

# THE TWO WORLDS

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM, OCCULT SCIENCE, ETHICS, RELIGION AND REFORM.

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# PLATFORM GUIDE.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1891.

**Aberdeen.**—Mr. Findlay's, 47, Wellington Street. Séance.  
**Accrington.**—26, China St., Lyceum 10-30; 2-30, 6-30: Mrs. Wade.  
**Armley (near Leeds).**—Temperance Hall, 2-30, 6-30.  
**Ashington.**—New Hall, at 5 p.m.  
**Bacup.**—Meeting Room, Princess St., 2-30, 6-30: Mr. G. A. Wright.  
**Barrow-in-Furness.**—82 Cavendish St., at 11 and 6-30.  
**Bailey Carr.**—Town St., Lyceum, 10 and 2; 6-30.  
**Bailey.**—Wellington St., 2-20 and 6: Mr. H. Crossley.  
**Beeston.**—Temperance Hall, 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Hoyle.  
**Belper.**—Jubilee Hall, at 10 and 2, Lyceum; at 10-30 and 6-30: Mr. F. S. Sainsbury.  
**Bingley.**—Wellington St., 2-30, 6: Mr. Peel.  
**Birkenhead.**—84, Argyle Street, at 6-30: Miss Jones, Psychometry. Thursday, at 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, at 2-30 and 6: Mr. Kempster.  
**Blackburn.**—Old Grammar School, Freckleton St., at 9-30, Lyceum; at 2-30 and 6-30: open.  
**Bolton.**—Bridgeman St. Baths, 2-30, 6-30: Mr. Grimshaw. Spinners' Hall, Town Hall Square, Lyceum, at 10; 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. J. Ridings.  
**Bradford.**—Walton St., Hall Lane, 2-30, 6: Mrs. Carr. Otley Road, at 2-30 and 6: Mr. W. Howell, and on the 18th. Little Horton Lane, 1, Spicer St., at 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Whiteoak. Milton Rooms, Westgate, at 10, Lyceum; 2-30, 6: Mrs. Gregg. St. James's Church, Lower Ernest St., 2-30, 6-30: Mr. Campion. 448, Manchester Rd., 2-30 and 6: Mr. Todd and Mrs. Webster. Bankfoot.—Bentley's Yard, at 10-30, Circle; at 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Winder. Wed., 7-30. Birk Street, Leeds Road, at 2-30 and 6.  
**Bowling.**—Harker St., 10-30, 2-30, 6: Mr. Crowther. Wed., 7-30. Norton Gate, Manchester Rd., 2-30, 6: Mr. Bloomfield. Tues., 8.  
**Brighouse.**—Oddfellows' Hall, Lyceum, 10-15; 2-30, 6: Miss Walton.  
**Burnley.**—Hammerton St., Lyceum, at 9-30; 2-30, 6-30: Mr. J. B. Tetlow. North St., Lyceum at 10; 2-30 and 6: Mr. Hepworth. Bread Street, Lyceum, at 10; 2-30 and 6: Mr. Long and Mrs. Best. Monday, at 7-30. 102, Padiham Rd., 2-30, 6. Developing Circle, Tuesdays, 7-30.  
**Burslem.**—Temple, Newcastle St., Lyceum, at 10-30; 2-30 and 6-30.  
**Byker.**—Back Wilfred Street, at 6-30.  
**Cardiff.**—Hall, Queen St. Arcade, Lyceum, at 2-45; at 11 and 6-30: Mrs. Wallis, and on Monday.  
**Churwell.**—Low Fold, Lyceum, at 10-30 and 1-30; at 2-30 and 6.  
**Cleckheaton.**—Walker St., Lyceum, at 9-45; 2-30, 6-30: Mr. Thresh.  
**Colne.**—Oloth Hall, Lyceum, at 10; 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. Rowling.  
**Cowms.**—Asquith Buildings, at 2-30 and 6.  
**Darwen.**—Church Bank St., Lyceum, at 9-30; at 11, Circle; at 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. J. Swindlehurst.  
**Denholme.**—6, Blue Hill, at 2-30 and 6.  
**Dewsbury.**—48, Woodbine Street, Flatt, 2-30 and 6.  
**Eccleshill.**—13, 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. Forrester.  
**Foleshill.**—Edgewick, at 10-30, Lyceum; at 6-30.  
**Gateshead.**—Mrs. Hall's Circle, 13, 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: Mr. Armitage. Monday, 7-30.  
**Hanley.**—Spiritual Hall, 24, Broad St., Lyceum, at 10-30; 2-30, 6-30.  
**Haswell Lane.**—At Mr. Shields', at 6-30.  
**Heckmondwike.**—Assembly Room, Thomas Street, at 10, Lyceum; at 2-30, 6: Mr. Boocock. Thursday, at 7-30. Blanket Hall St., Lyceum at 10; at 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Mercer. Mon., 7-30. Tues., Wednesday, & Thursday, Members' Circles.  
**Hetton.**—At Mr. Shield's, 5, Kenton Rd., Hetton Downs, at 7: Local.  
**Heywood.**—Argyle Buildings, Market Street, at 2-30 and 6-15: Mrs. Yarwood, Mr. Taft, Chairman. All welcome. Discussion Hall, Adelaide St., at 2-45 and 6: Mr. Standish.  
**Houghton-le-Spring.**—At 6. Tuesday, at 7-30.  
**Huddersfield.**—Brook Street, at 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. Ringrose. Institute, 8, John St., off Buxton Rd., 2-30, 6: Service of Song.  
**Hull.**—Seddon's Rooms, 81, Charles Street, at 6. Thursday, at 7-30, Circle.  
**Idle.**—2, Back Lane, Lyceum, 2-30 and 6: Mr. T. Hindle.  
**Keighley.**—Lyceum, East Parade, 2-30, 6. Assembly Room, Brunswick St., 2-30 and 6: Mr. Johnson.  
**Lancaster.**—Athenæum, St. Leonard's Gate, at 10-30, Lyceum; at 2-30, 6-30, Local.  
**Leeds.**—Psychological Hall, Grove House Lane, back of Brunswick Terrace, 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. Hopwood. Institute, Cookridge St., Lyceum, at 10; at 2-30 and 6-30: Mrs. Craven, and on Monday, at 8.  
**Leicester.**—Liberal Club, Town Hall Square, at 2-30, Lyceum; at 10-45 and 6-30: Mr. Chaplin. Lecture Room, Temperance Hall, at 2-30, Lyceum; at 6-30. 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.  
**London.**—Oambervell Rd., 102.—At 7. Wednesdays, at 8-30. **Uanning Town.**—2, Bradley St., Beckton Rd., at 7: Mrs. Spring. Tuesday, at 7-30, Public Séance. **Clapham Junction.**—16, Queen's Parade, at 3-30 and 7. **Forest Hill.**—28, Devonshire Rd., 7. Thursday, at 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. Thurs, 8, Mrs. Spring. **King's Cross.**—46, Caledonian Rd. Saturday, at 7-45, Mr. Vango and Mrs. Wilkins alternately.

