest blue, a lovelier creature it would have been impossible to find depicted by the art of a Raphael, or the imagination of a Guido, and withal there was a half appealing, half daring smile on the young face as she stood confronting her grim relative, which even a harder nature than his might have found it difficult to resist. Motioning the tall, graceful fairy to enter, the old man followed, carefully closing the gate behind him, then, advancing into the great bare, bleak, desolate hall, he pointed to a bench, on which the girl modestly seated herself, and remained silent for a few moments, leaning against one of the pillars that supported the high-arched roof of the vault-like entrance hall. At length the Baron abruptly inquired—

"What brought you here, girl?"

"Uncle Paul," she replied, in a low sweet voice, and yet with a touch of firmness that bespoke character and mind, "my father and your brother desired me to ask you to let the long feud of twenty years pass away from between you, and, in token that you are brothers once more, he invites you to come to-morrow, with the New Year's celebration, and let the old unkindness that has severed you so long die out, and and a new era of fraternal love commence."

"Love!" echoed the old Baron, hissing out the word between his closed teeth with an accent of the most supreme contempt—"Pray, does *your mother* send her love also?"

"She sends no word," replied the girl simply. "My father alone gives the message."

"What does he *want* of me?" was the next question, asked with a cutting scorn that would have daunted any one but Constance.

"Nothing but this," she said firmly; "to-morrow I am to be betrothed to one I have long and dearly loved. Hitherto we have been too poor to think of marrying, and, besides, mother and the children have needed me at home. Brighter prospects have now dawned on my betrothed. He is a sailor, uncle; but he has met with a good offer to go as supercargo to the Indies, and this will make his fortune. He will return within two, or at most three years, and then we shall all be ever so much better off—and the prospects are so cheering, and—and—we all feel so happy, that father and I thought of you all alone here, and we both felt a wish that you should for once have a happy New Year's Day, and so—and so, uncle, I have come to ask you."

"Constance," said the old man, more gently than he had before spoken, advancing closer to her, and fixing his piercing eyes steadily upon her, "Answer me now a few questions shortly and truly. Why did you come to that postern door instead of to the front, or one of the side entrances?"

"Father told me to do so."

"He did, eh? Did he tell you anything about it?"

"Nothing but how to find it."

"And you found it readily?"

"I did so because father made me a plan."

"Show it to me!"

"Here it is, uncle," producing a rough sketch of the in-and-out windings of the walls, and the narrow pathway which led to the obscure corner in which the postern gate was situated.

"Ah, yes," said the Baron, carefully pondering over the plan, "but, Constance, tell me truly, why did he wish to give you all this trouble, and send you to that postern door?"

"I don't know, sir, unless he thought, perhaps, that might be the part of the castle in which you lived."

"How did he know that?"

"Well, sir, I cannot say, except that I think he has been up here once or twice lately, and certainly I know he came up here yesterday, for he made this plan of the walls in the evening from a rough sketch he took yesterday."

"Oh, indeed! He came up yesterday, then, and yet he did not call to see his brother."

"Perhaps he thought it best to send me, uncle."

"Doubtless, and he thought right. Only one or two more questions, Constance. Has your father been busy at his mechanical inventions lately?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, uncle. He says he has a wonderful new clock, with some remarkable works connected with it, but as yet he won't let any of his customers—no, nor even yet, any of his own family—see it."

"Indeed! And now for the last question. Do you know what has become of a *blind* man, a once famous clock-maker, and one that, before he lost his sight, used to work for your father?"

"That blind man, Herr Müller, lives with his widowed sister at Prague, uncle; and his son—his only son, a sailor—is my betrothed."

Baron Paul, up to this time, had held in his hand an oil-lamp, the light of which cast a fitful glimmering reflection around the vast, dreary hall, but brought out his own gaunt figure in strong relief. As Constance pronounced the last words—*is my betrothed*—the listener gave such a start that for the moment the lamp was nearly overturned. Without a word of surprise, however, the Baron regained his self-possession as quickly as he had lost it. Silently moving towards the gate of entrance, he threw it open, letting in the last wintry gleam of twilight from the outside. Then returning to where his niece was standing, he took her hand with something of a chivalric air, led her out, through the gate, on to the creaking, broken drawbridge, and then, releasing her hand, he said, with a firm, marked emphasis—

"I will come to-morrow."

He turned, the gate closed after him, and Constance was alone.

(To be continued.)

One of the best rules in conversation is, never say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had left unsaid; nor can there well be anything more contrary to the end for which people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

## IN THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT GATES.

THE shadow of death is on his brow,  
The sun of life is low;  
A flicker, a spark, in the gathering dark,  
A slowly fading glow.  
And chilly Death is nearer now  
As life's last moments flow.  
"Come, follow my steps," says Death,  
"Thine earthly day is done,  
The moment it's sped, thy fetters are shed  
And perfect rest is won;  
All sorrow departs with the failing breath,  
All pain with the setting sun."

"And will my soul then cease to care  
For things of earth, and will  
It never yearn to once return  
To those it clings to still?"  
"Thy soul will hold communion *there*  
With those of earth, at will;  
Thou liest in the shade of the wonderful gate—  
Light through its shining bars  
Falls on thy brow. Ah! follow me now  
To the world beyond the stars.  
Tired wanderer, come to thy happier fate,  
Beyond the shining stars."

—J. L. B.

## SPIRITUAL GIFTS, POWERS, AND PHENOMENA.

CONCLUDING INSTANCES—"THE DOUBLE."

### A CURIOUS SYNCHRONISM.

COLONEL PLUMMER while in *The Dakota Argus* office the other evening completed the history of a remarkable synchronous occurrence. On the morning of September 20, Mr. Plumley, managing editor of *The Argus*, went to No. 1, of the Northern Pacific, to meet a guest expected on that train, which arrives at 3 a.m. It stopped in front of the platform just as he reached the Eighth street crossing. He hurried down to find the friend expected, and when near the Headquarters Hotel, a well-known voice said "Holloa, Plumley." He turned and saw Colonel Plummer with his slouch hat, smooth Henry Ward Beecher face, brightly illuminated by the electric light. His grip was in his hand, and Plumley was too astonished for a moment to reply, knowing Plummer had appointments to speak under the auspices of the state republican committee through the northern tier of counties for all that week. Recovering from his surprise, Plumley said: "Colonel, where are you going?" To which Plummer replied: "I'm going home." The next day in conversation at *The Argus* office Plumley referred to seeing Plummer and his conversation. A note was made of his return to Casselton, and it was suggested that the probable reason was that he was going to Virginia to speak for General Mahone. This appeared Saturday morning. It was afterwards learned that Plummer was not in Fargo on the morning of September 20, nor at any time during that week. The previous afternoon the Colonel spoke in Rolla, and Friday afternoon at Bottineau. Shortly after this, while in *The Argus* office, Colonel Plummer said, "Friday morning was cold and raw, and I got up, feeling miserable. I rarely dream, but while at breakfast I related a queer dream of the previous night. I dreamed I had given up my appointments and started for home, and on the Headquarters' platform at Fargo I met Plumley, and spoke to him, and he asked me where I was going, and I said I was going home. I said at the breakfast table that I wished this was the case, as I was feeling unwell." The conversation Plummer relates and that outlined by Plumley is the same as to language, circumstances, locality, and time, and yet they seem to have been 250 miles apart at the hour and date mentioned. The incident appears to demand more than a passing notice.

## DOES THE SOUL EVER LEAVE THE PHYSICAL BODY?

BY JOS. TILLEY.

THIS is a question which, to many minds, still remains unsolved. Assertions have been made, pro and con, for many years, and some of our best seers, after numerous and extended observations, have concluded that it does not, until released by death; and this, with a full knowledge of all appearances to the contrary, I have but to present these thoughts from an experience which I heard from the lips of a gentleman, some time since, who is now in his seventy-third year, and living in San Bernadino.



At the time of the experience I am about to relate, he was a stout, strong vigorous young man, weighing some two hundred and fifty pounds, which offsets the usual notion that all mediums are sickly, nervous, and physically unfit for the arduous duties of life. He says in substance:

"I was a young married man, and a neighbour of ours, also married, came into the house one day (this was some thirty years ago), and in a very earnest, yet almost frantic manner, said: 'Mr. —, wont you see if my husband is dead or not?' She had heard that I often saw and talked with the so-called dead. Her husband had gone to California several months before. She further said, 'I am wretched, for there are so many noises about the house, such as rapping and things moving about, that I believe he is dead, or that something has happened to him.'

"Why," I said, 'I should not know your husband because I have never yet seen him; but as you are so troubled, I will try;' for rough as I was, my feelings were soon touched, and as quick as a flash, I was whirled round and fell on the floor as dead, and in a few seconds I was standing beside my prostrate form; saw my wife and the other woman chafing my hands and saying, 'He is dead;' and to all appearance I was as a body, but never felt more alive in my life.

"I felt impelled not to linger there, but was, apparently, without effort, borne upward through the roof, which was no impediment to my form. I moved across the country, observing many objects of interest in my course. I appeared to be but a little distance above the surface of the earth, but my journey was so rapid that I had no time to particularize, and ere I was aware, I found myself on board of a ship sailing on the broad Pacific.

"The first object that attracted my attention was a rather tall man, with a large black beard. I appeared attracted towards him, and noted him particularly; and, moving behind him, I noticed on the back part of his head a white spot. Then he went to his occupations; I followed. He took up a letter he had apparently written and added a postscript. I looked at the letter, and read it, and here was a mystery—I did not know how to read, yet I read that letter, word for word, about as follows: 'My dear wife,—I am on my way to Oregon with a load of cattle, and hope to realize enough to buy us a nice little home, where we may spend the balance of our life. P. S.—I think you will get this letter in about six weeks.'

"As soon as I had read the letter, my business there appeared to be at an end, for in a few minutes I found myself standing beside my apparently lifeless body, and saw both women bewailing my supposed death. Quicker than I can tell you, I appeared to grasp my body, and instantly I was on my feet. The tears were soon dried up, and the first question was, 'Well, what have you seen?'

