

CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER.

THE TWO WORLDS

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM, OCCULT SCIENCE, ETHICS, RELIGION AND REFORM.

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT. JUST PUBLISHED.

WILBRAM'S WEALTH,

OR

THE COMING DEMOCRACY.

BY

J. J. MORSE.

Author of "Righted by the Dead," "O'er Sea and Land," "Cursed by Angela," "A Curious Courtship," "Two Lives and Their Work," "Ione: or the Fatal Statue," &c., &c.

In announcing the above volume it is only necessary to say that, coming from the pen of its able and talented author, it will be sure to interest all who may read it. Mr. Morse's reputation as a writer is well known in England and the United States.

The story is one of love and adventure in the Old World and in the New one across the sea. Its earlier chapters depict a phase of London life with all the fidelity of a photographic picture. But it is in the later chapters that the student of our times will find food for reflection of no small value.

The fact that this work originally appeared as a serial, and most successfully, in the widely known journal the BANNER OF LIGHT, in Boston, U.S., some months since, would of itself be sufficient guarantee of the merit of the work, while the many commendatory opinions expressed by readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, who read the story when it appeared therein, will assure all that the story is told, and the topics it includes are treated, in a manner that will meet the requirements of those who read either for amusement or instruction—or both combined. That some idea of the book may be afforded, you are invited to peruse the following LIST OF CHAPTERS.

Chapter I. Introduces the Carmer family, with all the respect due to its many virtues.

Chapter II. Shows how Florence Lenton disgraced the nightly prayers, and thereby created much confusion.

Chapter III. A further peep into the domestic sacredness of the Carmer household.

Chapter IV. Narrates some particulars concerning Frank Winfield.

Chapter V. Serves to show that listeners seldom hear good of themselves, with other matters of importance to this story.

Chapter VI. A virtuous resentment, ending in an edifying scene, which causes our hero to indulge in some reflections and form a doubtful resolution.

Chapter VII. How Frank spent his Christmas Day, and what he did thereon.

Chapter VIII. We meet Welgood Wilbram, and learn something about him.

Chapter IX. Partly political, a trifle socialistic, a little "uncanny," but, the author hopes, interesting withal.

Chapter X. Frank is sorely perplexed over his new friend's sanity, but his fortunes are advancing.

Chapter XI. A madman's dream.

Chapter XII. Shows how Carmer prospered, and how Jane was jilted.

Chapter XIII. Concerns Florence, and tells how she continued to enjoy life in the Walworth Road.

Chapter XIV. Tells how Frank returned to London, and some things he did while there.

Chapter XV. Frank increases his responsibilities.

Chapter XVI. The author indulges in some comments concerning pork pies, piety, and porter.

Chapter XVII. Concerns Wilbram City, and narrates how it was inaugurated. It also discloses the contents of a paternal letter received by our hero.

Chapter XVIII. Relates to the vanity of riches, the advantages of submitting to fate, and takes farewell of Wilbram City and the considerate reader.

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SEE BACK PAGE.]

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[SEE BACK PAGE.]

PLATFORM GUIDE.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1890.

Aberdeen.—Mr. Findlay's, 47, Wellington Street. Séance.
Accrington.—26, China St., Lyceum, 10-30; 2-30, 6-30: Mr. Walsh.
Armley (near Leeds).—Temperance Hall, 2-30, 6-30: Mrs. W. Stansfield.
Ashington.—New Hall, at 5 p.m.
Bacup.—Meeting Room, Princess St., 2-30, 6-30: Mr. G. Smith.
Barrow-in-Furness.—82 Cavendish St., at 11 and 6 30.
Bailey Carr.—Town St., Lyceum, 10 and 2; 6-30: Mr. Hepworth.
Bailey.—Wellington St., 2-20 and 6: Mr. Bloomfield.
Beeston.—Temperance Hall, 2-30 and 6: Mr. Hopwood.
Belper.—Jubilee Hall, 10 and 2, Lyceum; 10-30, 6-30: Mrs. Gregg.
Bingley.—Wellington St., 2-30, 6: Mrs. Hoyle.
Birkenhead.—84, Argyle St., 6-30: Mr. Bateman. 18th, 8, Mesmeric Séance.
Birmingham.—Oozells Street Board School, at 6-30.
Smethwick.—43, Hume St., 6-30: Mrs. Groom.
Bishop Auckland.—Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa, 2-30, 6.
Blackburn.—Old Grammar School, Freckleton St., 9-30, Lyceum; 2-30, 6-30.
Bolton.—Bridgeman St. Baths, 2-30, 6-30: Mr. Savage.
Spinners' Hall, Town Hall Square, Lyceum, at 10; 2-30 and 6-30:
 Mr. W. H. Taylor.
Bradford.—Walton St., Hall Lane, 2-30, 6: Mrs. Mercer.
 Otley Road, at 2-30 and 6: Miss Patefield.
 Little Horton Lane, 1, Spicer St., 2-30 and 6: Miss Harrison.
 Milton Rooms, Westgate, at 10, Lyceum; 2-30, 6: Mr. Bailey.
 St. James's Church, Lower Ernest Street, Lyceum, at 10; 2-30 and
 6-30: Mr. A. Moulson.
 448, Manchester Rd., 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. Milner.
 Ripley St., Manchester Rd., 2-30, 6-30: Mr. Campion. Tues., 8.
 Bankfoot.—Bentley's Yard, at 10-30, Circle; at 2-30 and 6: Mrs.
 Whiteoak. Wed., at 7-30. Saturday, Healing, at 7.
 Birk Street, Leeds Road, at 2-30 and 6.
 Bowling.—Harker St., 10-30, 2-30, 6: Mr. Woodcock. Wed., 7-30.
 Norton Gate, Manchester Rd., 2-30, 6. Tues., 8.
Brighouse.—Oddfellows' Hall, Lyceum, 10-15; 2-30, 6: Mrs. J. M. Smith.
Burnley.—Hammerton St., Lyceum, 9-30; 2-30, 6-30.
 North St., Lyceum at 10; 2-30 and 6.
 Trafalgar St., Lyceum, 10; 2-30, 6. Monday, 7-30.
 102, Padiham Rd., 2-30, 6. Circle, Thursdays, 7-30. Mrs. Heyes.
Burslem.—Colman's Rooms, Market, Lyceum, 2; 6-30.
Byker.—Back Wilfred Street, at 6-30: Mr. Henry.
Cardiff.—Hall, Queen St. Arcade, Lyceum, at 3; at 11 and 6-30.
Churwell.—Low Fold, at 2-30 and 6: Mr. Farrar.
Cleckheaton.—Walker St., Northgate, Lyceum, 9-45; 2-30, 6-30: Mr. Bush.
Colne.—Uloth Hall, Lyceum, at 10; 2-30 and 6-30: Service of Song.
Cowms.—Asquith Buildings, at 2-30 and 6: Mr. G. Newton.
Darwen.—Church Bank St., Lyceum, at 9-30; at 11, Circle; at 2-30
 and 6-30: Messrs. Harper and Booth, local mediums.
Denholme.—6, Blue Hill, at 2-30 and 6.
Dewsbury.—48, Woodbine Street, Flatt, 2-30 and 6.
Eccleshill.—18, Chapel Walk, at 2-30 and 6.
Exeter.—Longbrook St. Chapel, 2-45 and 6-45.
Felling.—Hall of Progress, Charlton Row, at 6-30: Mr. Gardener.
Foleshill.—Edgewick, at 10-30, Lyceum; at 6-30.
Gateshead.—Mrs. Hall's Circle, 18, Cobourg St., at 6-30. Thursdays, 8.
Glasgow.—Bannockburn Hall, Main St., Lyceum, 5; 11-30, 6-30. Thurs, 8.
Halifax.—Winding Rd., 2-30, 6: Mrs. Green, and on Monday, at 7-30.
Hanley.—Spiritual Hall, 24, Broad St., Lyceum, at 10-30; 2-30, 6-30:
 Mrs. Wright.
Haswell Lane.—At Mr. Shields', at 6-30.
Heckmondwike.—Assembly Room, Thomas Street, at 10, Lyceum; at
 2-30, 6: Mr. Boocock. Thursday, 7-30.
 Blanket Hall St., Lyceum at 10; 2-30, 6. Monday, at 7-30, Public
 Circle. Tuesday, Wednesday, & Thursday, Members' Circles.
Hetton.—At Mr. Shields', 5, Kenton Rd., Hetton Downs, at 7: Local.
Heywood.—Argyle Buildings, Market St., 2-30, 6-15.
Houghton-le-Spring.—At 6. Tuesday, at 7-30.
Huddersfield.—Brook Street, at 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. Featherstone.
 Institute, 8, John St., off Buxton Rd., 2-30, 6: Mr. W. Rowling.
Hull.—Seddon's Rooms, 81, Charles St., at 6. Thursday, 7-30, Circle.
Idle.—2, Back Lane, Lyceum, 2-30 and 6: Mr. T. Hindle.
Keighley.—Lyceum, East Parade, 2-30, 6.
 Assembly Room, Brunawick St., 2-30 and 6.
Lancaster.—Athenaeum, St. Leonard's Gate, at 10-30, Lyceum; at 2-30
 and 6 30: Local.
Leeds.—Psychological Hall, Grove House Lane, back of Brunswick
 Terrace, 2-30 and 6-30: Mrs. Beardshall.
 Institute, Cookridge St., Lyceum, at 10; 2-30, 6-30: Mrs. Britten,
 and on Monday.
Leicester.—Liberal Club, Town Hall Square, at 2-30, Lyceum; at 10-45
 and 6-30: Mr. Sainsbury.
 Lecture Room, Temperance Hall, 6-30: Mr. G. Wright. Lyceum, 2-30
 152, High Cross St., at 11 a.m.
Leigh.—King Street, at 2-30 and 6.
Liverpool.—Daulby Hall, Daulby St., London Rd., Lyceum, at 2-30; at
 11 and 6-30: Mr. J. J. Morse, and on Monday.
London.—Camberwell Rd., 102—At 7. Wednesdays, at 8-30.
Canning Town.—2, Bradley St., Becton Rd., at 7: Mrs. Spring,
 Clairvoyance. Tues, 7-30, Séance. Thursday, 7-30, Members'
Clapham Junction.—6, Queen's Parade, 7: No meetings till Jan. 4.
Forest Hill.—23, Devonshire Rd., 7: Mr. Towns. Thurs., 8, Séance.
Islington.—Wellington Hall, Upper St., at 6-45.
Islington.—19, Prebend Street, at 7, Séance, Mr. Webster.
Kentish Town Rd.—Mr. Warren's, 245, at 7: Mr. Hensman. Thurs-
 day, at 8, Mrs. Spring.
King's Cross.—46, Caledonian Rd. Saturday, at 8, Mrs. C. Spring.
King's Cross.—182, Caledonian Rd., 10-45, "Christianity and Evolu-
 tion," Mr. McKenzie; 6-45, "Jesus Christ," Messrs. Battell, Vogt.
Lewisham.—198, Hithergreen Lane. Séances every Friday, 8.
Lower Edmonton.—88, Eastbourne Terrace, Town Road, at 7-30,
 Clairvoyance. Saturday, at 8, Developing Circle.

Marylebone.—24, Harcourt St., 11, Healing and Clairvoyance, Mr.
 Vango; 3, Lyceum; 7, Mr. C. I. Hunt, "Early Experiences."
 Mon., 8, Social. No. séance Dec. 25. Sat., 7-45, Mrs. Spring.
Mile End.—Assembly Rooms, Beaumont St., at 7.
Notting Hill.—124, Portobello Road: Tuesdays, at 8, Mr. Towns.
Peckham.—Chopstow Hall, 1, High St., 11-15 and 6-30, Spiritual
 Services; at 8, Lyceum; at 8-15, Members' Circle. Friday,
 26th, no meeting.
Peckham.—Winchester Hall, 33, High St., 11-15, Mr. Veitch, "The
 Legal Aspects of Hypnotism," 7, Open, Mr. Cyrus Symons.
 Seymour Club, 4, Bryanston Place, Bryanston Square, W., at 7,
 Mr. Read, "Hypnotism." Musical Service.
Shepherds' Bush.—14, Orchard Rd., Lyceum, at 8; 7: Mr. Drake.
 Tues. and Saturdays, 8, Séance, Mrs. Mason, Trance and Clair-
 voyance. Dec. 28, Mr. W. Towns.
Shepherds' Bush.—At Mr. Chance's 1, Lawn Terrace, North End
 Road, West Kensington. Wednesdays, at 8, Mrs. Mason.
Stamford Hill.—18, Stamford Cottages, The Crescent, at Mrs.
 Jones'. Mondays at 8. Visitors welcome.
Stepney.—Mrs. Ayers', 45, Jubilee Street, at 7. Tuesday, at 8.
Stratford.—Workman's Hall, West Ham Lane, E., 7: Mr. Wallace.
Longton.—44, Church St., at 11 and 6-30.
Macclesfield.—Cumberland St., Lyceum, at 10-30; 2-30, 6-30: Mr. J.
 C. Macdonald.
Manchester.—Temperance Hall, Tipping Street, Lyceum, at 10; at 2-45
 and 6-30: Mr. W. Johnson.
 Collyhurst Road, at 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. J. T. Standish.
 Edinboro' Hall, nr. Alexandra Park Gates, 3, 6-30: Mr. Mayoh.
 10, Petworth Street, Cheetham, Fridays, at 8-15.
Meixborough.—Market Hall, at 2-30 and 6.
Middlesbrough.—Spiritual Hall, Newport Rd., Lyceum and Phrenology,
 at 2-30; 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: Mr. Howell.
Nelson.—Sager St., 2-30, 6: Mrs. Woodhead, Miss Cowgill, Clairvoyance.
Newcastle-on-Tyne.—20, Nelson Street, at 2-15, Lyceum; at 10-45 and
 6-30: Mr. W. C. Robson.
North Shields.—6, Camden St., Lyceum, 2-30; 11, 6-15, Mr. Westgarth.
 41, Borough Rd., at 6-30: Mrs. White.
Northampton.—Oddfellows' Hall, Newland, 2-30, 6-30.
Nottingham.—Morley Hall, Shakespeare Street, Lyceum, at 2-30; at
 10-45 and 6-30: Mrs. Barnes.
Oldham.—Temple, off Union St., Lyceum, 9-45, 2; 2-30, 6-30: Mrs. Wallis
 Hall, Bartlam Place, Horsedje St., Lyceum, 10 and 2-30; at 3 and
 6-30: Miss Pimblott. Mondays, at 7-45.
Openshaw.—Mechanics' (Whitworth Street entrance), Lyceum, at 9-15
 and 2; 10-30 and 6-30: Mr. Allinson.
 Mechanics' (Pottery Lane entrance), Lyceum at 2; at 6-30.
Parkgate.—Bear Tree Rd., 10-30, Lyceum; 2-30, 6: Mr. Armitage.
Pendleton.—Oobden St. (close to the Co-op. Hall), Lyceum, at 9-30 and
 1-30; at 2-45 and 6-30: Mr. Tetlow.
Rawtenstall.—10-30, Lyceum; 2-30 and 6: Mr. Swindlehurst.
Rochdale.—Regent Hall, 2-30, 6: Mr. Plant. Wed, 7-30, Public Circles.
 Michael St., at 8 and 6-30. Tuesday, at 7-45, Circle.
Salford.—Spiritual Temple, Southport Street, Cross Lane, Lyceum, at
 10-15 and 2; 8 and 6-30: Miss Gartside. Wednesday, 7-45.
Scholes.—Tabernacle, Silver St., 2-30, 6.
Sheffield.—Oocoa House, 175, Pond Street, at 3 and 7.
 Central Board School, Orchard Lane, at 2-30 and 6-30.
Shipley.—Liberal Club, 2-30, 6: Mrs. Murgatroyd.
Skelmanthorpe.—Board School, 2-30 and 6.
Slaithwaite.—Laith Lane, at 2-30 and 6: Mr. Wilson.
South Shields.—19, Cambridge St., Lyceum, 2-30; 11, 6: Mr. J. G. Grey
 and Mr. W. Murray. Wed, at 7-30. Developing, Friday, 7-30.
Sowerby Bridge.—Hollins Lane, Lyceum, at 10-30, 2-15; 6-30: Mr.
 E. W. Wallis.
Spennymoor.—Central Hall, 2-30, 6. Thurs., 7-30. Helpers welcome.
Station Town.—14, Acclom Street, at 2 and 6.
Stockport.—Hall, Wellington Road, near Heaton Lane, at 2-30 and 6-30:
 Mr. Lomax. Thursday, Circle, 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., at 10-30, Committee; at 6-30.
 Monkwearmouth, 8, Ravensworth Terrace, 6-30.
Tunstall.—18, Rathbone Street, at 6-30.
Tyne Dock.—Exchange Buildings, 11; 2-30, Lyceum; 6: Mr. Gardener.
Walsall.—Central Hall, Lyceum, at 10; 2-30 and 6-30.
Westhoughton.—Wingates, Lyceum, 10-30; 2-30, 6-30: Rev. W. Reynolds.
West Pelton.—Co-operative Hall, Lyceum, at 10-30; at 2 and 6-30.
West Vale.—Green Lane, 2-30 and 6: Mr. Peel.
Whitworth.—Reform Club, Spring Cottages, 2-30, 6: Mrs. Stansfield.
Wibsey.—Hardy St., at 2-30 and 6.
Wisbech.—Lecture Room, Public Hall, at 10-30 and 6-45.

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THE ROSTRUM.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE AND HISTORY OF COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

No. II.

(Continued from No. 161.)

In the published works of Tolstoi, in the volume entitled "My Confession," the author gives the following noteworthy account of his early RELIGIOUS EDUCATION AND VIEWS on page 1 *et seq.* He says—

"I was christened and educated in the faith of the Orthodox Greek Church [Christian]. Nevertheless, at eighteen years of age, when I quitted the University, I had discarded all belief in anything I had been taught." . . .

[Which are we to applaud in this case—the University which *did not* teach any religious dogmas it could not prove, or the University which taught of the things of this life only, and gave no instruction concerning the things of eternity?] The author goes on to say—

"I remember once in my twelfth year a boy, Vladimir M., a pupil in a gymnasium, spent a Sunday with us, and brought us the news of the last discovery in the gymnasium, namely, 'that there was no God,' and that all that we had been taught on the subject was a mere invention. This was in 1838."

[Obviously the gymnasium taught and thought more about the great problem of human existence and destiny than the University. Is this deficiency in university training confined to Russia? Not exactly.]

"I remember well how interested my elder brothers were in this news; I was admitted to their deliberations, and we all eagerly accepted the theory as something particularly attractive and possibly quite true. I remember, also, that when my elder brother, Demetry, then at the University, with the impulsiveness natural to his character, gave himself up to a passionate faith, began to attend the church services regularly, to fast, and to lead a pure and moral life, we all of us, and some older than ourselves, never ceased to hold him up to ridicule, and for some incomprehensible reason gave him the nickname of Noah. I remember that Moussin-Poushkin, the then curator of the University of Kazan, having invited us to a ball, tried to persuade my brother, who had refused the invitation, by the jeering argument that even David danced before the Ark.

"I sympathised then with these jokes of my elders, and drew from them this conclusion, that I was bound to learn my catechism, and go to the services of the church, but that it was not at all necessary to think of religious duties more seriously. . . .

"The open profession of the orthodox doctrines is mostly found among persons of dull intellects, of stern character, and who think much of their own importance. Intelligence, honesty, frankness, a good heart, and moral conduct are oftener met with among those who are disbelievers. The schoolboy is taught his catechism and sent to church; from the grown man is required a certificate of his having taken the holy communion. A man, however, belonging to our class, neither goes to school nor is bound by the regulations

affecting those in the public service, and may now live through long years (still more was this the case formerly) without being once reminded of the fact that he lives among Christians, and calls himself a member of the Orthodox Church."

Following upon this portion of the "Confessions," the author devotes over sixty pages to the narration of his deep, restless, but vain speculations upon the unsolved problems of existence and the profound mysteries of man's whence and whitherward—if indeed, as he then thought, there could be any whitherward beyond this earth.

Count Tolstoi, in summing up many long years of mental struggle, and recording the fruitless speculations that filled his "tempest-tossed mind," adds, "that during that period he married, became a happy and loving husband and father, and yet, so torn and distracted were his thoughts upon the true solution of the dread problems of man's origin and destiny that for years he kept in secret a gun loaded, by which he deemed he might at any moment exercise his privilege of putting an end to the burden of the life he could not comprehend, and a cord ready and so fixed as to minister at once to his suicidal impulses if these should prove stronger than the desire for life." In proof of these singular idiosyncrasies we give the author's own words on pp. 29-30 of "My Confessions"—"The idea of suicide came so naturally to me that I was compelled to practise a species of self-deception to avoid carrying it out too hastily. . . . I could always kill myself, yet I hid away a cord to avoid being tempted to hang myself by it to one of the pegs between the cupboards of my study, where I undressed alone every evening, and ceased carrying a gun because it offered too easy a way of getting rid of life. I was afraid of life; I shrank from it, and yet there was something I hoped for from it.

"Such was the condition I had come to, at a time when all the circumstances of my life were pre-eminently happy, and when I had not reached my fiftieth year. I had a good, loving, and beloved wife, good children, a fine estate, which, without trouble on my part, increased my income; I was more than ever respected by my friends, praised by strangers, and could lay claim to having made my name famous as a writer. . . .

"The mental state in which I then was seemed to me summed up in the following: 'My life was a foolish and wicked joke played upon me by I knew not whom. Notwithstanding my rejection of the idea of a Creator, that of a being who thus wickedly and foolishly made a joke of me seemed to me the most natural of all conclusions, and the one that threw the most light upon my darkness. I instinctively reasoned that this being, wherever he might be, was one who was even then diverting himself at my expense, as he watched me, after from thirty to forty years of a life of study and development, of mental and bodily growth, with all my powers matured, and having reached the point at which life as a whole should be best understood, standing like a fool with but one thing clear to me—that there was nothing in life, that there never was anything, and never will be.'"

In eloquent and touching language Count Tolstoi then goes on to describe how he finally succeeded in arriving at the conviction that there must be an all-wise, an all-powerful intelligent and beneficent existence, such a one as men called—without understanding or appreciation—by the vague name of God; that life must be a probation for a higher condition than that of earth, and that its purposes and meanings though miserably perverted and abused by the masses, still formed the foundation stones and reason for the probationary discipline of life. These conclusions the deep and

earnest thinker never arrived at through any so-called *religious* teachings, orthodox books, exercises, or priestly functions. They were in part the deductions of his own powerful intellect, and partly opinions derived from watching and sympathising with the trials, sufferings, and patience of the peasant classes, and observing that their sole comfort and impulse to resignation, good life, and such happiness as they were capable of, was derived from their religious faith, their abiding trust in the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, and the assurance they felt of a better life hereafter, and the certain compensation it would afford for all earthly ills.

NOTE BY ED. T. W.—Some thirty years ago the Editor of this paper—then a very young woman, and wholly unaccustomed to metaphysical speculations, accepting *upon trust* the religion impressed upon a mediumistic and fearfully sensitive nature, born and organised so—believed in all the dogmas of the State Church of Great Britain. Arriving in America, her religious belief was rudely shaken, and her marvellous mediumistic experiences all explained by finding SPIRITUALISM. The “ghosts and spectres,” voices, prophecies, and occult experiences of early childhood were all solved by natural and inherited mediumistic power; the baseless and mythical assertions of theology were swept away like hideous midnight dreams before the sunlight of reason, morality, and divine justice by the teachings of the travellers who had actually gained the further shore, and knew beyond peradventure the REALITIES of the life beyond the grave. Had Count Tolstoi met and communed with the Editor’s old and trusted friend, D. D. Home, a guest at the court of the late Emperor of Russia for many months, his long years of doubt, speculation, and “tempest tossed mentality” might have been spared. And we only now allude to the fact that the Editor has met with hundreds of Tolstois whose faith in God, IMMORTALITY, and compensation and retribution for good and evil beyond the grave have been PROVED by spiritualism, to show why the great Russian writer without this beneficent revelation was left to evolve true religion out of the mighty soul battle of long years of mental discipline. It is in such histories as that of our present subject that we realise what a glorious boon spiritualism really is to earnest souls striving to find the *truths* rather than the fantasies of religion. It is the real, the veritable opening of the gates, the sure proof to humanity not only that the soul lives beyond the shock of material death, but that the conditions of the life hereafter are made plain and clearly defined by the revelations of the travellers from the land of spirits. The present mental condition which impels the writings of Count Tolstoi, and some analysis of his infamous “Kreutzer Sonata,” will be given in the next number.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SOURCE OF TRUE POWER.

THE noblest lesson taught by life,
To every great heroic soul,
Who seeks to conquer in the strife,
Is self control.

Truth grants no sceptre to the hand
Where pride and passion hold the sway;
He who with honour would command,
Must first obey.

An honest doubt is oft the seed
Of truth, that bright celestial flower;
And weakness, through some noble deed,
Is changed to power.

The brave in heart, the pure in mind,
Will dare to see the truth aright;
While coward souls, perverse and blind,
Will shun the light.

But though unnumbered eyes were closed,
Still would the sun as brightly shine;
And truth, by all the world opposed,
Is still divine.

The servile reverence of the past
Which marks the worship of to-day,
Before the truth advancing fast
Must pass away.

And strength of soul and breadth of thought,
And inspiration from above,
Shall be by earnest spirits sought
In truth and love.

A voice, whose word of power sublime
Transcends the might of human law,
Shall in the truth’s appointed time
The world o’erawe.

Then “Tyranny which oft unfurled
Her blood-stained banner to the sky,”
Shall from her throne of power be hurled,
And, helpless, die.

The world is sick and sore at heart,
With patient hope deferred too long,
And seeks for one who knows the art
To make her strong.

The man who dares to think, to live
True to his soul’s divinest light,
Will to the world an impulse give
For truth and right.

The cross may meet his noblest deeds,
The faggot blaze at every word:
Yet o’er the angry strife of creeds
He will be heard.

Thus through the fire and through the flood,
All bruised, and scarred, and battle-worn,
Baptised in sweat and tears and blood,
Great souls are born.

That which is crucified to-day,
The distant future shall adore,
And Truth, which Error seeks to slay,
Lives evermore.

Great souls e’er set their standard high,
And toiling on through storm and night,
They wake the nations with their cry,
For “Light,” more “Light!”

The world will learn, when wiser grown,
This lesson comes with every hour—
That right is might, and truth alone
The source of power.

A SPIRIT AT THE MESS TABLE.

THE WELL-ATTESTED STORY OF A GENUINE APPARITION.

It was Christmas Eve at the mess of the 18th Dragoon Guards, which had been stationed for the last year at Meerut.

Besides several civilians, the officers of the 121st Regiment were the guests of the Dragoons.

Mess was over and all had adjourned to the ante-room, where they were divided into various groups, all enjoying themselves in their various ways.

Presently the conversation turned on ghost stories, whereupon most of the officers present at once expressed their utter disbelief in the reality of anything of the kind.

“Catch me believing in such trash,” exclaimed Cheekington, a bright, blue-eyed lad of twenty, who was in the 121st. “Why, every one knows there aren’t any such things as ghosts; they’re always dressed up in a sheet—some mischievous fellow bent on playing pranks. Don’t you think so, sir?” he continued, addressing a tall, handsome man, Bertram Leicester by name, the senior major of the Dragoons, who had not hitherto joined in the conversation.

“Well,” answered the major, “there may or may not be what we call ghosts; I cannot say; but certainly I myself have seen what appeared to me, and all who saw it, to be something supernatural.”

“Tell us about it, do,” chorused several voices. “You don’t say you have seen a real live ghost?”

“I haven’t said I did,” answered Leicester, “but if you fellows would really like to hear my story, I’ll tell you what I saw. I am especially reminded of it to-night, as it is this night three years ago,” began Leicester, “I was stationed in Calcutta with my old regiment, the 10th Dragoons. We had been in India for over ten years, and our term was nearly up.

“Happy as we all are here, I must say I never met a kinder, better-hearted set of fellows than those in my old regiment.

“You know the reasons that led to my exchange. I had lost my relatives since I had been in India, and had no tie whatever to induce me to return home; the Indian life suited me, and, finally, there was a man in the 10th, named Macgregor, the greatest friend I ever had.

“They used to call us ‘David and Jonathan.’

“But he was not only my friend but that of every fellow in the regiment, from the colonel down to the smallest drummer boy.