**King's Cross.**—182, Caledonian Rd., at 10-45, Lessons on Geology, Mr. A. M. Rodger; at 6-45, Mr. Emms, "Comparative Religions and their Growth." Wed., at 8-30, Improvement Class.  
**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., at 11, Open Service; at 8, Lyceum; at 7, Mr. Hoperoft, Trance. Monday, at 8, Social. Thursday, at 7-45, Mr. Hoperoft. Saturday, at 7-45, Mr. W. E. Walker.  
**Mile End.**—Assembly Rooms, Beaumont St., at 7.  
**Notting Hill.**—124, Portobello Road: Tuesdays, at 8, Mr. Towns.  
**Peckham.**—Chepstow Hall, 1, High St., at 11-15, Mr. W. E. Long, "Spirit Phenomena;" at 8, Lyceum and Music; at 6-30, A Buddhist Sermon; at 8-15, Members' General Meeting.  
**Peckham.**—Winchester Hall, 33, High St., at 11-15, "The Sleep State;" at 7, open, "Temples of the Holy Ghost." Monday, at 8-15, Free Discussion.  
**Shepherds' Bush.**—14, Orchard Rd., Lyceum, at 8; at 7. Tues. and Sats., 8, Séance, Mrs. Mason. Thurs., 8, Developing Circle.  
**Shepherds' Bush.**—At Mr. Chance's 1, Lawn Terrace, North End Rd., West Kensington. Wednesdays, at 8, Séance, Mrs. Mason.  
**Stepney.**—Mrs. Ayers', 45, Jubilee Street, at 7. Tuesday, at 8.  
**Strand.**—1, Catherine St., Mr. Joseph Hagon's Séances, at 11 & 7.  
**Stratford.**—Workman's Hall, West Ham Lane, E., at 7: Mr. D. Summers.  
**Longton.**—44, Church St., at 11 and 6-30.  
**Macclesfield.**—Cumberland St., Lyceum, 10-30; 2-30, 6-30: Mr. J. Walsh.  
**Manchester.**—Temperance Hall, Tipping Street, Lyceum, at 10; at 2-45 Miss Walker; at 6-30: Mrs. Britten (see Prospectives). **Collyhurst Road,** at 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. Fletcher. **Edinboro' Hall,** nr. Alexandra Park Gates, 3, 6-30: Mrs. Berry. 10, Petworth Street, Cheetham, Friday, at 8-15.  
**Mezborough.**—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., Lyceum, at 10 and 1-45; at 2-30 and 6, Mrs. W. Stansfield.  
**Nelson.**—Sager St., 2-30, 6-30: Mr. G. Smith.  
**Newcastle-on-Tyne.**—20, Nelson St., at 2-15, Lyceum; 10-45, 6-30: Mr. R. Grice, "Are the Facts of Spiritualism Worthy of Attention?"  
**North Shields.**—6, Camden St., Lyceum, 2-30; 11, 6-15: Mr. Rutherford. 41, Borough Rd., at 6-30: Mrs. White.  
**Northampton.**—Oddfellows' Hall, Newland, 2-30, 6-30: Mr. Drake.  
**Nottingham.**—Morley Hall, Shakespeare Street, Lyceum, at 2-30; at 10-45 and 6-30.  
**Oldham.**—Temple, Union St., Lyceum, at 9-45 and 2; at 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. J. C. Macdonald. Hall, Bartlam Place, Horsedge St., Lyceum, 10 and 2-30; at 3 and 6-30: Mr. W. H. Wheeler. Monday, at 7-45.  
**Openshaw.**—Mechanics' (Whitworth Street entrance), Lyceum, at 9-15 and 2; 10-30 and 6-30: Mr. Rooke.  
**Parkgate.**—Bear Tree Rd., 10-30, Lyceum; 2-30, 6.  
**Pendleton.**—Cobden St. (close to the Co-op. Hall), Lyceum, at 9-30 and 1-30; at 2-45 and 6-30: Mrs. Green.  
**Rawtenstall.**—10-30, Lyceum; 2-30, 6: Mr. J. Taylor (Physical).  
**Rochdale.**—Regent Hall, 2-30 6: Mr. B. Plant. Wed., 7-30, Public Circles. Michael St., at 8 and 6-30. Tuesday, at 7-45, Circle. Penn Street, at 2-30 and 6: Public Circles, and on Wed., at 7-30.  
**Salford.**—Spiritual Temple, Southport Street, Cross Lane, Lyceum, at 10-15 and 2; 3 and 6-30: Mr. Mayoh. Wed., 7-45.  
**Scholes.**—Tabernacle, Silver St., 2-30, 6.  
**Sheffield.**—Cocoa House, 175, Pond Street, at 8 and 7. Central Board School, Orchard Lane, at 2-30 and 6-30.  
**Shipley.**—Liberal Club, 2-30, 6: Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves.  
**Skelmanthorpe.**—Board School, 2-30 and 6.  
**Slaithwaite.**—Lalith Lane, at 2-30 and 6: Mr. E. W. Wallis.  
**South Shields.**—99, John Clay St., at 11, Debate; at 6, Mr. Gardiner.  
**Sowerby Bridge.**—Hollins Lane, Lyceum, 10-30, 2-15; 6-30: Miss Patefield.  
**Spennymoor.**—Central Hall, 2-30, 6. Thurs., 7-30. Helpers welcome.  
**Station Town.**—14, Acolom Street, at 2 and 6.  
**Stockport.**—Hall, Wellington Road, near Heaton Lane, Lyceum, at 10; 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 Street, W., at 10-30, Committee; at 2-30, Lyceum; at 6-30, Mr. Westgarth. **Monkwearmouth.**—3, Ravensworth Terrace, 6-30: Mr. Graham.  
**Tunstall.**—18, Rathbone Street, at 6-30.  
**Tyne Dock.**—Exchange Buildings, 11; 2-30, Lyceum; 6: Mr. J. T. McKellar.  
**Walsall.**—Central Hall, Lyceum, at 10; 2-30 and 6-30.  
**Westhoughton.**—Wingates, Lyceum, 10-30; 2-30, 6-30.  
**West Pelton.**—Co-operative Hall, Lyceum, at 10-30; at 2 and 5-30.  
**West Vale.**—Green Lane, 2-30 and 6: Mr. W. Galley.  
**Whitworth.**—Reform Club, Spring Cottages, 2-30, 6.  
**Wibsey.**—Hardy St., at 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Boden.  
**Wisbeck.**—Lecture Room, Public Hall, at 10-30 and 6-45.  
**Woodhouse.**—Talbot Buildings, Station Road, at 6-30.  
**Yeadon.**—Town Side, at 2-30 and 6.

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## THE ROSTRUM.

REVIEW OF GERALD MASSEY'S  
"BOOK OF BEGINNINGS."

BY SAML. KEYWORTH.

[In the following splendid article we have a review from a ripe scholar and profound student of one of the most remarkable works that has ever passed through the press of modern times. To the very few, we regret to say, who have invested no small sum, and no inconsiderable share of time, attention, and thought, on this wonderful and unparalleled work of research, the learned criticism which follows will be read with equal pleasure and profit. To the vast multitude who have not as yet made themselves acquainted with Gerald Massey's boundless stores of knowledge we can but hope that this noble review will incite the study of the above-named gigantic fruitage of Mr. Massey's life and labours.—ED. T. W.]

THERE is little doubt that careful readers of *The Two Worlds* have noticed from time to time allusions to the name and literary works of Gerald Massey, and from such sources they may have gathered that that author's books were of more than ordinary importance. Still it is probable that few have seen his volumes, and fewer still have made them their study: yet Massey's productions are of a kind peculiarly valuable to the earnest truth seeker, whilst the reasons which may prevent their popularity, are, first, their abstruseness, the learned author having set himself a task beyond the popular reach, and one, perhaps, which is treated in an unnecessarily heavy style; secondly, the expensiveness and high cost of the work. Dealing with difficult subjects, oftentimes appealing to scholars only, and arriving at unpalatable conclusions, the circulation of this work was sure to be very limited; hence its expense, an objection belonging to all pioneering efforts.

Assuming that there are some who would willingly know more about these remarkable books, we have, in the interests of truth, undertaken to give a brief account of them as lucidly as possible. We will ask the reader, therefore, to accept our guidance through a land where our progress will not be made on the easy track of the king's highway, beaten level by generations of travellers, but amid loneliness and shade, through primæval forest, rushing torrent, wild mountain peak, and not unfrequently where no path appears, except that along which the exploring author has cut his way before us. He, himself, represents his course as one of stern difficulty; at times no star above or footprint below to guide him; toiling, stumbling, crawling, climbing, battling with overwhelming waters, and in the dark night, yet in all his labours, hopes and fears, feeling the guiding hand.\* In plain language, his facts are often "fetched from far," and "much of the matter is pre-æval," and only obtainable by means of the recent crowds of evidence which have come to us in these later days.

There are two or three special features which commend these writings to any earnest minded man, no matter what his views may be:—

First—They are written, not for the sake of writing something of pecuniary advantage. The author has a story to tell—an astounding story; he has a plot to unfold, and the results of modern research come on like characters to play their parts until the crisis is reached.

\* See dedicatory poem, "Natural Genesis."

Second—They are closely associated with a life history. Mr. Massey was a poet and lecturer. The phenomena of spiritualism came to his notice. He realized their great significance, and they revolutionized his thoughts. He gave up his "chance of a seat upon the Mount of the Muses," turned aside into privacy, and during many years "put his whole life into his labour, fully facing the fact that the most important parts of his work would be the least readable," but content to wait for "a judgment of facts," which he believed time would bring.

Third—Although the books are, in a sense, dry, yet their literary style is unique. Mr. Massey has a great command of words, and words in his hands become absolute poems. The facts brought forward as evidence are enormous in their number, but not more so than the mental pictures which everywhere abound. They are fresh, incisive, and are scattered as thickly as the sparkling hoar frost on the morning grass.

Fourth—They are uncompromising with regard to received opinions. His statements often take our breath away, and throw upon us the responsibility of further inquiry as to "whether these things be so."

The story Mr. Massey has to tell is contained in four imperial octavo volumes, together constituting "A Book of Beginnings;" the two last volumes, being the second part of the whole work, are entitled "The Natural Genesis." Beside these, there are ten lectures, several of them having titles of a striking and suggestive character. The large volumes are divided into sections, which, while complete in themselves, are correlative and cumulative. "They are called sections to denote that they have not the continuity of narrative, but they are parts of a whole." The task undertaken is described on the title page. "An attempt to recover and reconstitute the lost origins of myths, mysteries, types and symbols, religion and language, with Egypt for the mouthpiece, and Africa for the birthplace." Before going further, let the reader allow the idea contained in this all embracing sentence to enter his mind. "Recover and Reconstitute." This reminds us of the old Egyptian myth of Osiris rent in pieces by Typhon, and of the anxious search of Isis to recover the mangled body. Milton in his *Areopagitica* refers beautifully to this story. Osiris becomes the type of the virgin Truth, whose form, so glorious to look on, is by a race of wicked deceivers, hewed into a thousand pieces and scattered to the four winds. Isis figures forth the friends of Truth, ever busy, going up and down, gathering limb by limb as they can find them. "We have not found them," he says, but he looked forward to a time when every joint and member shall be brought together and moulded into a form of immortal perfection. Mr. Massey is one of the band of these "Friends of Truth," searching here and there for her scattered fragments, and trying to place them in position according to natural law, even as Owen and the paleontologists did with their prehistoric fossils. But what gives "The Book of Beginnings" its distinctive character is not only the re-erecting process which many searchers have been doing for years, but that Africa as the birthplace, and Egypt as the mouthpiece is set forth as the place of origin for the human race and its earliest efforts. This is a bold thesis, and interferes radically not only with time-honoured traditions, but with religious convictions, nor should any man receive it without very satisfactory evidence. Our author fully realizes this, and we proceed to follow him sufficiently to gather up his line of thought, and this, let it be clearly understood, is not a useless theory, "a battle of books, a strife of tongues," cannot be dissevered from our actions; our words are not but something of practical importance. "The Book of

Beginnings," although primarily belonging to the world of thought, will have its far-reaching influence in every day life. If wrong it should be disproved and dishonoured, if true it ought to revolutionize the entire realm of religious thought.

The first section introduces us to to Egypt—that land of wonders—where the remotest past seems to stand side by side with the living present. Egypt is the heroine of the plot. The drama opens with the valley of the Nile, and she is the earliest character which passes across the stage. When first seen she appears past maturity—old and grey. She bears no sign of embryo, birth or development, neither does she show any visible line of descent, and, so far as modern nations go, no offspring. She stands alone in all her awful ancientness "without Genesis or Exodus." But her *geographical* portrait is thus drawn: "Old Nile, reflecting the earliest imagery, and symbolic thought—the earliest teacher of man, the river banks rich by long annual inundation, the clear heavens above, like watchers on starry walls keeping registers of astral myths, the sandy deserts, and mountains hemming in the long valley with no outlet but the water, the Æthiopic highlands, and the great lakes of the interior bearing down their vital product to the vale below to be moulded in the deep gorge," afterwards dispersed through the Delta and the wide ocean. Again, Egypt appears as the *focus* where all lines meet—the Rome whence every highway tends, and "if we find that each road leads back to Egypt, we may safely infer that every road proceeded from Egypt." Along these roads explorers have digged and delved, and where their excavations are deepest there they discover Egypt. Fragments are found on each radiating line proving a common model and a common centre. Footprints are found on the historic plains, and "imperishable proofs in the myths and fossils of language." The impress and relics of Egypt are found in all lands."