"I related to them what I have already recorded, and as soon as I mentioned the white patch of hair on the back of his head—'Ah, now,' said the wife, 'you have seen him, for that description applies to nobody else.' The sequel proved the truth of the vision, for in about six weeks the letter arrived, worded exactly as I had read it in that strange manner."

I know of some other cases of a similar nature, which have been related to me by the parties themselves, and who could not be persuaded but that they had left their bodies. Now, the question recurs, Did they, or was it only a change of state, and which brought the two mentalities in rapport, so that the desires of the inquirer could obtain the information sought? But this opens the way to a series of questions which would take more time and knowledge of psychic laws than we now possess.—Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 7, 1888.—*Golden Gate.*

The following is recorded in the Appendix to *Posthumous Humanity* :—

"About forty years ago, there was, at Bangalore, a very holy and respected Yogi, named Ramavadudha, who was known to have appeared at distant places while his physical body was here. He attended the festival at Simagunga Hills, about twenty-six miles from Bangalore, and was seen by several Bangaloreans. While the festival was in progress, his physical body was in a locked room in Bangalore bazaar, where it was confined for twenty-four hours. When the door was unlocked, the following day, the body was there where it had been left. Shortly afterwards an officiating priest of the Shivagangam Temple came inquiring the whereabouts of this Yogi, saying that he had been at the temple the day before, and had left his brass drinking tumbler and brass spoon, which tumbler and spoon he, the *pujari*, or priest, had

brought with him. The Yogi was awakened, and the brass utensils delivered to him by the messenger."

"St. François Xavier went, in the month of November, 1571, from Japan to China, when, seven days after starting, the ship which carried him was assailed by a violent tempest. Fearing to lose the long-boat, the pilot ordered fifteen men of the crew to lash it to the ship. Night fell whilst they were still at this work, and a heavy swell washed boat and sailors away. The saint had been abstracted in prayer from the beginning of the storm, which hourly increased in violence. The ship's company gave their companions in the long-boat up for lost. When the danger to the ship was past, Xavier urged them to keep up their courage, and promised that within three days the boat would come back to the ship. The next day he caused a look-out to be sent aloft, but they saw nothing. The saint, returning to his cabin, resumed his prayers. After having thus passed nearly the entire day, he came again on deck, and with full confidence announced that the boat would be saved. On the following day, as there were still no signs of the missing, and there was danger to the ship, the crew refused to wait about any longer. But Xavier implored them to be patient a little while, and retiring to his cabin, prayed with redoubled fervour. At last, after some hours of wearisome waiting, they saw the long-boat, and soon the fifteen sailors supposed to be lost were on board again. When the men were on board, and the pilot was about to shove off the long-boat to tow behind again, they cried out to let Xavier come on board, as he was with them. It was useless to try to persuade them that he had never left the ship. They declared that he had stopped with them all through the tempest, encouraging them not to give up, and that it was himself who had steered them towards the ship. In face of such a prodigy, all the sailors were convinced that it was to the prayers of Xavier they owed their escape."

#### THE FUTURE LIFE.

I FEEL in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The earth gives me a generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe, at this hour, the fragrance of the lilies, the violets, and the roses as at twenty years.

The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which unite me.

It is marvellous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is a history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, "I have finished my day's work;" but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes with the twilight to open with the dawn.

I improve every hour, because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My work is hardly above a foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting for ever.—*Victor Hugo's letters.*

#### A SIGNIFICANT ITEM.

*Kindly but severely recommended to the attention of whom it may concern..*

The examination of Mr. and Mrs. Miller, the two spiritualistic mediums, was concluded in St. Louis, May 6th, and the defendants were held for the grand jury in the sum of \$1,000 each. The court held that the prosecuting witnesses and others had parted with their money upon faith in the statements made by the defendants. The court did not believe that something could be created out of nothing, and would have to follow the beaten path of fact as developed by scientists and others, who held that the witnesses of the asserted phenomena were victims of delusion, illusion, and morbid faculties. The medium was caught outside the cabinet in a fraudulent representation, when it was supposed she was in the cabinet. The evidence regarding the phase of spiritualism called "personation" could not be admitted, as it was the mere conclusions of witnesses. He would hold the defendants under the action relating to trick and confidence games. A bond was furnished.—*Ec.*

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## THE TWO WORLDS.

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1890.

### FAREWELL TO 1889.—WELCOME TO 1890!

"The King is dead! Long live the King!"

SUCH are the watchwords, aye, and the necessary ones, which record the passing away of the old, and the ushering in of the new, whether in governments, institutions, human lives, or changes of season. Ever onward; ever upward! Such is the march of life, could our poor blind eyes but see and our mortal senses recognize the immutable purposes of being. Since wisdom grows by retrospection, and reconciliation by hope, let us then pause before the mile stones on the high roads of eternity, and gain what courage, hope, and energy we may from reviewing our footprints, and learn wisdom from the experiences and mistakes of the past.

#### ON THE SIDE OF LOSS.

First—It would seem as if in social life the records of crime which have accumulated so fearfully, and culminated almost to an era of madness, could not go beyond the past two years.

Secondly—The demands for reform in every department of national life have grown stronger and stronger, until in the past year, the shameful revelations of how the poor *do not live*, but vegetate, foster, and die, have grown to such enormous proportions, that they can no longer be tolerated, and pauperism must either become a monster that will destroy nationality, or nationality must find ways and means to ameliorate it and turn it into good and blessing.

Thirdly—The strife between capital and labour has come to an open contest, and the opposing forces stand arrayed in open defiance, each of the other, and though natural and inevitable brothers in enterprise, they have at length assumed the attitude of determined foes, and must either perish together, or live by mutual compromise.

Fourthly—Religious systems all are, and have been, weighed in the balances, and stamped with the inevitable words of doom, FOUND WANTING.

Bells, books, candles, litanies, horrible confessionals, sales of heavenly passports, and purgatorial threats; these and a thousand other human shams and blasphemous assumptions are being dragged from behind the veil of ecclesiastical mysteries, and judged by the light of reason, natural law, and Divine order.

Following in the serpent trail of red hats, shaven-crowns, and priestly finery comes Ritualism, masquerading under false colours, until *her true inwardness* is also discovered, and her record was for sale quite recently in Market Street, Manchester, in the broad light of day, and amidst the throng

of passing multitudes, under the all too graphic title of "THE SHAME OF ENGLAND."

Another of the revelators of what the last, sad, guilty year has been, and how it goes out with many a dark stain-spot on its robes of death, is the bold, daring sheet called the *Sunday Chronicle*. Here are stored up records of wrong, strife, and withal stern demands for reform, such as no feeble pen of ours could number up—comparisons of the garrets and cellars of the poor, with the palaces and homes of the rich, which make the public aware that there are more causes to cry "Shame on England," than even the disgraceful revelations of the Roman and Ritualistic Confessional. Into the doings of princes and nobles, legislators and ecclesiastics, as into prize-ring brutalities and the slums and alleys, where moral and physical miasma generate their awful atmospheres of contagion, this *Sunday Chronicle* staff turns its bull's-eye lamp, until the work it is doing far eclipses the now despised threats, or the no less contemptible promises of effete pulpit oratory.

But then comes the question—How are all these revelations to end, and what can the coming year do to aid in solving these tremendous problems? To this we can only point to the facts of universal history, one of the most hopeful of which is, that the culminating apex of all great wrongs is, where and when they are fully known, and realized. That such a point is now reached, whether in our social, political, or religious institutions, can scarcely be doubted by any close observer of the signs of the times.

Science has taught the lesson that fires, floods, shipwrecks, and other calamities of a like nature are retributive angels, teaching obedience to the stern laws of Nature, and man's power over the elements through knowledge. Even so is humanity being taught the lessons of moral science, and the laws of retributive justice on the wrongs done to "the least of God's creatures."

The great truth is at last being recognized that crime is engendered by want, woe, and wretchedness, and that there is a moral contagion, which as surely poisons the air of palaces and club-houses as of garrets and cellars. Nevertheless, it is another great truth that before the supply, must come the demand, and therefore it is, that the loud and persistent demands that are re-echoing through the world for "REFORM" in every direction, may be taken as assurance that the supply is not far off. It is even in the fact that the past year has been so ripe with lessons, and so thunderous in its demands for improvement, that we look with prophetic hope to the new era, upon whose threshold we are now standing.

It is only when we see the *handwriting* of doom on the walls of cathedrals, churches, halls of legislature, and gates of palaces, that we dare to hope the reign of iniquity and injustice will soon be finished, and it is only then that we may venture to cry "God speed!" to the terrible revelations of "Nunquam" in the *Sunday Chronicle*; to the noble utterances of Dr. Parker in the City Temple; to those of the "Grand Old Man" in the halls of legislature, and the other world pleadings for a good life in this world, in order to win heaven in the next, which Sunday by Sunday are poured from the lips of the poor, despised, and little-heeded spirit mediums.

There may be few to listen; the words may sometimes be spoken in a rude dialect, and received by careless or even scoffing ears. But they are not *always* so. Ever on the side of the right, ever teaching the stupendous doctrine of personal responsibility for every wrong done, comforting the afflicted, startling the guilty, and strengthening the weak, the hundreds of spirit mediums that have held audiences spell-bound with actual well-proved revelations from the "land of the hereafter," have done their work, are doing it, and will still become—though unacknowledged and ill rewarded—one of the most irresistible factors of the age for promoting reform of abuses and disseminating throughout the world, the truths of a practical, vital, every-day, and every act religion. Had spiritualism only made one man or one woman better for its stern doctrines of personal compensation, and retribution for the deeds done in the body, we might be assured of its capacity to do much more; but this much more *it has done*, and that throughout the wide world. When we remember then that humanity has such a power in its midst, and that such a mighty world of supermundane existence is working the wires of the unseen telegraph between heaven and earth, we may take hope that every New Year will see a fresh round in the ladder of true progress gained for suffering humanity.