“I have told you this much about Jack that you might have some idea what a favourite he was, and how sorry we were when we heard that he was under orders to take command of a detachment of our regiment, then stationed at a small outlying station many miles up country.

"He was to be away for three months. I need not say how I missed him, for this was my first experience of the regiment without him.

"Indeed, every one remarked 'how dull it seemed without cheery Jack!'

"At the time of which I speak he had been away for two months, when—this day three years, as it happens—I had a long, cheery letter from him, but he made no mention of his work being over.

"That afternoon, having nothing much to do, I occupied myself in writing a long letter to him, which I afterwards posted about six o'clock.

"That evening we had no guests dining at the mess, and not an officer in the regiment except Jack was absent from the table—even McNeil, our senior major, a married man who rarely dined with us, being present.

"Presently one of our captains remarked to me: 'So you had a letter from Jack this morning, Leicester? You are the only man he has written to since he has been away! How is he? All serene, I hope.'

"Judging from this letter I should say brimming over with health and spirits,' I answered, passing his epistle to Fortescue. 'Read it for yourself.'

"Just then, to our utter astonishment, Jack Macgregor, whom we had believed to be one hundred miles away, entered the mess-room through the open door. As he entered, the clock in the barracks square struck the hour of nine. He stood and looked at us all for a moment, and then passed slowly down the room. We thought he was going to his usual seat. He was rather pale, and one or two of us fancied we saw a dark red patch on the left side of the undress tunic he was wearing, but beyond these slight details he looked the same cheery Jack of old.

"'Hullo, old man! we are glad to have you back again, and no mistake!' shouted several of our fellows. 'If we had known you were coming the band should have played "See the conquering hero comes."'

"'You are a deep one!' exclaimed Fortescue; 'I have just been reading your letter to Leicester. Fancy writing, and never even hinting you were coming!'

"But to our surprise, Macgregor walked on to the end of the room, taking no notice of our remarks, and then stood still looking at us all for a moment.

"'Sit down, old man, and make yourself at home once more. By Jove! it is quite refreshing to see your cheery face again,' called out our jolly old colonel, from the other end of the table.

"In his usual way, Colonel Browne would have at once stiffly demanded to know the meaning of one of his officers rejoining at headquarters suddenly, without leave; but the colonel, in his gladness at seeing Macgregor again, appeared to forget that his appearance amongst us under the circumstances was a decided breach of discipline. But instead of answering, Macgregor walked back, stood in the doorway for a moment, took a long sorrowful gaze at us, and then disappeared through the door. Perhaps you may wonder why none of us got up to shake him by the hand, but to tell the truth we were so mystified by this unwonted conduct that it never even struck us, and the whole thing did not take more than a minute.

"'Why, what on earth has come to Macgregor?' we all exclaimed; 'coming back suddenly like this, and never saying a word—it is so unlike him.'

"'He cannot be well, surely,' added the colonel; 'now I think of it, he certainly looked rather pale. No doubt he is going to his quarters. Oblige me, will you, Leicester,' he continued, 'by going to his rooms, and telling him I shall be glad to see him as soon as convenient.'

"So I went to the officers' quarters, which were not above a minute's walk from the mess room, wondering deeply at my chum's strange behaviour. The door of Macgregor's quarters, which had remained unoccupied during his absence, was shut. I burst in saying—

"'Well, old fellow, what are you up to now?'

"But to my surprise he was not in either room; his servant was not to be seen; the room was empty and just as he had left it two months ago. More puzzled than ever, I returned to the mess-room.

"'Well, have you seen Macgregor?' asked the colonel, as I entered.

"'No, colonel,' I answered, 'he has evidently not been to his quarters, for I found them shut up as he left them, and I can't see him anywhere.'

"'This is more and more extraordinary, and the affair must be investigated at once,' said Colonel Browne; 'there is evidently something wrong; the sentry is sure to know if Macgregor has passed through the gates to-night!'

"While we had been questioning sentries, some of the 'subs' had explored all quarters, occupied and empty.

"But their search was of no avail, for no traces could be seen of him.

"Next morning the colonel telegraphed to Jack, inquiring whether he was still at Burrampore.

"'If he's all right he'll think it rather strange, no doubt, but I can easily write and explain the matter,' said our chief, as we sat down to breakfast.

"The words had hardly left his mouth when a waiter entered with a telegram for Colonel Browne, reply prepaid. We knew it could not possibly be an answer yet to the chief's wire of a few minutes since.

"As the colonel opened it the clock struck nine.

"'Good God!' said he, a moment later turning as white as a sheet, 'Macgregor was killed last night at nine o'clock! and he read out in a husky voice: 'Major Carrington, Burrampore, to Colonel Browne, 10th Dragoon Guards, Calcutta. Jack Macgregor, of your regiment, was stabbed to death by a native last night, exactly at nine o'clock, as he was standing outside the bungalow. No reason can be assigned for the murder. What am I to do? Wire reply at once.'

"'So this is the sorrowful explanation of last night's mystery,' I said. 'I am not a believer in the supernatural, but surely it must have been poor Jack's spirit that appeared to us.'

"'I think it must have been,' replied the colonel in a strangely hushed voice, and all the fellows were of the same opinion.

"Of one thing every one was certain—that poor Macgregor had appeared to us at the very moment of his death; how and why was more than we could attempt to explain.

"My tale is finished. I have simply given you a plain unvarnished statement of facts, and I declare solemnly to you that I saw Jack Macgregor as plainly as I now see you fellows in front of me."—*Madras News*.

A MEDIUM OF THE LAST CENTURY.

IN examining the records of past times, we are struck with the universality of those gifts formerly attributed to miracle, magic or sorcery, but now recognised as the law of certain peculiarly endowed organisms, and called mediumship.

We will now mention an individual who lived near our own days, who, apparently distinguished for nothing else, must have been an extraordinarily strong medium.

Schrepfer was a native of Leipsic, where in after life he kept a café. He asserted himself to be in continual intercourse with spirits, whom he could control and summon at pleasure; he distinguished them into friendly and evil, and the approach of each was heralded by particular sounds. He is said to have frequently given astonishing proofs of his power, but the most famous instance was that in which Prince Charles of Saxony, with much difficulty, prevailed upon him to present in visible form the spirit of the Chevalier de Saxe, one of the natural sons of Augustus II., King of Poland, and half-brother to the famous Marshal Count Saxe. He was uncle to Prince Charles, and having amassed enormous wealth and died without issue, it was reported that vast sums belonging to him were concealed in the palace. Curiosity therefore combined with avarice in prompting Prince Charles to endeavour to gain an interview with the spirit of his uncle. Schrepfer, with much repugnance, for he represented such an undertaking as dangerous to himself, was prevailed upon to make the attempt. A company, nineteen in number, assembled by night in the great gallery of Prince Charles's palace in Dresden, and all doors and windows were carefully secured by Schrepfer's directions. Lights were extinguished, and Schrepfer, after warning the company that the event might try their nerves, retired into a corner, and, after a long interval, passed into a convulsive and agitated state, when a noise was soon heard more like wet fingers drawn over the edge of glasses than anything else. Presently very frightful sounds followed, and the company being much aghast, the principal door suddenly opened with violence, and something that resembled a black ball or globe rolled into the gallery. It was invested with smoke or cloud, in the midst of which appeared a face like that of the Chevalier

de Saxe, from which a loud and angry voice exclaimed in German, "*Carl, was wolt du mit mich?*"—"Charles, what wouldst thou with me?"

The Prince and company were utterly horrified, and, losing all self-possession, called on Heaven for help, and brought Schrepfer to dismiss the apparition; but this he was unable or pretended to be unable to do, and those present declared that nearly *an hour* elapsed before it could be compelled to retreat. And when at length it had gone, and the company were recovering, the door burst open again, and the same hideous form again presented itself. The boldest were not proof against this, and a scene of utter horror and dismay ensued, till Schrepfer at length contrived finally to dismiss the apparition.

Of the nineteen persons who witnessed this fearful sight, three afterwards published some account, though none liked to make it a subject of conversation, and the horror impressed upon them was never forgotten throughout life. The story was once well known throughout Europe. Byron alludes to it at the end of the last canto of "*Don Juan*." Schrepfer afterwards became a celebrated medium, and was surrounded by crowds of followers and inquirers, and rumours survive of astounding manifestations made through him. The present writer once, in Egypt, met a Russian, who since has "passed the river," who related some details respecting him not then appreciated, and now indistinctly remembered. What is recollected would seem to argue him endowed with prodigious materialising force.

Schrepfer lived a strange life, and a strange death he died. He had promised three gentlemen, whom he had in some method initiated, to show them something more wonderful than all before; and in the summer, before sunrise, between three and four o'clock, he took them to the wood of Rosendaal, a little beyond the gates of Leipsic. Here he desired them to remain awhile, and went apart amongst the trees. Presently they heard the report of a pistol, and, going up, found he had shot himself. He was senseless, and soon died. Those who knew him best declared that he was so perpetually beset and tormented by spirits, and his life made so miserable, as to drive him to have recourse to a pistol. He does not appear to have been distinguished for any other qualities, and, as in many other instances, when it is asked why the spiritual world favours persons otherwise not at all noteworthy, and why powers so extraordinary are conferred apparently with so little discrimination, one can only say as Charles Lamb said of Spenser's "*Faery Land*," "We do not know the laws of that country."—*The London Spiritualist*.

WISE WHEN IN A TRANCE.

THE greatest phenomenon ever introduced to the spiritual world is being coached by an eminent physician of this city, who has already expended a considerable sum in the investigation of his subject, says a Kansas City correspondent of the *Chicago Herald*:—

"Some time ago, a caller at the office of the physician, desired, as he said, to place himself under medical charge, that his mental condition might be properly diagnosed, as his friends, he alleged, believing him to be insane, were determined to send him to an asylum. He contended he was as sane as any man alive, but freely admitted that at times he was beside himself, as he frequently went into trances, during which periods his conversations were of a most remarkable and unnatural character. Soon he enlisted the doctor's interest and curiosity, and was retained about the office.

"Only a few days elapsed when the physician, upon entering his office, observed his patient's peculiar condition, and was startled and surprised beyond his power of expression. The man was in a trance, and immediately introduced himself as a learned Berlin physician, deceased fifty years ago. This learned physician was the author of many valuable professional works, now accepted authority throughout the medical world. The patient, a rough, illiterate German, who speaks very broken English, used the most polished language and professional terms in discussing and reviewing the learned doctor's career upon earth, as well as his medical works. The physician who has him in charge, and who is intimately acquainted with the medical writings of the deceased German physician, declares no non-professional, however well acquainted with these writings and discoveries, could have handled the subjects so well as his remarkable patient."

EXORCISING A GHOST AT HAMPSTEAD.

Miss FRITH, daughter of the well-known artist, who writes under the signature "Walter Powell" in a Canadian paper, tells in a recent letter the following version of the ghosts at Hampstead:—"There are two rows of old red brick houses at Hampstead, forming an avenue to the church, which houses, built on ground which once belonged to a monastery, are continually troubled by the most unaccountable noises, in one or two cases the inhabitants declaring that the noises, which they *can* bear, have been further supplemented by the appearance of apparitions, which they *cannot*. Not long ago one of those possessing the worst of reputations was taken in all innocence by some people who, till they had been in the place some time, were left unmolested. But very soon steps pattered up and down stairs in the dead of night; doors, previously locked, unaccountably flew open; often there was a feeling, even in broad daylight, that one was being watched (said my informant) by invisible eyes, touched by invisible fingers. The maids gave warning continually, the children occasionally were frightened, but as months went on without anything actually being seen, the footsteps and rustlings, growing monotonous, were at last almost unheeded, and the household settled down with the firm determination, annoying enough to the ghost, to ignore its presence altogether, a resolution not always strictly kept. One afternoon a November or two ago, the lady of the house sat by the fire in a small drawing-room, shut off from a larger one by folding doors, reading fairy tales to her little daughter, and as she read she heard some one walking overhead, in a room from which the ghost always started on its peregrinations. She glanced at the child, who was staring at the flames, absorbed in the history of '*The Snow Queen*,' and, who, wisely enough, had no ears for anything else, and continued the story without a pause. Soon on each of the shallow oak stairs sounded the well-known pit-a-pat of high-heeled shoes, till the steps, staying a second at the smaller drawing-room, went on to the larger room, the door of which opened and shut with a bang; but nothing disturbed the little girl. As her mother read on, some one behind those folding doors was turning the handles softly, pacing up and down the floor, moving chairs and small tables, till at last the reader became so nervous she thought she even should have screamed. Instead of that, however, she made some excuse of resting for a moment, gave the book to her daughter, and taking up a lamp, went bravely to the threshold of the other room and looked in. The footsteps ceased suddenly, but, peer as she might into every corner, nothing could she see. Just as she was turning back to '*The Snow Queen*' and the fire, the child ran towards her. 'Why, mamma,' she said, pointing to a window seat on which the stream of lamplight fell brightest, 'who is that pretty lady?' Since then Mrs. S., who is a Catholic, has had that restless ghost laid (this is the nineteenth century, five miles from Charing Cross), and with bell and book the priest and the acolyte have done their best to restore peace to No. —, Church Row, the consequence being that after that afternoon, spent in sprinklings and prayers, the pretty lady has altogether ceased her visits.

SPIRITUAL FRAGMENTS.

"Gather them up."

A TENNESSEE MYSTERY.

A RELIABLE and veracious correspondent of the *Nashville* (Tenn.) *American*, writing from Dresden in that State, reports the result of a visit to the home of Mr. Hayes, near Greenfield, whose daughter has been the subject of a strange phenomenon, which has led to her being called "the cotton girl." The facts in the case are that during her "spells" (entrancement) "an invisible woman" approaches her and places cotton on her throat.

The phenomenon is certified to by responsible parties. Those visiting the child—an account of whose investigations is given in *The American*—comprised eight ladies and gentlemen.

"We arrived," say the visitors, "at Mr. Hayes' at 11 o'clock, and, being cold, made no examination of the girl. Soon she took a spell, throwing her head backward and knocking at her throat to drive the woman away who comes and chokes her and puts the cotton on her. While in these paroxysms her voice is very unnatural, and she seems to be saying, 'It hurts, it hurts,' but on being questioned the child

said she was telling her mother to 'Rub harder, rub harder.' Her dress, an ordinary gingham, was fastened at the back, and when undone there was the piece of cotton on her throat. After having five spells during which time she was quite thoroughly searched, we examined her closely and found no cotton about her bed or clothes, and no quilts from which there was any evidence of cotton being taken. We waited for her to have another spell, which she did, but no cotton this time was found. Some of us thought it looked suspicious that the girl's mother always was crouched beside the bed and rubbed her during the spells, and Mrs. Gardner asked for and was given permission to take her place, the cotton still appearing until the last spell.

"One of the party, Mr. Garratt, of Nashville, was passed off as a physician, and pretended to make an examination as such, but the girl remarked: 'That man don't ask questions much like a doctor,' which, says the writer, is another evidence of her keen natural sense. Occasionally no cotton appeared at the close of the 'spells,' the girl accounting for it by saying that it had been 'dropped by the woman in yellow.' Some who doubted this went there and sprinkled and swept the floor twice, the cotton afterwards being found where the invisible woman dropped it. The girl one time told them she had dropped it at the door on her way, and, sure enough, upon going to the door, it was found there."

Additional evidence of this being a spirit phenomenon is this statement of the investigators: "We have been told by reliable people that strange rappings can be heard about the place, the mother of the girl saying the knocking was frequent about the head of the bed."

Of the genuineness of the "mystery" they say: "When we looked into the honest faces of those old people, and saw the troubled look on the face of the poor girl's mother, we could not find it in our hearts to say that they were practising a fraud. They gave us every opportunity to watch and examine the girl, and besides we do not believe the mother of the girl, who might be suspected of practising a deception, is mentally capable of planning and carrying out any such scheme. They are making no money out of it, and will often refuse to accept any when offered, for the reason that they would be more accused than ever of trying to fool the people. They say for weeks they have had to neglect their work on account of his strange affliction."

At last accounts the "spells" came less frequently, and the cotton is found lower on the body. The correspondent closes by saying he "gives this testimony from educated, intelligent ladies, whose veracity no one will dispute."

ANECDOTES OF NAPIER.

IN the recently-published "Life of Sir Charles Napier" is an anecdote, told in his own strong words, which illustrates him in a characteristic way. Every man's life would supply him with thousands of anecdotes, and this work is made up of such; but here is one of the "great captain." Napier had successfully conquered and taken prisoners the robber chiefs in Scinde, and he thus records his feelings: "In my heart I swore, when in Greece, to put down banditti there, if God permitted, and in Scinde I repeated the oath. The spirit of good refused permission in Greece, here he has permitted it; and, as if some outward power moved events, all my minutest projects have come to pass—errors, neglect, and sound calculations—all have turned out right in the end. Can I feel proud of my ability? No; it is a power unseen, though to me evident, that has guided me. When I have condemned myself for going to the left instead of to the right, it has suddenly answered me that the left was the way to go. Have I not a right, then, to say the unseen power is evident? I have been guided either by the good spirit or the bad. Yet why say the bad? No, no; a forecast of events comes over me—a thousand thoughts collect, and bring conviction in an unaccountable manner. Lo! an example. Some days ago a conviction came to me that the robbers would go to Trukkee [this was the place in which he ultimately captured them]. It was not reason; there were as many reasons against as for; but a sort of spirit told me so. On the 28th of February my mind was engrossed with my intended movement northwards, which was ordered for the 1st of March. While ruminating, a man came hastily to say my convoy was attacked. My thoughts were then intent on how to force the enemy to my purpose in the north, whether by skill or by riding upon them, but suddenly a voice seemed to repeat, 'Trukkee, Trukkee!' It had done so before. They cannot be so mad as to go there, I internally repeated. 'They are,'

replied the spirit. What else but a spirit could it be? I walked about irresolutely. 'Beware! beware!' said the warning voice, and suddenly, ere my thoughts could settle, I called out almost involuntarily, 'Bring my horse;' and in ten minutes we were cantering towards the scene of combat. My staff attacked the retiring enemy; 'Trukkee,' said my guide. 'The game is mine,' re-echoed the internal voice. My heart was wroth with McMurdo for pursuing the robbers like a recruit; I thought he had done me mischief, yet still the voice whispered, 'The game is yours.' It was not my mind that spoke: I am a child in the hands of God."

DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN SHETLAND.

To the *Scotsman* the factor of Garth and Onnsbrae sends the following account of the discovery of gold in Shetland:—

To settle the many wild rumours afloat on this subject, I may state that gold has been found in Unst. Appearances, comparing with Australia, are decidedly auriferous but the area is limited. A thorough search is to be made so soon as the weather permits, and should it prove a paying gold field, arrangements will at once be made to enable diggers to set to work on fair terms.

The most extraordinary matter is the mode of discovery. I was informed that it was in consequence of statements made by a young man, son of a tenant on the property. I at once sent for the person, who stated, in the most solemn manner, that being one day at the ebb-tide, securing shell-fish for bait, and returning up the rocks, he heard a voice saying, "Plenty gold aboun" (above). He felt frightened when he saw no one near, and at once ran home and told his family. They spoke of the matter to the neighbours, who, after consultation, made direct enquiries of Andrew as to the truth of the story. Andrew, as he still does, maintained his assertion, and so it was resolved that four of his neighbours should go with him and make a search. This party returned in high glee, bearing with them some pounds weight of what they considered gold, but what in reality proved to be *iron pyrites*. The whole neighbourhood was then roused, and all flattered themselves that there need be no more fishings or farms. Upwards of sixty men were to be seen at work over these pyrites, and it was not until an old gold digger visited the spot that they were undeceived and gold actually found. Subsequently other "diggers" obtained small samples, but in no case more than enough to swear by.

The superstitious may explain the above. I can only say that Andrew is a decent lad, and would not tell a lie—nor did he or any in the township ever hear of gold discoveries in Caithness. He no doubt imagined he heard the voice; and the strange fact is, that the gold should be there and so strangely discovered.—*Scotsman*.

THE "WHITE LADY" OF THE HAPSBURGS.

A Dalziel Vienna telegram says: It is rumoured that the mysterious spectre, known as the White Lady, which is always believed to appear at the death of a member of the Imperial family, has made its apparition at the Hofburg, and this is taken to be an indication of the fate of the Archduke John. The people in the palace are said to have been greatly unnerved, and even the soldiers on guard were frightened.—*Nottingham Evening Post*.

THE ORIGIN OF THE LOCOMOTIVE. — The first steam carriage seems to have been made by a Frenchman, Cugnot, in 1760, that same marvellous year which witnessed the birth of Napoleon I., Wellington, Humbolt, Mehemet Ali, Lord Castlereagh, Sir E. I. Brunel, Cuvier, and the first patent of Arkwright, the first patent of Watt, as also some other events almost as great in their eventful influence on the present era. An engine made by Cugnot is still in existence in the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers in Paris. It has a copper boiler, very much like a common kettle, without the handle and spout, furnishing with steam a pair of 13in. single-acting cylinders. The engine propels a single driving wheel, which is roughened on its periphery. Altogether, this engine bears considerable testimony to the mechanical genius of its inventor. It was unsuccessful, having got overturned once or twice on the very bad roads then existing in France, and it was put on one side. It is stated, however, that arrangements were made in 1801 to put it to work, in the presence of Napoleon Bonaparte.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1890.

AMONGST THE SPIRITS.

BY MARK TWAIN.

[NOTE.—We publish the following extract from the pen of the inimitable "Mark Twain," first, because we want our readers to understand spiritualism does not always appear arrayed in a pall and decorated with the insignia of death—a skull and cross bones; next, because in the early days of the investigation many scenes similar to the one herein described transpired, and very jolly spirits hesitated not to take part in them and to assure the sitters life in the hereafter had its jokes and its merriment just as surely as on the mortal plane. Finally, *we happen to know* that, although the scene described is touched up by the fertile pencil of an inevitable, and perhaps involuntary, humorist, it is in substance strictly true; the *séance* occurred exactly as described, and that in the presence of the great narrator himself—a confirmed spiritualist—the medium being the renowned and justly-celebrated rapping and test medium Mrs. Ada Foye.]

THERE was a public *séance* in town a short time since. As I was making for it, in company with the reporter of an evening paper, he said he had seen a gambler, named Gus Graham, shot down in a town in Illinois years ago by a mob, and as he was probably the only person in San Francisco who knew of the circumstance, he thought he would "give the spirits Graham to chew on a while." (N.B.—This young creature is a democrat, and speaks with the native strength and inelegance of his tribe.) In the course of the *séance* he wrote his old pal's name on a slip of paper, and folded it up tightly, and put it in a hat which was passed around, and which already had about five hundred similar documents in it. The pile was dumped on the table, and the medium began to take them up one by one and lay them aside, asking, "Is this spirit present? or this? or this?" About one in fifty would rap, and the person who sent up the name would rise in his place and question the defunct. At last a spirit seized the medium's hand and wrote "Gus Graham" backward. Then the medium went skirmishing through the papers for the corresponding name. And that old sport knew his card by the back! When the medium came to it, after picking up fifty others, he rapped! A committee-man unfolded the paper, and said it was the right one. I sent for it and got it. It was all right. However, I suppose all democrats are on sociable terms with the devil. The young man got up and asked—

"Did you die in '51? '52? '53? '54?"

Ghost: "Rap, rap, rap."

"Did you die of cholera? diarrhoea? dysentery? dog bite? small pox? violent death?"

"Rap, rap, rap."

"Were you hanged! drowned? stabbed? shot?"

"Rap, rap, rap."

"Did you die in Mississippi? Kentucky? New York? Sandwich Islands? Texas? Illinois?"

"Rap, rap, rap."

"In Adams county? Madison? Randolph?"

"Rap, rap, rap."

It was no use trying to catch the departed gambler. He knew his hand, and played it like a major.

About this time a couple of Germans stepped forward—an elderly man and a spry young fellow, cocked and primed for a sensation. They wrote some names. Then young Ollendorff said something which sounded like—

"Ist ein geist hieraus?" (Bursts of laughter from the audience.) Three raps—signifying that there *was* a geist hieraus.

"Vollen sie schriehen?" (more laughter.)

Three raps.

"Finzig stollen, linsowfterowlickterhairowfterfrowleinern-hackfolderol?" Incredible as it may seem, the spirit cheerfully answered "Yes" to that astonishing proposition.

The audience grew more and more boisterously mirthful with every fresh question, but when the medium informed them that the *séance* could not go on in the midst of so much levity they became quiet.

The German ghost didn't appear to know anything at all—couldn't answer the simplest questions. Young Ollendorff finally repeated some numbers, and tried to get at the time of the spirit's death. It appeared to be considerably mixed as to whether it died in 1811 or 1812, which was reasonable enough, as it had been so long ago. At last it wrote "12."

Tableau! Young Ollendorff sprang to his feet in a state of consuming excitement. He exclaimed:—

"Laties und shentlemens, I write de name for a man vot lifs! Speerit rabbing dells me he ties in yahr eighteen hoondred und dwelf, but he yoos as live and elty as——"

The Medium: "Sit down, sir!"

Ollendorff: "But I want to——"

Medium: "You are not here to make speeches, sir; sit down!" (Mr O. had squared himself for an oration.)

Mr. O.: "But de speerit cheat! dere is no such speerit." All this time applause and laughter by turns from the audience.

Medium: "Take your seat, sir, and I will explain this matter." And she explained, and in that explanation she let off a blast which was so terrific that I half expected to see young Ollendorff shot up through the roof. She said that he had come up there with fraud and deceit and cheating in his heart, and a kindred spirit had come from the land of shadows to commune with him! She was terribly bitter. She said in substance, though not in words, that perdition was full of just such fellows as Ollendorff, and they were ready on the slightest pretext to rush in and assume any body's name, and rap, and write, and lie, and swindle with a perfect looseness whenever they could rope in a living affinity like poor Ollendorff to communicate with. (Great applause.)

Ollendorff stood his ground with good pluck, and was going to open his batteries again, when a storm of cries arose all over the house: "Get down! go on! clear out! speak on, we'll hear you! climb down from that platform! stay where you are! vamoose! stick to your post—say your say!"

The medium rose up and said, if Ollendorff remained, she would not. She recognized no one's right to come there and insult her by practising a deception upon her, and attempting to bring ridicule upon so solemn a thing as her religious belief. The audience then became quiet, and the subjugated Ollendorff retired from the platform.

The other German raised a spirit, questioned it at some length in his own language, and said the answers were correct. The medium claimed to be entirely unacquainted with the German language.

Just then, a gentleman called me to the edge of the platform, and asked me if I were a spiritualist? I said I was not. He asked me if I were prejudiced? I said, not more than any other unbeliever; but I could not believe in a thing which I could not understand, and I had not seen anything yet that I could cipher out. He said, then, that he didn't think I was the cause of the diffidence shown by the spirits, but he knew there was an antagonistic influence around that table somewhere—he had noticed it from the first; there was a painful negative current passing to his sensitive organization from that direction constantly.

I told him I guessed it was that other fellow; and I said, "Blame a man who was all the time shedding these infernal negative currents!" This appeared to satisfy the mind of the inquiring sensitive, and he sat down.

I had a very dear friend, who, I had heard, had gone to the spirit-land, or perdition, or some of those places, and I desired to know something concerning him. There was something so awful, though, about talking with living, sinful lips to the ghostly dead, that I could hardly bring myself to rise and speak. But at last I got hesitatingly up, and said, with a low and trembling voice:—

"Is the spirit of John Smith present?"

You can never depend on these Smiths; you call for one, and the whole tribe will come clattering out of hell to answer you.

"Whack! whack! whack! whack!"

Bless me! I believe all the dead and gone John Smiths between San Francisco and perdition, boarded that poor little table at once! I was considerably set back—stunned, I may say. The audience urged me to go on, however, and I said:—

"What did you die of?"

The Smiths answered to every disease and casualty that men can die of.

"Where did you die?"

They answered "Yes" to every locality I could name, while my geography held out.

"Are you happy where you are?"

There was a vigorous and unanimous "No!" from the late Smiths.

"Is it warm there?"

An educated Smith seized the medium's hand and wrote: "Warm's no name for it."

"Did you leave any Smiths in that place when you came away?"

"Dead loads of them!"

I fancy I heard the shadowy Smiths chuckle at this feeble joke—the rare joke that there could be live loads of Smiths where all are dead.

"How many Smiths are present?"

"Eighteen millions—the procession now reaches from here to the other side of China."