Such vivid depictings (and there are great numbers of them) are given in this first section to show the natural fitness of Egypt for being what the abundance of evidence leads the author to believe—namely, the cradle, the shaping matrix, and the mouthpiece of earliest man. Not in a literal garden of Eden, somewhere in the Euphratean region of Asia, but in the interior of Africa must we look to discover the roots of the human stock. It was there, too, that the developing process took place which changed the bestial to the lowest human condition. Hence it is not through the yellow Caucasian, but through the black negro that we must trace our primeval descent. The dusky colour of Africa's aborigines was the result not of climate only, but came by origin from the animal prototype. It was, moreover, the wonderful river which became their visible instructor, and bore them down its narrow valley, while the gradual transformation took place that "moulded them into civilized man." Still following the waters, they dispersed abroad, carrying traces of their origin with them in their customs, their language, and their myths.

Arrived at this point in the author's argument, we are prepared to understand what follows in Vol. I.

The second section appeals to scholars only. It is a long comparative list, extending to about 1,600 words, of British and Egyptian words, itself a work of years. The remaining portion of this volume presents the evidence of an Egyptian origin for British beginnings, and very curious reading it is. Mr. Massey has gleaned in a wide field. As we follow his guidance, we seem as if wandering over a vast expanse where débris and relics of elder times lie scattered all around us—sometimes at our feet, sometimes hid away in obscure places, or concealed beneath subsoil. Who would have thought that amid our simple villages, in their rustic customs, weird traditions, and localized words, so many rich historic treasures lie hidden? Who would have dreamed that many of our apparently meaningless names of rivers, wells, hills, and valleys should, when their etymology was traced to its source, link us, not only with the warlike Saxon or proud Roman, but with ancient Egypt itself. Yet so it is if our author has rightly read his facts. The great fabric of humanity is something like our own native soil, built up by gradual deposits and accumulation—strata on strata—each connected with the former by the law of evolutionary growth, so that we moderns are linked inseparably with our very earliest progenitors—the Egyptians.

When we come to the second volume—a ponderous one of nearly 700 pages—we shall find it much more difficult to follow our guide. We now leave the British Isles and pass over to the lands of the Nile and the Jordan. The Hebrew nation, small and unimportant in many respects when com-

pared with contemporary peoples of pre-Christian times, has, as we all know, played a most important part in the world's history. The Old Testament, which in the third century became authoritative in ecclesiastical organizations, has spread over Europe and is with us to-day. In this second volume the author traces the Jewish writings to their source. It would be impossible here to follow even in outline his widely-gathered evidence and subtle reasonings. A word or two must suffice. The books must be read and mastered if we would possess their contents. Starting on the road of philology, many Old Testament words, obscure or perplexing even to Hebraists, are tracked to Egypt, and additional light is thrown upon them by comparison, ideographs, and types on the monuments. Further on the road widens, and the theology and traditions of the ancient "chosen race" are traversed, and their origins shown. Of course this way has been explored before by Volney, Dupuis, Higgins, and many others during the last century; but in the book before us we have the advantage of confirming and extending former explorations with the triple light which Mr. Massey carries with him. There is that of recent African and Oriental research, that of Egyptology, and that of spiritualism. This triple proof applies to the entire work and makes it unique. "My position," says the writer, "had not previously been taken."

In section xix. we have a "comparative vocabulary of Akkado-Assyrian and Egyptian words." A new day of thought has dawned upon the world since the lands of the East have yielded up their buried treasures to an age which is sufficiently awakened to know their value. Among those lands Babylonia, Akkadia, and Assyria have a prominent place. The solitary mounds which were scattered over the wide plains washed by the Tigris and the Euphrates, have become voiceful; and the buried refuse of centuries have, under the labours of such men as Layard, Smith, Boscawen, and Sayce, acquired a value beyond that of gold and silver. But in the Book of Beginnings the examination of these relics has a special character. The learned writer does not tread in the track of the Aryanists. Their theory, which gradually arose after the discovery of Sanscrit, not only leaves out Egypt as the starting place, but deals with word-study somewhat differently from Mr. Massey. The purpose of this nineteenth section is to show a common and Egyptian origin for the cuneiform literature and mythology.

In the next division we find a similar connection in the language, religion, folklore, and types of the Maoris. We are amazed at the extent of ground covered, as well as the variety and detail of the evidence; but before we have time to recover ourselves we are transported to lands which are just at present the object of all eyes, and are examining, comparing, and classifying another crowd of fossils amid the wild aboriginal tribes of Central Africa. What is the use of this scattered material? The author tells us, in the closing words of this volume, he "hopes to be able to furnish a not altogether inadequate representation of the primitive system of thought and its expression in types and myths, so far as it has been possible for him to recover the broken moulds and piece together the scattered remains."

If half my grapnels hold their ground  
An anchorage made firm and fast,  
Will serve to show that we have found  
The old sea-bottom of the past.

In treating of the second part of Mr. Gerald Massey's great work—the NATURAL GENESIS—it will be impossible to do more than give the merest outline of it, otherwise we feel sure that we should be encroaching too much on the goodwill of the Editor of *The Two Worlds*. But the claim made in the work is so very important, and one withal so much in common with the views set forth week by week in this periodical, that we hope a little indulgence will be granted for introducing it to the reader.

The story of a Genesis of Nature is very different from the Genesis with which most of us have been familiar from our childhood, but one which includes and explains it.

One of the most prominent events which has marked the present century, is the opening up of the interior of the great African continent. Traveller, missionary, sportsman, and merchant have added to our knowledge. Thousands of people have been interested in this work of discovery, but probably that number would be increased and the interest deepened if a continuity and connection between it and our present every-day life and thought were recognized. The chain of evolution establishes that connection, and the "Natural Genesis" traces it almost link by link.

It is to inner Africa that the reader is invited to go, for the thesis is, that there was the "birth-place of the animal typology, which is at the base of the hieroglyphics of heraldry, totemism, and of the so-called beast-epic of the Red Indian, Australian, and Aryan folklore." It was there that the first beginnings of types, signs, and language took place, all having a physical basis. Primitive man attained expression in terms of external phenomena, by signs and symbols, before articulate speech was reached. It is shown that these primordial efforts are wonderfully explained by the hieroglyphics and most ancient records, as well as by the comparative process in other lands. In the two sections—one on the typology of numbers, and the other on the typology which treats of the origin of speech and calculation—a very difficult subject—we seem to be in view of the actual process—early man talking by means of gesture signs, imitative sounds, rudimentary articulation, and afterwards verbal speech (very different this from the idea of "roots" as the origin of speech) little by little, step by step, by the process of Nature herself, until interjectory sounds being consciously repeated to arrest attention, the earliest words afterwards grow into language. The "mouthpiece" of all this, as we have seen, was Egypt, and she is the original point of departure for all lands. But the land of the lotus played a far more important part than being a mere port of embarkation, or centre for distribution. The work of development went on apace on the banks of the Nile, and succeeding sections tell us very much about this growth.

It is shown how early man, in a region suited geographically to his necessities, learnt gradually to clothe his thoughts in speech from objects around him. The earth, the rivers, and the heavens became to him visible sources of blessing or of suffering. In the clear atmosphere of an Eastern clime, the blue vault above, studded with mysterious lights, became specially an object of attention. "He watched the stars go by;" marked the passage of the great sun as he seemed to thread his way among them. He copied the picture of the heavens on the roof of his cave or temple. He identified the seasons on earth with the approach and decline of the constellations in the heavens. In course of time these natural objects became types to him of good and evil, afterwards to be personified, honoured, and worshipped. A vast system of mythology grew up in that wonderful valley, subsequently, as thought became more extended and subtle, to pass into a still more vast system of eschatology and morals. Contemporaneously with all this, both in Egypt and in many a land whither the Kamite aborigines had wandered, man had been "in search of his soul," and had succeeded in getting the knowledge first, probably, by objective phenomena, and, as he could bear it, intuition and a growth of consciousness. In more recent ages, the mythology of Egypt was transformed into the mythos and gnosis of the pre-Christian mystics. Thus this ancient wisdom, uniting on various lines of descent, Hebrew, Persian, Greek, Alexandrian, Essenian, and Nazarene, resulted in the Christianity known to this modern age.

Passing from the scientific region, where we behold man from the earliest palæolithic age, through the archæological, leaving his history on the "stone volumes" and the fossils of language, we are now directed to another very interesting era, namely, that of the Early Church. Mr. Massey bids us stand aside and view the scene of transformation—not, however, from the auditorium, but from behind the scenes, where all the process can be witnessed. From thence we behold the great conflict between the rival Christians—the Gnostics, who had brought the ancient wisdom, through Alexandria and other places, and denied the Christ made flesh, and the historic or *carnalizing Christians*, the orthodox of the present day. We look on until the raging conflict at last ceases, leaving victory with the orthodox. Then comes the rapid growth of a stupendous ecclesiasticism which overwhelmed Europe until the sixteenth century—the Church of Rome—the Christian church with foundations in Egypt, and which, our author says, when all historic Christianity has passed away, will be prepared to say, "We never did really stand on that ground, and now we alone can stand without it." But there is another strange development we are invited to examine. One of Mr. Massey's lectures is entitled, "The Logia of the Lord," or pre-historic sayings ascribed to Jesus the Christ. This, together with the one on "Paul, the gnostic opponent of Peter," and that on "Gnostic Christianity," deal with the subject of the Scriptures, but in a manner altogether unique. Taking up the unquestioned tradition of the Fathers that Matthew wrote down the *Logia Kuriaka* (the sayings or oracles "of the Lord"), it is shown

that the beginning of the earliest gospel was not biographical; contained no actual historic record, only the traditional sayings "of the Lord," but it probably formed the nucleus of our present canonical first gospel. Many of these sayings are now clearly traceable to more ancient sources, while Matthew, the Scribe who recorded the words, the author claims to be none other than *Matu*, the recorder in the Hall of Justice in Egyptian eschatology. Further, the subject matter found in the four accepted gospels is compared and identified with the mythical matter lately brought to light by Egyptian exploration, the whole being carried to Rome by "the underground channel of the mysteries," and reproduced as a veritable life record.