It is now nearly half a century since the great seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, beheld, with clairvoyant sight, the councils of the higher world, and communicated its prophetic monitions of mighty coming struggles, and the influence of those higher councils to promote great earthly reforms, in his published writings. It is only a quarter of a century ago since the present writer, on her San Francisco rostrum, prophesied of the present days of crime and tribulation, and showed how the very stars in their courses were ushering in a judgment upon the wrongs of the past, and a prophecy of a true millennial dawn for the future.

In many other ways and through many other instruments will those who have read the literature of the spiritual movement, know that the present dark days have been heralded in by the predetermined wisdom of the higher world, and that not a single event transpires upon this earth that is not in a measure foreseen, provided for, and wrought from its darkest texture of evil into ultimate good and progress for mankind. As to reviewing in detail the present spiritual situation apart from its material surroundings—we could not do so.

The two worlds are too intimately blended and too surely act and re-act upon each other to be dealt with separately. If society manufactures demons in our slums, alleys, prize-rings, and clubs, demons will remain around the scenes of their crimes, to tempt and curse, until moved on by the eternal spirit of progress. If, on the contrary, saints and sages, philanthropists and heroes enter the soul world, they will react upon this material world (even as the soul of the individual influences the body) in the ceaseless flow of inspiration for good and truth. Let this inevitable and ceaseless reaction of the two worlds be borne in mind, and let not the carping critic, or mere phenomenalist marvel, therefore, why the Editor of this paper—so long as she has charge of its columns—is continually pleading for reform, so that in the “new earth,” humanity may be instrumental in peopling and fashioning “THE NEW HEAVEN.”

In entering upon the more promising era of the nineties, then, we are impressed to say we have no fear for SPIRITUALISM. It is the soul of the material world, and as such, is the Alpha and Omega—the power and glory. There is much that we might rejoice to see by way of progress in the ranks of the *spiritualists*, but we leave the ungrateful task of fault-finding with those who seem to take so much delight in “pulling the beam out of their neighbour’s eye,” forgetful of “the mote in their own.” All we need urge is that spiritualists in studying their noble cause, and analyzing its immense power for good, if judiciously placed before the world, would so far grow to honour and respect it, that they would deem no sacrifice too great or no cost misspent to promote the widespread knowledge of its glorious teachings.

Something we may be expected to say of the immediate prospects of this little journal. All we can add is that it has been and is a bold adventure, undertaken by working men and women, not one of whom is blessed with this world’s goods; that its low price of one penny, and its supply to societies and dealers, *below its present cost*, can only be compensated for by a wide circulation. Let those who care for its continuance remember this, and ask themselves if they have no duties in this direction to perform?

Hitherto the paper never has been, and never will be, supported by abject solicitation. A few generous friends have been nobly inspired to step in at the time of need, and we believe, in the providence of God and the blessing of the angels, will do so again. In the hands of the higher world we leave the result, working with the power, means, and energy that this lower world will afford to make it a success, and worthy of its noble name and purpose.

In pursuance of the course heretofore laid down, we shall continue to write and plead for reforms *fearlessly*, and that with no respect for the subservient spirit that would have us serve God and Mammon, speak smooth things to those that support the delusions of ecclesiasticism in the morning, and *amuse themselves* with the spirit circle in the evening. We propose still to attack those terrible theological delusions that have so long kept the world in ignorance of their duty here, and their destiny hereafter, even at the risk of offending the half-hearted, who desire to tack on to the stern but incontrovertible revelations of spiritualism the *respectable conventionalities* of popular faiths, all the flimsy re-hash of old, exploded ancient theories. Spiritualism, it is true, is strong enough to carry in its mighty progress all the petty hobbies that have been from time to time labelled with its name; in short, its strength and power must indeed

have been superhuman, and its truth invincible, or it would long since have perished at the hands of its own household foes. Still it moves on, dropping, by the way, one after another of the vain theories, shams, and pretences that have accreted to the noble ship, like ocean barnacles, and leaving behind the emphatic teaching that spiritualism is the work of the arisen spirits of sages, saints, and angels. Spiritualists are still the representation of poor human nature, good, bad, and indifferent. In all else, we can but show the way we deem best, and repeat the solemn truths revealed to us, but as to filling our columns with petty scandals, rude chidings, and denunciations of those whose ways are not our ways—this is not the aim of this paper, nor has its Editor either the time or genius for such work.

In wishing every reader, friend, and stranger alike “A HAPPY NEW YEAR,” we desire to assure them our renewed efforts will be made in every direction to increase the value and usefulness of this little paper, and now—as ever—we shall DO OUR BEST. We again render special acknowledgments to the generous friends who have aided and encouraged us in many a dark hour, and we rejoice to know that what they *have done* will never be lost, but return them interest a thousand fold in the archives of eternity. We know that much more might have been done by systematic effort to increase the circulation and consequent usefulness of this journal, besides aiding those that, with overburdened hands and very narrow means, have upheld it. To the Great Arbitrer of all human events and His ministering spirits, we commit the further conduct of our work; and so long as each one of us can recall the year that is gone with the consciousness of duty faithfully fulfilled, we may well stand ready armed—sentinels on the verge of another and untried year of destiny; assured, that in this world or the next—it matters little which—we shall move on to the close of 1890, with every path of fresh duty and effort open to us, by the mere pronouncement of our eternal passwords, “GOD AND THE RIGHT.”

## HYPNOTISM.

### A YOUNG MAN ARRESTED FOR HYPNOTIZING SHOPKEEPERS.

The crown prosecutor of the city of Wolverhampton is in a quandary. The police there have in custody a young man who is undoubtedly worthy of severe punishment, and yet his crime is so entirely novel that he probably cannot be punished at all unless the old statutes against witchcraft are revived, in which case he might be comfortably roasted before a slow fire. This young man, whose name is Lewis Albert, is a graduate at Oxford University. Soon after he left college he became interested in mesmerism, mind-reading, and hypnotism, and as a result of natural gifts or close study, soon became so expert that for a time he travelled about giving exhibitions of his powers. He acquired a wonderful influence over the will-power of certain classes of people, and established such a reputation that he might have made his exhibitions very profitable but for an unfortunate penchant for the flowing bowl. This brought him so low that three months ago he turned up in Wolverhampton in rags and

### WITHOUT MONEY OR FRIENDS.

Then he began to hypnotize with a vengeance. Small shopkeepers, usually women, began to discover that the contents of their tills very mysteriously dwindled after a visit from the urbane stranger. Just what his method of procedure was none could tell, but when they found, on comparing notes, that their losses invariably followed the visits of the polite Albert, they set the police to watch him. Then some startling discoveries were made. His custom was to enter a shop, make a purchase of some trifle, and put down a copper in payment. Then the hypnotizing or mesmerizing process must have been brought into requisition, for the shopkeeper, in every case, took up the copper and handed out the change for a sovereign, which the young man promptly pocketed. In only one case, while the police were on his track, was there a failure to befog his victim in this way. The detective who followed him about was mystified for a long time, being utterly unable to account for the hallucination which invariably seized Albert’s victims, and led them to mistake a copper coin for a gold sovereign, and it was only after discovering his professional record that he began to understand it.

Albert’s last victim was a young man aged nineteen, the attendant at the box office of a theatre at Wolverhampton. He stopped to the window and boldly asked for a shilling

ticket, handed the boy a dirty scrap of newspaper, and received as change, without the slightest hesitation on the part of the boy, four sovereigns and nineteen shillings. While walking off with this he was arrested by the officer, who had been shadowing him for two weeks. The boy in the box office was dumbfounded when his attention was called to the scrap of newspaper in his cash-box, and still stoutly insisted that the gentleman had handed him a five-pound note. He remembers, however, that a peculiar sensation came over him, which he describes as a sort of numbness, when the man first approached the window of the office. The legal status of Albert's offence is very difficult to determine, as it is without a precedent, and good lawyers say there is now no law in England to punish him. The case is exciting great interest.

### JULIANO DI MAJO; OR MAGNETISM IN 1550.

JULIANO DI MAJO was called the Hermit of Baia, because he led a solitary life on the spot where dwelt the Sibyl of Cumæa. In common with all philosophers of the Middle Ages he studied astrology and dreams, in relation to human events. He taught that the highest aim of that desire for knowledge implanted in us by the Creator should be to discover the secrets of the marvellous forces in Nature. His doctrines were based upon a knowledge of these forces. He taught that the soul could foresee events when partially liberated from bodily bonds, for then, passing temporarily into its eternal and immortal condition, its perceptions are irrespective of time and space. The soul thus partially escaped, the body sleeps as if in death.

For such sleep and ecstasy he prescribed for his disciples meditation, prayer, continence, and fasting. When by these means his disciples were ready, he induced the sleep by fixing his gaze upon the subject, whose face was turned eastward, placing his hands upon his head. The things then perceived and described were, on waking, not remembered by him.

Juliano di Majo knew the effects of those occult forces which are the basis of vital human magnetism. His modes of procedure in healing were similar to those of the operators in the Egyptian temples, and thus he ought to be regarded as a link in the chain of magnetisers between those of the remote past and Mesmer with his present-day disciples. —*Le Chain Magnétique.*

### LYCEUM JOTTINGS.

#### STARTLING A CONGREGATION.

SOME of the travelling preachers of the past have delivered sermons more startling than edifying, and have condescended to singular tricks to arrest and take the attention of the hearers. Lorenzo Dow, who was one of those preachers, it is said, was on his way to preach in South Carolina, under a large pine tree, when he overtook a coloured lad who was blowing a long tin horn, and could send forth a blast with rise and swell and cadence, which waked the echoes of the distant hills. Calling aside the blower, Dow said to him.

"What's your name, sir?"

"My name—Gabriel, sir," said the brother in ebony.

"Well, Gabriel, have you been to Church Hill?"

"Yes, massa, I've been there many a time."

"Do you remember the big pine tree on the top of the hill?"

"Oh yes, massa, I knows dat pine."