"Then there are many Smiths in the kingdom of the lost?"

"The Prince Apollyon calls all new comers Smith on general principles; and continues to do so until he is corrected, if he chances to be mistaken."

"What do lost spirits call their dread abode?"

"Generally speaking, they call it the Smithsonian Institute."

I got hold of the right Smith at last—the particular Smith I was after—my dear, lost, lamented friend—and learned that he died a violent death. I feared as much. He said his wife talked him to death. Poor wretch!

By and by up started another Smith. A gentleman in the audience said that this was his Smith, so he questioned him; and this Smith said he, too, died by violence. He had been a good deal tangled in his religious belief, and was a sort of cross between a Universalist and a Unitarian; has got straightened out and changed his opinions since he left here; said he was perfectly happy. We proceeded to question this talkative and frolicsome old party. Among spirits I judge he is the gayest of the gay. He said he had no tangible body; a bullet could pass through him and never make a hole; rain could pass through him as through vapour, and not discommode him in the least, so I suppose he don't know enough to come in when it rains—or don't care enough; says heaven and hell are simply mental conditions, spirits in the former have happy and contented minds, and those in the latter are tormented by remorse of conscience; says, as far as he is concerned, he is all right—he is happy; would not say whether he was a very good or a very bad man on earth (the shrewd old waterproof nonentity! I asked the question so that I might average my own chances for his luck in the other world, but he saw my drift); says he has an occupation there—puts in his time teaching and being taught; says there are spheres—grades of perfection; he is making very good progress; has been promoted a sphere or so since his matriculation (I said mentally, "Go slow, old man, go slow, you have got all eternity before you," and he replied not); he don't know how many spheres there are (but I suppose there must be millions, because if a man goes galloping through them at the rate this

old Universalist is doing, he will get through an infinitude of them by the time he has been there as long as old Sesostrius and those ancient mummies; and there is no estimating how high he will get in even the infancy of eternity. I am afraid the old man is scouring along rather too fast for the style of his surroundings, and the length of time he has got on his hands); says spirits cannot feel heat or cold (which militates somewhat against all my notions of orthodox fire and brimstone); says spirits commune with each other by thought—they have no language; says the distinctions of sex are preserved there; and so forth and so on.

This old party wrote and talked for an hour, and showed by his quick, shrewd, intelligent replies, that he had not been sitting up nights in the other world for nothing; he had been prying into everything worth knowing, and finding out everything he possibly could; as he said himself, when he did not understand a thing, he hunted up a spirit who could explain it, consequently he is pretty thoroughly posted. And for his accommodating conduct and his uniform courtesy to me, I sincerely hope he will continue to progress at his present velocity until he lands on the very roof of the highest sphere of all, and thus achieves perfection.

ABOUT THE PLANET MARS.

THE communication from the celebrated astronomer, Camille Flammarion, says the *New York Herald*, furnishes some most interesting observations of the planet Mars, made this summer at prominent European observatories. Our astronomical collaborateur thinks they teach some strange things.

Among the Martial seas there is one on the 90th degree of eastern longitude which, on account of its isolation and superficial area, resembles our Black Sea. "Hitherto," says M. Flammarion, "it has always been observed as uniform and nearly circular, but last June M. Schiaparelli of the Milan observatory discovered that this sea was cut in two by a yellow band, which divides it into unequal parts." A Martial lake somewhat similar to our Lake Tschad was also noticed to have been bisected, and five immense canals were also divided into two parts by two straight lines absolutely parallel to each other, in the same manner that a certain number of suppository canals were noticed to have been divided some years ago. M. Flammarion significantly asks: "What can these seas, lakes, and canals that divide themselves up in this manner be?"

Our celestial neighbour, the red symbol of war, though never nearer than 35,500,000 miles, is an object of commanding interest, as vivified from the same source of energy that supplies the earth, and hence as suggesting the possibility of life on its surface. The astronomer of the Juvisy observatory strongly hints that the new observations indicate the agency of intelligent creatures on Mars—the mathematical precision with which its canals were divided looking like the work of great engineers skilful in artificial means of utilizing the forces of nature for their own industrial purposes. The absence of water and air on the visible side of our moon renders its habitability very improbable, though this fact does not show that the other side is equally unfitted for maintaining animal and vegetable life. But the case is very different with Mars.

Sixty years ago the elder Herschel noticed distinct outlines of Martial continents and seas. Viewed through more and more powerful telescopes the chief peculiarity Mars has ever since presented is the strange intermingling of water and land—with few great oceans like the Pacific, none, perhaps, stretching from one polar circle to the other, but many narrow arms of the sea, comparable to the Baltic or Red Sea, dividing the land masses. In Schiaparelli's map the Martial sea, which he recently discovered to be "cut in two by a yellow band," is called Solia Lacus and is connected by straits resembling Davis Strait to the Mare Australe or the grand southern ocean of our fellow planet.

In 1873 M. Stanislaus Meunier saw proofs of the great age of Mars in the shape of its seas, and confidently expressed the opinion that our seas will assume the same outlines when they have gradually undergone a certain diminution of volume consequent upon their progressive absorption by the solid nucleus. The divisions of the Martial sea now discovered by M. Schiaparelli may possibly be accounted for upon the theory of M. Meunier, through some upheaval of the planet's solid nucleus. And it would not be unreasonable to offer a similar explanation of some of the other remarkable phenomena reported by M. Flammarion in recent cable

dispatches. But the story of M. Meunier would totally fail to account for the recently observed division of five immense canals "into two parts by two straight lines, absolutely parallel with each other."

It has been surmised by astronomers that the continents of Mars are occasionally inundated by floods of water (due partly, perhaps, to the melting of what appear to be its polar snows), which may account for great differences in the appearance of its canals. But such floods must be less extensive and destructive than those of our Mississippi or Amazon. For the Martial atmosphere is not so dense as ours; and as the planet receives from the sun less than half the heat received by the earth, the evaporation from its seas, and consequently the amount of flood producing vapour in its air are not half so great as those of our globe. We should probably not suffer on Mars from the torrential rains characteristic of our tropical zones. But whether the composition of its air would suit the texture of our lungs is very questionable indeed.

The long, straight, and narrow canals of Mars were first observed in 1877, and were again seen in 1881, when nearly all of them were double. Prof. Young, in his latest work, admits that the cause of this "gemination" is a very important and perplexing problem. But this problem, as well as the problem of their division, now presented by Mr. Flammarion, can only be solved, as the latter suggests, by the construction of l'œil de géant—a gigantic telescope which will bring Mars nearer to us. The next favourable opposition occurs in 1892, when there will be an opportunity to solve these problems. It will perhaps be a magnificent chance for discovery lost if the colossal instrument proposed by M. Flammarion is not made and ready for use then. But we hope that by 1892 the instrument will be forthcoming for the occasion.

STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

STRENGTH for to-day is all that we need,
As there will never be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measure of joy and sorrow.
Then why forecast the trials of life
With such a sad and grave persistence,
And watch and wait for a crowd of ills
That as yet have no existence.
Strength for to-day—in house and home,
So practise forbearance sweetly—
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely.
Strength for to-day—what a precious boon
For the earnest souls who labour,
For the willing hands that minister
To the needy friend or neighbour.

MESMERIZING INSECTS.

A FLORENTINE correspondent of the London *Medium* writes that he has been experimenting with butterflies as subjects of his mesmeric aura, selecting one who was at the moment going rapidly from flower to flower, extending his hand towards it. The effect was to retain the butterfly in close proximity to himself, manifesting no inclination to retreat. After a time, feeling as he thought that some effect had been produced, he arose from his seat and approached it, when, to his astonishment, the butterfly actually allowed him to touch it, and only flew away to another flower when he removed his hand. He tried the experiment three times and always with the same success.

This experiment is easily tried with the common house-fly. If a fly alights on a window glass, place your hand on the glass, with the back of the hand resting against it, and the fingers pointing directly towards the fly, and the effect will soon show itself in its benumbed and almost helpless condition. We once tried the same experiment on a large gray squirrel, put him to sleep, lifted him out of the cage, and kept him in that condition for several minutes.

LYCEUM JOTTINGS.

UNCLE NATE'S FUNERAL.

THERE is something very touching in this poem. From whom it emanates we don't know. Perhaps in the course of its peregrinations among the press of the country the author's name was lost. There is not, however, any great significance in a name. The sentiment, the moral presented, or object to be attained is what attracts the attention. There is something really charming in "Uncle Nate's Funeral."

'Twas not at all like those you see of ordinary men;
'Twas such as never could occur, excepting now and then;
For Uncle Nate had studied hard upon it, night and day,
And planned it all—while yet alive—in his peculiar way.
"I've managed other men's remains," he said, with quiet tone,
"And now I'll make a first-class try to regulate my own."
And so, a month before his death, he wrote the details down,
For friends to print, when he was dead, and mail throughout the town.

The paper said: "I've figured close, and done the best I knew,
To have a good large funeral, when this short life was through:
I've thought about it night and day, I've brooded o'er the same,
Until it almost seemed a task to wait until it came,
Especially as my good wife has wandered on ahead,
And all the children we possessed have many years been dead;
And now I'll tell you what I want my friends and foes to do—
I'm sorry that I can't be here to push th' arrangement through.
"I do not want to hire a hearse, with crape around it thrown;
I'm social like, and am not used to riding round alone.
Bring my old wagon, into which the children used to climb,
Until I've taken on a drive full twenty at a time;
We've loafed along the country roads for many pleasant hours,
And they have scampered far and near, and picked the freshest flowers;

And I would like to have them come upon my burial day
And ride with me, and talk to me, and sing along the way.
"I want my friend, the minister—the best of preacher-folks,
With whom I've argued, prayed, and wept, and swapped a thousand jokes—

To talk a sermon to the friends, and make it sweet, but strong;
And, recollect, I don't believe in speeches overlong.
And tell him, notwithstanding all his eloquence and worth,
'Twon't be the first time I have slept when he was holding forth.
I'd like two texts; and one shall be by Bible covers pressed,
And one from outside that shall read, 'He did his level best.'

"And any one I've given help—to comfort or to save—
Just bring a flower, or a sprig of green, and throw it in the grave.
Please have a pleasant, social time round the subscriber's bier,
And no one but my enemies must shed a single tear.
You simply say, 'Old Uncle Nate, whatever may befall,
Is having probably to-day the best time of us all!
He's shaking hands, two at a time, with several hundred friends,
And giving us who stay behind good gilt-edged recommends.'"
They tried to follow all the rules that Uncle Nate laid down;
When he was dead, they came to him from every house in town.
The children did their best to sing, but could not quite be heard;
The parson had a sermon there, but did not speak a word.
Of course they buried him in flowers, and kissed him as he lay,
For not a soul in all that town but he had helped some way;
But when they tried to mould his mound without the tear's sweet leaven,

There rose loud sobs that Uncle Nate could almost hear in heaven.

YULE TIDE.

OH! dying moments of the year,
You would indeed be cold and drear
But for a taste of Christmas cheer.
And should the chefs of our cuisine
E'er prove to have forgetful been,
Or their employers turn out mean,
And Yule-tide feasts be banished hence,
As frivolous, unworth expense,
Or on some other vain pretence,
Why! Goblins arch and tricky elves,
Would straight invade our kitchen shelves,
And cook the dinner for themselves.
While e'en the little rats and mice,
Would baste the joint, and mix the pies,
For well they understand what's nice.
And when the things were piping hot,
And the plum pudding burst the pot,
The nimblest pair of all the lot
Would up into the belfry climb,
And ring a strong and merry chime,
To tell the world 'tis dinner time!
So to and fro the bells would swing,
The music of their ding-dong-ding
Seeming to tell another thing,
That now's the time for one and all,
Who prize a page which ne'er can pall,
To give the bright *Two Worlds* a call
For YULE TIDE.

THOUGHTS.

God's spirit falls on me as dewdrops on a rose,
If I but like a rose my heart to him uncloze.

Thou knowest God as "Lord," hence "Lord" His name to thee;
I feel Him but as "Love," hence "Love" His name to me.

"How far from here to Heaven?" Not very far, my friend;
A single hearty step will all thy journey end.

Hold there! Where runnest thou? Know Heaven to be in thee,
Seekest thou God elsewhere, His face thou ne'er shalt see.

Whate'er thou lovest, man, that, too, become thou must;
God, if thou lovest God; dust, if thou lovest dust.

—(From the German of J. SCHEFFER, 1624.)

PLATFORM RECORD.

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions expressed, or for the accuracy of the statements made, in the reports, and earnestly request secretaries to use the utmost care to make their communications brief, pointed, and reliable.

ACCRINGTON. 26, China Street.—Good addresses by Mrs. Wade. Afternoon: "Spiritualism, is it true?" Evening: She gave a review of General Booth's scheme, to a very good audience. Good clairvoyance.

ARMLEY.—Miss Myers delivered an address on "The absurd Bible stories of the Creator and the flood;" not very well delivered. Experience and culture will do much to develop this young lady's mediumship, which we think is of great promise; it was followed by a few striking clairvoyant descriptions.

BOLTON. Bridgeman Street Baths.—Afternoon: Mr. Mayoh spoke well to a fair audience. In the evening, the choir gave the service of song, "Rhoda, or the Gipsy Girl's Mission of Love." Considering the bad weather we had a good audience.

BOLTON. Old Spinners' Hall.—Owing to Mr. Plant having made an engagement elsewhere, a friend kindly gave us very good addresses. It was his first appearance upon a spiritualistic platform. The subjects were, "Man's Duties to Man," and "Work." Clairvoyant delineations in the afternoon, which were fully recognized.—A. H.

BRADFORD. 448, Manchester Road.—Mr. Todd and his inspirers gave discourses on "Behold, a sower went forth to sow" and "A tale that is told," alluding to the year's progress. Clairvoyance by Mrs. Webster very good. Twenty-two descriptions, 18 recognized, giving convincing proofs of immortality.—S. C.

BRADFORD. Ripley Street.—The mesmeric entertainment by Mr. Boocock, of Bingley, on Saturday last, gave satisfaction to a good audience.—S. T.

BRADFORD. St. James's.—Afternoon: A very small audience, so formed a developing circle. Some very good tests were given, and a short instructive discourse on "Spirit Occupations." Evening: Service of Song given in first class style, highly appreciated by a good and intelligent audience, as was evident by the close attention given.

BRIGHTON.—Miss Patefield's guides gave trance addresses on "Death, what art thou?" and "Man needs a Saviour." Very good clairvoyant descriptions, 13 out of 14 recognized. Very good audiences.—R. R.

BURNLEY. Hammerton Street.—Mr. Tetlow gave great satisfaction to fair audiences. Afternoon subject, "The Power of Man." Evening: "Miracles and Special Providences." The psychometry was very good, giving some excellent tests.—R. H.

CLECKHEATON. Walker Street, Northgate.—Mrs. Crossley disappointed us, but we found an able substitute in Mr. Wainwright. His guides spoke of "What of the Future?" proving that the grand reality of spiritualism wherever it manifested itself was destined for our good, both now and in the future life, which we firmly believe. Evening subject: "Spiritualism, does it enlighten or does it confuse?" clearly proving that it is essential for the present and future, and does not cause confusion. Mr. Wainwright also gave clairvoyance both afternoon and evening. Good audiences. Mr. Howell gave a very interesting lecture on "Spiritualism," on Monday last. Mr. Holdershaw, of Liversedge, chairman, said he did not want the audience to believe he was a full blown spiritualist. He would like to know the difference between spiritualism and mesmerism. A gentleman suggested that hypnotism should be coupled with it, and Mr. Howell immediately proceeded to speak upon the subjects, including the evidences of immortality, concluding with a beautiful poem. A vote of thanks was passed for the noble and stirring address, and also to the chairman for his courage.

COLNE.—Two services were held. Local mediums officiated. Their services were much appreciated and good harmony prevailed.

DARWEN. Church Bank Street.—Speaker, Mrs. Craven. Afternoon subject: "Knowledge of Truth." Evening, subjects from the audience, which were dealt with in an excellent manner and seemed to give great satisfaction.

FELLING. Hall of Progress.—Mr. MacKeller explained "Why I am a Spiritualist." He very ably defined what spiritualism was, and said it was neither farce, fraud, unscriptural, or unscientific, but the grandest truth that ever dawned on humanity. We hope our esteemed friend will be long spared to continue his great work. A hearty vote of thanks was awarded him.

GLASGOW.—Morning: Mr. Hutchinson gave an able and thoughtful address on "The Immortality of the Soul," giving instances of scientific men working it out upon a philosophical basis. A discussion brought out many fine ideas. Evening: Mr. Griffin discoursed on "Who has the key?" He reviewed the material key, the theological key, and the spiritual key, maintaining that each had its use and mission, but the spiritual was the golden key that unlocked the door to eternal life and knowledge. The Lyceum was conducted with the usual joyful spirit. Thursday: Experimental meeting, conducted by Mr. J. Griffin. Clairvoyant descriptions and psychometrical readings were given, with the usual success.—J. G.

HALIFAX.—Mr. A. D. Wilson, with whom we had a pleasant day indeed. In spite of the bitter cold foggy weather, we had a fair audience. Subject, "The Salvation Army, and about being saved" was listened to with close attention, and the eloquent language and beautiful illustrations cannot fail, we think, to have the desired effect.

HANLEY.—Dec. 1: Mr. Wyldes delivered a thrilling address on "Darkest Dogma and the way out," in poetic imagery, in masterly conception; it was worthy of being listened to by thousands. He dealt with the dogmas of priestcraft and kingcraft, and demonstrated their baneful influence upon the race. He contrasted vividly with them the majesty of the spiritual philosophy, which sounded the death knell of ecclesiasticism, and predicted a happier future for the toiling millions. His masterly style of handling psychometry won the admiration of his audience. Dec. 10: Mr. Howell honoured us with a visit. His subject was "Spiritualism, scientifically, religiously, and philosophically considered." Nothing but a verbatim report could adequately convey to our readers the sublimity of this address. He boldly undertook, and successfully, to defend the vulnerable points of our citadel. He urged

that while dark séances might meet with disapproval, yet when he reflected upon the fact that Nature for twelve hours held a dark séance in order that millions of orbs might greet our vision, which otherwise might be eclipsed by the solar beams, modestly cautioned him against asserting dogmatically the irrelevancy of dark séances. The few spiritualists present agreed that they had enjoyed an intellectual feast, which they would willingly walk ten miles to hear again. I regret that some spiritualists preferred staying at home to honouring by their presence so able an exponent of our philosophy. Since we opened at Hanley, there are dwarfed specimens of spiritualism who regard us as an opposition shop, and are doing business on their own account. This, Mr. Editor, has been the curse of the movement. Some of them boast of being spiritualists for nigh twenty-one years. What have they been doing—hybernating?

HEYWOOD.—Mr. Verity's afternoon subject was "Spiritual Democracy, a necessity, a fact, and the need of the age." Evening subject, "Do Spiritualists condemn Mr. Parnell?" Both were very interestingly discussed, to the satisfaction of fairly good audiences.—J. E. S.

LEICESTER. Liberal Club, Town Hall Square.—The half-yearly meeting took place on December 11, for the election of officers for the ensuing half year. Re-elected: President and treasurer, Mr. J. Bent, 1, Town Hall Lane. Elected: Vice-president, Mr. Hodson, 58, Mill Lane; secretary, Mrs. S. A. Shepherd, 8, Lower Free Lane. Correspondents please note address. Dec. 14: Mrs. Hodson spoke on "Ancient and Modern Reformers." Very instructive throughout. Psychometry and clairvoyance at after meeting very good.

LONDON. Canning Town.—Mr. W. O. Drake gave a grand lecture, which was thoroughly enjoyed. Questions were invited and dealt with in a very satisfactory manner. We regret the small attendance. We have an organ but no one to play it. Will some friend kindly assist us?

LONDON. Forest Hill, 23, Devonshire Road.—Mr. Towns was unfortunately prevented coming by the fog; his place was ably filled by Mr. Davies, who gave an eloquent address on "The blessings to be obtained by soul communion with God through nature in the sweet solitude of the fields." Mrs. Bliss was controlled by her guide "Vigo," who gave two excellent tests. The petition against the murder of Mrs. Pearcey was signed by all the members present.—G. E. G.

LONDON. King's Cross, 182, Caledonian Road, N.—The morning was devoted to a discussion upon the "Science of Numbers," and in the evening Mr. McKenzie lectured upon "Phrenology," and gave several delineations.—S. T. R.

LONDON. Marylebone. 24, Harcourt Street, W.—Mrs. Treadwell in her normal state, related how she became a spiritualist, describing many tests from several mediums showing the nearness of our spirit friends.—C. W.

LONDON. Chepstow Hall, 1, High Street.—The attendance to hear Mr. Morrell Theobald was considerably lessened by the thick fog prevailing. We were favoured by an interesting recountal of personal experiences of spiritual manifestations, and a brief statement as to the position the phenomena should occupy in regard to religion. To help those in sickness and distress, our "Help Myself" branch has been formed, and we trust all members will attend a special meeting at Chepstow Hall, on Sunday evening next, after the service.—W. E. L.

LONDON. Peckham. Winchester Hall, 33, High Street.—The morning meeting was addressed by Mr. J. Veitch, who spoke upon "Does Hypnotism explain Psychometry?" In the evening, Mr. Butcher spoke under control. The audiences, owing to the severe cold and foggy weather, were small.—J. V.

LONDON. Seymour Club, 4, Bryanston Place, Bryanston Square.—Mr. Vango was fairly successful with his clairvoyance. Dec. 21, at 7, Mr. Read will lecture on "Hypnotism." This will be the last meeting of the present year.

LONDON. Shepherd's Bush, 14, Orchard Road.—Good meeting. Mrs. Hawkins' controls gave a deeply impressive address upon "Spiritual Progress," urging us on in our glorious work; followed by clairvoyant descriptions, all being recognised. Our séances were well attended, many strangers being convinced of our truths. Mr. Chance at the piano.

MACOLESFIELD.—Dec. 7: Mr. Walsh spoke afternoon and evening, the evening subject being a continuation of a former address. He afterwards gave clairvoyant delineations, the majority of which were recognized. Mr. Walsh is, however, much superior in this gift at private sittings. Dec. 14: Miss Pimlott spoke on "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," selected by the audience. She maintained that all were sons of God, equal with the Christ, if they would but strive to do that which was right.—W. P.

MANCHESTER. Tipping Street.—Miss Walker gave very good addresses on "The Soul in Search of Truth," and "Agents for Good and Evil." She showed the evil agents to be those who taught man to believe he could be saved and go straight to heaven, if he believed, in the eleventh hour, that Jesus died to save him. Spiritualism, she said, is the agent of good, because it teaches that if a man lives a good moral life, doing all that lies in his power to help his fellows, he will not need any other saviour, he will be saved by his good works—"By their works ye shall know them." A large and attentive audience seemed to appreciate the lecture. Very good clairvoyance. Mr. Smith, jun., sang a solo, the choir joining in the chorus.—W. H.

MANCHESTER. Edinboro' Hall, opposite Alexandra Park gates.—Afternoon: Mrs. Stansfield's guides gave an earnest address, which was listened to with rapt attention. Evening subject, "Contrast the teaching of Christ with the teaching of Christians." Very good discourse, and highly appreciated by a small but intelligent audience. Clairvoyance followed. This was Mrs. Stansfield's first visit, and she kindly gave her services. We hope to have her again soon. We are often congratulated on procuring such a nice place to worship in, but the public do not patronise us as we should like. Friends, please rally round us.

MANCHESTER. Psychological Hall.—Mr. Rooke's guides took subjects from the audience at both meetings, five being sent up, which were handled in a very clear and concise manner—one of them being upon Hypnotism, which is attracting great attention. Its uses and abuses were distinctly shown, much to the advantage of all present.

MIDDLESBROUGH.—6-30: Mr. Innes read a very interesting paper on "Scriptural and Druidic Spiritualism." The old people, with their greater acquaintance with the voices and influences of Nature—with their outdoor life and freedom from business boredom—were far better

qualified in some important respects for interpreting and receiving psychic impingements than the artificial and debilitated modern Mammon worshipper. Mr. S. Johnson spoke of the benefits of spiritualism in evidences of spirit identity, and of reciprocal power of helpfulness subsisting between both worlds, and also of timely spirit warnings. Striking illustrations of both phases were given.

NELSON. Sagar Street.—Dec. 13: An entertainment was rendered by our friends from Burnley Lane, consisting of songs, solos, and a performance by "nigger" minstrels. Audience moderate, but all well pleased. The same choir rendered the service of song "Rest at Last," on December 14. Reader, Mr. Grimshaw. Mrs. Heyes discoursed at night on "Spiritualism, or What a Spiritualist Ought to Be." Psychometry at the close.—J. W.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—The frosts and biting winds which swept the "canny toon" did not prevent a large and intellectual assemblage from listening to Mrs. Hardinge Britten's glorious inspirations. Advanced thinkers were in evidence from North and South Shields. Sunderland, Jarrow, Ashington, Uble, and other outlying districts. "The Church, the Sciences, and the Spirits, the Past, Present, and Future of the Great Spiritual Movement," with eloquent replies to numerous queries, constituted the programme. A few of the almost illimitable repertory of spiritual ideas found a most gorgeous expression during a total of six hours, which produced a profound and fascinating effect not soon to suffer obliteration. Much feeling was manifested at the announcement from the platform that this remarkable and inspired lady will terminate her public ministrations at the end of the ensuing year. Repeated chronic attacks and accumulating physical exhaustion are thus foreshadowing the cessation of an intensely brilliant career. I need not state that apparently her public withdrawal from rostrum labours will be almost an indefinable and irreparable catastrophe to the noble cause of spiritualism. England has produced many noble women for educational advocacy, but this woman, for sympathy, exalted thought, and splendour of teaching equipments *has never yet been matched*. This much is conceded by adherents of all forms of thought who have listened to her unique powers. Query: Will it be possible for her mantle to fall upon some spiritual sister? We shall see. Remember, Mr. W. C. Robson will lecture on Sunday at 6-30.—W. H. R.

NORTHAMPTON.—Mr. Cheshire gave a very good address on Sunday night to a good audience, considering the state of the weather.

NORTH SHIELDS. Camden Street.—In the place of Mr. J. S. Schutt, Mr. W. Westgarth's guides discoursed in a very able manner upon the subject, "A Substitute for Christianity," which was highly appreciated by all.

NOTTINGHAM.—The usual meetings were held, Mrs. Barnes's guides speaking on "Conversion."

OLDHAM. Spiritual Temple.—December 9: Mr. E. W. Wallis replied to the Rev. W. T. Warburton's lecture on "Spiritualism," in St. Mark's Schoolroom, on December 2. Mr. E. Rayner presided, and there was a fair attendance. Mr. Wallis quoted a large amount of testimony from eminent men as to the genuineness of the phenomena, particularly of Professor Crookes, whom Rev. Warburton had endeavoured to quote against spiritualism. The rev. lecturer had taken the usual stock arguments of the materialist against miracles, and Mr. Wallis had no difficulty in showing that they applied to his own system with tenfold more power. Invitations had been sent to the four clergymen who were on the platform at St. Mark's, and also an offer to debate, but neither have been accepted. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded Mr. Wallis. December 14: Mrs. Green gave addresses in her usual pleasing manner, followed by clairvoyant descriptions.—J. S. G.

OLDHAM. Bartlam Place.—Mr. W. J. Leeder spoke on "Is Life worth living, considering its vicissitudes?" which was ably dealt with. Very good clairvoyance. In the evening, subjects chosen from the audience were satisfactorily answered. A few delineations of character were given very correctly.—J. B.

OPENSHAW.—Through unforeseen circumstances Mr. Featherstone was unable to be with us. An able substitute was found in Mr. Boardman, who in the morning explained the principles of lyceum work. Evening: Two subjects from the audience. "Is man a responsible being?" Yes, responsible for the life he lives, a creature of circumstances, neglected opportunities bind upon him responsibilities; reform, from the worse to the better; those who take into their nature that which destroys health, need reform; the church with its creeds, &c., needs reform. Owing to the bad state of the weather our audience was not so large.

PENDLETON. Hall of Progress.—Our esteemed friend, Mr. W. H. Wheeler, was met by very large audiences. Afternoon: "On Stilts Through Heaven." Evening: "The Death and Funeral of Old Superstition." Two good lectures. The arguments were well sustained, and the positions logical throughout; the speaker carried the sympathies of the audience with him, a free expression of satisfaction being manifested at the close of each lecture.—J. G.