Such is the wonderful narrative told in Mr. Massey's volumes. What shall we say to it? What indeed? It is terribly iconoclastic towards the faith of long centuries, but after all possibly it may not be destructive only. To those who can interpret the typology aright, and are sufficiently large and hopeful in their views, all this may indicate a base, on which, after the ordeal of criticism and demolition have done their work, the purified Church may take her stand—that base being none other than the broad ground of Nature—the orthodoxy of truth. Thus only will she become, as she should be, the channel for the religious instincts of the nation.

### SYBILLA;

#### *The True and Thrilling Autobiography of "One Alone."*

BY EMMA H. BRITTEN.

#### CHAPTER III.

It is a strange but certain evidence that every human being has a special mission on earth to perform, to note how completely each living creature's ideality is isolated to its own condition in life, and how thoroughly all the energies are taxed to fulfil such a destiny—be it large or small—as is confided by the powers that be to each special individual's keeping.

Thus it was that the scene transpiring in my unobserved presence (as recorded in the last chapter) between my manager and the prompter of the theatre in which I worked as a little ballet supernumerary, appeared to me, for the time being, to involve deeper and more important interests to me and my poor, little, fast fading mother, than if I had heard that the country in which we lived was about to sink into the ocean. Just as proportionately joyful and glad did my poor heart become when the kind prompter assured me that my paltry six shillings a week salary was safe under his beneficent protection.

Once more the world smiled upon me, and I left the theatre feeling richer and happier in the continuance of my pittance of six shillings a week than many a noble would have done in the receipt of ten thousand times that sum.

N. B.—If the world in general desires to prove the true secret of psychology, together with the best method of wiping up the tear-stained cheek of humanity with the cheapest possible pocket handkerchief, let it apply, in the first instance, a kind smile, and in the next a kind word; add thereto a single grain of kind action and the mixture will be found infallible; make the above dose the rule of life, and you have the perfect recipe for initiating the kingdom of heaven upon earth.

The Saturday which followed upon the above conversation, Marie Morand, the mother of little Sybilla, the authoress of the following pages, was dismissed from the theatre, where for seven years she had been one of the most attentive, efficient, and admired of its "Coryphées."—Charge—Said Marie was rapidly nearing the eternal flood, whose tide ever flows onward, but never sets backward, and that in her fast-closing pilgrimage, the shadows of early decay became so visibly stamped on the once fair and beautiful, still young and graceful Marie, that she was no longer deemed a sufficient lure to attract young men to the playhouse benches; hence was Marie's occupation gone. I knew when my mother went to the treasury to receive the weekly pittance, what the result would be, but I had not dared to repeat to her, the purport of the conversation of which I had been a partaker—only I knew the fatal truth.

When my mother returned, I looked anxiously into her face to mark the result. The fair dame who weeps her bright eyes dim because her cruel husband cuts her off with a one hundred instead of a five hundred pound suite of jewellery, may smile, even sneer, when she learns that all this perturbation in my young mind was caused by the loss to self and

mother of an income of one pound a week, but then with the exception of my noble earnings of six shillings weekly for appearing as little imps, water nymphs, happy peasants, and occasional angels, this was all we had to live on, pay rent, and buy bread (without butter) for two hungry mouths. Deep as was my anxiety, however, it was soothed by my mother's perfect composure, and the placid manner in which she said, "Sybilla, I shall not be wanted at the theatre any more just now, so for a time, my darling, we shall have to make shift with what you earn. What says my little one; will she work and support her mother for a while?"

Some children would have cried; some vehemently protested; most have had a scene—I never was a child, and so I simply replied:

"I'll take care of you, mother; I think I know enough for that."

That evening my mother stole out during the dusk with a bundle; I saw a certain pink frock sticking out of the handkerchief which I had long coveted, and made sure my mother would eventually transfer to me, but I said nothing, and when she returned without the bundle to take me to the theatre, I knew the dear pink frock would be converted into next week's bread, and if the spiritualists' doctrine be true, that our thoughts are "tangible, material substances," and that good, or bad, our very wishes affect each other by universal sympathy, then will Stage Manager Heavysides find my poor mother's dismissal, for no fault but the very excusable one of dying before her time, sit heavy upon his fate and fortunes.

Two weeks passed away—the first of which saw my mother go forth every twilight with a bundle, large or small, and return without it; the same exchange of goods for bread also saw our scanty wardrobe, furniture, and general possessions narrowing down to a remarkably small point. The second week terminated this evening commerce, and saw little me pattering off to the theatre alone, and by about 12, or sometimes 1 o'clock in the morning, marked me sliding through the bitter, snowy streets alone, till I reached the tenement house where dwelt the lonely watching mother.

"What a shame it is of that idle mother to let that little scrap of a delicate child come toiling on the stage every night by herself, and not even come to fetch her home! And she at ten years old pacing the streets alone every night—what a shame it is!"

Such were the words which greeted my ear one night as I was gathering up my rags in the warmest folds I knew how, to return home. Turning fiercely upon the speaker, a great fat woman who lived so close to my mother that I had night after night crept behind her as a sort of shelter, without going near enough, however, to make her drive me away, which her pride would certainly have instigated her to do, I replied:

"Mother is not able to quit her bed, madam"—I was about to say her straw, for we had eaten our bed up in our morning's meal, but pride checked me, so I bitterly added, "no one offers to see me home, though many live near me, so I go alone, and none will harm me, for I am too poor to rob."

I was going on to say other things which my premature world life would doubtless have rendered very poignant, when my hand was snatched up in a monstrous clutch, and I felt myself whirled along in the strong but tender charge of the old prompter. "Poor Marie," he soliloquised half to himself and half to me, "so her time is drawing near, and I'd forgotten all about it, and left this forlorn thing to wander the streets alone."

Let me here say that my being thus apparently alone and unfriended was no fault of our kind, good fellow-lodger, the "Nancy" of whom I have spoken in a former chapter. Besides having her own work to do, the good laundress devoted herself heart and soul to the care of the dying mother, and as I strove to cheer both these beloved ones by assuring them I was always accompanied by some of the good theatrical folks, they were fain to let me go off alone—ever alone! Though somehow I never felt so. There was a *presence* with me; one that I *only* could recognize, but never found words to describe.

Looking back upon what even now seems to me in retrospect the *dreadful past*, I wonder if every one has the same strange internal consciousness of an unknown, undefined but ever present world of sympathy accompanying them in hours of deepest anguish as I had. Without it I am sure my child's life must have withered, and my old brain—

alas! prematurely old—must have given way. But it was ever with me. It gave me a strange quietude, a wonderful sense of strength, and an ever ready impulse, teaching me what to do and how to do it. I sometimes thought—nay, I was sure, I heard voices—from whence or who I knew not, and had not time to stay, think of, or question; but all this was enough for the dark hours of tribulation I was passing through, even for the darkest of my earthly life. . . .

The night came at length, and then the cold, grey, awful morning that followed, leaving me indeed alone! . . .

How cold the dawning is! The stars are all pale out, the moon is gone, and the chill grey mantle of the coming morning seems like the icy hand of death—the death of stars, and moon—and solemn night creeps upon us, even the fearsome valley, which all must pass, before they reach the sunlit morning land! I do not know that I had ever seen a dawning break before *that one*—that dreadful one, when I, on one side of a heap of straw, and the old prompter on the other, sat by the dim, grey hideous light of that most hideous day, looking upon the clay-cold features of the dead! My mother! The only being I had ever known that cared for me or loved me. My mother! From whose dear lips no word had ever fallen but came like a drop of dew on burning, feverish tongues! But why, why should I recite what she has been to me? Mother!—that word is enough—tells the whole story through. If there is a word on any human tongue that piles up all the attributes which we conceive worthiest of worship in a God, that single word is "Mother!"—and she was dead, gone—lost for ever! Had I not been too stunned to think or speak, I should have run forth into the empty streets, and demanded of the wise to tell me where my mother was, and why I stayed behind, and of the good to take me to her—even through the death-pang's torture.

Happily, however, I was stunned, and the poor old prompter's words (no doubt all full of comfort) fell on an ear which the All-wise had mercifully dulled to prevent the terrible rent which *thought* would otherwise have made in the weak child's human heart. There was but one thing they could make me comprehend, and this involved an act of obedience to *her*, the dead, but to me the yet living mother. Two days before, my mother—she whom in my life I had never disobeyed, to do whose behests had been my only joy—*she* had sent me to a strange street, and, bidding me deliver at a splendid house a sealed letter, had charged me solemnly not to quit my garret until I received an answer to that letter.

"Let nothing tempt you, darling, to leave this lodging, whether thy mother is with thee or not, till some one comes from that house to take thee away."

And now the old prompter began to speak to me of future plans, which I neither comprehended, nor should have tried to comprehend, had he not said something about my going somewhere—away from that room. This was enough. At last I had something to live for—something to struggle for. I would obey her.

"I will not go," I said; and sullenly repeating what her command had been I pillowed my head on the cold bosom of the dead; and felt thankful that she had left me something yet to do that would have pleased her. The prompter was a very strange man, and had, among other latter-day notions, entertained a most irreverent appreciation of priests and priestly offices. Something of this I dimly understood in the whisper of words that from time to time went on between himself and the city officers, who were called upon to give my poor mother's remains the benefit of "Christian sepulture." Sometimes the words "Infidel, Atheist, Freethinker," reached my dull ears in somewhat indignant emphasis, and then the fierce old greyhead's response broke in that "parsons were all humbugs; that he knew quite well where the dead woman was; that she was just as much alive as he was; that for his part he could see her hovering round her orphan child, and knew quite well, too, that she didn't care a rap what became of the 'empty house' from which the spirit had fled, nor whether an ignorant parson came to talk nonsense over her body or no."