"Did you know that Lorenzo Dow is to preach there to-morrow?"

"Yes, massa, everybody knows dat."

"Well, Gabriel, I am Lorenzo Dow; and if you will take your horn and go to-morrow morning before the people begin to come, and climb up into the tree and wait there till I call your name, and then blow a blast like the one I heard just now, I'll give you a dollar. Will you do it, Gabriel?"

"Yes, massa, I takes that dollar."

Gabriel, like Zaccheus, was hid away in the tree in due time. An immense concourse of persons assembled at the appointed hour, and Dow preached on the judgment of the last day. By his power of description he wrought the multitude up to the opening of the scenes of the resurrection, and the last grand assize at the call of the trumpet peals which are to awake the sleeping nations. "Then," said he, "suppose, my dying friends, that this should be the hour. Suppose at this moment you should hear the sound of Gabriel's trumpet." And, sure enough, at that moment the tramp of Gabriel sounded. The women shrieked, and many fainted; the men sprang up and stood aghast; some ran, others fell and cried for mercy; and all felt that the judgment was set, and the books were opened. Dow stood and watched the drifting storm till the fright abated, and some one discovered the coloured angel who had caused the alarm, quietly perched on a limb of the old tree, and wanted to get him down to whip him, and then resumed his theme, saying: "I forbid all persons from touching that boy up there. If a coloured boy with a tin horn can frighten you almost out of your wits, what will you do when you shall hear the trumpet thunder of the archangel?"

### THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.

BY BOGGGS.

OH! a bard in the good old times,  
Like the fellow depicted above,  
Sing hey, lack-a-day,  
For his tuneful lay,  
He warbled of beauty and love.

His heart and his spirits were high,  
His air was romantic and fine,  
For a light serenade  
He was handsomely paid,  
And regaled upon venison and wine.

But a bard in these "civilized" days  
(Unless he is one of the toppers)  
Sings miserees me  
In a minor key,  
And is paid with a handful of coppers.

He chaunted of ladies and doves,  
Of valorous knights renowned,  
While I have to trill  
Of a "Prisoners Bill,"  
Or an ironclad run aground.

His themes were of sentiment full;  
But, alas! 'tis my dismal fate  
To chaunt in the praise  
Of a statesman's ways,  
Or a dull Home Rule debate.

While he was as free as a bird,  
Alas! I am loaded with fetters.  
Oh, willow, it's hard  
For a lyrical bard  
To strive with a subject like "Sweaters."

Or of trade and its devious ways,  
Of crime and its slow detection;  
Or sing to the lyre  
With ardour and fire  
On the Barnsley by-election.

And that's why I envy the lot  
Of that bright poetic boulder,  
Who soared on high  
Through the morning sky,  
While I in the mud must flounder.

—*Sunday Chronicle.*

### DOMESTIC ASIDES; OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.

"I REALLY take it very kind,  
This visit, Mrs. Skinner!  
I have not seen you such an age—  
(The wretch has come to dinner!)"

"Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—  
What heads for painters' easels!  
Come here and kiss the infant, dears—  
(And give it p'r'aps the measles!)"

"Your charming boys, I see, are home  
From Reverend Mr. Russell's;  
'Twas very kind to bring them both—  
(What boots for my new Brussels!)"

"What! little Clara left at home?  
Well now, I call that shabby;  
I should have loved to kiss her so—  
(A flabby, dabby, babby!)"

"And Mr. S., I hope he's well.  
Ah! though he lives so handy,  
He never now drops in to sup—  
(The better for our brandy!)"

"Come, take a seat—I long to hear  
About Matilda's marriage;  
You're come, of course, to spend the day!  
(Thank Heaven, I hear the carriage!)"

"What! must you go? next time I hope  
You'll give me longer measure;  
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—  
(With most uncommon pleasure!)"

"Good-bye! good-bye! remember all.  
Next time you'll take your dinners!  
(Now, David, mind I'm not at home  
In future to the Skinners!)"

—*Thos. Hood.*

The delights of thought, of truth, of work, and of well-doing, will not descend upon us like the dew upon the flower without effort of our own. Labour, perseverance, self-denial, fortitude, watchfulness, are the elements out of which this kind of joy is formed.

It is an old saying that charity begins at home, but this is no reason it should not go abroad. A man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter or square, or even alley, in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole.—*Cumberland.*



## CHRONICLE OF SOCIETARY WORK.

**BOLTON.** Bridgeman Street Baths.—Dec. 22nd, Mr. Mayoh was the speaker at this place on Sunday. Subjects, afternoon, "Why do we come?" and evening, "Answers to questions put by opponents of spiritualism." The power of spiritualism has been manifested in lands far and near, and left its evidences on every page of human history. It has stood the test of all scientific research. Material science tells you of natural laws, forces, gravitation, cohesion, and repulsion; spiritualism tells you of the life beyond the grave. It gives you a deeper, truer knowledge of the life that now is than material science can possibly do, and it also gives you knowledge of immortality—not the hope but the positive knowledge—and so brings to the world the greatest good it has ever known.—J. P.

**BYKER.** Back Wilfred Street.—Dec. 22: Mrs. Peters, through illness, could not be with us. Our president, Mr. Sharp, gave a good discourse on "Philosophy of Life," which was very satisfactory.

**COLNE.**—Dec. 22: Mr. Brown, in the absence of Mrs. Britten, gave two good lectures. Afternoon: "Spiritualism, or the Future Unveiled;" and a poem, "Over the sea." Evening: "Spiritualism, Agnosticism, and Religion." Two impromptu poems. Fair audiences. Dec. 29: Mr. Wallis gave two grand lectures. Afternoon, "Matter, Man, and Miracle." Evening, "What we have Lost and Gained." Good audiences. On Christmas Day about 240 sat down to a meat tea. In the evening, at a miscellaneous entertainment, presided over by Mr. J. W. Coles, there was a good attendance of both members and friends. The programme was rendered in good style, and included as prominent features the dialogues "Children of the Year" and "The Three Fairies," which were very interesting. Several others contributed with recitations, songs, &c. During the evening thirty-one prizes were given to the worthy ones connected with the Lyceum for regular attendance and for recitations.

**DARWEN.**—Dec. 22nd: The guides of Mrs. Buckley spoke well upon "Theology, Agnosticism, and Spiritualism;" night's subject, "Man, what is he?"—T. H.

**DENHOLME.**—Dec. 22nd: The guides of Mrs. Jarvis gave splendid discourses afternoon and evening, which were delivered in a noble and effective manner.

**DEWSBURY.** Vulcan Road.—Dec. 15: Mr. D. Milner ably filled our platform. Excellent discourse—"Spiritualism the Need of the Age." Dec. 22: Our old friend Mr. Asa Smith gave good addresses. Afternoon: "Experiences in Spirit Life." Evening: Three subjects, taken from the audience, were well treated.

**GLASGOW.**—Dec. 22, morning: Mr. J. Robinson in the chair. Mr. J. Griffin discoursed on the "Growth of Knowledge as it Related to Himself." How for many years he was a mystery to himself, not being able to account for an influx of ideas and arguments which appeared to be of himself, and yet opposed to himself. How, though living in the atmosphere of orthodox teachings, yet he could never accept the dogmas of a personal devil, eternal punishment, or salvation by faith, or a belief in any saviour except that of man himself. How a knowledge of spirit communion had revealed to him the fact that he was an impressional and intuitive medium, and by attending to these spirit breathings the unfolding of character and the destiny of humanity was made clear to him, and he read in all things the will of God working out the Almighty plan. Evening: Mr. J. Griffin in the chair. Mr. J. Robinson discoursed on "Jesus." He dwelt on the beautiful life that was led by Jesus; how he sacrificed himself to his mission; that he was honourable and truth-loving, and had most remarkable spiritual gifts; but that he erred when he proclaimed himself to be the only saviour of mankind. That all people must believe in him was only equalled by other would-be saviours who experienced the same afflatus. There had been many remarkable characters who were on lines of equality with Jesus, but the world had not recognized them. George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, and a shoemaker, was wonderfully influenced by spirit power, and those who would read his Journal would find events recorded as marvellous as those of the Apostles. Joseph Smith, Joanna Southcott, Ann Lee, and others, were marked characters leaving their impression upon the age, showing that Jesus, Mohammed, Brahma, &c., were only characteristic of the age, and would be seen to be types of human and spiritual greatness setting forth the oneness of God and the salvation of man.—J. G.

**HUDDERSFIELD.** Brook Street.—Dec. 22nd: Our esteemed friend Mr. Hepworth has done excellent work, giving capital addresses to fairly numerous audiences to the satisfaction of all. The lyceum held a very successful session, the recitations and readings and marching were well performed. Dec. 26th: To-day we have scored a genuine success in our Christmas tea party and entertainment. Some 200 persons sat down to a good tea, gracefully dispensed by the ladies. After tea the audience which assembled to enjoy the entertainment numbered nearly 300. The bill of fare provided was of a miscellaneous character, and, judging by the hearty applause as each item was rendered, was keenly relished by the audience. Our friend Mr. Hepworth was in excellent form, and rendered his inimitable character-songs in splendid style. We heartily commend him to all societies. The musical portion of the programme was very well rendered, the recitations and dialogue were excellently given; the whole concluding with a dramatic sketch, in which Messrs. Hepworth, Ibeson, Briggs, Mesdames Briggs and Wainwright took part; and, judging from the broadening faces and hearty applause, formed a very acceptable item. Mention must be made of the really excellent scenery provided by our friend Mr. Wainwright; and, indeed, so well did every one do their respective parts, that all went home delighted with a happy evening with the "awful" spiritualists.

**LEEDS.** 23, Cookridge-street.—Dec. 22: Mr. Newton took questions from the audience, both afternoon and night, which were answered very satisfactorily, also very successful clairvoyance. Mr. Newton is well worthy of our best attention and support. His present weak state is to be much regretted, but it is to be hoped he will soon rally to a condition of full health and strength, and be blessed with a long life to spread the beautiful truths of spiritualism. He is a speaker fully qualified to represent our cause at its best—of this there is no doubt, as I think every one can testify who has had the opportunity to listen to

him. He is now and has been for some time, as it were, a corner-stone to our society. Let us give credit where credit is due.—J. W. H.