RAWTENSTALL.—Mr. Newell answered questions in the afternoon. Evening: The speaker gave his experience in earth life and spirit life.

SHIPLEY. Liberal Club.—Mrs. Mercer's guides spoke exceedingly well on "The Dawn of Day is Breaking," and "Who are the white-robed throng?" and gave a number of clairvoyant descriptions, mostly recognized. Good audiences.—C. G.

SOUTH SHIELDS. 19, Cambridge Street.—10, usual meeting; 12, developing circle as usual; 14, evening, Mr. J. H. Lashbrooke's guides gave an eloquent address on "Spiritualism the embodiment of Science and Religion," which was highly appreciated by an attentive audience.

SOVERBY BRIDGE.—Mrs. J. M. Smith paid her first visit, and greatly pleased the audience. Her address, which was pointed and humorous, yet full of good common sense, was taken from the one great topic of to-day, viz., "Christianity *versus* Darkest England." The control considered the project an admirable idea, but it should be taken up by the Government, and not allowed to be controlled financially by one man only. Other methods were pointed out as doing at the present moment in an humble way—but too near home for Christians to help—what General Booth has suggested so elaborately. If money is asked for to aid mission work in other lands where the lion has his paw, the gullibility of the English is very patent, but they cannot see the necessity for help to alleviate the misery around them. Much good

advice was tendered as to the ways and means of altering the conditions around us. We shall be pleased to hear the lady again. Clairvoyance followed.

STOCKPORT.—Thursday: Mr. J. J. Morse gave his services for our benefit, lecturing on his "Twenty-one Years as a Medium; or, British Spiritualism as it was and is." The audience were highly satisfied, remarking the contrast between his discourse and that they had been listening to the three previous nights—to wit the Rev. (?) Showman, who, according to the local press, experienced financial loss on the undertaking, owing, probably, to the number of copies of the Rev. Peter Dean's tract, which we circulated, sent to nearly every minister, to a number of influential gentlemen, and also to the ladies and gentlemen whose names and addresses appeared on Mr. Ashcroft's bills as ticket sellers. Sunday: Mr. R. A. Brown's controls devoted the afternoon to a few remarks concerning "Our mission and advice as to the future." Evening subject, "The flower that blooms by night; or, spiritualism, is it demoniacal or divine?" If to tell the sorrowing mother that her child was still near; if to take the wandering outcast of society by the hand and tell her her angel mother was watching over her; if to tell the grey-headed sire that his partner in life, whom he thought lost, was near him, and thereby giving true comfort to all; if to make miserable homes happy, drunken parents sober was demoniacal, then spiritualists and spirits pleaded guilty to the charges hurled at them by a "show-man," but until he proved it to be so, the banner of light and liberty should be upheld by each true-hearted spiritualist.—J. A.

SUNDERLAND. Centre House, Silksworth Row.—Mr. Stevenson, after offering up an invocation and naming a child, addressed the meeting upon spiritualism in general, which was appreciated by a moderate audience.—R. A.

TYNE DOCK. Exchange Buildings.—Wednesday, Dec. 10: Annual meeting and election of officers. The income for the previous quarter being £13 7s. 3d., expenditure being £9 1s. 9½d., leaving a balance of £4 6s. 5½d. The following are officers for the following year:—President, Mr. Graham; vice-president, G. Forester; corresponding secretary, R. Grice; treasurer, J. Wilkinson; financial secretary, Gallagher; stewards, W. Hallick and R. Peacock; book steward, J. Lauder; visitors, Mrs. Fenwick and Miss Forester; auditors, G. Forester and R. Humphries; committee, Messrs. George, Wase, Walton, Chapman, Fenwick. Sunday, Dec. 14: Morning, the lesson at the adult class was "The Eye, and how we see." Evening: Mr. J. G. Grey spoke on two subjects chosen by the audience, viz: "Popes, Priests and Kings," and "Will Booth's scheme save the world socially?" giving general satisfaction.—R. Grice, Southey Street, South Shields, corresponding secretary.

RECEIVED LATE.—Birkenhead: Dec. 11. Mesmeric class. Mr. Tolly showed the perfect manner in which a subject was controlled physically and mentally by the operator. Dec. 14: Mr. Calligan gave his second address on "Catholicism and Spiritualism."—Burnley: 102, Padiham Road. Mrs. Heys discoursed and gave phrenology and clairvoyance. Evening: A local medium gave an interesting address and good clairvoyance.—Westhoughton: Mr. Pearson gave very interesting addresses on "Fruits and Flowers," showing that flowers have sympathy for one another as well as human beings.—Lancaster: A circle was formed round the fireside, and Mr. Smith gave a short address. In the evening he spoke from subjects chosen by the audience, describing the different opinions held concerning heaven, the attributes of God, and the errors of a six days' creation. Evolution had always been true, mentally as well as physically, as proved by the changes in opinion concerning theology.—Cardiff: Dec. 7, Mr. F. B. Chadwick (vice-president) delivered an address upon "Personal Responsibility." 14, Mr. Rees Lewis read the first portion of a paper upon "The Cardiff Materializations of 1879 and 1880." He will conclude his paper next Sunday evening.—[Reports should reach us on Tuesday morning. E. W. W.]

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

BRADFORD. St. James'.—Morning Lyceum: Attendance very fair, considering the severe weather. A very pleasant session.

BURNLEY. Hammerton Street.—Good attendance. Marching and calisthenics. Groups for classes. The young men had a discussion on "Is Marriage a Failure?"

CLIFTON.—Bitter cold morning. About twenty scholars put in their appearance. Prayer by Mr. Wm. Hodgson. N. Hodgson explained some portions of the "Lyceum Manual." All seemed well pleased with the lesson.—W. H.

LEEDS. Institute, Cookridge Street.—A very pleasant morning. Attendance very fair. Recitations by Miss L. Craven, E. B. Dickinson, E. Dodgson, Master H. Dodgson, and Mr. Young, conductor, gave us a very useful lesson on "Chalk." We wish the children and officers would attend better to the time that we commence in the morning, instead of dropping in at all times as they do.—F. T. W.

LIVERPOOL. Daulby Hall.—Attendance: Children 41, officers 7, visitors 10. Marching led by Mr. Stretton. Best part of the time was employed in rehearsing songs, &c., for the concert to be given by the Lyceum children and officers.—C. J. E.

LONDON. Marylebone. 24, Harcourt Street.—Musical readings, and reading from "Intuition" by C. White. Marches and calisthenics well performed. Recitations by Julia Clayson and Maud Towns.

OLDHAM. Temple.—Morning: Usual programme gone through in good style. Great credit is due to the children for the manner in which they give their recitations, and we give them every encouragement, for it not only interests those that are listening, but proves a great benefit to those who recite. Prizes were awarded to the following for their efforts in giving recitations: Louisa Calvarley, Elena Sutcliffe, Harriet Gould, M. J. Hutchinson, Miss Horsman, Wilfred Berry, Charles Salter, Edward Berry, Frank Davenport, and Mr. J. T. Standish.—N. S.

OLDHAM. Bartlam Place.—Morning: Large attendance. Mr. J. Savage, conductor. Usual programme well gone through. Much credit is due to Mr. Barker for teaching us a great number of new tunes. Mr. Savage gave his usual practical advice on the importance of living out the instructions of the Lyceum Manual. Afternoon: Good attendance. Conductor, W. Meekin. The responses were good, the male portion of the lyceum taking part as conductors; the females responding. Recitations by Miss Ada Ward and Master F. Shaw. A few remarks closed a

pleasant session. Next Sunday, open sessions, when Miss Pimblott, of Macclesfield, will be with us.—E. E. Meekin, 300, Lees Road, Oldham.

PENDLETON.—Morning: Invocation by Mr. Wardle. Present: 13 officers, 29 scholars. Marching well done. We devoted some time to singing for the Christmas tea party on Dec. 27. Recitations by Ben. and James Worthington, Rebecca Poole, Lily Clarke, Joseph Heason, and Francis Boys; duets by Misses M. Pearson, A. Thorpe, M. J. Moulding and Mr. Moulding. Afternoon: Present, 16 officers, 36 scholars, and several friends. Usual programme. Recitations by Rebecca Poole and Emily Clarke. Marching and calisthenics gone through very well. Conductor, Mr. T. Crompton. Invocation by Mr. Moulding.—W. H. Evans, 32, Sedan Street, off Lissadel Street, Pendleton.

SALFORD.—Dec. 7: An essay was given by Mr. J. C. Winder, "Man to Man." Dec. 14: Mr. Jos. Moorey read a few verses composed by himself bearing upon the essay "Man to Man," and also contributed a paper on "Prayer." Conducted by Mr. Arlott and medium attendances.—A. J. T.

SOWERBY BRIDGE.—Conducted by Miss Howarth. Marching and calisthenics very well done, led by Mr. A. Sutcliffe. Afternoon: Mrs. Smith spoke to the improvement class, and afterwards gave good psychometry. Attendance very good.—G. S.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

ACCRINGTON. 26, China Street—New Year's Day: Annual tea and entertainment, tickets, 1s. Tea at 4 p.m. All heartily welcome.

ARMLEY.—Tea party on Christmas Day. We cordially invite all enquirers and friends, the proceeds to the harmonium fund.—J. W. G.

AUCKLAND PARK. Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa.—Dec. 25: A public tea at 4 o'clock. All friends are kindly invited. Hoping they will not forget us, for the benefit of the cause.—G. W. B.

BACUP.—Society's Bazaar is put off till Good Friday. Thanking those who have already contributed towards it. The Treasurer, Mrs. Firth, 31, Dale Street, Bacup, will thankfully receive any further help either in money or articles, for the bazaar, the proceeds of which are to go towards a building fund.

BATLEY. Wellington Street.—Dec. 25: A public tea (with ham). Tickets, 8d., 4d., and 2d. After tea, a social evening of games, songs, reading, etc. A cordial invitation to all.

BOLTON. Old Spinners' Hall.—The members of the Bolton Spiritualistic Society are endeavouring to have a sale of work during the New Year's holidays. They earnestly ask for any small donation or articles that any friend will send them. Messrs. Hatton will receive them thankfully.

BRADFORD. Bentley Yard.—December 24: Pie supper at 9 p.m., and midnight service. Friends wishing to be present must apply not later than the 22nd instant. Tickets, 9d. December 25: A ham tea and miscellaneous entertainment; tea at 4-30, entertainment at 7-30. Tickets: Adults, 9d.; children, 6d.

BRADFORD. Bowling. Harker Street.—Dec. 31: Pie supper and social gathering, at 7-30. Adults, 6d.; children, 3d. All invited.

BRADFORD. Ripley Street.—Dec. 24: A pie supper and entertainment, at 7 p.m. Tickets 6d.

BRADFORD. St. James'.—A Sale of Work, tea meeting and entertainment, on Dec. 25. Admission: Adults, 9d.; children, 4d.; entertainment only, 3d.—E. H.

BRADFORD. Walton Street.—Dec. 28: E. Hoyle, Esq., F.S.A., will answer scientific questions. Hoping friends will avail themselves of this opportunity of hearing this gentleman.

BURNLEY. 102, Padiham Road.—Dec. 25: Our annual tea party as usual. Tickets, 9d. and 6d. each. Tea at 5 o'clock.—J. W.

BURSLER.—We shall open our new room on January 4, and hold a tea meeting on the 5th, which will be opened by Mrs. Groom.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Joseph Ainsworth, 74, Garden Terrace, Cheadle Heath, Stockport.

CLACKHURTON.—Mr. William Hodgson writes that communications for the society should be sent to him at 32, Thornton's Ville. Dec. 20: Tea party and entertainment in our rooms in Northgate.

COLNE.—December 21: A service of song will be rendered entitled "Tempest Tossed." December 25: A public meat tea and entertainment will be held. Tickets, 1s.; entertainment only, 3d. A very interesting programme is being arranged.

FELLING-ON-TYNE.—Christmas Eve, annual tea and concert. Tea at 6 p.m., adults 9d., children 4d. All are kindly invited.

HALIFAX.—Please make a note of this. The annual Christmas tea and entertainment on Saturday, December 27, at 4-30 p.m. Tickets for tea and entertainment, 9d., children, 4d.; entertainment only, 3d. The best of the season. We hope to see all old friends and new.

HACKMONDWIKE. Blanket Hall Street.—On Christmas Day, the first annual ham tea and entertainment. Songs, recitations, readings, and selections. Mrs. and Mr. W. Stansfield, of Batley Carr, and Mr. Wainwright and others are expected to be present. Tea at 4-30, entertainment at 7. Tickets for tea and entertainment, 9d., 6d., and 4d. Entertainment only, 3d. All heartily welcome.—H. O.

HACKMONDWIKE. Thomas Street.—Saturday, December 20, Mr. Boocook on "How to read character, and become successful in life." December 21: Afternoon, "How I became a Spiritualist, and my experiences as a Medium." Evening, "The coming of the Christ." Dec. 26: Annual Christmas tea, and entertainment of songs, recitations, and dialogues by Lyceum scholars. Tea and entertainment, 9d., entertainment only, 3d.—Secretary, Mr. F. Hanson, Clarydon Place.

HEYWOOD. Notice of Removal.—Miss A. Walker, No. 50, Railway Terrace, off Cromwell Street, Cowburn Lane, Heywood.

HUDDERSFIELD. Brook Street.—The Christmas tea party and dramatic and musical entertainment, at the Victoria Hall, on Friday, Dec. 26. Tea at 4-30; drama at 6-30. Concluding with a selection of recitals and songs, in which Mr. Hepworth, character artist, will appear. Tickets for tea—adults sixpence, children 4d.; after tea, by programme only, 6d. and 4d., children half-price.

LEEDS. Spiritual Institute, 79, Cookridge street.—Dec. 21: Mrs. E. H. Britten, at 2-30 p.m. Subject, "Spiritualism and some of the burning questions of the day." At 6 p.m. (not 6-30 p.m. as usual), six subjects on "Spiritualism, Religion, and Reform," chosen from the audience. Plain tea provided for visitors, 4d. Friends, please be in

good time. Dec. 28: Mr. Wm. Victor Wyldes, at 2-30 p.m. Subject, "Christmas joys and sorrows." At 6-30 p.m., "Jesus of Nazareth: his reputed life and work from a spiritualist's point of view," followed by an inspirational poem. Monday, Dec. 29, at 8-0 p.m., "Hearts, Heads, and Hands," a prophetic oration, followed by clairvoyance, &c. Dec. 22: There will be a fancy stall in connection with the ladies' sewing class for the sale of fancy toys, &c., for Christmas. Opened at two o'clock. Refreshments provided. Monday, Dec. 22, Mr. Walter Howell at 7-45 p.m. Dec. 26: The annual Christmas tea and social evening of songs, recitations, readings, and dancing. Price of tea, Dec. 26—adults 8d. children 4d. Tea on the tables at 5 p.m. prompt. On Wednesday, Dec. 31 (New Year's Eve), a grand entertainment. Part 1 to be given by "The White Star Juvenile Minstrels. Part 2, tableaux vivants, illuminated with a brilliant oxy-hydrogen lime light. Part 3, living representations of the twelve months, by twelve lyceum girls, commencing at 7-30 p.m. Collection on entrance.

LEICESTER. Temperance Hall.—December 21, Mr. G. A. Wright. Morning, "Life beyond the grave;" afternoon, "Woman, her place and power;" night, subjects from the audience. Mr. G. A. Wright will also give a course of his popular phrenological lectures. Heads examined.

LEICESTER. Liberal Club, Town Hall Square.—December 21: Mr. Sainsbury. December 26: Christmas tea meeting and entertainment. Tickets, adults 9d. Tea at 5 o'clock. Friends cordially invited.

LIVERPOOL. Daulby Hall.—December 21: Mr. J. J. Morse, at 11, "Charity or Justice"; 6-30, "Hell Revised." Monday at 8, questions.

LONDON. Clapham Junction. Eudynic Society.—Next meeting on Sunday, January 4, 1891, at the new premises, first floor over the Clapham Junction Post Office, 16, Queen's Parade. Afternoon meeting, 3-30; social tea at 5-30; evening meeting at 7. These spacious rooms will hold over 130 seats, and a large muster is anticipated.—U. W. G.

LONDON. Marylebone, 24, Harcourt Street.—The Lyceum tea party on Boxing Day, at 4-30. Usual amusements to follow. A few tickets for non-members at 9d. Apply early.

LONDON. Peckham. Chepstow Hall, 1, High Street.—We are drawing near to the close of a successful year of spiritual work, and to commemorate the advent of 1891 we intend holding a tea festival on Jan. 4, at 5 p.m., tickets 6d. Early application is required, as a large number have already been taken.

LONDON. Shepherd's Bush.—Dec. 21, Mr. W. O. Drake; Dec. 28, Mr. Towns; Jan. 12, Lyceum children's Christmas tea party, at Stephenson Hall, Hammersmith, followed by a grand vocal and instrumental concert in aid of our Organ Fund and Lyceum. Tickets, 6d.; including tea, 1s., of Mr. Mason, 14, Orchard Road, or Mrs. Cusden, 11, Overstone Road, Hammersmith.—J. H. B.

MACCLESFIELD.—Dec. 25: The annual tea party and entertainment. Two dramatic representations entitled "My Little Adopted," and "The New Footman," will be performed, and also a musical sketch called "Little Gleaners," by the young Lyceumists, in which the Maypole dance will be introduced. Tickets 1s., Lyceumists 6d. After tea, 6d.

MANCHESTER. Edinboro' Hall, Opposite Alexandra Park Gates.—Christmas Day: Tea party and social gathering. Tickets: Adults, 1s.; children under twelve, 6d. Can be had from Mr. Winson, the proprietor of the hall; Mr. Hesketh, 23, Sewerby Street, Moss Side; or J. B. Longstaff, hon. sec., 28, Caton Street, Upper Tamworth Street, Moss Side. The above hall will seat 500, and is one of the finest in Manchester devoted to spiritual teaching. Tea at 5-30 p.m., prompt. Trusting friends will rally round and make it a success.

MANCHESTER. Geoffrey Street Hall, off Shakespeare Street, Stockport Road.—Every Sunday, at 11 a.m.; and Tuesdays, at 8 p.m., public circles; Thursdays, at 8 p.m., circle for spiritualists only, admission 2d.

MANCHESTER. Psychological Hall.—A tea party and entertainment on Christmas Day, at 4-30. Admission, adults 1s.; children 6d.; after tea, 3d. We shall be glad to see all friends. New Year's Day lyceum tea party at 4 o'clock. Adults 9d.; lyceum members free.

MANCHESTER SOCIETY.—Notice.—Annual tea party and ball, Thursday, January 1, 1891, in the Ardwick Public Hall, Higher Ardwick. Tea at 4-30 p.m., prompt. Dancing at 7 p.m. Tickets 1s. No pass-out tickets after 10 p.m.—W. H.

MIDDLESBRO'-ON-TYNE.—Dec. 28 and 29: Mrs. Peters. New Year's Day, tea and entertainment. Tickets, 1s. Children at a reduction. Entertainment only, 3d.—S. B. S.

MORLEY.—Dec. 21: Lyceum Session in Mission Room, Church Street, 10 o'clock. We shall be pleased to meet friends from other Lyceums. At 2-30, Mr. Walter Howell will speak on three subjects from the audience, and will lecture again at 6 o'clock. Collections. Christmas Day: A fancy stall will be held, and a variety entertainment.—R. H. B.

NORTHAMPTON.—Tuesday, Dec. 30: We shall have a tea and sale of work. If there are any visitors from other towns we shall be glad to see them, and hope they will make themselves known, and let us help one another.

NOTTINGHAM.—The usual party will be held in the Morley Hall on Christmas Day. We hope to arrange for a pleasant evening. Help is earnestly invited. Mr. E. W. Wallis will be our speaker on Dec. 28. Friends please bear this in mind. On the first Sunday in the New Year a local conference will be held in the Morley Hall, to consider the best means for propagating the cause in Nottingham. Papers will be given bearing on the subject. Further announcements will be made.

NORTH SHIELDS. Camden Street.—Coffee supper and social on Friday, December 26, at 7. Tickets 9d.

OLDHAM. Spiritual Temple.—Dec. 25, Annual Tea Party, at 4-30. Tickets 8d. Lyceum tea party, Dec. 27, at 4-30. Children 4d., adults 6d.

OPENSRAW.—Dec. 25: Old folks' tea party and entertainment. Tea at 4-30. Friends' tickets, 1s.; old people over 60 years, free. We also have our annual tea party entertainment and ball, on New Year's Day. Tickets, 1s. Tea at 4-30 p.m. Dancing at 7-30.—J. G.

PENDLETON.—Dec. 21: Mr. J. B. Tetlow, at 2-45, "The Philosophy of Jesus." 6-30, Platform phenomena.

RAWTESTALL.—Saturday, Dec. 27: A public tea party and entertainment. Tea and meeting, adults, 6d.; children under 12, 4d.; meeting only, 3d.

ROCHDALE. Regent Hall.—The secretary's address in future will be G. T. Dearden, 20, Elizabeth Street, Brickfield, Rochdale.

SALFORD: 28, Mr. J. C. Macdonald. The Fifth Annual Tea Meeting and Entertainment, Dec. 20. Tea at 5-30. Tickets: Gentlemen, 9d.; ladies, 6d.; after tea, 3d. Friends cordially invited. Lyceum Tea Meeting, Jan. 1, 1891. Friends' tickets, 6d. Service of Song, Jan. 4.

SOWERBY BRIDGE.—Dec. 25: Tea and entertainment. Songs, duets, and recitals, by Mr. Birkhead. Glees by the choir. Two sketches, "Apartments to Let," and "The Trials of a Patient Man." Tea at 4-30, entertainment at 7. Admission: Tea 1s., entertainment 6d. A Watch-night service on Dec. 31, at 10-30.

STOCKPORT. Wellington Road.—Dec. 25: First public tea party in our new hall. Member's and friend's tickets 8d. Shall be glad if friends will rally round us in good numbers. Owing to the reply lectures by Mr. E. W. Wallis to Mr. Ashcroft, Dec. 17 and 18, Mrs. Green has kindly consented to postpone her visit to Jan. 19, 1891.—J. A.

TYNE DOCK. Exchange Buildings.—Coffee supper and social on Christmas Eve, also on New Year's Eve. Admission, 6d. Commence, 7-30.

WESTHOUGHTON. Wingates.—Dec. 25: Tea party and entertainments. Tickets, gents, 8d.; ladies, 6d.; children, 4d. Tea at 4-30 p.m. Friends are cordially invited.—T. H.

PASSING EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

(Compiled by E. W. WALLIS.)

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, Dec. 23, we shall despatch the parcels containing *The Two Worlds* for Dec. 26. Our agents should, therefore, call at the station parcel office on Wednesday, Dec. 24th, and they will then have the papers before Christmas Day. Please remember.

We shall be happy to post copies of this number complete, post free, for 2½d. to any address in the United Kingdom.

NO REPORTS NEXT WEEK.—As we are compelled to go to press on MONDAY, the 22nd, owing to the holidays, we cannot publish any reports in our next issue. Those who have not sent us the particulars we require for the Census, will much oblige by consulting last week's "Passing Events," and complying with the request made therein.

GREETINGS, GOOD WISHES, AND GOODWILL.—To our readers everywhere, and all of them, we extend fraternal good wishes, and trust they will indeed enjoy a HAPPY CHRISTMAS, made bright by love and fellowship. May your angel friends re-echo the song of "Peace and Goodwill."

CANNOT SOMETHING BE DONE TO PREVENT IT?—We are advised that the meeting place at 19, Cambridge Street, South Shields, will be closed next week unless something is done to relieve the two or three guarantors, and assist the work. Surely, friends, the work should not be allowed to fail for want of workers and support?

IN MEMORIAM.—Elizabeth Ann, the beloved daughter of Mr. Sweet, of Burnley, passed into the summer land on the 5th inst. Before she passed away, the scene was very beautiful. The child was spiritually named by Mrs. Britten "Birdie." Mrs. Heyes clairvoyantly saw the house filled with flowers, and a number of little spirits surrounded the child, along with the father's guide waving what appeared like a feathered fan over the child to relieve its pain. Her mortal form was interred at Burnley, on Tuesday, the 9th inst. Afterwards Mrs. Heyes gave a splendid address in the house on "Children in the Spheres."

CHALLENGES.—The *Accrington Weekly Advertiser* of Dec. 18 contains a column and a half of correspondence in respect to a proposed debate, from which we gather that an anonymous scribbler, one Eppio, who writes in the most supercilious, dogmatic, and self-assertive style, and while manifesting prejudice, intolerance, and bitter hostility, professes a desire to debate with Mr. Swindlehurst, who declares his readiness to do so as soon as Eppio discloses his real name. This reasonable request is dodged—no other term will apply—and a second Eppio takes the field. We can only express regret that spiritualism should be bandied about by individuals such as these, and that Bro. Swindlehurst has not more worthy foemen to face. No possible good could come of a debate with such men.

MESMERISM AND HYPNOTISM.—Alderman Barkas lectured recently in Newcastle on this subject, and is reported to have said there was practically no difference between the mesmerism of fifty years ago and the supposed new biology of the present day; the forms of the manifestations seemed different, but the influence and principles were substantially alike.

MRS. AYERS' BENEFIT.—Will you please to announce the following sums received in answer to my appeal: Mrs. Perrin, 5s.; Mr. Boswell Stone, 3s.; Mr. Ainsworth, 5s.; Mr. Spruce, 2s.; P. P., 10s.; Mr. Williams, 5s.; M. B., 2s.; M. C. E., 2s. 6d.; total, £1 14s. 6d. Any further receipts will be duly acknowledged.—Yours faithfully, W. Marsh, 218, Jubilee Street, Mile End Road, E.

JACOB'S VISION.—Mr. G. H. Hunt, of 4, Vicar Street, Eccles, writes: "Whilst reading in the Passing Events of *The Two Worlds* about Jacob's Vision, I was reminded of what was once said in an Eccles Sunday School. The teacher was explaining Jacob's Dream of the angels ascending and descending the ladder, when a scholar asked him 'Why the angels had to have a ladder, when they had wings to fly with?' and he said he did not know. The scholar said, 'I have heard one answer to it, but I don't know whether it is true or not: that the ladder was for those angels that were moulting.' I thought it a very good answer, so I forward it to you."

OUR ANNUAL CENSUS will be published in our issue for December 26. To make this census of value, as a record of the status and growth of public spiritualism, it should be as complete and accurate as possible. Every society in the land should favour us with the desired particulars, and those who fill in the forms are requested to kindly use the utmost care to give reliable information and return the forms to this office not later than December 22nd. The following are the particulars required: Name of society. No. of members. Seating capacity of hall. Average

attendance at Sunday evening meetings. Total number of mediums known to you, public and private, residing in the town. Total number of circles held in the town weekly, public and private. Lyceum. Number of members. Average attendance.—We ask for the average attendance at the evening meetings only, as they are always most successful. As some lyceums have only one session and others two on Sundays, we ask for the average attendance of the session at which you have the largest attendance, not at both sessions.

A HARD CASE: HIS POUND OF FLESH!—Rev. T. T. Berger, B.A., Vicar of St. James's, Bolton, sued one H. Hendry for 7s., being two weeks' rent. Mrs. Hendry stated that only one week's rent was owing; Rev. Berger refused to accept it, and threatened to put the furniture into the street. "There was no money at all coming into the house. Her husband was bedfast, and had not worked for nearly twelve months. She also had her mother in bed. She had one child. All of them are dependent on her for subsistence, and it was only now and then that she could get a bit of washing or charring to do. She produced a certificate from Dr. Garstang showing that her husband was in an advanced stage of consumption." Less than 48 hours after the judgment (which was that the money should be paid at 2s. per month), Mr. Hendry died, leaving his consumptive daughter, weary wife, and her bedridden mother to continue the fight for life. The crime of being ill and poor is thus exemplified. But what can be said of the vicar?

THE REV. MR. BLANK was one of the most bashful men of his profession, and was constantly getting into scrapes through his nervous mistakes. At one time he rose in his pulpit to give out the hymn, "This world is all a fleeting show," and, after clearing his throat, he struck a high pitch of voice and began, solemnly, "This world is all a floating shoe." Everybody smiled, and the minister was confused, as he began again, "This world is all a shouting flow." This only made matters worse, and the unhappy man cleared his throat with tremendous force and began once again: "This world is all a floating she." Then he slammed the hymn-book down, and wiping his clammy brow, said, "Brethren, for some reason I cannot read that hymn as it should be read; we will omit it, and the choir will please sing the grand old lines, beginning 'Just as I am without one flea.'"