The parish officer had the best of it however, for on a certain day I was taken by the hand of the precious old prompter, and solemnly placed near a very tall, very gaunt, and very awful-looking gentleman, draped all in black, whose visage suggested that he was both very unhappy and very angry, an idea that was soon confirmed by his words, as standing over the silent clay, which lay cold and insensible in its coarse wooden last bed, he deliberately pronounced

a solemn anathema against play actors in general, and dancers in particular, apprising his shivering listeners that the dead woman was not only lost, but lost to all eternity. First he painted a vivid picture of that burning region, where fire, however acceptable in such a winter-worn garret as we had lived in, was deprived of its charm, even to poor little shivering me, by the intense horrors which he piled up in the shape of gnawing worms and suffocating brimstone; then he savagely located my hapless, gentle mother there, in company with all the dancers in the world (except King David); finally, he turned to me, and after describing heaven as a jeweller's shop, on a large scale, congratulated me upon my being a brand snatched from the aforesaid burning, and after pointing to the ineffable bliss I should enjoy by seeing that precious mother's torment, and finding by contrast the salvation I should enjoy in that said mineral heaven, he concluded with an affecting prayer that the Lord would be graciously pleased to vouchsafe us all many such edifying lessons by cutting off young dancing sinners with all convenient speed.

I have a vague remembrance that the old prompter—whom, by intuition, I felt was waxing hotter and yet more hot, until his battered visage might be taken as a symbol of the reverend preacher's glowing place of torment—was going to speak, and that after a fashion of which I could pretty well guess the nature. By some impulse, however, which I felt it impossible to master, I stepped forward and determined to present the fixed thought which, up to that moment had possessed my mind. My best, my only friend; my most beloved mother was dead—gone from me. I felt that a great mistake had been made somewhere, and that to rectify it I, too, must die.

By no other way did I see a possibility of rejoining my mother, and in no way did I see a possibility of living without her.

Up to that hour I had been constantly engaged in speculating how and most surely I could secretly make away with myself, so as to join my mother. But now a new idea possessed me. The clergyman's discourse—unmitigably cruel and inhuman, as everyone else felt it to be—seemed to me to open up a splendid vista of new hope, and it was for this reason that I resolutely asked him to tell me if he was quite sure my mother had gone to hell because she was a dancer? Evidently impressed with the idea that his fervid eloquence had touched the right spot in my heart, he reiterated his assurance, and added thereto his knowledge of where she was at that particular moment, and the horrible torments she was then in, and would undergo for ever.

"Thank you, sir," I meekly replied, "I had determined to kill myself, for I thought I could not live without mother, but as I'm afraid they might take me up to heaven, I'll stay on earth and be a dancer too, until I'm fit to go to the place where my mother is." The clergyman turned up his eyes and faintly murmured, "Lost!" The prompter clasped his hands, and raising his eyes to heaven, fervently cried, "Father in Heaven! I thank thee that this hour is thine, not ours!" Tenderly taking my hand, he led me unresistingly away.

I did not return to my own bare and now empty garret—but to the snug and cosy fireside of poor Nancy, who, ever since my terrible bereavement, had insisted upon sharing her bed and all she had with me. She declared this was no sacrifice, as *some one* (she did not say it was the old gray-headed prompter—she did not need to say so to me) had paid for my board and lodging until I should be strong enough to resume work. So to dear Nancy's garret I returned, and there, where the poor soul had cried herself to sleep after the funeral, I sat alone, as usual, by the dying embers of the fire, and for the first time for many a long and weary day I felt the peace and rest of Paradise stealing over me. Bright and glowing became the poor attic; radiant the gloom of that twilight hour; but still one thought, and only one, possessed me—my mother! Was she yet in Paradise? At first I looked with the eager commixture of hope and dread in vain—of all the bright throngs and angelic forms that flitted through that aerial world not one resembled her—that being alone that could have made the celestial heavens worth the living in—but even as I was straining the eyes of my soul to penetrate and search through this gracious Eden, the entire picture became suddenly intercepted by a radiant white-robed angelic being, in whose divinely illumined features I beheld the precious, but now transfigured, mother. Since that supreme moment I have read in the grand old Jewish scriptures of a man of sorrows,

who, on the very mountains of earth, became so glorious and shining that his raiment was whiter than ever fuller of earth whited, and his face and form shone with such a glory that the beholders "wist not what they did."

Let my readers peruse this wonderful history and then, but not till then, may they form some conception of the radiant vision I now looked upon, and yet it was—I knew it was—the arisen spirit of my sainted mother. Time, space, earth, sorrow, all were then forgotten, and the pangs of separation from that moment were for ever ended and turned into joy. The last memory I can recall of that scene in which I was truly BORN AGAIN were the words, falling in sweetest accents from her lips "*Rescue is near, go and fulfil thy destiny, my beloved.*" From that hour I never sorrowed more, for the dead mother had become my guardian angel.

(To be continued.)

#### AWAY WITH DARK CIRCLES.

IN a mild and reasonable article in the London *Star* of the 6th inst. is the description of one of the dark séances commonly held by Messrs. Husk and Williams, assisted by another dark circle medium, "Rita," at which one of the sitters (name and address fully given), wearing an electric scarf pin, suddenly turned on the light of this seemingly innocent ornament, discovering, as the article states, that Mr. Husk himself was the so-called "materialized spirit," and a portrait drawn on and shown by a phosphorized slate represented the *angelic face* the sitters were expected to admire. The names and addresses of the parties from whom this accusation and alleged exposure comes are fully given. The public have not yet heard Messrs. Husk and Williams's defence, nor do we know at present whether or not they have any to make.

Without pronouncing any opinion upon the guilt or innocence of the accused parties, we have simply to say this calls for another added to the hundreds of protests the Editor of this paper has made during the past thirty years against the practice of holding dark circles by any professional mediums, or amongst any sitters but in private circles, and friends who can trust each other. The entire gist of spiritualism lies first, in the proofs direct, clear and tangible to the senses that the phenomena presented are wrought solely by supermundane beings, and never could be in any way tampered with by mortals; and next, in such intelligence accompanying the phenomenon as proves its identity with the spirit of some departed one known to and recognised by one or more of the sitters. The first of these conditions can never be rendered in dark circles. On the contrary, by affording opportunities for the action of deceit and imposture, dark circles are odious and injurious, except under the conditions above named, and ever have been discountenanced by the Editor, and should be so by all who love and respect spiritualism.

As to the second condition, it is the only one upon which the actuality of intercourse between spirits and mortals rests. Millions of tests of this kind have been given, and none should yield up belief in spirit communion unless that belief is founded in such tests. One communication rendered through a stranger from "John Smith" to his son "Tom Smith," accompanied by CRUCIAL evidences of identity, is worth all the claims set up for communications with kings, queens, patriarchs, prophets, or any of "the illustrious dead," whose identity cannot be proved. Let the spiritualists who truly love and honour their cause look to this, and just in as far as they depart from the rules of common sense, reason, and well-proven facts in their investigations, let them expect to become the sport of heartless imposture.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.—Since writing the above we have received intelligence from London correspondents which leaves little or no doubt that Messrs. Husk, Williams, and Co. are a set of unmitigated frauds, whilst those who have been instrumental in their exposure have rendered no less service to the public than to the cause of spiritualism and truth. We have no right to expect in such an age of shams, pretences, and general lack of honesty as the present, that so widespread and wonderful a movement as spiritualism *has proved* to be, should be free from the intrusion of the rogues and vagabonds that are ever ready to prey on that cause which promises the best field for their nefarious operations, just on the same principle as the forger issues his false notes on the best banks, or the coiner imitates gold rather than copper currency. The results which must arise out of this well-timed exposure, however, must depend upon the spiritualists themselves, and their determination to carry out the title of this article, and abandon the abominable and equivocal practice of holding dark circles.

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1891.

### THE CONFLICT BETWEEN SPIRITUALISM AND THEOSOPHY.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN,

Member American Oriental Society; Member Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland; Member Pali Text Society (London); Member Egypt Exploration Fund; Corresponding Member Brooklyn Ethical Association (Brooklyn, New York), &c., &c.

IN 1875 an organized movement, called Theosophy, was instituted in New York City, by Madame H. P. Blavatsky and Col. H. S. Olcott; and from the inception of this movement to the present time it has been brought into connection, more or less, with modern spiritualism. At no time during these fifteen years has the attitude of the founders of theosophy, and its leading workers, as well as the fundamental bases of its philosophy, been otherwise than inimical to the central principles of spiritualism. In the early years of the movement the bulk of the manifestations, through our mediums, was ascribed to the action of "elementary" spirits, said spirits being defined by theosophists as non-human beings destined at some future time to be evolved into genuine men and women. A year or two after the promulgation of this novel theory, it was asserted by the same parties that the "elementary" spirits producing the phenomena, were the remnants of human beings—men and women—who had lost their immortal souls before death, and who existed for a time, in the astral world, as "shells" of human personalities; while the non-human spirits, called aforesaid "elementaries," were re-christened "elemental" spirits—creatures who never had been and who never would be developed into human beings. To the action of these latter spirits a portion of the spiritual manifestations was now relegated.

During these earlier years it was not denied by the founders of theosophy that a small part of the spiritual phenomena was caused by the direct personal action of good and pure disembodied human spirits. But shortly after the transfer of the theosophical headquarters to India in 1879, a new theory of the constitution of man, and to some extent of the sources of the spiritual manifestations, was broached by the theosophic leaders. Of the seven principles constituting man, three perish at death, we were told, and the four higher pass to *kama loka*. The better parts of man's fifth principle cling to the sixth and seventh, while the lower parts thereof are drawn to the fourth; the spiritual man then becomes divided into two beings. The higher passes into *Devachan*, an ideal subjective state, where it remains in a dream-like condition for fifteen hundred years or more,

until its next re-incarnation. It is impossible for the soul in *Devachan* to be cognizant of what is transpiring on earth; therefore its inhabitants never communicate with this world. But the surviving fourth and lower fifth principles of the soul remain in *kama loka*, as astral "shells" or "elementaries", and a large part of the spiritual phenomena are due to these fragments of humanity. In addition, another class of "elementaries"—vicious spirits—use mediums extensively, gratifying their desires and low passions vicariously through the mediums they curse with their influence; and besides this, much of the phenomena is produced by the "elementals," who are nature-spirits not yet human, but destined in time to attain to the human estate. These are the present dogmas of theosophy *in re* spiritualistic phenomena.