**LONDON.** King's Cross.—December 22nd, morning: We were disappointed that Captain Pfoundes did not come as advertised. In his absence Dr. Daly gave an interesting sketch of Buddhism. Mr. Mc. Kenzie followed, with an address to the members. In the evening the guides of Mrs. Treadwell discoursed on "Death and our spirit home," counselling the audience to do justly and fear not, and the future would be happy.

**LONDON.** Mile End. Assembly Rooms, Beaumont St.—Dec. 22nd: A pleasant time was spent with Dr. Reynolds, who delivered an interesting address. The history of mesmerism from the earliest times was sketched, and the many advantages arising from a judicious use of this most useful art, and pointed out some interesting facts. Questions were asked and answered, general satisfaction being given.—C.

**LONDON.** Notting Hill Gate. Zephyr Hall, 9, Bedford Gardens, Silver Street.—Dec. 22nd: The morning was passed pleasantly. Mr. Hopcroft's guide, "V. G.," favoured us with interesting remarks upon the spiritual conditions of several of those present. Evening: Mr. Towns gave us some thoroughly reliable proofs, in his very able address, of what "The Use of Spiritualism" is, followed by some excellent clairvoyance, most of which was readily recognized.

**MANCHESTER.** Temperance Hall, Tipping Street.—Dec. 22nd: Mr. Johnson answered questions from the audience in the afternoon with great satisfaction, and took for his evening subject, "Religion," from which a grand lecture was given, which seemed to please all present. Mr. Lawton presided.

**MANCHESTER.** Geoffrey Street Hall, Shakespeare Street, Stockport Road.—Tuesday, December 17th: Invocation, Miss McMeekin. Mr. W. Lamb's control "Old Tom," answered questions, and gave clairvoyance. Thursday, 19th: Invocation, Miss McMeekin; she then spoke on the gifts which God has given to man. To develop those gifts we must live a pure life. Mrs. Richardson sang, under influence, "The Spirit Voice." Mr. W. Lamb closed with benediction.—W. H.

**MONKWEARMOUTH,** Ravensworth Terrace.—December 22nd: Mr. Turnbull and Mr. Nicholson, local mediums, occupied the platform. In the absence of Mr. Wheatman, Mr. Nicholson's guides spoke on spirits' progression. Mr. Turnbull answered questions from the audience.—G. E.

**NELSON,** Leeds Road.—December 22nd: Mr. Geo. Smith delivered very good addresses, afternoon and evening, subjects chosen from the audience, which appeared to give entire satisfaction. Clairvoyance, at the close of each service, by Miss E. A. Boyton, mostly recognized.

**NORTH SHIELDS,** 41, Borough Road.—December 22nd: Mrs. White's guides discoursed eloquently on "Love," and her little Indian control gave clairvoyant descriptions with a charming minuteness. Mrs. White's visit was productive of much good.—E. T.

**OPENSHAW.**—Dec. 22nd: Mrs. Stair made her first visit to us, and lectured, morning and evening, on "The Work of Angels and the Work of Devils." Many interesting points were introduced as she travelled over the teachings of Christianity, and it was soon perceived that she had won the sympathy of the audience, and left behind a good impression. Election of officers for the coming six months: President, Mr. John Boys; vice-presidents, Messrs. H. B. Boardman and Orme; corresponding secretary, Mr. James Dugdale; financial secretary, Mr. E. Fanner; treasurer, Mr. John Boardman; bookstall-keeper, Mr. Moscrop, assistant, Mr. J. Manson; Hallkeeper, Mr. A. Hadley; committee, Messrs. Taylor, Wilcock, Hill, Hilton, Lansom, Moxon, Misses J. Wild and Morris, and Mrs. Hilton.—J. G.

**SALFORD.**—December 22nd, afternoon: We had the service of song entitled "Rest at last," singing by the choir; reader, Mr. D. Arlott. It was well rendered, and was a success. Evening: Mrs. Stansfield, of Stockport. Subject, "Peace on earth and goodwill towards man." The lecture was a comparison between the orthodox and spiritualists, showing how each had to use his own endeavours, and not rest on the merits of another. Seek for truth, and truth only.—D. J. C.

**SALFORD.**—December 29: Afternoon, Mr. McDonald's guides lectured in good style. Evening, four subjects were taken from the audience, and ably dealt with. Saturday, Dec. 28, annual tea party and entertainment. The room was nicely decorated and a pleasant evening spent, all seemed pleased. Saturday, Jan. 4th, Band of Hope tea party at five p.m. prompt.—D. J. C.

**SOUTH SHIELDS,** 19, Cambridge Street.—December 19th: Mrs. Gregg gave a short address on "Are they not all ministering spirits?" in a most able and eloquent manner, after which she gave eleven phrenological delineations and twenty-nine descriptions of spirit friends, nearly all recognized. December 20th: Members' circle, when the guides of Mrs. Gregg officiated; the members expressed themselves highly satisfied, and a hearty vote of thanks was given at the close. We hope soon to have Mrs. Gregg in the north again. December 22nd, evening: Mr. J. Clare gave an able address, showing the fallacy of the teachings and creeds of the churches, to a very fair audience.—D. P.

**SOVERBY BRIDGE.**—The sale of work passed off exceedingly well. Mr. Jos. Sutcliffe presided, and the ceremony was enlivened by two solos by Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Greenwood. The chairman introduced Mr. Ringrose, who gave an enthusiastic speech, complimenting the ladies for their strenuous efforts to get the society out of the grave that had held it so long, and urged them to go on till the debt was finally cleared. He spoke of spiritualism as the firmament of Sowerby Bridge, as one of the bright stars, and named other stars very near us, all showing their lustre and radiance in a given radius. He also spoke of the aspect of scientific men in the matter of the sixth sense, &c., showing that spiritualism was making headway in hitherto invincible quarters. The sale was declared open, and a good day's work was done. The proceeds of the three days' sale, after paying all expenses, is £50, which we consider very good, and are thankful to all who came forward and worked so willingly. Mr. Hepworth, of Leeds, supplied the comic element; other entertainments were given by the children and elder scholars. The place was prettily decorated by the gentlemen, who also gave a donation of a little over £5. The ladies, of course, are the promoters and hardest workers, to whom we say, "Go on," and to the gentlemen, "Help with all your powers." We have found this means of freeing the place from debt makes us more sociable and agreeable, and we are more united in purpose with the regular meeting together.

**WISSEY.** Hardy-street.—Dec. 22 : Disappointed as usual by Lewis and Capstick. It is nothing fresh. We had a good day with Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Roberts. Afternoon : Mrs. Ellis's guides spoke on "The Angels of the Lord came down." Evening : "How often would I have gathered you as a hen gathers her brood under her wings, but ye would not." The guides of Mrs. Roberts gave clairvoyant descriptions ; 24 given, and 22 recognized.

### THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

**LEICESTER.**—Dec. 22 : Present : Children 35, officers 6, visitors 4. Usual opening service, followed by a very effective address, entitled "The Orphan Boy's Life," by our guardian, Mr. Moody. Calisthenics and chain-march were efficiently performed. We are sorry to learn that three boys who came to join our lyceum three weeks back have been divided, two being brothers (James and Frank Garner). James died the following Monday at 8-30, and Frank lies dangerously ill in consequence of the unexpected bereavement.—T. T., Cond.

**MANCHESTER.** Tipping-street.—Dec. 22 : Scholars present 17, officers 7. Chain recitations as usual. Recitations by Willie Hall, George Maslin, Emily Maslin, and Gertrude Maslin, aged three years and a half. Marching and calisthenics were successfully gone through.

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.**—Dec. 22nd : A good attendance. Marching and calisthenics were well gone through. It was proposed a week or two ago that once a month instead of the usual lesson a singing lesson should be given to the children, and the first of these was very ably conducted by Mr. Kew, who was appointed one of the assistant musical conductors at the annual meeting, and, with patience on his part, there will be a great deal of improvement shown.

**OLDHAM.** Spiritual Temple.—Dec. 22nd : Morning, good attendance. Conductor, Mr. W. H. Wheeler. Chain recitations. Recitations by Misses A. Entwistle, Halkyard, and Kershaw, and Messrs. W. H. Wheeler, F. Shaw, and Macentevy ; readings by Miss Drinkwater and Mr. Savage. Marching and calisthenics excellently gone through, led by Mr. Wheeler.

**SOUTH SHIELDS.** 19, Cambridge Street.—Dec. 22nd : 46 present. Usual programme gone through in fair style. Marching and calisthenics in the usual good way. Songs by Masters Pinkney, Griffiths, and Miss Whitehead. Two beautiful poems were given by the guides of our assistant conductor, Mr. Simblett.—F. P.

**SOWERBY BRIDGE.**—Dec. 22 : Both sessions led by Mr. A. Sutcliffe, who gave two good musical readings. Classes formed. "Evolution" was discussed in the Mutual Improvement Class, brought up by the leader, Mr. A. Sutcliffe. The Sunday before we had a good reading and conversation on "Love at Home," the leader being Miss Booth. A good attendance.—Sec.

### LATE CENSUS RETURNS.

Heckmondwike : Number of members on the books, 60 ; seating capacity of hall, 500 ; average attendance at Sunday evening meetings, 300 ; lyceum, members on the roll 40, average attendance 30.—Leeds Institute, 23, Cookridge Street : Number of members on the books, 70 ; seating capacity of hall, 200 ; average attendance at Sunday evening meetings (often overcrowded) ; lyceum, number on the roll, 60 ; name and address of lyceum secretary, Mr. C. Holroyd, 23, Renton Place, New Wortley ; average attendance, 40 ; local mediums, 9 altogether in the town, all public speakers, 4 closely connected with our society ; circles, no idea—many.—Oldham, Spiritual Temple : Lyceum, 130 members, average attendance 90.—Bradford, Ripley Street : Seating capacity of hall, 90 ; average of attendance at Sunday evening meetings, 80 ; local mediums, 2 ; circles, 1.—West Pelton : Number of members, 15 ; average attendance, 50. Capacity of hall, 300. Secretary, Mr. R. Naylor, Newfield Row, Chester-le-street. No Lyceum.—London (Stratford) : Lyceum, 20 members ; average attendance, 14.—Westhoughton : Lyceum, 24 members ; average attendance, 14.

### PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

#### PLAN OF SPEAKERS FOR JANUARY, 1890.

##### YORKSHIRE FEDERATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

**BATLEY CARR** (Town Street) : 5, ; 12, Mrs. Crossley ; 19, Mr. Newton ; 26, Mrs. W. Stansfield.  
**BATLEY** (Wellington Street) : 5, ; 12, Mrs. J. M. Smith ; 19, Mrs. Craven ; 26, Mrs. Wade.  
**BEESTON** (Conservative Club, Town Street) : 5, ; 12, Mrs. Jarvis ; 19, Mrs. Murgatroyd ; 26, Mr. Armitage.  
**BINGLEY** (Wellington Street) : 5, ; 12, Mr. H. Crossley ; 19, Local ; 26, Mrs. Berry.  
**BRADFORD** (Otley Road) : 5, ; 12, Mr. Armitage ; 19, Mrs. Wade ; 26, Mr. H. Crossley.  
**BRADFORD** (1, Spicer Street, Little Horton Lane) : 5, Miss Pickles ; 12, Mr. Wright ; 19, Mrs. Mercer ; 26, Mr. Hopwood.  
**BRADFORD** (St. James's) : 5, Miss Walton ; 12, Service of Song ; 19, Mr. Wyldes ; 26, Mrs. Jarvis.  
**CLOCKHEATON** (Oddfellows' Hall) : 5, Mr. Boocock ; 12, Mr. Milner ; 19, Mr. G. A. Wright ; 26, Mrs. Mercer.  
**DENHOLM** (6, Blue Hill) : 5, Mrs. Midgley ; 12, Mrs. Berry ; 19, Miss Walton ; 26, Mr. Campion.  
**DEWSBURY** (Vulcan Road) : 5, open ; 12, Mrs. Butler ; 19, Miss Patefield ; 26, Mrs. Dickenson.  
**HALIFAX** (1, Winding Road) : 5 and 6, Mrs. Crossley ; 12 and 13, Mrs. Green ; 19 and 20, Mrs. Butterfield ; 26, Mr. Swindlehurst.  
**LEEDS** (Institute, 23, Cookridge Street) : 5, Mr. A. Smith ; 12, Mr. Rowling ; 14, Mr. J. J. Morse ; 19 and 20, Mr. Wallis ; 26, Miss Harrison.  
**PARKGATE** (Bear Tree Road) : 5, Mr. Rowling.  
**WEST VALE** (Green Lane) : 12, Mrs. W. Stansfield.

**BACUP** : Jan. 5, Mrs. Gregg ; 12, ; 19, Mr. Postlethwaite ; 26, Mr. W. Palmer.  
**BRADFORD** (Bowling) : 5, Mr. Hopwood ; 12, Mrs. Bennison ; 19, Mr. Whitehead ; 26, Mr. Firth and Mr. Thresh.  
**BRADFORD** (Ripley Street) : Jan. 5, Mr. Macdonald ; 12, Mr. Campion ; 19, Mrs. Whitcoke ; 26, Mrs. Ingham.

**COLNE** : 5, Mr. Johnson ; 12, Mr. Plant ; 19, Mr. Rowling ; 26, Mr. Crossdale.

**LONDON** (King's Cross, 253, Pentonville Hill) : Jan. 5, Miss Bell ; 12, Mr. Darby ; 19, Mr. Emms ; 26, Mr. Hunt.

**SALFORD** : 5, Mr. Kelly ; 12, Mr. Mayoh ; 19, Mr. Crutchley ; 26, Mrs. Stansfield.

**SOUTH SHIELDS** (19, Cambridge Street) : Jan. 5, Mr. J. G. Grey ; 7, Mr. J. J. Morse ; 12, Mr. J. Lashbrooke ; 19, Mr. J. Clare ; 26, Mr. W. Westgarth.

**BRADFORD.** Little Horton, 1, Spicer Street.—Service of Song, "Rest at Last," January 5th, 1890, at 6 p.m.

**BURSLER.** Coleman's Room.—Jan. 5, 1890, Mrs. M. Smith. Jan. 6, a tea meeting will be held, and Mrs. Smith will deliver an address.

**LIVERPOOL.**—A sale of work will be held at Daulby Hall, Daulby Street, on Tuesday, February 18th, 1890, to assist the Lyceum by raising a fund to defray the cost of providing manuals, books, badges, and banners for the use of the scholars. As the attendants pay no fees, and no collection is taken from visitors, it is thought that friends may be confidently appealed to for assistance in the form of materials to make up, goods to be sold, or cash. We do not ask for large donations, but respectfully solicit such contributions as may be agreeable, and in all cases they will be gratefully accepted and duly acknowledged by Florence Morse, honorary secretary to sale committee, 16, Stanley Street, Fairfield, Liverpool.

**LONDON.** Notting Hill Gate.—January 5th : Tea at 5 p.m. At 7 p.m., Federation meeting, Messrs. Bell, Butcher, Emms, and Long.

**LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' FEDERATION.**—The next monthly meeting of the above will be held in connection with the Notting Hill Society, at Zephyr Hall, Bayswater, on Sunday evening, Jan. 5th. Addresses by prominent spiritualists and mediums. As a social tea will precede the service, it is hoped there will be a goodly gathering of spiritualists to inaugurate another year's work.—W. E. Long, hon. sec.

**LONDON.** Zephyr Hall, 9, Bedford Gardens, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate.—Choir practice every Friday evening at 68, Cornwall Road, Bayswater, at 8 o'clock. Help urgently needed. Those wishing to assist are kindly invited to attend the practice. It has been deemed advisable to delay our social tea meeting, and it will be held on 5th January next, instead of 29th December, as stated. Tickets of admission, obtainable from any of the committee or of secretary, adults, 9d. each ; children, 6d. each. Members and friends will, it is hoped, do their utmost to make this a good success. Persons can become members of this association on payment of a subscription, and are requested to kindly communicate with secretary. The annual general meeting will be held on Tuesday evening, 31st inst., at 7-30 ; business—election of committee for new year, consideration of proposals to admit new members, &c.

**MANCHESTER.** Geoffrey St. Hall, off Shakespeare Street.—Circles. Sundays, 10-30 a.m., and Tuesdays at 8 p.m., for the public. Thursdays, spiritualists only, at 8 p.m. Admission 2d. each.

**NEWCASTLE.**—January 5th, 1890, Mr. J. J. Morse will deliver orations, at 10-45 and 6-30 ; and on Monday the 6th.

**NORTH SHIELDS.** Camden Street.—January 9, 1890, Mr. J. J. Morse ; also on Sunday, the 12th. Price of admission 6d. and 3d.

**NORTH EASTERN FEDERATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.**—Committee meeting on Sunday, January 5th, at 10-30 a.m.

**OLDHAM.**—A Public Debate, Monday and Tuesday (Jan. 6 and 7). Subject, "Is Spiritualism in Harmony with the Teachings of the Bible?" Affirmed by Mr. E. A. Verity, jun. ; denied by Mr. J. A. Dove, both of Oldham. Admission, 3d. ; a few reserved seats, 6d. Doors open at 7 o'clock, to commence at 7-30. This is a splendid opportunity for the lovers of truth to hear both sides of an interesting question. We trust it will be well attended. The nett proceeds are to be donated to the funds of the Oldham Infirmary.—W. H. W.

Mr. J. W. Sutcliffe and Mr. H. Price, of 12, Moss Mill Street, Rochdale, write to complain that they are designated "Miss" in the list of speakers. It is their own fault, they only gave their initials. They were unknown to us, and the letter was apparently a lady's writing. Several mediums have failed to send us their new addresses. The list to be of use should be correct, and mediums ought to keep us posted.

**ROTHERHAM.** Temperance Hall.—Sunday, Jan. 5th, Mr. E. W. Wallis. At 2 p.m., "What we Know of Life Here and Life Hereafter." At 6 p.m., "Spiritualism, the Coming Religion." Collections. All friends invited.

### PASSING EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

**KIND CHRISTMAS REMEMBRANCES.**—To the hosts of good friends who have sent Christmas Cards in token of kind remembrance to Mrs. HARDINGE BRITTON, she takes this method of returning them genuine and heartfelt thanks—thanks which mean how glad she is to be thus remembered, and assurances that their kindness is a real panacea to the heart of their grateful friend. Continued indisposition and the demands for editorial work, increased by the exigencies of the season, preclude the possibility of Mrs. Britton's reciprocating her friends' cards in set form, but she begs to assure them that all will be remembered, and each debt of gratitude acknowledged and repaid "OVER THERE !"

We heartily thank numerous friends for their kind wishes and cordially reciprocate their fraternal sentiments. We extend hearty good wishes to one and all.—E. W. W.

**AN APOLOGY TO OUR REPORTERS AND READERS.**—We were not aware when our issue for Dec. 27th was sent to press that we should be compelled to print this number earlier than usual ; but Mr. Heywood has intimated that, owing to the New Year holidays, it would be necessary for us to have the paper printed on Monday evening, the 30th of Dec., and despatched to the wholesale houses on Tuesday morning. We have, consequently, been quite unable to insert reports or to fill in the names of the speakers in the Sunday Services' columns. We must beg kind indulgence for all imperfections, and request that next week's reports be specially brief, to allow us to use those we have in hand of the entertainments and services on the 29th.