THE SPIRITUALISTIC CORRESPONDING SOCIETY.—Assistance given to earnest inquirers by correspondence, etc. Spiritualists invited to become members; no subscriptions or entrance fee. Press criticisms answered; also for the mutual interchange of thought between spiritualists where no societies exist. A list of members forwarded on sending stamped envelope to Mr. J. Allen, 245, Camberwell Road, London. The following members will be pleased to receive papers containing attacks on spiritualism, which will be replied to. Mr. Percy Smyth, 68, Cornwall Road, Bayswater, London; Mr. R. Hopton, 20, Trumpington Street, Cambridge; Mr. J. T. Audy, 28, Gowlet Road, E. Dulwich, London; Mr. W. H. Edwards, 141, Southampton Street, Camberwell; Mr. W. Turner, 11, St. Mark's Road, Ealing, London, W., and Mr. J. Allen as above. Also any spare literature for distribution.

AMUSING RESULTS OF DIVIDING HYMNS WHEN SINGING.—In the course of a lecture on "Congregational Psalmody," the Rev. Dr. Allen noticed some of the incongruities that used to occur by the awkward divisions in repetition lines. Some of the instances are well known, but others are new. For instance: "My poor polluted heart" became "My poor pol—;" "We'll catch the fleeting hour" was sung "We'll catch the flee—;" "And take thy pilgrim home" became "And take thy pil—;" "And in the pious he delights" was sung "And in the pi—;" and "Send down salvation from on high" became "Send down sal—." A soprano in one case sang, "O, for a man—" and the chorus responded "O, for a mansion in the skies." In one case the soprano modestly sang, "Teach me to kiss," while the bass rendered it quite prosaic by singing, "Teach me to kiss the rod."

TO BE DISPOSED OF, life-size portrait of the late S. C. Hall, Esq., painted, by his permission, on canvas 25 by 30.—Mrs. Saunders, 53, Norfolk Terrace, Bayswater.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS' NEW MONTHLY, "THE COMING DAY.—For the advocacy of the religion of humanity, based on the permanent foundations of God and the brotherhood of man." The first number, for January, 1891, is now ready. Threepence. (London: Williams and Norgate, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.) *The Coming Day* will read the word "Religion" in the light of the word "Humanity," and its subjects will therefore take a wide range, dealing not only with the Church, but with the state and the home. Above all things, it will plead for the faith that the prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," stands for a great practical week-day reality, and not a Sunday dream. *The Coming Day* will be useful as a help to the perplexed, the doubting, and the spiritually homeless. There are many such—more to-day than ever. In all the churches, many feel the pressure of burdensome traditions; while, outside of all churches, multitudes, in self-defence, are drifting towards agnosticism. *The Coming Day* will help these by showing them that religion belongs to humanity, not to the priests,—to streets and homes, not only to churches and altars,—to reason and conscience, and not only to belief,—that it is love, and peace, and joy, in a holy spirit, and is as independent of creeds and rituals and rites as the blue sky is independent of the lake—or the puddle—that tries to reflect it. *The Coming Day* ought to be easily obtained through any bookseller (on giving the names of the London publishers); but experience has shown that it is necessary to arrange for the transmission of such a magazine through the post. Those, therefore, who wish to have it forwarded, may order direct from Frank Hopps, New Walk, Leicester. One copy will be regularly sent for a year for 3s. 6d.; two for 6s.; four for 10s.; ten for £1. All post free.—The first number for January, 1891, contains—A Letter to Mr. Gladstone on Revelation and Inspiration, and his Reply; A Scientific Basis of Belief in a Future Life; A Child's Religion—in a Letter to a Child; An Agnostic's Marriage Difficulty; Emerson on Robert Burns; A new Book of Common Prayer (Part I.); Messages from our Forerunners; Light on the Path, &c.—Advt.

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Mrs. E. Gavan, 18, Clowes Street, West Gorton, Manchester (late of Denton), PRACTICAL MEDICAL PSYCHOMETRIST, gives State of Health, description of Ailments, &c., the time it would take to cure, advice, &c. All that is required is a small lock of the person's hair, with age, sex, whether married or single. Fee 1s. Stamped envelope for reply. Incurable cases preferred.

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ALOFAS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

The Two Worlds.

SUPPLEMENT, DECEMBER 19, 1890.

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Prologue by the Editor.

IN presenting the following double or supplementary Christmas number of *The Two Worlds*, the Editor desires to say she has prepared it at the express desire of her associates amongst the board of *The Two Worlds'* directors. From far and wide travel in many lands, the Editor's long years of continued observation have convinced her that truth is stranger than fiction; hence the bulk of the narratives, communications, and philosophic essays that are ordinarily printed in *The Two Worlds* are ESSENTIALLY TRUE, and known to be so by the Editor, who has repeatedly vouched for their veracity, as well as repeating her pledge on the present occasion. Told, as they nearly always are, however, in the light of spiritual science, and understood as a part of the law of communion between spirits and mortals, they lose that glamour of fear, wonder, and *supernaturalism* which ordinarily accompanies the recital of Christmas Eve stories of "ghosts, spectres, and hobgoblins." For the sake of variety, therefore, and yet retaining the wish to amuse as well as instruct our readers with veritable narratives of REAL life, we propose to fill the first half of our special issue with the relation of events which have transpired in this, the world of material probation, reserving the columns of the second half for revelations from the second world or occult side of human existence. In each case the wish to entertain, to waken the pleasant smile so appropriate to the festal season, will divide our intention for conveying instruction with amusement.

The Christmas Angel.

AN Angel cometh to the land,
A being fair to view,
With gifts of kindness in each hand,
And heart both warm and true.
An Angel, beautiful and bright,
He cometh from above,
When Winter drapes the earth in white,
His tender name is Love.
An Angel cometh—lo! the bells
Ring on the silent air;
Their tuneful music floats and swells
In triumph everywhere;
And hearts once cold now warmly beat
Toward their fellow-men,
As fond affection, pure and sweet,
Stirs them to life again.
And lo! springs forth from heart and hand
The Christmas gifts of cheer:
From tongue to tongue o'er all the land,
Pass greetings warm and dear.
The poor are blessed by kindly deeds,
And comforted, the sad;
Each little child on plenty feeds,
And the whole world now is glad.
For lo! the Christmas chimes ring in
The reign of Peace and Right;
Forgotten is all wrong and sin,
The earth is robed in light.
For unto us is born a king,
An Angel from above,
Who comes to quell all suffering
In God's sweet name of Love.

The Popular Preacher: a Life Sketch.

BY EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

CHAPTER I.

IN a retired street in the purlieus of St. James's, London, one Sunday, at the usual hour of morning prayer, might be seen standing, before a building of unpretending exterior, a line of carriages, and a throng of fashionably attired persons, bespeaking an attraction of no ordinary kind. The assembly, consisting chiefly of ladies, pressed forward with an energy of action somewhat at variance with their aristocratic appearance, until they effected a lodgment in the aisle of an already thronged chapel. Here they amused themselves with whispering, nodding, squeezing, or incommoding each other, as circumstances required.

The ocean of silks, satins, feathers and Christian humanity at length subsided into silence, as if an indistinct idea had dawned upon them that they had met together for some solemn purpose—perhaps to worship God. To worship God! Heavens! what an antiquated notion! How can such a plebeian idea apply to the followers of a Popular Preacher? Lighten our darkness! oh aristocratic individual wearing the semblance of a beadle. "Is this an assembly of Christians, or merely ladies and gentleman?" "The latter, sir, decidedly; and they are met together to hear that celebrated preacher, the Rev. Stanley Norman. But stand aside, if you please, sir, he comes!" The silks rustle! the plumed heads wave, while the profound stillness renders almost audible the throbings of the many hearts which beat in unison to the preacher's measured tread.

He ascends the rostrum, or whatever the conventional term may be for a popular preacher's stage, and the service commences.

Of the prayers that were said, the hymns that were sung—nay, even of the sayings of the Rev. Stanley himself, I propose giving no details; suffice it to say that torrents of eloquence were poured forth by the preacher, answered by torrents of tears from the fair portion of his audience, who followed him during his performance with their eyes, and on his retirement with their hearts. One only trait of the rev. gentleman's conduct on this occasion do I deem worthy of remark, and this it was—when he raised his fine eyes from the cambric handkerchief (the usual receptacle of his devotions), and previous to commencing the service, he directed them to a pew which formed a strange contrast to the scene around, from the fact of its being empty—his start of surprise and anxious gaze around escaped none of his lynx-eyed congregation, yet though many longing glances were directed by standing worshippers towards the empty pew, empty it remained to the end of the service.

A similar scene attended the evening performance, both as regards the tenantless pew and the intense interest with which the discourse of the Rev. Stanley Norman was listened to by his auditors.

It might have been difficult to derive any point of special morality from the fervid eloquence of Mr. Norman; yet he made it quite apparent that heaven was perfectly attainable by the one simple act of *faith*—faith of that elastic kind which contents itself with believing everything, understanding nothing, and doing whatever your own fancy dictates.

He dwelt much upon the virtues of "new birth," "regeneration," and divers kind of "lights"; which doctrines, as they in no way interfered with balls, scandal, and the opera, were all duly received as portions of the Gospel, especially intended for the use of the aristocracy. Sometimes his language abounded in such poetical images as

"the stars in their courses, the moon in her sphere, and nature in her gorgeous loveliness." His fair auditors remembered the moonlight scene in Norma, and their conservatories in Eaton Square—sighed, thought of Byron, and pronounced the Rev. Stanley sublime. He dilated on the virtues of charity, and glanced approvingly at conscious dowagers, whose names swelled the lists of charitable contributions in the *Morning Post*. Anon he blazed forth into terrible denunciations against rival, and therefore iniquitous, flocks, urging his own to be faithful, after the manner of certain martyrs, with whose lives, deaths, and subsequent state of being he seemed personally acquainted—informing his hearers that they were, at that present moment, reaping the reward of their peculiar merits in the enjoyment of wreaths, crowns, and other attributes supposed to be acceptable to religious persons who had been burnt to death; and as the sufferings of these old persons applied exactly to such modern martyrs as tore themselves from their downy beds, after a late Saturday night's party, to sit under the Rev. Stanley Norman, they all decided in pronouncing that gentleman to be a truly wonderful preacher, only a deal too good for this world.

Now, as one of the sources of the Rev. Stanley Norman's popularity might be traced to the employment he afforded to the eyes as well as the ears of his flock, I beg to offer a slight sketch of that gentleman as he appeared on the day when we first make his acquaintance.

He descends from his rostrum with an air of abstraction common to those whose thoughts are more of heaven than of earth. For one moment, indeed, as he passes the unoccupied pew, an expression of mundane anxiety disturbs the priest-like calm of his features—'tis but for a moment; his superb dark eyes return fixedly to the ground, thereby manifesting the extreme humility of his nature, and, the length of his eyelashes. About thirty-five years of age, tall, dark, finely formed, and eminently handsome, the popular preacher passes on with slow and stately steps, seemingly unconscious of the buzz of admiration which follows him, until—"though lost to sight to memory dear"—his graceful form disappears from their lingering gaze in the deep recesses of his brougham.

Gentle reader! in following our Popular Preacher to his own residence, you are permitted a privilege which many a titled dame has sighed for in vain; not that his doors are closed against fair penitents, who have often found their way to that holy retreat. Enter with *them*, and you will find yourself in a cold, serious studio, where books of a theological tendency, and prints of sour-looking divines, form the principal furniture of the apartment. At present, however, we are contented to pass the door of this Christian parlour, and following Mr. Norman's somewhat unclerical bound upstairs, enter with him an apartment that a sybarite might envy. Rare pictures, books, lounges—every article of modern luxury, such as usually decorate a bachelor's chambers, combine to grace the retreat of the Popular Preacher.

"Letters, sir," said a servant, following Mr. Norman into the room. "Where are my cigars, idiot?" replied his master, rummaging amongst a pile of music. "You left them in your shooting-jacket, sir," answered the idiot, handing him the case—"but these letters?" "Go to the devil, and take them with you." "But if you please, sir, one of them is marked immediate, and an answer will be called for at nine." The expletive with which Mr. Norman snatched the letter was drowned in the bang of the door, as the servant made a hasty retreat. Seating himself on a couch, with his heels disposed in graceful ease on an adjoining chess-table, Mr. Norman proceeded to read the letter, which ran as follows:—

"Dear and Reverend Sir,—I venture to entreat that you will bestow on me an hour of your valuable time to-night, and, as heretofore, partake of my lonely supper. My worldly-minded husband is *safe* at his club, and my spirit yearns for that blessed communion of souls which you have taught me to estimate as a more than compensation for his absence; indeed, my precious friend and counsellor, I never more sorely needed your advice, for my cruel husband has dismissed from my service that pious young footman, whose chief value, in my eyes, was your recommendation, and whose only crime in his, the noble firmness with which he denied his agency in the holy correspondence which subsists between us. Something, indeed, my carnal-minded partner added, of a striking resemblance between my truly estimable Joseph and a handsome member of a community he termed 'Swell mob.'

"How I am to replace an attendant so serious, yet so trustworthy, so decidedly pious, yet so tall, and perfectly *comme il faut*, I know not. But as I am most anxious to consult you on this and other points of doctrine, I entreat you to come at once to the unhappy ISABEL, Countess of—."

To this pathetic appeal this hard-hearted saint returned a negative—excusing himself from visiting the Countess, that night, on the plea that he was in attendance on the sick couch of a "vessel-elect in the Lord and very precious."

After despatching the above answer, Mr. Norman proceeded to stride up and down the room—now kicking aside the delicately-worked slippers that strewed the floor (tokens of fair and spiritual love), now draining draughts of wine, with which he was constantly supplied—"to dispense to the poor as his pious spirit dictated." At length, yielding to the impulse of a sudden resolution, he seized his hat and hurriedly left the house.

CHAPTER II.

It was about half-past eight when Mr. Norman, after half an hour's walk, paused before a house in one of the long silent streets in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury. He had hurried on with the same energy of purpose stamped on every line of his fine features, yet when he arrived at his destination, this characteristic seemed to forsake him, for he raised the knocker several times before the uncertain double knock followed, by which he claimed admittance.

When his summons was answered, he enquired, in a hesitating tone, if Miss Seymour was at home. "She is, sir," replied the servant, "but you cannot see her unless you come by appointment." "I do come by appointment," replied Mr. Norman, lying with the facility of experience, and following the servant closely, and ere she had time to announce his name, he entered an elegantly furnished room where sat the object of his enquiry.

Miss Seymour was a young and very beautiful woman, with a Madonna-like head and classical features, whose excessive paleness yielded to a deep blush when her eyes encountered those of her visitor. Her first emotion of surprise yielded to hauteur as she enquired, in a voice of peculiar sweetness, to what she owed the honour of this visit. "I noticed your absence from the chapel, to-day, Miss Seymour, and feared you might be ill," stammered Mr. Norman; then added hastily, "pray pardon what I fear you deem an intrusion, but although I have never enjoyed the happiness of other communion with you than such as all must feel who assemble together constantly for public worship, yet I hope the length of time during which I have numbered you amongst my flock, justifies me in claiming the usual privilege accorded me by the rest of my congregation—that of—of—enquiring after your health." "I presume, sir," replied Miss Seymour, coldly, "you mean to imply that you wish to make my acquaintance?" "Madam!" exclaimed the preacher, considerably embarrassed, "you mistake me—my duty—my calling—my—" "Sir," interrupted the lady, "your congregation includes many high-born dames who, for lack of other occupation, find one in listening to your eloquence, and dignifying a fashionable recreation by the name of Religion; but as I attend your chapel from somewhat different motives, I must beg you will not include me in the category of *your flock*. The fact is, sir, I am an actress, and being desirous to improve in my profession, I listen to your eloquence as to the highest species of excellence in my art, and the most certain means of improvement within my reach."

A dead pause succeeded this abrupt speech, broken by Miss Seymour, who added, "I am at a loss to understand, sir, how you learned my name and address without becoming acquainted with my profession, also." "It was well known to me," answered Mr. Norman. The lady rose, opened a desk, and taking from thence some letters, showed their superscription to Mr. Norman, saying, "You, then, are the author of those letters?" "I am," was the reply. "Written to me," she rejoined, "four years ago, containing passionate declarations of attachment, purporting to come from an officer and *habitué* of the theatre where I performed; and yet written by the saintly and Reverend Stanley Norman." "Your language is that of truth, Miss Seymour, despite its bitter severity," replied Mr. Norman; "that I am the author of those letters I can no more deny than I presume will you disclaim this billet, the highly prized treasure of four years." While speaking he took from his

vest a much worn paper, the contents of which he read as follows:—

"If the gentleman who has so often addressed me as Captain Somers, be the noble stranger who once rescued me from drowning at Hastings, and who, denying me any opportunity of personally expressing my gratitude, has since frequently appeared at the theatre; if this gentleman be as he professes, a man of honour and an officer, an application to my uncle, Captain Seymour, will procure him an honourable introduction to Lucy Seymour."

"And so," said Miss Seymour, "the Rev. Stanley Norman being unable to prove to my uncle that he was Captain Somers, and unwilling to confide even in the woman whose life he had saved, our correspondence terminated."

"Yet you came to my chapel from that very period," said her visitor, with an eager and searching glance.

"I was first attracted by curiosity," said Miss Seymour; "I continued my attendance for the reasons I before stated, for be assured, Mr. Norman, the stage produces inferior actors to the pulpit. The poor player is nothing to the popular preacher; but forgive me," she added, modulating the bitterness of her tone to one of deep feeling, "I have never spoken to you since that fearful moment when, bathing at Hastings, I got out of my depth, and but for your noble exertions, must have perished. I can just remember," she added (looking very lovely under the influence of a bright blush), "that you brought me to land, placed me under the care of my attendant and left me, ere I could utter one word of thanks. When I saw you at the theatre and afterwards at your own chapel, I felt certain I recognized in you my preserver. Oh why did you ever suffer deception to militate against the gratitude I owed you, and which alone was sufficient to command for you the introduction you sought to obtain by fraud?"

"I will be candid with you *now*, at least, Miss Seymour," replied Mr. Norman. "I never recognized in you, until I received your letter, the lady to whom I was so happy as to render the slight service you name, and so greatly over-estimate; had I done so, I should never have addressed you at all. But oh, believe me, on whatever point the exigencies of my position may render me a hypocrite, in my fervent, perhaps insane passion for you, I ever have been, ever must be, sincere—nay, you must listen to me; you have already judged and condemned me; you ought not to deny me your sympathy, tolerance, if you will, even if I may never hope to win your love."

Without waiting for further permission he proceeded to relate the circumstances detailed in the following chapter.

CHAPTER III.

"As one of the cadets of a noble family I was brought up in an equal amount of luxury with my elder brothers, until I had attained an age when it was deemed proper to submit to me the choice of a profession. I at once named the army, as that most consonant with my feelings; but my father had obtained commissions for two of his sons; a third was impossible. I mentioned the bar—equally out of the question.

"My fourth brother was already studying, and his expenses were overwhelming. Nothing remained for me then, but the church; my father had a living in his gift, for which I must positively qualify myself or starve.

"My education, prosecuted in the gayest cities of the Continent, by no means disposed me for a profession for which I felt neither talent nor inclination. I had read much, studied the subtle theories of the Jesuits, and revelled in the wild philosophies of the Germans.

"I had distinguished myself on various occasions by disputations with schoolmen and philosophers; but neither in their most ingenious theories, nor in the course of the studies to which I subsequently devoted myself, could I find any argument which reconciled me to making the Church a vehicle for earning a livelihood.

"An exposition of my opinions on this subject was listened to by my father, patiently enough, but received for answer these words: 'Stanley, my boy, I'm proud of you; when you began your sermon, I readily enough divined that your text was—I won't be a Parson; nevertheless, your 1st, 2dly, and 3dly have so fully convinced me of your talents in the preaching line, that I feel I should be doing an injustice to the Church could I consent to deprive it of such a shining light—a regular candlestick as one may say, with any

number of branches all blazing away with an eloquence truly marvellous in one of our family. Lastly, therefore, and in conclusion, the living is yours, if you please, and if you don't please—why, any other living you may choose, *provided you earn it*; but, none at my expense, I do assure you.'

"Under these circumstances I became, as my father phrased it, a parson, and was regularly inducted into the promised living; but I soon found that my doctrines, based upon theories of my own, gave universal offence, and even scandal, to my congregation.

"The Bishop himself censured what he was pleased to term my irregular opinions. I persisted in what I designated as only true freedom of conscience, until I found myself compelled to retire from a sphere of action too limited, as I believed, for the display of my peculiar talents.

"Finding myself deserted by my incensed family, I made my way to London, burning with aspirations for fame and independence, and resolved to win both by my unaided exertions. How these expectations were met, at the very outset of my career, paralyses me even now to recall. How I lived, how I toiled, or, rather how I starved, and how I sought work, even the meanest occupation, that would ensure me bread, none but God and myself can ever know.

"Sometimes I sat the livelong night, scarcely sheltered from the winter's frost, by my fireless garret, writing for papers of opposite political tendencies. I was often thankful to earn a few shillings by composing, or translating poems, pamphlets, or essays, the credit of which was assigned to some more fortunate or distinguished individual; but I wrote for mere subsistence; and many a protracted meal had to be earned by first writing and then delivering lectures, for which, necessity supplied me with themes, and hunger with eloquence. And now, Miss Seymour, how think you I acquired the inclination and ability to become a popular preacher? Simply because experience and necessity had taught me to be a hypocrite. I dare not deny that I might have chalked out for myself a better course. I had found providential aid never wanting to assist my struggles for bread, even for distinction, had I resolved to avail myself of it; but alas! I had experienced the facility of conquering, by *deception*, the difficulties which would scarcely yield to fair exertion. I found a field open to all such as had talent to avail themselves of the vices or follies of others; and so, I became a Popular Preacher.

"In my new career, I found it more easy to conceal, than shake off, the habits of early life; thus, though I chose to indulge in such tastes as had been formerly congenial to me, I did so in disguises, with which my erratic pursuits had rendered me familiar. Thus I visited the theatre, of which as a boy I was passionately fond; and thus, dearest Miss Seymour, I became inspired with sentiments which must inevitably influence my future life and being. Under the influence of these feelings, I wrote to you in an assumed character; for how could I address you in my real one? Your grateful and straightforward answer left me no alternative but to withdraw in baffled silence.

"I could not face your uncle with the lie I had hoped to impose on you, nor appear before him, the Popular Preacher, as a candidate for the hand of a celebrated actress. Yet I loved you—oh how deeply! Your attendance at my chapel has been my guiding star; that which has fixed me in my career, be it good or bad. Your absence, for the first time in four years to-day, has opened my eyes to the misery of existence unsunned by your presence—to the certainty that on you alone depends my future career: you, alone, Miss Seymour, can make me what you please. Bid me struggle for good or evil; bid me be what you will, but oh, do not drive me from you."

The extraordinary confidence which Mr. Norman had thought proper to repose in Miss Seymour, the new light in which his disclosures had placed his character, together with the grateful feeling she entertained for him as her preserver, kept her silent for some time after he had concluded his recital; at length she said—

"Mr. Norman, you owe to me a life of imposition, and, after seeking to include me in the list of your dupes, you ask me to aid you. In what way can I do so?"

"Do you believe I have spoken the truth, Miss Seymour?"

"I do, Mr. Norman."

"Then, Miss Seymour, I ask you to be my friend and counsellor in this life—my guide to the next."

"A strange request from a professed Christian teacher to an actress."

"Tell me," interrupted Mr. Norman, dreading to hear any definite objection to his wild hopes. "Tell me how you became an actress. I can scarcely imagine you were bred to—to—such a profession."

"I am an actress from circumstances," replied Miss Seymour. "I was left an orphan, dependent on my uncle, an old half-pay officer, and to relieve him from the burthen of my support I took a situation as governess in a family. As I found by this step that, instead of maintaining my position as a lady, I had sunk myself below the level of a menial, I soon threw up my situation, and after as many struggles as you yourself have endured, Mr. Norman, I became an actress. The same self-respect which compelled me to relinquish the life of a governess has preserved me through all the trials and temptations of the stage; and if consistently with propriety I can be your friend, your counsellor, if you will," she added, smiling, "my interest in your singular confessions, together with the gratitude I owe you, strongly dispose me to undertake the task. And now, good night."

Mr. Norman bent silently over the hand she extended to him, and then pressed it passionately to his heart. A moment more and he was alone, traversing the streets in the cold moonlight, an altered and a better man.

Months glided on from the period of the above-named interview, ere the flock of the Rev. Norman Stanley would own even to themselves that their idol was changed.

The sudden defection of the beautiful young countess (a specimen of whose spiritual communions with her reverend friend we have already given) first impressed the congregation with the fact that their saint was less awakening than formerly.

Something of a moral tendency began to flavour his discourses, which jarred painfully on their aristocratic nerves. The doctrine of works was decidedly plebeian and inconvenient, and unless that of "faith in its most evangelical form" were restored to them—why, the young countess's example must be followed; and as that lady declared that a particularly soft-seated, middle-aisle pew was to be let, under the Rev. Silas Sleek—why, the dowager duchess determined to take it, and with it a considerable train of duchess hunting and faith worshippers.

Thus it happened that Mr. Stanley Norman's morality increased in inverse ratio to his congregation; and as he grew into love and favour with Miss Seymour so did the benches of his chapel thin.

It was in answer to one of his bitter invectives against this defection that Miss Seymour one day said to him:

"What you say is quite true, Stanley, and, therefore, I would advise you to quit the chapel before the entire congregation quit you."

"Quit the chapel, Lucy!" he exclaimed. "Are you mad! What am I to do then? Turn actor in reality, I suppose," he added bitterly. "No, no, love! I have been acting long enough."

"Heaven forbid," she rejoined, "that you should so degrade talents which could be so much better employed. Dear Stanley," she continued, kneeling by his side and taking his hand in hers; "you have often implored me to be your wife, but in becoming the husband of an actress, your position as a preacher would be ruined. I have hitherto, refused; now, however, there appears a chance of reconciling all difficulties—that is, if you deem your happiness to be still in poor Lucy's keeping."

"Speak, dear love," exclaimed Mr. Norman, impatiently; "what can I do to free me from this hateful life of deception, and yet retain my better angel by my side?"

"Ah! Stanley," she replied; "remember you now strive to be the really good man you formerly professed yourself."

"And, therefore, find myself deserted by the idiots, who openly reject the substance to pursue the shadow. But tell me, Lucy, what is this plan of yours. In what can I hesitate to call you wife?"

"Seek no more for a chaplain to send to S—— Island—go yourself, Stanley Norman, and Lucy will accompany you as your wife."

"What!" cried Norman, starting from his seat, and pacing the room in violent agitation, "waste time, talents, eloquence and life itself in preaching to convicts and savages! Oh, Lucy! is this the only destiny you can offer to the man you profess to love and admire?"

Poor Lucy had nothing else to offer, and Stanley Norman left the idol of his heart for the first time in his life with a feeling of resentment he made no effort to conceal.

Stanley Norman shrank from, yet continually speculated upon the plan to which Lucy Seymour had called his attention; and ever as he reflected it seemed as if the hand of destiny pointed to that narrow way, as the only means within his reach of extricating himself from the difficulties which thickened around him.

This pre-occupation of mind prevented his indulging his fair flock with as much private communion as was his wont, and left an unsatisfied void in their hearts, which a more disengaged pastor soon supplied, and thus his congregation more and more rapidly deserted him.

With the habits of luxury he had acquired, and the new mode of thinking growing upon him, his mind revolted from a return to any of his old and unscrupulous means of living; and when his last resource, an appeal to his father, produced only an offer of a curacy of fifty pounds a year, he communicated to Lucy Seymour his resolution to avail himself of the chaplaincy at S—— Island, always provided she (his guardian angel) would accompany him as his wife.

Many women in Lucy Seymour's place would have resented this late and almost enforced compliance with a proposal, which carried with it the prize of her own hand.

Few actresses would have consented to exchange for the scenes of their triumphs, a distant home in an unknown land, apart from all society but such as Norman had described.

But Lucy was no common woman, and loved Stanley Norman with no common love; thus she became his wife; bade adieu to the scenes of which she had been so bright an ornament, and her native land, and without a murmur, or sigh of regret, set sail with her husband for her unknown home.