According to these theories, no genuine human spirit can communicate with earth, and the whole of the manifestations, so far as they are produced by spirits, are due to the influence of low, degraded, vicious, demoralizing intelligences, or semi-intelligences. In consonance with this, mediumship has been persistently denounced and discouraged by the theosophists as demoniacal and degrading, a species of black magic. The following is a specimen of the denunciations of mediumship which have been published repeatedly in the theosophical journals and books for years past. It is an extract from an editorial in the *Theosophist* of Madras, India, while under the charge of Madame Blavatsky:—

"Here in India . . . mediums are but seldom met with, and, when cases do occur, every effort is made to put an end to the manifestations. . . . All Hindus regard mediumship, not as a precious gift, but as an unholy thing, full of dangers to its victims. . . . *The influences which appear in séance-rooms are among the most destructive on earth*, even though, as in the majority of cases, they assume the garb of angelic visitors and profess to give new revelations from God. . . . Irresponsible mediumship is but one step from black magic." It should be borne in mind, that what is here stated as the belief and practice in India, is in exact accordance with the oft-repeated doctrines of Madame Blavatsky and other leading theosophists.

Bearing these facts in mind, what fellowship, then, can there be between spiritualism and theosophy? Is it not evident that to attempt to be theosophists and spiritualists at the same time, as some claim to be, is to endeavour to do that which is manifestly impossible? If theosophy is true spiritualism is a gigantic delusion, rooted in diabolism; and mediumship, a curse to the world, to be extirpated whenever possible; and, conversely, if spiritualism is a reality theosophy is a fallacy and a humbug. From the first foundation of theosophy in 1875, it has found favour with a part of those calling themselves spiritualists; and of late years, owing to the abuses and follies conspicuous in some phases of spiritualism, some good spiritualists have become disaffected toward the spiritual movement, and have taken up with some form of theosophy as a substitute. While I cannot blame these worthy people for their dislike to certain elements in current spiritualism, I do blame them for forsaking the staunch ship of spiritualism for the piratical craft of theosophy. Instead of sticking to the gallant old vessel, and helping the true hearts and strong hands found among its crew and passengers to repair its damages and land it safely in port, these deserters have elected to sail under the black flag of theosophy—that theosophy which has even exerted its utmost, with its piratical bombardment, to seriously disable and sink the good old ship of rational spiritualism.

There is nothing of value to be gained from theosophy that cannot be found in spiritualism. Every truth that is in theosophy is also in spiritualism. The former preates largely of soul culture, of development of man's higher nature, and of culture of the latent psychic powers in man. All this has formed a component of the spiritual philosophy from its beginning, with this distinction: The soul culture of spiritualism is rational, healthful, scientific, and adapted to man's highest uses; while that of theosophy is largely impracticable, fanatical, and leading the mind into extravagances calculated to injure rather than benefit those indulging in this fantastic kind of culture.

I regard theosophy as the greatest enemy of modern spiritualists. Its adherents in Europe and America have been largely drawn from spiritualists, and it is the great disintegrator of spiritualism wherever it gets a good foothold. Spiritualists should consider well the many startling contrasts between the doctrines of theosophy and spiritualism, a few of which have been enumerated above.

Theosophy says this world is the realm of causes, the spirit world that of effects; that there is no progress in the spirit world, there being, for the most part, nothing but a period of protracted dreaming, of thousands of years duration, between nearly 6,000 different incarnations; that progress pertains to the successive earth lives, in each of which we develop a new *karma*, with which we start again at our next re-birth in a physical body.

Is it not, then, the part of unwisdom for any one desirous of conserving the essential truths of spiritualism to have any connection with, or in any manner encourage, any form of so-called theosophy? "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

San Francisco, California, U.S.A.

### A VISION OF THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

BY PETER LEE, ROCHDALE.

(Written for "The Two Worlds.")

THERE are in all probability but few who have realized the true meaning of the above solemn words, some regarding their inevitable approach to the "land of the hereafter" with sentiments of awe, often deepening into terror; others anticipating passing through the "valley of the shadow" with assurances of attaining to that "peace which passeth understanding," or looking forward to it eagerly as the means of reunion with many a beloved one gone before.

It was whilst lying quite recently on a bed of sickness that a vision was presented to my mind's eye, which gave me perhaps a deeper and fuller sense of the shadow as well as the bright side of the mighty change which all must pass through than I had ever before realized in mere philosophical reasoning or reflection. Deeming that the same or something at least of similar perceptions may grow up in other minds by the recital of this vision, I will endeavour as far as may be to clothe it in plain, comprehensible language, as follows:—

My first realization in the vision was that I had passed from the sublunary condition of things to a point whence I could look abroad upon an undulating surface, a scene of ravishing beauty impossible to describe. My next consciousness was that of being accompanied by one who was to be my instructor in the scenes which I was about to behold.

"Friend," said my companion, a fair being in female form, her countenance beaming with brightness, and bespeaking a wise, loving, and pure soul; "that which thou beholdest pertaineth not to earth. Thou hast been transported hither to be instructed, also that thou mayest instruct others still in the sphere of earth to which thou yet belongest. Thou art for the present a denizen of a world whose existence many doubt, and of which, while others believe, their conceptions are most inadequate and erroneous. Thou art permitted for a time to look upon that which surrounds thee, and to understand which is thy mission here."

At once I gazed upward upon a sky whose light was soft and bright, then looking abroad on an illimitable expanse around and below me, I beheld scenes of unutterable beauty. Verdant lawns and flowery meads, birds of exquisite plumage, and loveliest flowers, shrubs of liveliest green, and forests the leaves of whose trees were of the most enchanting and varied hues; rocks and ravines whose sides were covered with mosses and flowers unsurpassed in form or delicacy of colours; the whole being threaded by rivulets and streams, which glistened in the brightness of the sky above, and rippled among the stones beneath; all completing one heavenly scene in which dwelt harmoniously, spirits whose lives had been purified in the fires of suffering, and whose countenances were illumined by the light of wisdom. Just as I had concluded my survey of the scene my companion required me to turn round in an opposite direction, and now for the first time I began to realize the two extremes of bliss and misery.

"Friend," said my companion, "thou now standest directly above the highest point of 'the valley of the shadow of death' which I am about to show thee." Gradually the valley developed, much in the same way as we have seen a landscape appear when the sun has shone vertically through a fog of great density. The valley was formed by high hills, on whose sides there were innumerable steeps, with jutting rocks and precipices, and these hills seemed to tower almost to the skies, while the valley at its lowest point terminated

in a deep and dark ravine. Here the hills were highest and their sides the steepest. Gazing steadily downward I perceived that the valley was thickly peopled by the forms of men and women, all in varying conditions of wretchedness, misery, and remorse. Truly, there was "weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth." These sights and sounds filled me with dismay. Compassion thrilled through every nerve. A desire to render help came over me, but this was impossible, so turning to my instructor I enquired what was the meaning of that sad picture.

"That," replied my guide, "is a scene of a twofold character; it is natural in appearance, but it is a spiritual reality. As all are not so highly developed as to be able to comprehend that which is spiritual in ordinary forms of speech, similes drawn from material conditions are used in order to convey the true spiritual idea to the mind. That which is farthest from spiritual good and use is represented by the deep, dark ravine which thou beholdest in the lowest part of the valley. Herein dwell those spirits who have committed deeds which bring shame and remorse, and whose lives have been passed in deceit and selfishness. The robber, murderer, libertine, harlot, and the spoiler of the widow and the orphan are inhabitants of that part of the valley. Thus the lowest in space or the deepest down have the farthest to ascend, and their ascent, by the nature of their condition, is rendered most difficult. But here let me remind thee of what I told thee before, namely, the nature of the scene which thou beholdest is twofold. Many of those whom thou seest in the valley have been brought there through the wrong-doing of others, but while in their material natures they may suffer, in their spiritual natures there is no burning remorse; yet these, even be they children or mothers, must pass through the by-ways of experience ere they gain the plains of harmony. But lest thou do not clearly understand that which I have shown I will give an illustration."

"There," said the guide, pointing out a man who appeared to be about forty-five or fifty years of age, and who was surrounded by his wife and six children, varying in age from three to twelve years, "there is a man who, for many years, was the manager and trusted servant of a large banking company. He had a fine salary which enabled him to live in the midst of plenty; his children were educated as became their station, and his wife, a benevolent woman, often relieved the necessities of her poor neighbours, and others who required assistance. The husband, a proud man, yet of good social standing, became extravagant, and lived far beyond his means. Thus, in time, his income was inadequate to meet the requirements of his false style of living. With a view of meeting his deficiencies he began to gamble in stocks with the money of his employers, was unlucky in his ventures, and finally, when his position could no longer be disguised, he lost his appointment, was prosecuted, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Degraded himself, and cut off from his family, they were figuratively dragged, through no fault of their own, into the valley there to eke out their subsistence as best they might till the husband regained his liberty. What then? Thou seest him, discarded by his former associates, mistrusted by everyone, and his soul is filled with remorse. Not so his wife and children, for while they suffer in their material natures their spirits are unscathed. Victims still of another's wrong-doing, there is an outlet for them, and for everyone in the valley, and once out no one ever returns."

Here I enquired, "If no one ever returns whence is the valley populated?"

Instantly another scene presented itself. There opened out before me an immense plain beyond the lower end of the valley. "That," said my instructor, "represents the material world or earth plane, and is known to us as *the plains of deception*. There things are not what they seem, as the name implies. Worldly wealth, fame, ambition, and self-gratification are the motives which actuate its inhabitants. Truth is comparatively unknown, and ignorance prevailing; the dwellers there, with a false idea of the object of their lives, gravitate in due time into the valley, where they learn the error of their ways, when, through suffering and penitence, a deep desire comes upon them to know a way of escape, and presently the way opens out before them. But, ere I show thee this way it is necessary thou rightly understand the scene before thee. There, in the distance, is an old baronial mansion. A grand ball is taking place. The assembly is composed of what the world calls the nobility. Ambitious mothers are there who have decked

out their young daughters like wares for the matrimonial market. Rich or high-born youths are attracted to these feminine wares, purchase them in a marriage, which too often ends in mutual disgust, mutual infidelity and vices peculiar to the stations they occupy, every step of which sinks them lower and lower, until they reach the valley of the shadow.