**A USEFUL SPIRIT WARNING.**—In the year 1853, I made a journey around Cape Horn, in company with my wife, who one day said to me—"Can you explain the knockings which I hear so often in the cabin?" I answered, "Perhaps it comes from spirits." When she again heard the knockings I went with her to the cabin, and by the alphabet the name "Lydia" was spelled out. This was the name of my wife's dead mother, and we now knew that she was with us on our journey. When it was very stormy, and my wife, from the heavy rolling of the vessel, became frightened; she was reassured when she, from the knocks spelled out, "Be still; there is no danger." One morning, at 1-30, she woke me and said—"Quick! up! I hear knockings; maybe it denotes danger." Since in my former travels I have had, during the middle of a night, an experience of a shipwreck, I am in the habit of keeping most of my clothes on in stormy weather; therefore it was not long before I was on deck. I found the head sailor on the look-out; nothing unusual had taken place, but I said to him—"In a night like this my vessel was once run down; therefore look-out sharp—examine everything, and see that all is right." I returned to the cabin and informed my wife that I had not discovered any danger. Immediately after we heard knockings which spelled out, "The ship 'Sabine' is near; therefore be careful so as not to strike together." I rushed on deck just in time to avoid a collision with the coming vessel, which passed very near with the utmost haste, so that we, in the storm and darkness, could not even "speak" her.—*Rare Bits.*

**THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.**—A Nottingham correspondent writes: "Creeds and Dogmas are fast decaying, never to revive. What is to be done? One thing is sure, some one must take the lead. Now is the time for spiritualists to unite and fight more than ever. Truth must be brought to the front. Spiritualism is winning all along the line, because it gives facts, and once convinced of spirit return you get new ideas of Deity, duty, and immortality. Still further, spiritualism recognizes every one as brother and sister, and that we must work in harmony, unite in love, sympathize with each other in affliction, and help where we can."

**SOUTH AFRICA.**—A correspondent writes: "May I be permitted through the columns of *The Two Worlds* (to which I have been a subscriber since its birth) to make a proposal: To promote the spiritual truth more and more over South Africa by more positive facts. Should not a good clairvoyant medium, trance medium, medium for slate-writing or materialization, think it worth to visit South Africa? As far as the cost is concerned, it would be only the cost of the first voyage to the Cape, as by lecturing through the Cape Colony, Orange Free State and Transvaal, and by private séances, the medium would be well paid by the inhabitants of South Africa, to enable him or her to travel with all comforts the country offers, and to carry back to England some other earnings. Should my letter encourage any one in England to do so, who requires more particulars before starting, the writer will be only too happy to give full information about the country. The Editor, no doubt, would kindly furnish the applicant with the full address of the writer. Trusting that my call will be answered by some philanthropist of spiritual gifts."

Mr. J. Evans, late of Pendleton, writes to us from 26, Washburn Street, New Bedford, Mass., U.S.A., and desires to be remembered to all his friends. He intends to return early in the spring, and will devote himself to platform speaking, etc., as his mediumship has improved.

"Such a work as ours has grown to is not done by vapouring, by selfish isolation, by internal dissension, by quarrelling and strife; by none of these; but by a resolute performance of the duty laid on each, by cohesion, by self-sacrifice, by steady determination—in short, by the employment in our specific work of those methods which have been found successful elsewhere and everywhere the world through."—*Light.*

**RENT REDUCTIONS IN SCOTLAND.**—"With the completion of the work in Caithness, the Crofters Commissioners have closed their third Parliamentary year. They have dealt with about 8,000 applications for fair rents, reducing the total rental of £40,498 to £28,448, equal to an annual grant to the crofters of £12,050. In those cases they found arrears of rent due by crofters amounting to £80,908, of which they have cancelled £51,373. The number of cases dealt with this year alone was 3,425, as against 2,185 last year and 1,767 during 1887." Have not the landlords practised a sweating system upon these poor crofters? If the rents, as now reduced, are fair and just, what can be said of the injustice practised in the past by the exaction of exorbitant rentals and the cruel evictions of defaulting tenants? Are all English landlords free from blame? If a proposal were made to treat landowners in this country in the same way we should probably hear a great deal of "the wrong done to capital to take away from the landlord and give to the tenant"; we should be told "it is only robbing Peter to give to Paul"; but what of the robbery of Paul (the tenant) by Peter (the landlord) by the exaction of extortionate rent? If the law can justly step in, in Scotland and in Ireland, between the landlord and tenant, and compel the first to moderate his demands, and thus help the tenant, who is otherwise frequently practically helpless and at the mercy of the owner, why should not a similar measure be passed to relieve tenants in England from the exactions of men who appropriate to themselves the "unearned increment"? When that is done, possibly legislators may turn their attention in the direction of assisting shop-keepers and householders against the "fancy rents" required from them. It may occur to them to put a limit to private fortunes that the extremes of "the millionaire" and "the moneyless" may not be possible. While on such work our statesmen may befriend the industrious toilers by passing an Eight Hours Bill, and fixing a minimum of profit for the worker, or a minimum of profit for the employer. But, will they? It is not likely, because they are of the land-holding, property-owning, capital-accumulating classes. We are not sure that it would be a good thing if they did. We are of opinion that relief must be found in self-invented plans by those who suffer; by co-operation; by industrial union; by growth to higher aims and purer ideals themselves. The government of the land is largely what "the people" make it. It is defective because the

average intelligence of the voter is not equal to the task of improving it. Or, put it thus: a chain is as strong as its *weakest link*: our laws are what they are because the majority are not strong enough in knowledge, foresight, and purpose; not unselfish enough to be united in making common cause and working for *the good of the whole community*; and thus the opportunity of the few is presented in the disunion of the many, and while crochets, and fads, and personal ambitions divide "the people," they are at the mercy of the crafty, the cunning, the sycophant, and the monopolist. The weakest link is here discovered, and the remedy is unity, co-operation, education, organisation. Know what you want, learn how to get it, unite to obtain it, and the majority will, through the ballot box, send men to parliament to execute their will.

**FOR MRS. COGMAN'S BENEFIT.**—Miss Young, Portland Bakery, Portland Street, Stepney, London, E., thankfully acknowledges the following sums: Miss Keeses and friend, 5s.; J. R., 1s.; Job Trotter, 1s.

We are requested to announce that Mr. J. Moorey, speaker and test medium, has recovered from his recent illness, and has been united by marriage to Miss Annie Dalby, third daughter of Charles Dalby, Salford. We wish them much happiness and success. Mr. Moorey will resume his spiritualist duties early this year.

**STONE.**—A Spiritualist asks that "Persons residing in Stone and neighbourhood desirous of joining a Spiritualist Circle should communicate with the Editor of this paper."

**SPIRITUALISTS,** support your papers! Promote your cause by using the papers. Send them about as missionaries. Don't lend the paper regularly to any one; suggest that your friend orders it regularly for himself. Another dozen copies sold by each society every week would make a substantial increase to our usefulness and circulation! May we ask your co-operation, kind friends, in our efforts to promote the cause?

**RELIGIOUS COBWEBS.**—A correspondent asks us to notice a performance by a reverend gentleman who has been spinning "religious cobwebs" at Cleckheaton. We scarcely think it worth while, they are too flimsy to strike at. It is no use taking a sword to cut a cobweb, a feather will do as well. His knowledge of spiritualism is of the flimsiest kind, but what he lacks in that direction he makes up for in "confidence, conceit, and cheek," to use his own expression. He labours under the delusion that spiritualists are easily-deluded people, but he advocates ideas which other people regard as delusions. Referring to the differences among Peculiar People, Plymouth Brethren, Baptists, Shakers, Quakers, Christadelphians, &c., he said "each claimed to have got the right sort of religion, and said 'the other chaps pray wrong.'" He is quite confident, apparently, that his own nostrum is *the* right one, and is as guilty as those he condemns. His cobwebs are too thin to hide his conceit.

By concentration of thought upon one object, great practical results could be secured more easily than in any other way; we know thoughts are entities, and are as powerful as deeds. Of course, there must be behind it all a genuine love for humanity, and a desire to help our fellow-men. This can be the only lasting bond of unity. From the formation of such little societies for this purpose, with the consequent binding of all spiritualists together, it would seem but a short and easy step to the founding of a Mediums' College, where, under favourable conditions, and with able and experienced teachers, mediums should be developed for their work, just as ministers, lawyers, and physicians are trained for theirs, in theological, law, and medical schools. That some such work must be done, that some systematic instruction in physiology, hygiene, and philosophy is necessary before we shall have a body of mediums who will command the world's respect, is too obvious to require argument.

**A PROFESSOR TEARS HIS BIBLE.**—The pretty little village of South Amboy is up in arms. Professor James Corkley has broken out again—this time in a particularly novel way. Friday was his last day as principal of the Park Public School, over which he has presided for eighteen years, and to celebrate the event he performed in a manner that has shocked the more conservative portion of the community. One could have heard a pin drop when he rose to speak. Instead of addressing the gathering, included in which were the three school commissioners—William Birmingham, John P. Roberts, and Stephen Martin—he carelessly turned the pages of the big Bible on the desk before him, and then in a clear voice announced that he would read from the Book of Genesis, chapter 38, detailing an account of Judah's flight with Tamar. This chapter, like many others in the Bible, is very much to the point, and during its reading many of the mothers present looked at the faces of their daughters in an apprehensive way. When he had finished, the professor cleared his throat, and spoke as follows: "Teachers and scholars, you don't think that what has just been read in your hearing is very nice or very proper. I can trace disapprobation in your faces. You appear as if your modesty had been choked, as if your sensibilities had been wantonly outraged, and you have a right to feel offended. All Scripture, they tell us, is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness, and so forth; but the selection just read, breathing as it does the spirit of bestiality, is as vicious in its origin as it is demoralizing in its tendencies. You wrong me very much, my friends, if you think, because I have read this unsavoury extract for you, that I am a blackguard, exulting in debauchery, and luxuriating in obscenity and filth. This putrid and venomous decoction I detest as much as you do, and as action speaks louder than words, I'll show you by my conduct what I think of it." Deliberately taking the Bible, and holding it up that all present could see, with one vicious rip he tore out the page, and threw it into the waste basket. A murmur that soon developed into a defined expression of dissent followed the professor's action. There were cries of "Shame!" "The Holy Bible, too!" "What a wicked man!" and persons left the room, and did not wait for the professor's subsequent remarks. When the hubbub had sufficiently subsided, Professor Corkley continued in the same strain as before as follows: "That gilt-edged volume, now