CHAPTER IV.

Stanley Norman loved his gentle self-sacrificing wife fondly, and appreciated all her excellence at its full value; but even the charm of her society could not dissipate his gloom from the moment when he quitted the shores of England, to embark on his new and untried course. As he stood gazing on the vast ocean, he felt his troubled spirit, baffled ambition, and restless aspirations, not inaptly imaged forth in the ceaseless agitation of its waves. At such moments she would steal to his side, and while she silently pointed to the gorgeous sunset whose purple light decked her fair head as with a glory, he became calm, and gazed on her, as a being lent to gild and guide his faltering steps to the heaven of which she seemed a type.

Thus they would stand till the grey twilight melted into night, and the dancing moonbeams lit up the waves with fantastic and many coloured fires, and though neither spoke, their thoughts, impressed with the sublimity of a scene where God and Nature reigned supreme, were good for both and full of happiness.

At length they arrived at their place of destination, and poor Lucy gazed around with wistful apprehension, as she remembered *his* luxurious London home, and contrasted it with the rude log hut that was now the destined habitation of the refined Stanley Norman.

For herself she had neither thought nor care; she ran about the woods, rocks and clearings, making the wild scene re-echo with her joyous laugh, and calling her husband's attention to every novel and romantic point of their situation.

The disgust which he felt at the visits of his uncouth and half savage neighbours was gracefully rebuked by the courteous gratitude with which she acknowledged their rude but hospitable efforts to welcome their new minister. She became their friend at once, and they her devoted servants, perpetually demonstrating their admiration and zeal by acts of service, and presents of such articles as would contribute most to their comfort and convenience. It was impossible to resist her contagious cheerfulness, which, spreading a charm over the wild scene, diffused its warmth like a sunbeam even to the oppressed spirit of her husband, for whom with true feminine tact she kept constantly devising fresh employment with a view of diverting his gloomy reveries.

Five days after they had taken possession of their new home, and whilst they were busily employed in their rude garden, Lucy said carelessly to her husband, "Why, I declare Stanley, this is Saturday evening! How the time flies, does it not?"

"Saturday evening!" exclaimed Mr. Norman hastily, "Good Heavens, Lucy! why did I not remember that before?"

I suppose you know that I am expected to *perform* to-morrow, and God only knows what sort of part I shall act on such a stage and in such a scene." "Nay," replied Lucy, gaily, "the eloquent Stanley Norman can never be at a loss in any scene." "I never tried preaching in the wilderness," rejoined her husband bitterly. "Then surely, love, it is time you did," she said more gravely, "for it is even for that we are here. Now, dear Stanley, suppose you step indoors and make a few notes for to-morrow's sermon; you will find all ready for you." So saying, Mrs. Norman turned away, seemingly absorbed in her occupation, but secretly anxious to avoid the remonstrance which she feared from her reluctant husband, who stood for a moment watching her, then slowly entered the house.

He found, as she had said, pens and ink arranged for him, at the very same desk whereon his most eloquent discourses had been composed, for though these, of course, had always been *extempore*, they differed from ordinary sermons only inasmuch as that they had been studied by heart and not read from a book.

Lucy was aware of this, and had, therefore, placed on the desk some loose sheets of paper, similar to what he generally made his notes on.

Mechanically assuming his pen, Stanley Norman prepared to write; but alas, the inspiration which was wont to flow from that pen was no longer there. The scene in which he found himself might have readily inspired him with poetic imagery; but how would highflown language be received by his new and half savage congregation.

Despicable as his former career of hypocrisy now appeared to him, he sighed for the refinement of an educated audience, and began to ponder bitterly on his utter unfitness for the part to which he had condemned himself. As he sat with his eyes fixed mournfully on the setting sun, a feeling of mental incapacity stole over him, as though, with the declining orb, the sun of his own bright intellect was setting for ever. There was shame, even agony, in the thought; and starting from his painful abstraction, he snatched up his pen determined to write something, anything that would assure him his past existence was not all a dream; but on opening the paper before him a feeling of irritation arose as he perceived it was not blank. He glanced at the writing, it was his wife's—the first words fixed his attention: nor did he pause until the amazed reader had perused quite through one of the most excellent sermons he had ever read. When she had found time to write it, Stanley could not even guess, but he was even less affected at the tender care which had anticipated and provided for his own deficiencies, than by the simple truth, purity, and sound good sense of the doctrines Lucy Norman's first and last sermon contained.

During the long watches of that island summer night, Stanley Norman sat pondering over his gentle wife's touching words, and communing with his rebuked and wayward, but generous heart; and when the Sabbath morning dawned upon the exiles, he led his Lucy to his new chapel, with a brighter smile than she had seen on that beloved face for many a day.

The popular preacher's thrilling tones echoed that day in a strange and wild scene.

The rude logs that formed the building were yet green from the primeval forest; piled inartificially together, they constituted a temple such as ancient worshippers might have dedicated to the "unknown God;" unhewn stones formed the altar—the green moss and lichen tasselled the primitive pulpit, and the broad arch which formed the entrance afforded a view of the deep recesses of the ancient and yet unhewn forest.

The distant roar of the ocean broke now and then mournfully on the ear. The cry of strange birds rung through the still air; or the voice of the summer wind sporting amongst the gigantic forest trees told tales of mystery and strangeness unimagined by dwellers of civilized lands. Around the preacher were grouped those who gave life and interest to the scene; and what wild faces and wilder costumes were thus assembled! Few there were, whose appearance failed to betoken the hardy toil, or dangerous sports by which they earned their bread.

Their garments were more than half composed of the spoils of the chase—but all, and each, from the weather-beaten hunters who leant on their rifles, to the dark-skinned natives, white-haired men, bright-eyed women and eager children, all alike listened with profound interest and reverential delight to their deeply-moved and eloquent minister.

When the service was over they thronged around him, offering their simple thanks for his touching discourse, and earnestly tendering their duteous service in return for his aid and counsel. On his part he promised them, with the blessing of God, to devote his life and energies to their instruction; and to embellish a scene where God and Nature reigned, with all that his zeal and poor ability could effect.

Reader, Stanley Norman kept his word. The savage island solitudes soon converted his gentle partner, the once celebrated actress, into a ministering angel upon earth, and Stanley Norman himself into a zealous and faithful minister of God's word—as well as their schoolmaster and doctor. He thus became the friend of the old, the guide and counsellor of the young, and the beloved of all, equally far-famed in his new sphere, but infinitely better, wiser, and happier than the once admired Popular Preacher.

Spiritual Chips and Fragments.

IN connection with the terrible disaster of the *Kapunda*, in which nearly three hundred emigrants lost their lives, the following incident from the *Midland Advertiser* will be read with deep interest:—A girl, named Louisa Benn, living with her mother in Queen Street, Wednesbury, some time ago expressed a desire to go to America, and her friends ultimately yielded to her wishes. A suggestion was, however, made to her by an outsider at the last moment that she should go to Australia, and, despite her mother's remonstrances, she decided to go there. The family was poor, and great difficulty was experienced in collecting the necessary funds and providing the girl with an outfit. Her box was forwarded to London, and she followed to join the ship there. Then occurred the most extraordinary part of the affair. The mother, who was prostrate with grief, began to have strange visions. Repeatedly she imagined she saw a large rock jutting out from the ocean, and upon this rock there was always a large bird. Then she would see a ship, loaded with passengers, strike against the rock and sink. She fancied she could hear the shouts of the sailors and the shrieks of the women on board, and frequently, both at night and day, the strange hallucinations occupied her mind. On the day before the ship sailed she was in the kitchen at work, when a cry of "Oh, mother!" seemed to come from the cellar. Even now the woman affirms that it was Louisa who shouted, and that it was not the result of an excited and imaginative brain. Mrs. Benn was so alarmed that she at once telegraphed for her daughter to come back. The girl was at the time on board ship, and for a moment she hesitated to obey. The doctor on board the vessel advised her to stop, but the schoolmaster urged her to obey her mother. She decided to leave the ship and go home, but her luggage was not given to her as it could not be got at, and everything she possessed, excepting what she wore, had to be left in the ship. Until the news of the loss of the vessel was conveyed to her she regretted she had not remained on board. Several of her companions are included among the list of the drowned.

Mr. Opie P. Read, editor of *The Arkansas Traveller*, reports the following incident as a chapter of his life's experiences.

He dreamed one night that he went to his office and found on his desk a letter from his brother. He opened it, and found it to be the report of his father's death. When last heard from his father was in good health, and he had not received intimation in any way of his illness, or that his death was expected. The dream made a very vivid impression on his memory, and the following morning on reaching the stairway, leading to his office, he hesitated about ascending as he felt certain the letter was there. Entering his office, he found the letter, just as he had seen it in his dream, announcing the sudden and unexpected death of his father.

A GRAND jury in rebeldom ignored a bill against a negro for stealing chickens, and before discharging him from custody, the judge bade him stand reprimanded, and he concluded thus: "You may go now, John, but let me warn you never to appear here again." John, with delight beaming in his eyes, and a broad grin displaying a fine row of ivory, replied, "I wouldn't bin here dis time, judge, only do constable fetch me."

Spiritual Improvisation.—The Escape.

Poem improvised by Emma Hardinge Britten, in the New York Athenæum, in March, 1860.

[NOTE.—At a spiritual meeting held at the New York Athenæum, in March, 1860, the committee being named by the audience to select a subject for the speaker (Mrs. Emma Hardinge, now Mrs. Britten), the chairman of that committee reported that, as the spiritual speakers might naturally be supposed to be familiar with the generality of popular subjects given for spiritual improvisations, he would at once ask for a poem, the subject of which should be some eulogistic mention of THE JEWS, a people who seemed utterly ignored by every sect of Christians—no less than by the spiritualists and public opinion generally. Mrs. Hardinge replied that her stern spirit controls had hitherto seldom improvised poetry through her lips, and she did not know that they could do so then; also, she added, that the Jews and their history had never been touched upon by her guides, except in relation to Biblical records, the attempt—she was impressed to say—would be made, however, when the following was improvised and widely published in New York journals.]

'Tis midnight, o'er the slumbering world
The cold still moonbeams gleaming,
Reflect their silent streams of light
O'er Rome's vast Coliseum height,
O'er Temple, Tower and Dome so bright,
Made still more gorgeous in the light
Of summer starlight beaming.

Hark! There are shouts of revelry,
From yon vast building sounding,
'Tis dreadful Nero's palace walls—
All radiant are those glittering halls,
While soft the sound of music falls
Amid wild bacchanalian calls
Through the still night resounding.

A pause—a lull, and then the ear
Might catch from yonder tower near,
A gentle, low, and plaintive tone,
Breathed from the lips of captive lone—
A Jewish maid, of form most rare,
With lovely face, so bright and fair,
And waving, shining, golden hair,
Like captive sunbeams streaming.
Alas! her beauty's tempting bait
Had sealed the hapless maiden's fate,
And Roman eyes, while feasting there,
Had laid for her the fowler's snare;
But not that prison, lone and cold,
Not Nero's power or Roman gold,
That pure heart's treasures e'er could buy.
With scorn she hears her captor's sigh,
With proud triumphant virtue's eye,
And trust in Israel's God Most High;
Her innocence his acts defy,
And withering scorn returns him.

But still she shudders while she hears
The revel's shout, and falling tears
Betray the lonely captive's fears,
As to her distant home and friends,
In deep despair, her memory tends.
Yet still to Heaven her thought ascends,
And still her strength is prayer.
And now in fancy's visioned dreams,
She roams once more by Judah's streams,
Her precious home she may behold,
Her aged father's form enfold,
Her little sister's locks of gold,
Entwine with hers once more.

And now her tale of suffering dire
She seems to tell to ears of fire;
And beating hearts, who stand prepared
T'avenge the Maid by Rome ensnared;
But chief of all the gallant band
Who gathered round in fancy stand,
One noble warrior form she spies—
One name most loved she wildly cries,
And folded to his breast she lies,
Her Reuben, lord and lover.

Alas! 'tis but her fancy's dreams,
She lifts her wistful eyes, and gleams
Of dusky forms, and low'ring glance
Meet hers, while bending low, advance,
Dark shades, who wait to sing or dance,
Their captive mistress greeting.

"O! leave me, friends," she sadly cries,
"Unless, indeed, some pity lies
Within your hearts, to prompt you aid
A wronged and wretched captive maid;
Such service nobly shall be paid
When once beneath the sacred shade
Of Zion's walls my form is laid,
Living or dead, but free."

With timorous glance they one and all
Point to the distant palace wall,
Then sad and silently retreat,

Save one, whose furtive glances meet
The captive's eye, when bending low,
E'en as he, too, prepares to go,
He seems to linger strangely.

What fond, wild hopes possess her now,
Decking with sudden light her brow,
While starting swiftly from her couch,
She courts the silent slave's approach;
He comes, and feigning low to crouch,
Whispers one single word so dear,
That as it meets her list'ning ear
It banishes all doubt and fear,
Till pressing near him, and more near,
She murmurs, "Reuben, thou art here,
And I am safe again."

"Hush, dearest one"—the seeming slave
Whispers in haste—"I dare not brave,
At least, not now, my comrade's eyes—
See, they are gazing with surprise—
Thy Reuben thou dost recognize,
Beneath the Roman slave's disguise;
One hour from hence and Nero's prize,
With me, the Jewish captive flies.
Trust me, beloved one, fear no ill,
God is our trust and watchword still."

The night is passed—the bolts are drawn,
The cold moon now gives place to dawn;
The weary revellers are sleeping,
The legions o'er their watch-fires keeping
Uncertain guard, while near them creeping
Comes Reuben, with the captive weeping;
Fear, hope, and joy her senses steeping,
But silent as the tomb.

But lo! the quiv'ring embers fall
Of one spent fire, and shines o'er all
For one brief moment, clear and bright,
Revealing to the sentry's sight
Two figures in the gloom.

Upspringing to his post, he cries,
"What, ho! Up, Roman guards, arise!
Halt, traitors! halt"—but o'er his head,
Ere yet the last word well was said,
Swung Reuben's blade, and with the dead
The Roman soldier makes his bed.
His war cry stilled for aye.

"On, Rachel, on! heed not *his* fate;
All's ended *there*, but dangers wait
At every step—see beacon lights
Already gleam from yonder heights,
And hark! the wild alarms sound,
Pursuing footsteps hither bound;
The startled legions catch the sound,
The dead man's cries from earth resound—
'Up, Roman guards, arise!'"

"Oh, leave me, Reuben," gasps the maid,
"Farewell concealment, night and shade!
We're lost! we're lost! on every hand
Are hunting fast the royal band.
Fly, save thyself! If love for me
Has power to will thy spirit free,
Together we must ruined be—
Oh, Reuben, as thou lov'st me, flee!
My strength, alas! is gone."

No word replies the desperate man,
But in his sinewy arm's strong span
He bears aloft the light, frail girl,
Then onward speeds with rapid whirl,
Unchecked by such small burden's weight,
Then dashes onward as to fate.
He rushes madly past the guard,
Who reeling, yield, all unprepared
To meet this desperate shock.

But when the ghastly corpse is found
His speechless blood cries from the ground,
"Revenge, revenge, for murder done.
Up, Roman guards! On, legions, on!"
With maddened shout they fill the air
And waved on high the torch's glare,
Until at last they hold in view
The human chase that they pursue;
The lights, the shouts, the clash of steel,
To all the camp the path reveal,
Who yet uncertain how to deal
With foes whose numbers none can tell—
They stand at first amazed.

And still the gallant Hebrew braves
The stroke of sword, and thrust of blades;
At one bold leap he gains the walls,
The next the unwary sentry falls,
Another and another strives
To stay his mad career, their lives
The forfeit of their rashness pay;
And none who that night crossed his way
Lived to record another day,
What strength in love and courage lay,
To save that flying pair.

And now the walls are cleared, and now
He gains a distant hillock's brow,
Then turning on his maddened foes,—
"Come on!" he cries; "ye do oppose
A giant in his strength this night,
For I am armed by God and right—
Now, Romans, shout my name on high
Your deadliest foeman's name you'll cry,
And though your legions round me fly,
I every Roman blade defy.
The Prince of Naphthali am I;
Come on, for God and Right!"

Then casting off his slave's disguise,
He bounds into the wood where lies
A noble steed prepared for flight;
Then winding round his burden light
One bold, strong arm, he clears the ground,
And gains the saddle at one bound,
And as the flying hoofs resound,
Like ringing thunder o'er the ground,
He shouts his bold farewell.

Yet onward press the Roman throng,
Maddened by rage and borne along
By heavy war steeds, far less fleet
Than Reuben's Arab's "flying feet";
And though the arrows round him fly
Thickly as hail 'twixt earth and sky,
Unharm'd he speeds and seems to spurn
The very earth at every turn,
Defiance shouting still.

But oh! destruction, fatal sight!
What shimmers in the dawning light?
A rapid river fierce and strong
Dashing its mad career along.
One moment's pause and then he sees
Glimmering among the distant trees,
The Jewish legion thick as bees,
Their standards waving in the breeze!
O could he reach that shore!

To swim that river, fierce and strong,
To bear his fainting charge along,
To stand those Jewish hosts among
To raise with them triumphant song.
Oh! Israel's God, befriend him!

One ling'ring look he casts behind,
He listens; borne upon the wind
The shouts each moment stronger grow
Which warn him of th' advancing foe;
Shielding his charge with tender pride
He dashes in the surging tide,
Breasting the waste of waters wide,
Whose foaming swell on every side,
Destruction fiercely threatens.

Awhile the torrent thunders o'er
The hapless pair, and then once more
They ride upon the water's swell;
The while the noble steed full well
The dreadful peril seeming too
To comprehend, yet strong and true,
His best and noblest strove to do,
Till almost passed the torrent through,
They seemed to breathe more free.
But now the foemen reach the tide,
They, too, will breast the waters wide,
For blind by rage they fail to see
The Jewish hosts to which they flee,
Until too late, then backward turn,
While passions fierce within them burn.
And missiles fast and thick they whirl,
And death in every shape they hurl
Against the Hebrew Prince and girl,
But not one shot takes aim.

"Cheer up, beloved one," Reuben cries,
"On yonder bank our safety lies,
Where friends await with anxious glance.
Ill aimed, proud Roman, throw thy lance,
Against the rider not the steed!
My gallant Arab, dost thou bleed
While life and death is in thy speed—
God of our strength, avenge this deed!
One forward bound, my gallant steed,
Another, and we're safe indeed,
Oh, falter not at last!
Once, more, my Arab, do thy best,
Bend to the wave thy dying breast—
'Tis done! 'tis done! the goal is won,
My noble steed, thy race is run!
But with thy life thou'st gained the strife,
My Rachel freed, thou gallant steed!
Shout, warriors of Judah, shout,
A single arm has put to rout
The Roman legion famed so wide,
And foiled them both in field and tide.
Look up, my Rachel, thou art free,
God and the Right, our watchword be.
Those words have proved our strength and light.
Those words have put a host to flight,
Though borne as they have been to-night,
By one lone man, they've proved the might
Of Justice, 'God, and the Right.'"

Origin of the Term, "His Level Best."

BY MARK TWAIN.

AMONG Mark Twain's highly lucid and instructive "answers to correspondents" when he himself was editing a California paper, the following "pome," and the editor's remarks may not be uninteresting.

"SIMON WHEELER SONORA.

"(The following simple and touching remarks and accompanying "pome," have just come to hand from the rich gold-mining region of Sonora.)

"To Mr. Mark Twain: The within parson which I have set to poetry under the name and style of "*He done his level best*," was among the whitest men I ever see, and it ain't every man that knowed him that can find in his heart to say he's glad the poor cuss is busted and gone home to the states. He was here in an early day, and he was the handiest man in taking holt of anythin' that come along, you most ever see, I judge. He was a cheerful, stirrin' crittur', always a-doin' suthin', and nothin' by halves. Preachin' was his nat'ral gait, but he warn't a man to lay back and twiddle his thumbs because there didn't happen to be nothin' doin' in his own especial line—no, sir, he was a man who would meander forth and stir up something for hisself. His last acts was to go his pile on 'kings,' (calklatin' to fill, but which he didnt fill), when there was a 'flush,' and naterally, you see, he went under. And so he was cleaned out, as you may say, and he struck the home trail, cheerful but flat broke. I knowed this talonted man in Arkasaw, and if you would print this humbly tribute to his gorgis abilities, you would greatly obleege his onhappy friend.

HE DONE HIS LEVEL BEST.

Was he a mining on the flat—
He done it with a zest;
Was he a leading of the choir—
He done his level best.

If he'd a reg'lar task to do,
He never took no rest;
Or if 'twas off-and-on—the same—
He done his level best.

If he was preachin' on his beat,
He'd tramp from east to west,
And north to south—in cold and heat
He done his level best.

He'd yank a sinner outen (Hades),*
And land him with the blest;
To bless the men and please the ladies,
He'd do his level best.

He'd cuss and sing and howl and pray,
And dance and drink and jest;
And lie and steal—all one to him,
He done his level best.

Whate'er this man was sot to do,
He done it with a zest;
No matter what his contract was,
He'd do his level best.

The Saving of the Mail.

He was a navvy, dull and rough,
With only the power and sense enough,
To earn a living, and that was all,
Just something more than an animal.
So you would say if you saw him stand,
Just by the tunnel with pick in hand,
As down the rail,
With a ghostly wail,
Came the piercing shriek of the morning mail.

He lifted his eyes with a vacant stare—
What is that on the sleepers there?
His pickaxe drops, fast comes his breath,
A stone! and he knows that stone means death.
But down he leaps on the shining rail,
Right in front of the morning mail,
And no one knew, as on she flew,
What that poor navvy had died to do.

He was only a navvy, that was all,
Just something more than an animal.
Yes; but ours are human eyes,
God knoweth and seeth otherwise;
And that dull gross soul is pure and white,
From the taint of earth in his Maker's sight—
For He knows the tale of the deadly rail,
And the life that saved the morning mail.

* Here I have taken a slight liberty with the original MS. "Hades" does not make such good metre as the other word of one syllable, but it sounds better.

The White Lady.

Taken from "The Invisible World."

The very first sounds that attract the ears of childhood are tales of another life—foolishly are they called tales of superstition; for however disguised by the vulgarity of the narration, and the distortion of fiction, they tell him of those whom he is hastening from the threshold of life to join, with whom he must soon be, and be for ever.—MATURIN.

THE story which I am about to relate has reference to a subject often discussed and little understood—the connection which exists between this shifting scene and the world of spirits. It is of little import to the reader whether I am a sceptic or a convert to the theory. It may be more material for him to be assured that he is troubled with the details on the authority of one whose fortitude I have often witnessed, and for whose veracity I could pledge my own. I give the story, as nearly as I can recollect, in her own words.

You know the Mannerings of Cheshire, and remember their seat, Ashley Park. It was when I had just left school that I accompanied my intimate friend, Miss Mannering, on a visit to her mother at Ashley. Mrs. Mannering was a widow, blessed with an ample fortune and great animal spirits, who laughed, and ate, and talked, and played the kind hostess, and delighted in seeing every one happy about her; who thanked God she had "not a nerve in her body;" and hoped that she should die as she had lived—"comfortably." The house was crowded with company, and Mrs. M. made an apology for being obliged to assign to me, as my bedchamber, the "cedar room." It was a large, fine, old apartment, wainscoted with cedar, and from there being a door at each end of it, which led to different parts of the house, had, on high days and holidays, been used as an antechamber. There were no old pictures, no Gothic furniture, no tapestry to predispose the imagination to superstitious feelings, or to foster in the mind melancholy forebodings.

The windows were sashed, the fireplace good, but neither Gothic nor over large, and the room itself, though of unusual dimensions, had the appearance of antiquity unaccompanied by anything sombre. We had been dancing, and I went to bed in high spirits. It was between two and three in the morning when I awoke with a start, and saw distinctly a female figure passing through my room. I enquired, without fear, who was there. There was no answer. The figure proceeded slowly onwards, and disappeared at the door. It struck me as being singular; but knowing the house to be filled with company, and that the greater part were strangers to the endless labyrinth of staircase and anteroom which overran the mansion, I concluded some heedless guest had mistaken my chamber, or that one of the servants, forgetting the circumstance of it being inhabited, had literally put it to its old use, a passage room. At all events, thought I, it will be cleared up at breakfast; and without feeling any alarm or attaching any importance to the incident, I struck the hour by my watch, and fell asleep. The next morning I was somewhat startled by finding both the doors locked on the inside, and by recollecting with what care I had turned the key the preceding evening. The breakfast bell, however, disturbed the train of my ruminations. I hurried hastily down stairs, and thought no more on the subject. In the course of conversation my kind hostess inquired how I had slept. "Very soundly," said I, "except that I was rather surprised by someone who, no doubt by mistake, passed through my room at two this morning." Mrs. Mannering looked earnestly at me, seemed on the point of asking me a question, checked herself, and turned away.

The next night I went to bed earlier, and, at nearly the same hour, the figure appeared. But there was no doubt now upon my mind. On this occasion I saw the face. Its pale countenance—its large melancholy black eyes—its step, noiseless, as it glided over the oaken floor, gave me a sensation that I can never forget. Terrified as I was, I fixed my eyes on it. It stood before me, then slowly receded; when it reached the middle of the room stopped, and while I looked at it—*was not*. I own it affected me strangely. Sleep for the remainder of the night was impossible. And though I endeavoured to fortify my mind, by recollecting all I had heard and read against the theory—to persuade myself that it was illusion, and that I should see no more of it—I half determined to conclude my visit at once, or, at all events, to change my room immediately. Morning came—bright sunny morning—and the race-ball of the morrow, and a dread of the ridicule which would follow my determination, overpowered my resolution. I was silent, and I stayed.

The third night came. I confess, as the evening drew in, I shuddered at the idea of going to bed. I made excuses—I talked over the events of the night—I played—I sang—I frittered away minute after minute—and so well did my stratagem succeed that two, the dreaded hour, was past long ere I entered my room. I admit that I had retired to rest, on the *first* evening of my visit at Ashley, with the impressions that, in spite of myself, forced themselves upon me; in *this*, imagination might then have claimed a part in what I witnessed. But the feelings were wholly distinct. On the first night I had seen nothing—knew nothing. On this, I was steeling my mind against the worst.

After a determined and minute investigation of the room—after a thorough examination of every closet and corner—after barring and bolting each door with a beating heart—a woman's fears (shall I confess it?) stole over me; and hastily flinging myself on the bed, I muffled up my face entirely in the clothes. After lying in this manner for two hours, in a state of agony that baffles all description, I ventured to cast a hurried glance round the room. It must be, I thought, near daybreak. It was so; but by my side stood the figure—her form bent over me, her face so close to mine that I could have touched it, her white drapery leaning over me, so that my slightest motion would have discomposed it. I looked again to convince myself that it was no deception, and have no recollection of anything further.

When I came to myself it was nearly noon. The servants, and indeed Mrs. Mannering herself, had repeatedly knocked at the door, and receiving no answer, were unwilling to disturb me. My kind hostess was alone in the breakfast-room when I entered, and was preparing to rally me on my early hours, when, evidently struck by my appearance, she inquired if I were well. "Not particularly," said I, faintly; "and if you will allow me I will return home this morning." She looked at me in silence for some moments, and then said with emphasis, "Have you any particular reason? Nay—I am sure you have," she continued, as her keen penetrating eye detected an involuntary tremor. "I have no concealments," was my reply, and immediately detailed the whole transaction. She heard me gravely, without interruption, or expressing any surprise. "I am grieved beyond measure, my dear young friend, at the event. I certainly have heard strange and unaccountable stories about that room, but I always treated them as idle tales, quite unworthy of credit. This is the first time for years it has been occupied, and I shall never cease to reproach myself for having tried the experiment. But, for God's sake," she added, "don't mention it: assure me, promise me, you will not breathe a syllable on the subject to any living being. If, among these ignorant and superstitious people, this inexplicable occurrence should once get wind, not a servant would stay with me." I assented; and on all her offers of a different room, pressing entreaties to remain, and promises of fresh arrangements, I put a decided negative. Home I returned that morning.

A long interval elapsed before I again visited Ashley. Miss Mannering, my kind and warm-hearted friend, had sank into an early grave, and I had had in the interim to stem the torrent of affliction and buffet with its waves. At length a most pressing and personal invitation brought me under Mrs. Mannering's roof. There I found her sister, who, with three young children, were laughing and revelling away their Christmas.