"Yonder is another candidate for entrance into the dark portals of the valley; a man who has grown rich through the toil, the labour, the blood and bones of his employees. There is the sweater, who stands between the honest worker and the millionaire. Tyrants, oppressors, bank robbers, defaulters, all who, under fair pretences and loud-sounding public names, wrong their fellow creatures; these are the multitude who gravitate from 'the plains of deception' to the valley of 'weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth.'"

"But how," I queried, "can such as these escape from this doleful region?" My guide replied: "All those whose lives are such as I have shown have no other way to the plains of harmony but by the valley, for it is edged on every side by rocks which form an impassable barrier. There is one way known out of this plain, and one only, and it is called the path of truth—Behold it!"

These words were scarcely spoken, when a scene most beautiful opened out before me. The valley on both sides was lit up by a large and brilliant star which shone from above and behind us. This had the effect of throwing a graduated light from the top of the valley, terminating in comparative darkness, into the lowest part, where dwell those whose depravity culminates in spiritual darkness. The sides of the valley presented a most picturesque appearance. At, and near the bottom, there were declivities difficult of ascent, but near the tops the slopes became more gradual, and finally they terminated in the fair and lovely "plains of harmony." Gazing into the lower part of the valley I noticed movements of what proved to be some of its inhabitants. They were ascending, some in pairs, some in groups, but in each group the highest invariably turned to help the one next below. "What means this?" I enquired of my companion, who answered—"The greatest suffering tends to make the heart susceptible of the keenest sympathy, and this in turn impels each to render help to the other. Yonder, at the lowest point which thou canst distinguish, is one of those, who, after intense suffering and remorse, determines to turn his back upon the past, and after aspiring to a better condition—the unuttered prayer of a contrite heart, by angelic influences, unseen to him, yet real as I am to thee, direct his footsteps to a point from whence he may commence the ascent. He makes the attempt; he succeeds, and his heart full of sympathy for those beneath him he calls out, 'Come up hither!' At the same time he holds out a helping hand; it is grasped; a heavenly companionship is formed, and they rest not in their ascent, for they find that mutual help brings mutual happiness. This happiness, which could only be known in contrast with their past sufferings, makes them even bless that awful valley into which ignorance brought them, and out of which they could find their way only by suffering and penitence."

Turning to my guide, I said, "You spoke of the plains of harmony." Instantly I saw beyond the tops of the hills which formed the valley, a vast *plateau* which formed the base of other hills, whose summits towered high in the sky above them.

"In those plains," said my guide, "dwell spirits who have been made wise by experience, who have been brought into sympathy with each other by mutual suffering, and have learnt thereby the lessons of love and self-sacrifice. These are they whom thou sawest travelling through the valley of the shadow of death; these are they who have passed through great tribulation, whose souls have been purified in purgatorial fires until they have worked out their salvation, and learnt by their own imperfections to be charitable to one another. Their mission is that of love and assistance to every spirit in its transition from darkness to light. Such, my brother, is thy mission, and such should be the work of every one of earth's children. Work while it is day, truth guiding thee, and thou, walking in her footsteps, shalt ascend by her pathway to the plains of harmony, avoiding the dread valley of the shadow of death. Farewell."

In the depths of the sea the water is still; the heaviest grief is borne in silence; the deepest love flows through the eye and touch; the most impressive preacher at the funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.

## LYCEUM JOTTINGS.

### A MARRIED LOVE LETTER.

YOUR letter was received, dear John.  
I write as you request,  
And send the white-winged tidings from  
Our little love-built nest.  
We miss you sadly, night and morn.  
That odious Mr. Dent  
Has called at least a dozen times  
To dun you for the rent.

You say it seems an age, my love,  
Since last you went away;  
But then it's quite a comfort, dear,  
To know the trip will pay.  
We're saving every bit we can,  
And living very plain.  
I had my pocket picked, last night,  
While walking through the rain.

You count the lagging hours, dear,  
That keep you from my side;  
For, as you fondly say, the wife  
Is dearer than the bride.  
That Miss Modiste has sent her bill—  
I know you'll be amazed;  
I never got *one-half* the things—  
The creature *must* be crazed!

The children—precious little pets!—  
Ask daily for papa.  
They all have had such shocking colds,  
I called in Doctor Law.  
He fears that Nettie's lungs are weak—  
She seems inclined to stoop;  
The baby has the nettle-rash  
And Sammy chronic croup.

And, oh! mamma and Mr. B.  
Have had an awful fuss.  
Of course she couldn't stay at Em's,  
And so she's here with us.  
The girls have given "warning," love;  
I don't know what to think,  
Unless, as dear mamma suspects,  
They're both inclined to drink.

I'm feeling sad and far from well;  
But then I know, dear John,  
A long home-letter, just like this,  
Will cheer and help you on.  
I'd like to nestle to your side,  
And have a hearty cry.  
Pray don't forget the grocer's bill!  
God bless you, love! Good-bye!  
—*Frederick Weatherly.*

### THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

COULD we but know  
The land that ends our dark uncertain travel,  
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low,  
Ah, if beyond the spirit's inmost cavel,  
Aught of that country could we surely know—  
Who would not go?

Might we not hear  
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,  
Or catch betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,  
One radiant vista of the realm before us—  
With one rapt moment given to see and hear—  
Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure  
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,  
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,  
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only—  
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,  
Who could endure?

—*E. C. Stedman.*

THE spirit-world around this world of sense  
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere  
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense  
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise  
By opposite attractions and desires;  
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,  
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

And as the morn from some dark gate of cloud  
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,  
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd  
Into the realm of mystery and night—

So from the world of spirits there descends  
A bridge of light connecting it with this,  
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,  
Wander our thoughts across the dark abyss.  
—*Longfellow.*

## 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.*

**BATLEY.** Wellington Street.—Mrs. Hoyle's guides gave good discourses on "Human Nature," and "Spiritualism: What is it?" After the evening's discourse, Mrs. Hoyle related how she became a spiritualist, which was very interesting. Crowded audience, clairvoyance good.

**BIRKENHEAD.** 84, Argyle Street.—Thursday, Feb. 5, a séance conducted by Mr. Tolly, was well attended, many strangers evincing considerable interest. Feb. 8, 6-30, Mr. Beattie gave a trance address on "The Orthodox Hell." The control represented himself as an Egyptian, and made frequent references to the Pyramids, crocodiles, &c., in illustration of his subject. Mr. Seymour read a very pathetic piece of poetry, and after Mr. Beattie's address made a few remarks. A young lady kindly played an appropriate solo.

**BIRMINGHAM.** Smethwick. Feb. 1, we were favoured with a visit from Mr. J. C. Macdonald, who delivered inspirational addresses on "Who are the angels?" and "Religious thought, present and future," to a crowded audience. General satisfaction was expressed with the fine oratorical display. It was indeed a refreshing time. Being only a very small society we were anxious as to the venture financially, but we had the largest collection we have ever made since we started, and have a little in hand after paying all expenses.—D. F.

**BLACKBURN.**—Sunday, Jan. 15, Mr. W. Ward, trance, Miss Murray, clairvoyant, and on Monday, 7-45, Mr. Morse gave a thrilling lecture on "The world, the flesh, and the devil." Evening subject, "Paradise redeemed," showing the difference between the so-called Christian Paradise and Paradise from a spiritualist standpoint. Monday, another evening with the "Strolling Player," who was very humorous. Good audiences. [The above seems a little mixed, but it is printed as sent.—E. W. W.]

**BOLTON.** Bridgeman Street Baths.—Miss Cotterill's subjects were "How and why I became a spiritualist," "My experiences in the slums of London." Giving a vivid description of the misery and wretchedness existing amongst the poor. We would urge all to invite Miss Cotterill to relate what she saw whilst doing her duty for the Salvation Army, and, we doubt not, many would feel indignant at what takes place in so-called Christian England.—J. P.

**BOLTON.** Old Spinners' Hall.—Mr. Lomax's guides gave excellent addresses on "God's gifts to man," and "As ye sow, so shall ye also reap," the audiences being very well pleased. Crowded room at night, several turned away. Clairvoyance at each service. A remarkable and striking test was given to a Wesleyan, who declared his great satisfaction.

**BRADFORD.** 448, Manchester Road.—Sunday, Feb. 8: In the absence of Mrs. Rushton, Mr. J. Williamson's control kindly spoke on "Dreams and Visions," and dealt with three subjects from the audience in an intellectual and creditable manner, being the first time he has spoken publicly. I hope we may always have such help in case of disappointment. Psychometric readings after each lecture very good. Good audiences. I have heard great controversy among speakers, saying we should close small meeting rooms, but I think when we get an audience of 70, it is not to be despised, and, in my opinion, it is the small meetings that lead to larger societies.

**BRADFORD.** St. James's.—Mrs. Berry made an earnest appeal to professing spiritualists to arouse themselves and make their influence felt for good, and not act as if ashamed of their cause. Evening subject, "Personal Influence: the immense responsibility that rests upon all for the use we make of our opportunities for its use for good or evil."

**BRIGHOUSE.**—Mrs. Beanland's guides gave trance addresses, "How to make your own heaven," and "What is the responsibility of man?" Good psychometry and clairvoyance, and very good audiences. Many strangers present.

**BURNLEY.** North Street.—Miss Jones conducted our services to large audiences. Evidences of her psychometrical gift formed a part of the services.