torn and dismembered, and labelled Holy Bible upon the back, may be accepted as an authoritative standard of purity and piety in our churches, where hypocrites and thieves abound; but as a text-book of devotion and godliness it is altogether out of place in the public school, the immaculate cradle of holy innocents. A lie cannot endure for ever, and though my remarks will no doubt be severely animadverted upon, yet I defy all hostile criticisms. I have within my reach, as a student of dead languages, proofs the most irrefragable and convincing, both historical and documentary, to show that the entire ill-assorted compound is a barefaced forgery and a fraud—a cunningly devised fable—having for its object the the bloody sacrifice of the mass or masses and the extermination or crucifixion of the just, leading them as unsuspecting sheep unto the slaughter." With increasing voice and many gestures, the professor continued: "These are serious charges to formulate, but I am ready and able to substantiate them, and to this end, resigning my present position and putting my trust in God, I go forth to battle with the giant Superstition, hurling defiance at the powers of darkness. To the orthodox believer, then, of every creed, whether lay or clerical, who may be offended at what I have said or done, and who burns in consequence to brand me as a boaster and a liar, I extend a challenge of deciding the matter in dispute between us by fair and open discussion before any intelligent audience in the land. Let the deluded champions of the plenary inspiration of the Bible accept this challenge, or for ever after hide their diminished heads in shame." The exercises being over, the gathering dispersed, but not before many members of it expressed themselves in unmeasured terms of Professor Corkley and his tirade.—*New Jersey Morning Journal*, June 30.

"THE TWO WORLDS" LEAFLETS have been very highly praised, and are found very serviceable for distribution. Send for samples. (See advt.)

**BINDING VOLUME TWO.**—We have received a good number of papers to bind, and shall forward them to the binder this or early next week. Any friends intending to send us their papers to bind should, therefore, do so at once. (See advt. on the last page.)

"Men have not yet realized how delicate are the conditions under which alone these fugitive phenomena can be observed. They have not grasped the fact that the mediums through whom they are presented, are, by the very possession of that rare and curious gift, sensitive to all conditions of life. They feel the harsh winds, psychical and natural, that blow on them. They shrink and shrivel up as the sensitive plant does at the approach of each fresh magnetism, or they expand and glow as the sun of spiritual sympathy shines on them. These are not metaphors, they are a faint adumbration of fact. I write of that which I know. How absurd is it then to take a person possessed of these powers, and force him to earn a precarious livelihood by their exhibition to people, nine out of ten of whom believe him to be a rogue to start with, and go away and say so. Not till we realize how great is this gift, how necessary it is to cultivate and tend it, how frail are the beings who possess it, shall we rise to any real knowledge of what we may gain from the study and experience of it. We must train our mediums; we must protect them—sometimes from themselves."—*M.A. OXON*, in *Light*.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—*E. H., Burnley.*—In re Noah's Ark. A few feet more or less make no difference to the difficulty as to the accommodation, food supply, water, ventilation, and other sanitary arrangements for so large a menagerie, not to speak of the impossibility of Noah and his small family attending to the wants of all of them. If, as you suggest, there was not as great a number and variety of species of creatures on the earth then as now, that leads to the awkward predicament that those animals, &c., which have appeared since then were not created by God! Who is their maker? The biblical narrative certainly favours the idea that *all* the animals, &c., were made "in the beginning," and were named by Adam. The fact is, that geology, history, and common-sense long ago disproved the "Ark" story. It only floats now-a-days in the waters of ignorance and superstition. As for the Darwinian theory, it disposes of the silly story. Darwin and Genesis are antipodal. The "Ark" story is a myth, not a history of a fact.

**BONA FIDE, St. Helen's.**—We scarcely gather from yours what you wish to ask. Your experiences of a phenomenal character are interesting, but many persons can see "lights" and "forms," hear "voices" and "music" and "sounds." Mediumship is purely a *natural* gift, and spirit manifestations are *natural*. Spirits themselves are "human still." There is nothing "supernatural" in such occurrences in the ordinary meaning of that term. We have no acquaintance with "the devil." Let those who talk of one beware lest they harbour the devils of ignorance, prejudice, and conceit—a trinity of devils to be avoided. It is no proof of "a weak mind" that persons hear and see and understand phenomena which are denied by others. Sometimes, however, the *denial* of spiritual facts arises from a weakness of intellect. *All* men are sons, and all women are daughters, of God. We do not know any one who is the son of God. Those who are spiritually-minded, in whom "the light" shineth, are "at one" with God. We believe the work of righting the social wrongs of the community must be done by man alone. We do not believe in leaving it to God, or to the spirits. Each one of us must take his own share in the work—and *do it*; that's the way God works—*through us*. We work and He works by us. Do not "wait," but "work." Yes, we can and do sympathise with you and all others who boldly stand for the truth, proclaim it, and because of such fidelity suffer for it. Yet "they have their reward," and should rejoice. We sorrow for the cowardly non-committal folk. We pity the Nicodemus who steals in by night. We sympathise with their suffering, weakness, and surroundings; but we condemn their want of purpose, their lack of spirit and devotion. If all those who *know* the truth and value of spirit communion openly avowed their knowledge, and defended their position, a revolution would be effected in modern thought within the next ten years. It is your half-hearted fellow who is everlastingly driving in the *thin end* of the wedge who bars the road of progress. It is about time the wedge was driven right home. Who will help to do it?

**THE SINEWS OF WAR.**—A gentleman (we are not at liberty to give his name), sends us the following kindly letter from far away South Australia: "Please find enclosed a Post Office Order for £5, payable to you. If the publishers of *The Two Worlds* will accept this trifle towards expenses, I shall be pleased, and beg to thank them for their efforts to make known the grandest truth that has reached this world."—[He has our hearty thanks. Such sympathy is most encouraging.]

#### CENSUS RETURNS.

The total membership of the 69 Societies, from whom we have received particulars, is 2,872. The average attendance on Sunday evening, totals 8,150. The total membership of the 43 Lyceums is 2,680, with an average attendance of 1,825. There are, we believe, 60 Lyceums in the Kingdom.

The statistics given in our census tables are not as full this year as last. Many of our friends have failed to supply us with the necessary particulars. Some have come to hand since our last issue, and are given *this week*.

#### MEMBERSHIP.

Halifax occupies the post of honour with an increase of 48. Oldham follows close with 40. Burnley (Hammerton Street) has 32 additional members, and the new meeting room in Wellington Street, has 32; making 64 for Burnley, when the two are combined. A number of societies have lost members (possibly for want of being looked after), Openshaw taking the lead in this respect; but from their list of new officers chosen for 1890, we anticipate that they will regain their former honourable position.

#### AVERAGE ATTENDANCE.

In several places there are increased audiences. Pendleton shows a good increase of 100 over last year's average at the evening meetings, and Macclesfield has gained to the extent of 75. North Shields shows a decided increase in the number of hearers, as also do Wisbech and Lancaster. Bradford (St. James's) shows the largest increase, 130; while Openshaw registers a remarkable falling off. Oldham maintains its excellent record, and the conclusions forced upon us by a study of these interesting figures are that the requisites for success are energy, enthusiasm, sympathy, and unity amongst officers and members, and a spirited policy as regards the supply for the platform. Those societies have been most prosperous where these characteristics have prevailed. The platform needs to be well supported by active workers, and the society benefits by the most intelligent advocacy of our principle by mediums. There should be no divorce between platform workers and society managers; but hand, heart, and head should harmonise, and the most successful results will be achieved.

Some half-dozen new societies have been started, and several others which were in a moribund condition have been revived. On the whole, the year's work has been successful, and we may congratulate ourselves on the growing interest in our cause. To all our friends and co-workers we would speak words of hope and encouragement; work on bravely with the desire to do good, and may God and the angels bless your efforts and strengthen your hearts.

About one hundred and thirty places are open every Sunday for services, where the spiritual gospel is being proclaimed, and our list of speakers gives the name and address of as many mediums who are engaged in sowing the seed more or less regularly. We wish there were five hundred meeting places and five hundred mediums, and then we should not be content, as we should desire a thousand of each.

Many mediums and workers, not named in our list, are working bravely and privately; indeed, a very large proportion of spiritual work is thus accomplished. The public side of spiritualism but *very imperfectly* represents its spread and strength.

#### LYCEUM.

We are sorry to have to complain of imperfect returns from Lyceums, but from those we have received we notice a decided increase both in membership and attendance. The new Lyceums at Liverpool, Pendleton, Ecclehill, Tyne Dock, London, Huddersfield (Brook-street), Brighouse, and Bingley seem to be prospering, and we wish them all every success. Burnley (Hammerton-street) shows a phenomenal development, having 235 members, more than double last year's total. May they succeed in maintaining their record, and wisely employ their opportunities to bless the rising generation, and, through the children, uplift humanity. South Shields, Manchester (Tipping-street), Macclesfield, Leicester, Halifax, Belper, and other places also show signs of growth, and the outlook is most encouraging. God bless the workers who aid the children.

We do not claim that our comments on the "census" are by any means exhaustive. The time at disposal has been too short for more than a rapid and imperfect analysis, but we are pleased to notice that those societies which have endeavoured most energetically to worthily represent spiritualism *at its best* as a reformatory, educational, and religious movement, have met with appreciation and support. Our idea is that spiritualism is a "better way" of training the young, of living this life, and of spiritual and moral unfoldment for the life to come. It thus fills the highest and most sacred office for mankind, and from our rostrums the appeal should be made to the noblest, purest, and best in the heart and mind of the hearers. Let us try to do the highest good.

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