Lady Pierpoint was one of those fortunate women who, by dint of undaunted assurance, and, as poor Richard informed his friends, "an unparalleled tongue," had contrived to have her own way through life. Her first exploit on coming to Ashley, was to fix upon the "cedar room" for the children. In vain poor Mrs. Mannering pointed out its faults. She was afraid they would find it cold. Her ladyship wished them to be hardy. It was out of the way. So much the better; their noise would not be troublesome. "I fear," went on Mrs. Mannering—"Don't know what it is," said Lady Pierpoint, "in short," she continued, with her imperturbable face, "this room or none," and Mrs. Mannering, not daring to avow the real cause of her fears yet feeling that further contest was useless, saw with feelings of horror the little cribs and rocking horses, nurses and nine-pins, formally established in the dreaded apartment.

Things went on very smoothly for a fortnight; no complaints of the "cedar room" transpired, and Mrs. Mannering was congratulating herself on the happy turn affairs had taken, when one day, on her going into the nursery, she saw her little nephews busily engaged in packing up their playthings. "What, are you tired of Ashley and going to leave

me?" "Oh no, aunt," they shouted one and all, "Oh, no; but we're going to hide away our toys from the White Lady. She came last night and Sunday night, and she'd such large black eyes, and she stood close by our cribs, just here, aunt. Who is she? Do you know? for Fred says she never speaks. What does she do here, and what does she want?"

"What a wretched, miserable woman I am!" cried the panic-struck Mrs. Mannering. "Every hope I had entertained of this abominable room is dashed to the ground for ever; and if, by any chance, Lady Pierepoint should discover—Oh, they must be moved directly. Ring the bell! Where's the housekeeper? I'll give no reason, I'll have no reason. Oh, my dear departed Mannering, to what sorrows have you not exposed your disconsolate widow!" In spite of all inquiries, interrogatories, and surmises, moved the little Pierepoints were that very evening. Our precautions, however, were all but defeated, for one of the little magpies began after dinner: "Mamma, I've something to tell you about the White Lady." He was instantly crammed almost to suffocation with sweetmeats. The rest were very shortly trundled out of the room, choking with *bonbons*; and I shall never forget the piteous expression of Mrs. Mannering's countenance, as she passed me with her party; or her declaration: "God forgive me, but I see very clearly this White Lady will put me in my grave."

The room was then shut up for some years, and I can give no account of what passed at Ashley in the interim. The last time I was there was on the day on which young Mannering came of age. His mother had been receiving the loud and rustic, but not on that account less sincere, congratulations of the tenants on the lawn, when she was told her more courtly visitors were awaiting her in the drawing-room. On this occasion the sins of the "cedar room" were forgotten, and it was once more used as an antechamber. To enter it, throw off her shawl and bonnet, and run to a large swing glass which stood near a window was, with Mrs. Mannering, the work of an instant. She was hastily adjusting her dress, when she started, for she saw—reflected at full length in the glass beside her—the *Figure of the White Lady*!

It was days before the brain fever, which her fright and her fall brought on, would allow her to give any connected account of what, till then, appeared an inexplicable occurrence. Her reason and recollection gradually returned, but her health—never. A few weeks afterwards she quitted Ashley Park for—the grave! — College, Cambridge, July 16, 1827."

Admiral Farragut's Conversion.

IN a recent conversation Admiral Farragut said: When I was ten years of age I was with my father on board a man-of-war. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt; could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and fond of gaming in every shape.

At the close of dinner, one day, my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me:

"Davie, what do you mean to be?"

"I mean to follow the sea."

"Follow the sea! yes, to be a poor, drunken, miserable sailor before the mast, be kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign clime."

"No," I said, "I'll tread the quarter-deck and command as you do."

"No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man."

My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke and overwhelmed with mortification. "A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, be kicked and cuffed before the world, and die in some fever hospital!" That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter an oath, I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor, I will never gamble. I have kept those three vows to this hour.

Truth is like a torch; when shaken it shines the more. Only a word; yet who can tell its power for weal or woe. No one is wise enough to advise himself.

The Dangers of Amateur Editorship.

"MR. FLOWERS," said Colonel Aristides Burrows, editor of the *Pipersville Clarion*, to his new compositor—"don't forget to bestow particular care on to-morrow's issue, and have it turned out in the neatest possible style. I want it to be seen in contrast with that slovenly *Cloverton Eagle*, a paper which is a disgrace—yes, a disgrace to our national civilization!"

"Eagle! he, he!" said Mr. Flowers, a smart-looking young man in a carefully-tended moustache and opal studs. "In my opinion, *turkey-buzzard* would be more appropriate."

"Ha! good, that—very good!" remarked the editor, whipping out his note-book, and entering the witticism for future use. "You won't forget, Flowers," he added, as he took up his valise, "to send up one hundred and fifty *Clarions* to Cloverton for distribution to-morrow. I expect our circulation to be increased by at least half that number by the evening."

"Never fear, sir," said Mr. Flowers, confidently. "You'll find it all right."

Colonel Burrows was on his way to the next county town of Cloverton, to attend a grand political meeting, where he expected to do much for the *Clarion* in obtaining news and subscriptions.

It wasn't often that he could afford to leave his paper for even one day, having its management upon his own hands, with some assistance from Mrs. Burrows, who was very clever in clipping selections from various books and papers, and dressing up brilliant items in new attire to pass for original. Living on the floor above the office, she was a frequent visitor to that sanctum, and had experimented in various matters connected with the business of the paper.

She considered that she had quite a talent for this sort of thing, and had been heard to declare that "if anything should happen to Aristides," she would herself run the *Clarion*.

When the editor was fairly off, Mr. Flowers murmured—"Plenty of time! One hour at the ball. A waltz and promenade with that little blonde—dance and ice-cream with the brunette; then back for a blast on the horn, and all right by daybreak! Must keep out of sight of Mrs. B—, though. She's to be there as reporter of the fashions."

Mrs. Burrows returned from the ball at Drinkard's Hall, and sat down to write a description of the *Pipersville belles* and their toilettes. Her task completed, she repaired to the office, for the purpose of handing in her contribution to the compositor.

She found Mr. Flowers lying across two chairs, in a wilted condition, while Peters, the printer, was vainly endeavouring to arouse him to a sense of the portentous duties awaiting him.

The compositor had indulged in a "leetle too much," Peters said, and two of his friends had kindly brought him home.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Burrows. "What in the world is to be done?"

"Nothin', mum!" responded Peters, in a tone of mingled resignation and despair; "only there won't be no *Clarion* out to-morrow, that's all."

For an instant Mrs. Burrows stood as if paralyzed. But then her soul rose heroically to meet the situation.

"I'll do it myself!" she announced with Spartan firmness. "The public shall see that some women are fit for even an emergency such as this; and how proud Aristides will be!"

So, fired with ambition, and nerved by the high sense of duty, this heroic woman, with Peters for her sole assistant, repaired to the work which was to preserve the credit of the *Clarion*, and redound so much to her own.

It was a great day in Cloverton, and the editor of the *Pipersville Clarion* was so busy that he had not time even to glance at his own paper, as he took it from the hand of the urchin, who was zealously crying it in opposition to the *Eagle*.

He observed that his paper attracted a good deal of attention, and his heart swelled with pride as he marked the groups of men and boys, all apparently deeply interested in the contents of the *Clarion*.

Some wore a look of wonder and bewilderment, while others indulged in bursts of uproarious laughter. Here and there a shout arose, "Hurroo for the *Clarion*! Blow away, old horn!"

Everybody knows the arduous duties, on such an occasion, of an editor who is his own reporter, and it was five o'clock when he rushed to catch the cars passing through to Pipersville.

He was in the act of stepping on to the car when a hand was laid upon his collar and he was jerked violently backward.

Wheeling around, he found himself confronted by a gentleman with a red face and set teeth, whom he recognized as Mr. Fowlkes, editor of the *Cloverton Eagle*.

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed this individual, glaring savagely at the astonished Burrows, "take that!" and he planted a well-directed blow full upon the nose of his rival brother-editor.

Burrows was no coward, and he now seized his assailant by the throat and returned his compliment with interest.

But a score of bystanders rushed in to separate them.

Fowlkes was pinned back to a telegraph post, and Burrows hoisted upon the train, which instantly started, while the crowd at the station and the crowd on the train shouted defiance at each other.

Then Burrows, with face swelled and disfigured, got off the car before reaching the station, and proceeded through a back lane to his residence. On coming in sight of his own house, he was surprised to see the shutters closed, and a little crowd collected in front of the office.

Proceeding to the rear, he was admitted by Peters, with a rueful visage, while at the same moment Mrs. Burrows appeared, pale and nervous.

"I—I did it for the best, Aristides," she faltered. "But the types were so wretched that I could hardly tell one letter from another!"

"Types? what types?" inquired her husband, bewildered.

And the whole matter was explained to him, coupled with the information that Mr. Flowers had left at daybreak with his valise, making no inquiry about his month's pay.

Burrows went to a front window and opened it.

He was greeted with mingled hoots and laughter. An egg struck him on the forehead, and a turnip flew past his head. Peters thereupon slipped out to explain to the crowd, who after some delay finally dispersed, greatly to Mrs. Burrows' relief.

"And now," said Burrows, with the look of a martyr on his way to the stake, "give me the paper!"

His wife obeyed, and as he glanced over its columns, the heading first attracted his attention.

"Good heavens!" he yelled, holding up the paper and pointing to the words "*Pipersville Carion*," in big ornamental letters.

"I—I don't know, I'm sure," quavered Mrs. Burrows, nervously. "L must have fallen out—the L, I mean."

Burrows set his teeth, and glanced at the editorial.

"*The Cloverton Eagle is the fool of an unscrupulous party!*" Fool! It ought to have been *tool—tool* of an *unscrupulous* party," said Burrows, with bitter emphasis, and continued—

"We pay no attention to the lying utterances of the almost defunct *Eagle*'—*dying* utterances. Now I know what the scoundrel meant in assaulting me; but he shall answer for it yet!"

Then he turned the page, and read on at random.

"*For sale, 500 bunches of cats!*" Why, what on earth does this mean?"

"*Oats, dear; bushels of oats,*" said his wife, deprecatingly.

"Humph! '*Brilliant Affair! Bull at Drunkard's Hall. Ball at Drinkard's,*' I suppose you meant."

"*Miss P. wore a trailing rope—*"

"*Robe!*" interrupted Mrs. B., eagerly.

"*'Looped with clusters of parsnips—*"

"*Primroses!* I can't imagine how that could have slipped in," said poor Mrs. B.

"*'Miss L. was simply attired in a short shirt—*"

"*Skirt—skirt!*" cried Mrs. B., in an agonized tone.

"*'Displaying a pair of queer Anno skippers—*"

"*Queen Anne slippers.*"

"*'And cardinal red nose—*"

"*Hose—hose!* Oh, my goodness! They'll never forgive me—never!" said Mrs. Burrows, in such evident distress that her husband grimly turned the sheet.

"*'Skreech of Hon. Fudge Buncomb.*' Is this Judge Buncombe's speech? Very good. Let's see what he says. *'Our first duty as Africans' (that should have been Americans) is the preservation of the Sacred Onion.'*"

"*Union, dear,*" said Mrs. B., feebly.

"*'Doctor and Mrs. Marvel propose to give a pig pasty on occasion of their approaching silver wedding.'*" A pasty—a pig pasty! Why, I thought it was to be a *big party*."

"Yes," said his wife, meekly, "and Mrs. Marvel went into a fit when she read it."

"Shouldn't wonder."

His wife wept silently,

"*'Country sausages made from corn-fed dogs—*"

"*Hogs,*" corrected Mrs. B. "It's Hooper, the butcher, and it was he threw the egg."

"Not surprising. Here's the Sabbath-school celebration. *'The children united in sweetly singing:*

'Wow doth teh fittle Dusy Hee.'"

What does that mean? Were they Dutch or Choctaw?"

"There! I knew you'd pick out that, because it's just the worst thing in the paper," said Mrs. Burrows, in a deeply grieved and injured tone. "The type all got upside down and wrong side out, but it ought to have been—

'How doth the little Busy Bee.'"

"It ought to have been, but it isn't," responded Burrows bitterly. "And here's the School Poetry corner. Let's see what you've made of this.

*'The Shads of Might were pulling past
When through an Alfred Collage passed
A Goth who wore mid snow and ice
A Bonnet with the strong device,
Elyxir!'*

Thunder!" cried Burrows, starting up and dashing the paper on the floor. "Thunder and Je-ru-salem!"

"I—I did it for the best," sobbed Mrs. Burrows, hysterically. "I—I thought you would be pleased and proud."

"Pleased!" exclaimed the editor, savagely. "Pleased and proud! Ha!"

But then, gazing down upon his weeping wife, his features softened.

He took his hat and walked toward the door.

"Where are you going, Aristides?" cried Mrs. Burrows, with some vague idea of suicide floating through her mind.

"To work on to-morrow's *Clarion*. I shall explain to the public, of course. I lay the whole of this responsibility where it rightly belongs—on Flowers."

"To-be-sure!" said his wife, looking up hopefully.

"I make no question but that the villain has gone to the *Eagle* office, where he knows that they need a compositor, and I shall more than hint my suspicions of his having been sent here purposely to injure the *Clarion*."

"No doubt of it," said Mrs. B. triumphantly. "And you won't mention, Aristides, dear, that I had anything to do with it?"

"Certainly not," he returned, grimly.

And since that day Mrs. Burrows has never spoken of running the *Clarion* "in case of anything happening to Aristides."

Christmas Boxes.

THE custom of making Christmas presents is as old as the Saturnalia, the Roman festival in honour of Saturn. The heathen origin of the custom provoked some of the church fathers to denounce it as "diabolical." But, as an old writer says, these gifts may be "harmless provocations to Christian love and mutual testimonies thereof of good purpose, and never the worse because heathens have them at like times." The anathemas of the Fathers were harmless thunder, for the custom is now a fixed institution. The kindly feeling begotten by the interchange of Christmas gifts is reason enough for its existence.

Sex, rank, and circumstances regulate the value and nature of the gifts. When pins were first invented, about the sixteenth century, ladies esteemed them as acceptable presents. Money given to purchase them was called "pin money." Tenant farmers used to present a fat capon to their landlords, and neighbours gave each other a turkey or a goose.

In those old days, as now, some grumbled at not receiving as valuable a present as they expected. One of these grumblers, Archy Armstrong, Charles the First's jester, was taught not to look a gift-horse in the mouth.

Calling on a nobleman, he received a few gold pieces. They fell short of the jester's expectations. Shaking his head, he muttered, "They are too light."

"Let me see them again," said the donor, "for, by the way, there is one of them I would be loth to part with." Expecting to get a larger gift, Archy returned the pieces to the nobleman, who, putting them in his pocket, said "I once gave my money into the hands of a fool, who had not the wit to keep it."

In England the old custom of Christmas boxes still prevails. The name originated in the ancient practice of public and private servants going from house to house, with an earthen or wooden box having a slit to receive money.

A Good Priest's Experiences.

A DAYLIGHT SPIRITUAL INTERVIEW.

From The Invisible World.

HAVING been told lately (says St. Pierre) at Valogne, that a good priest of the town, who taught children to read, and was called M. Bezel, had seen an apparition in broad day, ten or twelve years before; and as the story had excited great sensation, on account of his well known character for probity and sincerity, I had the curiosity to hear him tell his adventure himself. A relation of mine, a lady who knew him, invited him to dinner yesterday, the 7th of January, 1708; and as, on one side, I testified my desire of hearing the circumstances from his own mouth, and as on the other he seemed to view the event as an honourable distinction, he repeated the whole to us before dinner, in the most simple and ingenuous manner.

"In 1695," said M. Bezel, "being a young scholar of about fifteen years of age, I formed an acquaintance with the two sons of Abaquene, a lawyer, scholars like myself. The eldest was of my age; and the other eighteen months younger. This last was called Desfontaines. We took our walks, and formed our parties of pleasure together; and whether it were that Desfontaines had more friendship for me, or was more gay, complaisant, and intelligent than his brother, I liked him better."

"In 1696, as we were both walking in the cloister of the Capuchins, he told me that he had read, a little while ago, a story of two friends, who had promised to each other that the first who died should return and inform his comrade of his situation; that the dead man did appear, and told him surprising things. Desfontaines then said that he had a favour to ask, which he most earnestly desired; this was to make him a like promise in consequence of his; but I said I never would consent. He repeated this proposal during several months, and most seriously; but I always resisted. At last, about the month of August, 1696, as he was about to depart in order to pursue his studies at Caen he pressed me so much, with tears in his eyes, that I consented. He instantly produced two or three little papers, ready written, and one signed with his blood, in which he promised, in case of death, to return and tell me his situation; while on the other I made the promise. I pricked my finger, and with a drop of blood signed my name. He was delighted with this so much desired contract, and embraced me with a thousand thanks.

"Not long after, he departed with his brother. Our separation caused much mutual regret, and we wrote to each other from time to time; but six weeks had elapsed since I had received any letter, when the event happened which I am going to relate.

"On the 31st of July, 1697—it was a Thursday, I shall remember it all my days—the late M. de Sortoville, with whom I lodged, and who showed me great kindness, desired me to go to a meadow near the Monastery of the Cordeliers, to hasten his servants, who were making hay. I was not there a quarter of an hour, when, about half an hour after two o'clock, I felt myself as it were stunned, and seized with great weakness. I tried to support myself on my hayfork, but was obliged to sit down on a heap of hay, where it was half an hour before I recovered my senses. This passed away, but as nothing similar had ever happened to me before I was surprised, and feared the attack of some disease; yet the rest of the day little impression remained, but I slept less than usual on the following night.

"On the morrow, at the same hour, as I went to the meadow with M. de S. Simon, grandson to M. de Sortoville, a boy of ten years of age, I felt myself seized on the road with the same weakness, and sat down on a stone under the shade. This also soon passed away, and we continued our walk. Nothing further happened that day, but I did not sleep the whole of the night.

"At last, on the next day, the second of August, being in the loft where they were putting the hay, now brought from the meadow, and precisely at the same hour, I was seized with the same giddiness and weakness; but this attack being more severe than the two others, I fainted away, and lost all sense. One of the servants perceived it, and, as I was afterwards told, he asked me what was the matter, to which I answered, 'I have seen what I never would have believed.' But I remember nothing, neither of the question nor the answer, though they correspond with what I

remember to have seen, like a person naked to the middle, whose face I did not, however, recollect. I was assisted in descending the ladder, and held firmly by the steps, but when I saw my comrade Desfontaines at the bottom of the ladder, the weakness again attacked me; my head fell between two of the steps, and I again lost all knowledge. I was taken down, and placed on a large beam, serving as a seat in the adjoining square of the Capuchins. Sitting there, I did not perceive M. de Sortoville, nor his domestics, although present; but seeing Desfontaines near the bottom of the ladder, he made me a sign to come to him. I drew aside on my seat, as if to make room for him; and they who saw me, but whom I did not see, although my eyes remained open, observed that motion.

"As he did not come to me, I rose to go to him, when he advanced towards me, took my left arm in his right, and led me about thirty paces into a by street, still retaining his hold. The domestics, believing that my faintness had passed, and that I was going on some occasion, went about their business, except a little lacquey, who came and told M. de Sortoville that I spoke to myself. M. de Sortoville believed that I was drunk; he approached and heard me make some questions and some answers which he repeated afterwards.

"I was nearly three-quarters of an hour in conversation with Desfontaines. 'I have pledged my promise to you,' said he, 'that if I died before you I should give you information. I was drowned the day before yesterday, in the river of Caen, much about this hour. I was walking with such and such persons; it was very hot, we proposed to bathe, but a faintness seized me in the river, and I sank to the bottom. The Abbé de Meniljean, one of my comrades, plunged to bring me up, and I seized his foot; but whether that he thought it was a salmon, as I pressed it hard, or found it necessary, for his own safety, to remount directly, he shook his leg with so much violence, that he gave me a hard blow on the breast, and throw me to the bottom of the river, which is very deep in that part.'

"Desfontaines told me afterwards all that had happened on their walk, and the subjects of their conversation. I then asked him questions, If he was saved? If he was damned? If he was in purgatory? If I was in a state of grace? And if I would follow him soon? He continued his discourse as if he had not heard me, and as if he did not choose to hear me. I often approached in order to embrace him, but it appeared to me that I embraced nothing, though I felt well that he held me strongly by the arm, and that when I endeavoured to turn away my head, because I could not support the light without affliction, he shook my arm, as if to oblige me to look at him and to hear him.

"He appeared to me always taller than what I had seen him, taller even than he must have been at the time of his death, though he must have grown during the eighteen months that we had not seen each other. He always appeared to me only as half a naked body, his head uncovered save his beautiful fair locks, and, as it were, a white billet twisted into the hair upon the forehead which contained some writing, but I could only read the words *in &c.*

"The sound of his voice was the same as when alive, and he did not appear to me either gay or sad, but in a calm and tranquil temper. He begged me, when his brother should return, to tell him certain things to be repeated to his father and mother. He desired me say the seven psalms enjoined to him as a penitence on the preceding Sunday, and which he had not recited. In fine, he repeated his entreaties that I would speak to his brother, and then bid me adieu, and left me saying *jusques, jusques*, his usual phrase when we quitted each other, after our walks, to return home. He told me also that when he was drowned, his brother, who was occupied with his theme, had repented that he had permitted him to go, as he feared some accident. He so perfectly described to me the spot where he was drowned, and the tree of the avenue of Louvigni, on which he had cut some words, that, two years afterwards, being in company with the late Chevalier de Gotot, one of those who were with him when he was drowned, I pointed out the precise spot, and then counting the trees on the side that Desfontaines had specified, I went straight to the tree and found the writing. Gotot likewise told me that the article of the seven psalms was true, and that, on leaving the confessional, they had told each other their enjoined penitences. His brother has also told me that it is true that he was composing his theme, and reproached himself for not being of the company. As more than a month passed before I was able to execute the

commission which Desfontaines had given me to his brother, he appeared to me two other times. One was before the hour of dinner at a country house, a league from hence, where I went to dine. I found myself suddenly taken ill and desired to be left alone, said it was nothing, and that I should soon return. I then went into a corner of the garden, where Desfontaines appeared, and reproached me that I had not yet spoken to his brother. He talked for a quarter of an hour, but would never answer to my questions.

"One morning when I was going to the church of Nôtre Dame de la Victoire, he again appeared, but for a shorter space, pressed me to speak to his brother and quitted me, saying, as usual, *jusques, jusques*, without answering my questions.

"It is a remarkable circumstance that I always felt a pain in that part of the arm where he had held me the first time till I had spoken to his brother, nor did I sleep during three nights from the effects of my astonishment. Immediately after the first conversation I told M. de Varanville, my neighbour and schoolfellow, that Desfontaines was drowned, and that he had just appeared to me and told me so. He ran to the relations to know if the fact was true. News had been received, but by a mistake he supposed that it was the elder brother. He assured me that he had read the letter, and insisted that it was so, but I told him that it could not be, as Desfontaines had appeared to me himself. He returned, came back, and told me with tears that it was too true.

"Nothing has happened since, and I have now told you all my adventure. It has been sometimes changed in the repetition, but I have never told it otherwise than as I have now repeated. The late Chevalier de Gotot told me that Desfontaines also appeared to M. de Meniljean. But I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance. He lives twenty leagues hence, towards Argentan: and I can add nothing further on the subject."

For a Warning.

I CAN tell just how it happened, though it's fifty years ago, And I sometimes think it's curious that I can remember so; For though things that lately happened slipped my mind and fade away,

I am sure that I shall never lose the memory of that day. Job was coming here on Christmas Eve—he wrote us in the fall; He was Ezra's oldest brother, and his favourite of them all. We'd been keeping house since April, but I couldn't always tell When my pie-crust would be flaky, or the poultry roasted well; So I felt a little worried, if the truth must be confessed, At the thought of Ezra's brother coming as our household guest. Just a week before the Christmas Ezra rode one day to town, As I needed things for cooking—flour, and sugar white and brown; And I worked like any beaver all the time he was away, Making mince and stewing apples for the coming holiday. I was hot and tired, and nervous, when he galloped home at night, All that day my work had plagued me—nothing seemed to go just right!

"Here's the flour, Lucindy," said he, "it's the best there is in town; I forgot the other sugar, but I brought enough of brown."

"You're a fool," I cried in fury, and my tears began to fall!

"Ride ten miles to do an errand, and forget it after all!"

I was cross and clean discouraged as I thought he ought to know, But he turned as white as marble when he heard me speaking so. Not a word he said in answer, but he started for the door; And in less than half a minute galloped down the road once more. Then I nearly cried my eyes out, what with grief and fear and shame—

He was good and wise and patient—I was all the one to blame; And the hours were on to midnight, and my heart seemed turned to stone,

As I listened for his coming, as I sat there all alone.

With the daylight came a neighbour—"Ezra has been hurt," he said.

"Found beside the road unconscious, taken up at first for dead!"

Just behind him came four others, with a burden slowly brought, As I stood and dumbly watched them you can guess of all I thought. Oh! the days and nights that followed—Ezra lived, but that was all, And with tearless eyes I waited for the worst that might befall; Wandering in a wild delirium, broken phrases now and then Dropped from fevered lips and told me what his painful thoughts had been.

As the Christmas dawned upon us, Job came early, shocked to greet Such a broken-hearted woman for the bride he hoped to meet.

Not a word we spoke together in that hushed and shadowed room,

We waited for the twilight darkening down to deeper gloom,

For the doctor said that morning, "There is nothing more to do—

If he lives till after sunset I perhaps can pull him through."

Just five o'clock was striking, Ezra woke and feebly stirred,

"Did you get the sugar, darling?" were the words I faintly heard.

How I cried you can't imagine, how I felt to hear him speak,

Or to see the look of wonder, as I bent to kiss his cheek.

Well, I've told a long, long story—Ezra's coming up the walk—

But I've had a purpose in it, 'twasn't just for idle talk.

Don't you think, my dear, you'd better make your quarrel up with

Grey?

It may save a world of trouble, and it's quite near Christmas Day.

Post-Mortem Evidence.

A CURIOUS LEAF FROM THE BIOGRAPHY OF MR. M'GILP, THE RENOWNED ARTIST, R.A.

ONE autumn, a few years ago, I was sitting over a portrait of a well-to-do workman, a member of a club to which I was painter-in-ordinary. It seemed a hopeless task trying to put expression into the face of a man whose most vivid experience in the realms of sweetness and light was the weekly free-and-easy at the neighbouring "Pig and Whistle." I struggled on with the photograph before me, till I was wearied. I could paint no longer. I lighted my pipe, and, burying my head in my hands, sat before the fire till the light had waned and the fire had flickered its last.

Suddenly I was aroused by a tap at my door, and some one entered. At the time I seemed to feel a sudden shock, a strange, undefined fear, but I only attributed it to my over-worked brain and tired eyes. Though the new comer was unknown he made no remark, but walked straight up to the portrait of the pig-faced workman, looked at it a few seconds, and then, addressing me, said, "You paint portraits; you must paint mine." As he said this he turned toward me, and the last flicker of the fire-light showed me a face pale almost to death; the features handsome, but the whole effect overshadowed by eyes which absolutely burned. Their sole expression seemed to me their intensity, of what I could not then define, but I had never seen such eyes before. It was no gleam of sudden passion, but a fixed fire burning unchangingly. Few words were spoken. I was to commence at once, he curtly intimated; so I produced a canvas, and my strange sitter composed himself and on I worked, it may have been for two hours. There he sat immovable, his pale face fixed like marble; the gleam in his eyes never changed; no muscle of his frame showed a quiver; but I could at last work no longer. In those two hours I had completely mastered his face, only the eyes I failed to catch, they were beyond my prowess. I threw down my brush, and with a forced laugh said, "You are a good model, sir; you sit well." He rose silently, looked at the canvas an instant, and with the words, "To-morrow, same time," was gone. I breathed more freely; what it was I could not say, but I did not like my new patron. What did he want his portrait for? Why didn't he leave his name? Why come to me? Who sent him? Thousands of other such questions kept cropping up. However, I went to bed, but not to sleep. The little garret I had over a mews seemed strangely uncomfortable; I could not close my eyes; the wind howled in gusts down the yard, and bore sheets of rain against my window. The panes rattled, and the noise of the few cabs that came home late into the mews sounded strange and uncanny borne on the gusty wind; the rattle of the wheels and the splash of the steady rain mixed up with my waking dreams, and the pale face of my sitter ever and anon seemed to come across the uncertain light thrown from the lamps in the yard below. It was an awful night, and yet I was more frightened at myself than at my sitter. I feared I was going to be ill—to die in that garret alone. Men have done so, and their bones been found months afterwards when the landlord came for his rent. I was going mad; I must get up and work; and so I dressed, set my palette, and worked till I was tired out. Sleep came at last, and the next morning the past night seemed a dream, and indistinct, but there was the unfinished portrait to remind me of its reality. Hard work is a fine antidote for the megrims, and by the evening I had recovered my usual spirits. Punctual to the moment my strange sitter arrived, and I went on at his stern face, with its steady eyes, with more composure than I should have thought possible. I was getting used to him. He was only an eccentric, nothing more, and if he didn't choose to talk, why, I supposed he had good reasons for being silent, and I held my tongue also. In a few days the face was finished. I flattered myself it was fairly good; the eyes were the only thing I couldn't seize. However, my patron seemed satisfied, paid me, said he would ask me to keep the portrait for some months, as he was going away, and departed. Brother artists who came in considered it by far the best thing I had done, and advised me to send it to the Academy. There seemed no harm in this, so I decided to put a background in it, and try my luck at the next exhibition. Just about then it was the fashion to put fancy backgrounds to figures, so I looked among my sketches for one suitable to my eccentric friend. I pitched on a sketch I had done years ago in the Bernese Oberland—a wild, craggy ravine, sombre and precipitous, just the sort of thing to go

with such a sad, stern face. The picture got hung on the line, and attracted considerable attention. After the exhibition had been opened a few weeks I received a letter, unmistakably legal, asking me to give the writer a call at my earliest convenience at his office. I at once went to the address given.

The lawyer received me with a grave face.

"You are Mr. M'Gilp, I believe?" he said.

I assented.

"And you are the painter of a 'Portrait, No. 370,' in the Academy?"

I acknowledged my work.

"May I ask, Mr. M'Gilp, who was the original for that portrait, and how long it has been painted?" Seeing my hesitation, he added, "This is a serious affair, and I trust you will pardon my seeming inquisitiveness."

I then told him of my mysterious sitter, and how he had gone away and left neither name nor address.

"Can you give the date when he first came?"

"I can; it was November 3."

"Can you tell me what made you put a background into the picture?"

"I was in the Bernese Oberland a few years back, and made a sketch, which, for the want of something better, I put in."

"Thank you, Mr. M'Gilp. I am extremely obliged. Good morning."

I said "Good morning," and found myself outside, wondering what it all meant.

However, I soon forgot my mysterious sitter and the inquisitive old lawyer in the press of work which the picture of that face had brought me. One morning, reading the daily papers, I came across the following paragraph:—

"Sensational Trial in Switzerland.—A most extraordinary trial is now attracting considerable attention on the Continent. It appears that last summer Captain Vereker and his wife were travelling in the Bernese Oberland. Captain Vereker went out one morning from his hotel for a short walk, leaving his wife at home. He never returned. Search was made, but no trace of his body could be discovered, and after some time it was concluded that he must have slipped down a crevasse. It was remarked at the time that he was on bad terms with his wife, who married with indecent haste a certain Count Ragatz. The affair, which excited much talk in the district, was forgotten, and Captain Vereker's friends gave up the search. One of them, however, in going through the Academy this year in London, observed a most striking likeness of his friend. He made inquiries, and discovered that the portrait had been painted three months after the supposed death of Captain Vereker. The artist was questioned on the subject, but could give no explanation of the strange affair, the most startling thing about which was that the background of the picture was a sketch of the very district in which the ill-fated captain disappeared. His friends, determined to sift the matter, came over to St. Alitz, and, searching the exact place of the sketch, discovered the body with a rusty dagger embedded in the ribs of the murdered man. The dagger was at once identified as the property of Count Ragatz, who is now on his trial for the murder of Captain Vereker."

A later telegram in the same paper announced that Count Ragatz had confessed his guilt, and had been sentenced to death. But then—who or what had I been painting?

A Glance at Old Roman Times.

By means of the image of a young infant, Simon the magician, in presence of the Emperor Nero and his Court, evoked spirits, and performed wonders equal to those of the magicians of King Pharaoh recorded in the Scriptures. When the Emperor was walking through the galleries of his golden palace, Simon, who was at his side, caused the statues, which ornamented it, to incline their heads and salute his Majesty as he passed by. When the Emperor sat at table, invisible hands brought the dishes of gold and silver, filled with exquisite meats, and placed them in front of each guest. Graceful forms appeared in the hall, removed the plates, and disappeared. Pliny, the naturalist, tells us that Nero was given to every kind of magic, and the Prince of Magicians. "*Omnis Magiæ Generis Neronem Fuisse Principem.*" (*Plin. Hist. Nat.*, xv., c. ii.)

The first Piano in the Mining Camp.

It was Christmas Eve in a Californian mining town in the year 1858, and Goskin, according to his usual custom, had decorated his "public" with sprigs of mountain cedar, and a shrub, the crimson berries of which were not unlike the dear old English holly. There was a piano there all decorated with evergreens, and all that was wanted to fill up the cup of landlord Goskin's happiness was a man to play on that piano. "Christmas night and no piano pounder," he said, "This is a nice country for a Christian to live in!"

Having at length procured a piece of fairly clean whity-brown paper, he scrawled on it in bold characters with white chalk the words:—ONE HUNDRED DOLARS REWARDE TOO A COMPITENT PIANER PLAYER. This he placed in a prominent position on his shanty door, but though all eyes of the visitors or passers by noticed it, no candidate for the promised "rewards" appeared till just midnight. Meantime the merrymaking had steadily proceeded. Fiddles squeaked, old guitars and banjos were thrummed, and the feet of the dancers resounded like thunder far and near. Suddenly the jolly crowd of caperers became aware of the presence of a thin white-haired old man who sat on a stool crouching over the fire and striving, seemingly in vain, to warm his thin trembling hands over the the blazing logs.

Observing that all eyes were fixed on the stranger, and that the chill which seemed to shake his aged frame was casting a damper upon the prevailing merriment, Goskin, approaching the waif and holding out to him a steaming hot tumbler of egg nog, cried cheerily, "Here, stranger, brace up! this is the real stuff." As the man drained the cup and smacked his lips, someone asked him:—

"Been out prospecting?"

"Yes, and bad enough too."

"How long out?"

"Four days."

"S'pose you're hungry?" said Goskin. "Here, fall to."

The stranger required no second invitation, but having spent a few minutes of delightful occupation at the luncheon table, he turned towards the company a changed man. As the mirth waxed loud and furious, so did the dismal traveller become the gayest of the gay. Suddenly his eye fell on the piano, upon which he asked Goskins where the player was. "Never had one," murmured the abashed landlord, "Can't get ne'er a one in these diggings."

"I used to play myself when I was young," said the old man reflectively. "But now?"

"Never mind youth or age, stranger," almost screamed poor Goskin. "Do tackle it, do ey now! nary a man in this camp has had the courage to wrestle with this music box."

"I'll try," said the stranger, doubtfully.

The sight of a man at the piano was such a prodigy that the bets ceased at the faro table—glasses stopped half way between the table and the drinkers' lips, and a sudden pause came over the wild scene and wilder company, deepening into a silence as strange as it was impressive. The old man brushed back his long white hair, raised his eyes, lustrous with a wonderful but unnatural brilliancy, to the ceiling, and then, as if he were himself only an automaton or somnambulist, his fingers strayed in a splendid prelude with powerful and thrilling harmony over the keys of the instrument. At first the majestic chords and brilliant execution startled the listeners into something almost amounting to fear; but presently, even the player himself became transfigured, his worn cheek flushed, his eyes sparkled, his form became erect, and he was—as one of the wild company whispered to another—"the very picter of a lord or a saint to look upon."

"Aye, but see him counter with his left fist," murmured another rough.

"Sakes alive, how many pianers has he got at the upper end of the thing?" added another.

"Lord help us! we're all going to glory!" hissed a fourth. But now the inspiration changed—the player wandered into old familiar airs, which set every hand beating time and every head nodding; then came some Scotch tunes, causing every rough to jump to their feet and keep time with stamping, finger snappings, and grotesque capers. Again the mood changed, and "Killarney," "The Last Rose of Summer," and old, old Irish ditties restored them all to their seats, and drew many a shading hand across moistened eyes. Then came old well-remembered Christmas carols, redolent of evergreens and holly, mistletoe boughs, and sports of long ago. Once more, however, the man changed with the

tune and the instrument. Again the player was old, very old—pale, oh, how ghastly pale—withered and worn—and all the while the "music box" kept growing softer and finer and more tender, until it seemed, as if of its own accord, rather than under the action of those thin, thin fingers, the piano drifted into the air of "Home, Sweet Home." Softer, lower, yet more broken fell the notes, until at last they ceased altogether; deep sighs, some half-suppressed sobs, were all the sounds heard in that wild scene, until a sudden thud—then deep silence, the old man's head fell heavily on the front board of the instrument. Those that arose to aid and lift him up, murmured in subdued tones, "Gone home, sure! gone to his home, sweet home! Wonder who he was!"

Peter Klaus.*

A GERMAN LEGEND.

The following legend has a peculiar interest as being the source from whence Washington Irving obtained the idea for his "Rip van Winkle":—

PETER KLAUS was a goatherd of Sittendorf, and tended his flocks in the Kyffhausen mountains; here he was accustomed to let them rest every evening in a mead surrounded by an old wall, while he made his muster of them; but for some days he had remarked that one of his finest goats always disappeared some time after coming to this spot, and did not join the flock till late: watching her more attentively he observed that she slipped through an opening in the wall, upon which he crept after the animal and found her in a sort of cave, busily employed in gleaning the oat grains that dropped down singly from the roof. He looked up and shook his ears amidst the shower of corn that now fell down upon him, but with all his inquiry could discover nothing. At last he heard above the stamping and neighing of horses, from whose mangers it was probable the oats had fallen.

Peter was yet standing in astonishment at the sound of horses in so unusual a place, when a boy appeared, who by signs, without speaking a word, desired him to follow. Accordingly he ascended a few steps and passed over a walled court into a hollow, closed in on all sides by lofty rocks, where a partial twilight shot through the over-spreading foliage of the shrubs. Here, upon the smooth, fresh lawn he found twelve knights playing gravely at nine-pins, and not one spoke a syllable; with equal silence Peter was installed in the office of setting up the nine-pins.

At first he performed this duty with knees that knocked against each other, as he now and then stole a partial look at the long beards and slashed doublets of the noble knights. By degrees, however, custom gave him courage; he gazed on everything with firmer look, and at last even ventured to drink out of a bowl that stood near him, from which the wine exhaled a most delicious odour. The glowing juice made him feel as if re-animated, and whenever he found the least weariness he again drew fresh vigour from the inexhaustible goblet. Sleep at last overcame him.

Upon waking, Peter found himself in the very same inclosed mead where he was wont to tell his herds. He rubbed his eyes, but could see no sign either of dog or goats, and was besides not a little astonished at the high grass and shrubs, and trees which he had never before observed there. Not well knowing what to think, he continued his way over all the places that he had been accustomed to frequent with his goats, but nowhere could he find any traces of them; below him he saw Sittendorf, and, at length, with hasty steps, he descended.

The people whom he met from the village were all strangers to him; they had not the dress of his acquaintance, nor yet did they exactly speak their language, and when he asked after his goats, they all stared and touched their chins. At last he did the same almost involuntarily, and found his beard lengthened by a foot at least, upon which he began to conclude that himself and those about him were equally under the influence of enchantment; still, he recognised the mountain he had descended, for the Kyffhausen; the houses, too, with their yards and gardens, were all familiar to him, and to the passing questions of a traveller several boys replied by the name of Sittendorf.

With increasing doubt he now walked through the village to his house. It was much decayed, and before it lay a

strange goatherd's boy in a ragged frock, by whose side was a dog worn lank by age, that growled and snarled when he spoke to it. He then entered the cottage through an opening which was once closed by a door. Here, too, he found all so void and waste that he tottered out again at the back door as if intoxicated, and called his wife and children by their names; but none heard, none answered.

In a short time, women and children thronged around the stranger with the long hoary beard, and all, as if for a wager, joined in inquiring what he wanted. Before his own house to ask others after his wife or children, or even of himself, seemed so strange that to get rid of these querists he mentioned the first name that occurred to him—Kurt Steffen. The bystanders looked at each other in silence, till at last an old woman replied, "He has been in the churchyard these twelve years, and you will not go there to-day." "Velten Meier?" "Heaven rest his soul!" replied an ancient dame, leaning upon her crutch; "Heaven rest his soul! he has lain these fifteen years in the house that he will never leave."

The goatherd shuddered, as in the last speaker he recognised his neighbour, who seemed to have suddenly grown old; but he had lost all desire for further questions. At this moment a brisk young woman pressed through the anxious gapers, carrying an infant in her arms, and leading by the hand a girl about fourteen years old, all three the very image of his wife. With increasing surprise he asked her name.

"Maria."

"And your father's?"

"Peter Klaus. Heaven rest his soul! It is now twenty years since we sought him day and night on the Kyffhausen mountains, when his flock returned without him. I was then but seven years old."

The goatherd could contain himself no longer. "I am Peter Klaus," he cried; "I am Peter Klaus, and none else; and he snatched the child from his daughter's arms.

All for a moment stood as if petrified, till at length one voice, and another, and another, exclaimed, "Yes, this is Peter Klaus! Welcome, neighbour; welcome, after twenty years!"

The King's Picture.

THE king from his council-chamber
Came weary and sore of heart;
He called for Iliff, the painter,
And spake to him thus apart:
"I am sickened of faces ignoble,
Hypocrites, cowards, and knaves!
I shall shrink to their shrunken measure,
Chief slave in a realm of slaves!"

"Paint me a true man's picture,
Gracious, and wise, and good,
Dowered with the strength of heroes,
And the beauty of womanhood.
It shall hang in my famous chamber,
That thither, when I retire,
It may fill my soul with its grandeur,
And warm it with sacred fire."

So the artist painted the picture,
And it hung in the palace hall;
Never a thing so goodly
Had garnished the stately wall.
The king, with head uncovered,
Gazed on it with rapt delight,
Till it suddenly wore strange meaning,
And baffled his questioning sight.

For the form was his supplest courtier's,
Perfect in every limb;
But the bearing was that of the henchman
Who filled the flagons for him.
The brow was a priest's who pondered
His parchments early and late;
The eye was a wandering minstrel's
Who sang at the palace-gate.

The lips, half-sad and half-mirthful,
With a fitting, tremulous grace,
Were the very lips of a woman
He had kissed in the market-place;
But the smile that their curves transfigured,
As a rose with its shimmer of dew,
Was the smile of the wife who loved him
Queen Ethelyn, good and true.

Then, "Learn, O king," said the artist,
"This truth that the picture tells—
How, in every form of the human,
Some hint of the Highest dwells;
How, scanning each living temple
For the place where the veil is thin,
We may gather, by beautiful glimpses,
The form of the good within."

* The above legend was given to Mrs. Hardinge Britten by its author, Baron Grümker, a friend of Washington Irving, who received it from the Baron with permission to transpose the name and scenery of action to Rip van Winkle and the Catskill mountains.

The Christmas Night Prize.—A Real Life Sketch.

RELATED BY DR. O. E. BANKS, OF NEW YORK.

THE EX-NEWSBOY.

"I'm only a rough 'un, sir, an' stories ain't zactly into my line; but I'll tell ov a thing as is actual fact. Let's see; it must ha' been as far back as sixty-three; yes, that was the time.

I was trudgin' along, with nary a dime in my pocket, an' papers about a score—I don't know when I'd been struck so afore—an' thinkin' as how the dear folks at home was a waitin' fur supper till I should come, an' wond'rin' how I could raise a bite fur Mother and sis—'twas on Christmas night, an' the town all alive an' busy as swarming bees in a hive, so intent on their pleasures they couldn't see a poor shiv'ren newsboy such as me; so thinkin' an' plannin' without intent, I strayed away from the crowd an' went down a quiet street, all deserted; I vow I didn't know why then, but I do now, an' believe as firm as we're standin' here some high power drew me; you think that queer? Just wait till I've finished and p'rhaps you'll agree, there's them as knows better than you an' me; for, ploddin' along with my mind away off on other things, I heard a low kind o' sob, and lookin' round I see a small bundle lyin' onto the ground right close to my feet, while flittin' away, a figure stole in the starlight grey, for all the world like a spirit. I was used to all sorts, being raised purty hard—grewed up in the streets, y' might say—but still I felt a kind ov a—creepin' chill stealing all up my back t' the hairs o' my head, an' my heart growin' heavy's a lump o' lead, an' I couldn't ha' stirred a foot or a han' for all the money wus in the lan'.

But 'n less'n a quarter o' the time I've took to tell you 'twas gone, an' I braced an' shook the feeling off, an' in another minute I was openin' the bundle to see what was in it. 'Twas all wrapped up in flannels, as white an' soft as the snow that had fell that night. But it give me som'at ov a start, I guess, when I found 'twas a "BABY," and nothin' less; a wee little baby, an' I'll be blowed when it opened its eyes an' smiled an' crowed, if somehow the houses, the trees, and the ground didn't dance an' mingle, and spin all around in a sort of a mist, an' I wanted to shout, an' I wanted to cry, an' blubbered right out. P'rhaps 'twas babyish. Well, well, we are men now, but I vow I couldn't ha' helped it then. What did I do? What could any un do but just what I did? I up an' threw my papers down in the snow, an' instead, picked the little one up from its chilly bed, an' scampered for home with all o' my might, holdin' it to my breast with a clasp firm an' tight. There's different degrees o' good, I sure; but ov all kinds I consider that pure which a creature does just because he wants to, irrespective ov laws.

Now, I never onct thought o' the why I did it; I s'pose 'twas mostly because He bid me, for I had never a thought at all till I'd climbed the stairs an' ran through the hall, an' opened the door in a hurried way; then stopped, not knowin' just what to say, for the fire was out an' the room was chill, and mother 'n sis sitting there so still, an' the candle's dim light showed a look in their eyes "of a want that couldn't be reached by my prize." Then I went 'thout a word to where mother sat an' laid the baby in her lap. At that she started as tho' to cast it away, then stopped, an' soft as the break o' day, a light stole into her face an' she said:—

"It's a strange bit o' supper you've bro't to-night, Ned." Then I told her the whole o' the story right there, just about word for word as I've told it to you, an' she kept holdin' the babe to her breast, kind o' rockin' it like, 'til I said I guessed if hard work ud do it, I'd pull 'em all through, even if there was three mouths to feed 'stead o' two. Then she spoke right out as quick as a wink, very low and soft though: "Oh! Neddie; I think God has sent this baby to give me the joy of knowing I've got such a noble boy; 'an we'll keep it, my son, whatever betide; and trust in the Lord, He is sure to provide." Then I jumps up quick. "An' mother," says I, "God never has sent that wee thing here to die, and I am sure He will give me something to do. Dear mother, s'posin' we ask Him to?" Then we knelt right down on the bare, cold floor, an' she prayed as I'd never heard her afore.

Then I snatched my cap an' away I went; an', sir, may I ne'er have another cent, if there wasn't a man standin' out in the cold, right close to our door, with a horse to hold; an' when he come back, an' handed me out a whole big dollar, I

just gave a shout o' joy, an' the whole world looked brighter at once. Now some'd call that special providence. I believe it too, or leastwise in part; but the man had to have the right kind o' heart. There's a verse in the Bible, or so I've been told, promisin' them as gives a return o' ten fold; an' some folk will speculate, I have no doubt, allers watchin' the little that they ha' sent out, to see that the proper returns are bro't in. Now givin' like that I count almost a sin.

'Tis the man that gives without figurin', I've found,
That reaps the reward when the time comes round.

Well, I spent the whole dollar for good things to eat, an' some coals for a fire, then flew up the street with my arms full o' comforts as tho' I had wings, an' we soon were cosy an' happy as kings.

Ain't much more to tell; everything after that seemed to come our way. The baby grew fat, an' strong, an' purty, an' pert as a bird, an' work was plenty with me. In a word, we were soon beyond want; an' a man to-day I stand; with a store o' my own. What'd you say? That voice you hear? That's Bess, our Bess, our Christmas prize, an' the light of our home she is too; ain't you, darlin'? Give you a kiss? Well, well; don't pout; there's a couple; now go! I believe the dear creature 'ud kiss my rough face tho' all the world was lookin'. Drop into my place some time in the winter; I'll show you my wife. Sh! hush; no, not for your life must you mention it, sir; for often I've dreamed that somethin' would separate us, an' it seemed so horribly true, that sometimes the fear of some one claimin' her, pierces me here like a knife. For, stranger, 'twould break my heart, if her an' me should be forced to part. Does she know? Of course, an' when I explained, how, that we might lose her, her heart was so pained, she just threw herself onto my bosom an' cried as if her heart would break, an' tho' hard I tried to comfort her, sir, she just sobb'd the more; 'til I saw ov a sudden what I hadn't afore; an' I told her in my rough sort o' way, how if she was willin', that come what may, we needn't be parted, by relations or law, she all the while nestlin' the closer—an' pshaw!—how that pesky cigar smoke gets into my eyes. Well, well; that's the tale of my Christmas prize. She might ha' done better, an' perhaps ha' done worse. I hain't much learnin' nor a very big purse; but the heart that has loved her since her first year, won't let her suffer, he thinks. Life is queer, but I've got a good store, and enough to do with, and when Bess is my wife, why, that'll be a prize for *life*—not for a Christmas night only.

A Cure for Slander.

THE following very homely but singularly instructive lesson is by St. Philip Neri: A lady presented herself to him one day, accusing herself of being given to slander. "Do you frequently fall into this fault?" inquired the saint. "Yes, father, very often," replied the penitent. "My dear child," said that saint, "your fault is great, but mercy is still greater. For your penance do as follows—go to the nearest market, purchase a chicken just killed, and well covered with feathers; you will then walk to a certain distance, plucking the bird as you go along; your walk finished, you will return to me." Great was the astonishment of the lady in receiving so strange a penance, but silencing all human reasoning, she replied, "I will obey, father; I will obey." Accordingly she repaired to the market, bought the fowl, and set out on her journey, plucking it as she went along, as she had been ordered. In a short time she returned, anxious to tell of her exactness in accomplishing her penance, and desirous of receiving some explanation of one so singular. "Ah," said the saint, "you have been very faithful to the first part of my order; now do the second part, and you will be cured. Retrace your steps, pass through all the places you have traversed, and gather up one by one all the feathers you have scattered." "But, father," exclaimed the poor woman, "that is impossible. I cast the feathers carelessly on every side; the wind carried them in different directions; how can I now recover them?" "Well, my child," replied the saint, "so it is with your words of slander. Like the feathers which the wind scattered, they have been wafted in many directions; call them back if you can. Go, and sin no more."

CAN a man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birth places, or their father and mother.—George Eliot.

The Poltergeist at Kansas.

THIS city, for more than five years past, has had within its limits many haunted buildings, that have led many to believe that ghosts were a reality and disembodied spirits are free to act and often materialise and assume the form of human beings. The Delaware mills, that stand on the north bank of the Kaw river, have during these years caused a great deal of comment among sceptics, who are slow to believe in modern ghosts as they come down to us from the past.

In 1861 Orlando Darling, native of Vermont, came to this place, and, with the assistance of a banker, erected a sawmill on the site where the Delaware mills now stand. Business began to boom, and several young men found employment in the mill. Among them was a man named Thompson, who one evening was shot in a row at a dance, and fell dead from the effects of a bullet from a revolver in the hands of a young man by the name of Crone. Thompson fell to the ground and expired almost instantly. His remains were brought to the mill that evening and lay in state about twenty-four hours, viewed by hundreds of his friends. His body was sent east to his friends for burial. Crone, the murderer, was arrested and confined in the county jail for several months, but was afterwards released on condition that he would enlist in the United States army, which he did, and served until the close of the war. A year or two later Darling's mill was converted into a flour mill and remained such for several years, when the proprietor failed and left the country for California. The property then changed hands, and after two or three transfers became the property of the Union Pacific Railway, and since then, or about five years ago, it has been abandoned and used as a harbour for tramps.

Since these mills became the property of the Union Pacific Railroad Company great stories have been told by many who claim to be eye-witnesses to nightly visitants in the form of spirits under the captaincy of this man Thompson, who spent his last days on earth in and around the old building. These ghosts are said to be noisy by the immediate neighbours living near the mill. These spirits, to the number of thirty or more, meet about ten o'clock in the evening, and then clear the room of all lumber and other material lying around loose in the third story of the building. Then they commence their gymnastics with yells and shrieks that would cause a demon from the infernal regions to give an audience for a few moments. After this programme is filled then come musical instruments of a heavenly order, far transcending anything ever heard before. This music continues until one o'clock in the morning, when a general roll-call ends the performance.

These nightly visitations and apparitions have caused a terror and almost general stampede among those having property within rifle-shot of those mills. The existence of the building has been threatened time and again, but the demons who hold sway in the mill keep vigilant guard over the property. The citizens on the north side of the river have repeatedly warned the officials of the Union Pacific Railway Company that this old building has lived beyond its usefulness, and its safety is not secure, and at any moment it is liable to be in flames, notwithstanding the strong guard of spirits that many suppose are there in the evening. The above is a plain statement of the old haunted mill that for four or five years has been a spectre to all the inhabitants.—*Lawrence (Kan) Special to Kansas City Times.*

Pure Religion and Undeified.

WE have received the report of the Sadharan Brahmo Somaj for the present year, being its twentieth annual report. Its principles are still making steady progress in India. Perhaps the most interesting page in the book is that which states the principles of Brahmoism, which is in the following words:—

1. There is only one God, who is the Creator, Preserver, and Saviour of this world. He is Spirit, infinite in power, wisdom, love, justice, and holiness, omnipresent, eternal, and blissful.
2. The human soul is immortal, and capable of infinite progress, and is responsible to God for its doings.
3. God must be worshipped in spirit and truth.

4. Love to God, and carrying out His will in all the concerns of life, constitutes true worship.

5. Prayer and dependence on God and a constant realization of His presence are the means of attaining spiritual growth.

6. No created object is to be worshipped as God, nor any person or book to be considered as infallible and the sole means of salvation, but truth is to be reverently accepted from all scriptures, and the teachings of all persons, without distinction of creed or country.

7. The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man and kindness to all living beings.

8. God rewards virtue and punishes sin. His punishments are remedial and not eternal.

9. Cessation from sin, accompanied by sincere repentance, is the only atonement for it; and union with God in wisdom, goodness, and holiness, is true salvation.

The New Theology.

I've just got home from meeting, wife,
And I've got this to say:
I never was so taken back
As I have been to-day.
I've been a deacon, good and true,
Nigh on t' forty years,
But in the meeting-house to-day
I scarce believed my ears.

We had a smart, new preacher there,
Invited up from town,—
But lor', he twisted up his text,
And split it upside down;
He made it mean another thing
Then that we set such store,
It made me think it was no use
To read it any more.

The dear old book we always thought
Was just as good as gold,
He said was filled with big mistakes
And stories far too old
To be relied on now-a-days
As gospel right and true,
For in this age of reason things
Had turned about quite new.

And then, the hell we used to fear,
With flames and brimstone blue,
He almost said 'twas but a hoax
To frighten sinners through.
And though I am a deacon
In the meeting-house up there,
I tell you, wife, I wished myself
It might be just a scare.

But yet through all his sermon
He stood by Christ all right,
And said that his example
Was the bright an' shining light;
That if we follow right along
And do our duty here,
There's nothing on this earth, or hell,
That we may ever fear.

And after all the preacher wound
The sermon up quite smart,
And said that all religion meant
Was a good and honest heart;
That all the prayers and churches
That ever could be given
Would never show a better way
To get us into heaven.

He said, the world was growing wise
For science getting in,
Was a tinkering with most everything,
With dogmas and with sin;
And I shouldn't be surprised a bit
If all he said was true,—
But what the meeting-folks up there
Will all believe it too.

But, wife, I liked his talking though,
He seemed sincere and true,
It kinder woke me up to think,
And up to dare and do;
I think there's sense in what he said
And I shall hunt for proof,
For after hearing him to-day
I'm bound to know the truth.

I know, dear wife, that God is good,
And He will hear our prayer,
And give us light and wisdom
In the meeting-house up there.
And if the new theology
Is right for us to-day,
We'll lay aside the creed that's past
And hail the better way.

—Golden Gate.