**CARDIFF.** Psychological Hall.—Feb. 1: Mr. E. Adams made some remarks apropos to the passing over of Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, and in connection read "The Experiences of Voltaire in Spirit-Life," from *The Two Worlds*, which was much appreciated. The first annual general meeting was subsequently held, when the report and accounts of the retiring executive were presented. These were of a most encouraging nature, showing a good balance in favour of the society; the roll-book showed an increase of members; and, judging from the awakening interest in spiritualism, largely due to the recent local press controversy, we are hopeful of further success during the current year. The executive for 1891 was then elected, Dr. Chas. Williams being re-elected president by unanimous desire, his past labours having fully testified to his high abilities and zeal. Feb. 8: Mr. F. B. Chadwick gave an excellent address to a good audience upon "Fraternity: or the Universal Brotherhood of Man." He pointed out that the principles of federation are rapidly extending, embracing the brotherhoods of Freemasonry and other fraternities of like character, trades unions, political combinations, &c. These are working out the law of universal brotherhood, which will reach its culminating point when the gross selfishness inherent in all the combinations of to-day shall have been eliminated. A developing séance was afterwards held for the benefit of investigating members, by which it is hoped to still further promote inquiry. Lyceum at three, conducted by Mr. E. Adams. Good attendance.—E. A.

**CLOCKHEATON.**—Afternoon: Mrs. Jarvis's guides discoursed from the lesson taken from the Bible. Evening subject, "There is an earthly body and a spiritual body." Both subjects were well treated.—W. H.

**COWMS.**—Saturday, February 7: Our tea and entertainment was a grand success, and we heartily thank all who took an active part. Sunday: Afternoon, Mr. Ackroyd, from Huddersfield, spoke on "Bible beginnings." Evening, we held a memorial service for our arisen Sister Elia. The address on "God's beloved" was fully appreciated by a good audience.

**DARWEN.** Church Bank Street.—In the absence of Mrs. Venables, Mrs. Bailey, of Southport, delivered addresses on "The Sabbath Day" and "Ye, being mortals, must put on immortality," Clairvoyance at each service. Both subjects were well treated and full of sympathy and love, and were listened to by good audiences.—J. J.

**HALIFAX.**—Sunday and Monday, February 1 and 2: Mr. Hepworth's guides were never heard in Halifax to better advantage. All seemed highly pleased and satisfied after each address, and after the Monday evening address some of the clearest clairvoyant descriptions were given.—B. D.

**HEYWOOD.** Argyle Buildings, Market Street.—Our friend Mr. Thomas Postlethwaite lectured on "Logic and illogical inferences" and "Popular Objections to Spiritualism answered," in an excellent manner, giving entire satisfaction. The room was nicely packed, and the whole of the day's proceedings passed off most satisfactorily. We had an additional number of new members. A few dates vacant: our committee would esteem it a favour if some mediums would apply.—J. E. Schofield, sec.

**FELLING-ON-TYNE.**—Mr. Hall spoke ably on "God's judgments, natural and spiritual," showing that the teachings of theology do not harmonise with science, which proves the supremacy of natural laws, and contending that theological misconceptions have a tendency to make the world more atheistic. On Sunday next Mr. Forrester will be with us. He is, like Mr. Hall, outspoken and to the point. We hope members will attend, and not leave all in the hands of a few.—J. D.

**HEYWOOD.** Discussion Hall, Adelaide Street.—Good audiences listened to addresses by Mrs. Crossley, of Halifax. The sincere and impressive manner of the speaker was quite perceptible to the numerous strangers present. The clairvoyant descriptions were remarkably good. Mr. Moorey, of Salford, kindly led a most successful public circle; several descriptions readily recognized.—M. D.

**HUDDERSFIELD.** Brook Street.—Our friend Mr. Hepworth spoke earnestly and well to very good audiences. The evening's discourse upon "The Purposes of Life" was very interesting. Clairvoyance successful.—J. B.

**LEICESTER.** Liberal Club.—February 1: Mr. Hodson's guides discoursed on "A New Revelation, a Gospel of Truth," pointing out the beauties of a progressive life; that man is a spiritual being and, under certain conditions, can exercise spiritual gifts. Psychometry and clairvoyance were cited as evidence of the powers of spirit. Several good delineations were given by spirit friends and recognized. Feb. 3: Mr. J. J. Morse gave a very instructive and explanatory lecture on "The Booth Scheme in the Light of Spiritualism." The information imparted was explicit and valuable, and gave full satisfaction. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Morse. Feb. 8: Morning, Mr. V. Wyldes, under inspiration, spoke on "The Seven Spheres of Spiritual Life." In the evening he gave some of the most eloquent and interesting thoughts we have been privileged to hear on four subjects taken from the audience.—S. A. S.

**LEICESTER.** Temperance Hall.—Mr. Clarke spoke on "What is Spiritualism?" in good style to an interested audience. Feb. 8: Our service was entirely conducted by ladies, for the first time and most successfully, and the largest attendance we have yet had in the Temperance Hall. Mrs. King, Mrs. Barston, and Mrs. Woodhead spoke. Mrs. King also gave upwards of forty clairvoyant descriptions, mostly recognized.—S. Partons, sec.

**LONDON.** Canning Town.—Mr. Savage did not put in an appearance; fortunately Mr. J. H. Bowen, of Bradford, was present, and his controls stated that they had impressed him to come to us. The controls delivered an interesting discourse on the subject: "But when the heart is full of din." Mr. Bowen has kindly promised to visit us on Sunday, February 22.

**LONDON.** 23, Devonshire Road, Forest Hill.—Mr. Davies gave a very excellent address on "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money." Acts viii, 20.—G. E. G.

**LONDON.** King's Cross.—Sunday evening: Mr. Reed gave an able discourse on "The necessity for further investigation into spiritual phenomena." At the conclusion several strangers put questions, and spoke on the frauds they asserted were practised at dark séances. Mr. Reed and other friends replied, and Mr. Tindall played several selections of music on the piano, which added to our enjoyment. Our meetings increase in interest. Will spiritual friends in the neighbourhood please attend and give us their countenance and aid to build up the cause here?

**LONDON.** Marylebone, 24, Harcourt Street.—The guides of Mr. Walker spoke on subjects from the audience, viz., "The Book of Revelations," "Whence, Why, and Whither?" and "Atheism," and were listened to with breathless attention, many questions being replied to. Some friends wished to disavow any defence of fraud by mediums, referring, of course, to the latest exposure at which two of our members were present. Much evidence was given, showing they did have the power of mediumship. Has drink debased them?

**LONDON.** Peckham, Chepstow Hall, 1, High Street.—Morning: Mr. W. G. Coote, after a short address, gave some descriptions and advice to those present. Evening: We had an enlightening and spiritual discourse from Mrs. Stanley, whose presence amongst us was indeed welcome. I would ask all members to attend on Sunday evening next, when important matters will be discussed.—W. E. L.

**LONDON.** Peckham, Winchester Hall, 33, High Street.—Mr. Veitch spoke in the morning on "Dreams," and in the evening gave psychometry and clairvoyance.

**LONGTON.** 44, Church Street.—Feb. 8: Conducted by Mr. Jennings. Mr. Grocott's guides discoursed on "Death," which is looked upon by the many as something terrible. Why is it so, after being taught so long by the sects? Could they but turn to the lessons taught by the spiritualists, all the great dread would pass away and bring peace and happiness instead.—H. S.

**MANCHESTER.** Temperance Hall, Tipping Street.—Afternoon: The inspirers of Mrs. E. H. Britten spoke on "The three great questions of the present age—whence, what, and whither." It is a great pity this address could not have been taken verbatim and printed for distribution, as I feel sure it would enlighten many who are in darkness. We had a fair audience, who were well pleased. Evening:

Seven questions were answered, taken from the audience, and all seemed delighted. The musical part was well rendered, thanks to Mr. Smith, his son, and friends. Hall crowded. Mr. Tomlinson presided.

**MANCHESTER.** Edinboro' Hall, opposite Alexandra Park Gates.—Afternoon: Mr. Braham presided, and gave an instructive address. Evening: Mr. Boardman's controls spoke on three subjects from the audience, including "The Origin of Man," in a straightforward and powerful manner.—J. B. L.

**MANCHESTER.** 10, Petworth Street.—A large company assembled to greet Mr. W. Howell, who dealt with five subjects in a most interesting and eloquent fashion, which greatly pleased his hearers. We hope to have him again before he returns to America. Mrs. Green has promised to visit us before long, and she will receive a warm welcome.

**MANCHESTER.** Psychological Hall.—Mrs. Smith's controls gave a couple of discourses, showing that we need not wait the spirit passing on to reach heaven or hell, as either can be created by our own actions whilst here. Good clairvoyance at the close, mostly recognized. Our cordial sympathy is extended to our friend in the severe bereavements she has sustained.—J. H. H.

**MACCLESFIELD.**—Feb. 1: Afternoon, Mrs. Wallis lectured on "Our children in the spirit world," showing (among other things) that class distinction was there unknown, and that children, according to their capabilities, were personally responsible as those of a more mature age. Evening: Good audience. The controls handled four questions sent up in a capital manner. Mrs. Wallis's inspirers are evidently of an advanced character, yet the people of only a moderate education are able to grasp the ideas as they are put forth in so good and descriptive a manner. Feb. 8: We were very pleased to again have our old friend and worker, Mrs. Rogers, who spoke in the evening on the erroneous idea of persons having gone to rest after they had left this world. The control being one well known to most of the spiritualists present made it doubly interesting. A public circle was afterwards conducted by Mrs. Rogers. Will any local medium consent to conduct such a circle every Sunday? It would undoubtedly prove most efficacious.—W. P.

**NELSON.** Sager Street.—Mr. T. Grimshaw discoursed ably on "What is Spiritualism?" and "Spiritual Worship." He showed that primitive man worshipped not from any knowledge of God, but from fear of the terrible forces of Nature, that he might escape. Man to-day feels that there is a spark of the divine within him, and therefore worships God in spirit. Audience moderate.

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.** Nelson Street.—Jan. 27: Annual Meeting. The election of the Executive for 1891 resulted as follows: President, Mr. W. H. Robinson; Vice-presidents, Messrs. Joseph Hunter, H. A. Kersey, J. B. Mellon, and E. Riccalton; Treasurer, Mrs. Hammarbom; Cor. Sec., Mr. Robt. Ellison; Rec. Sec., Mr. D. Godfrey; Fin. Sec., Mr. T. W. Henderson; Librarian, Mr. G. Hardy; Committee, Mrs. Mellon, Mrs. Ellison, Mrs. Moore, Messrs. Richd. Cairns, Thos. Moore, John Oliver, Wm. Morris, and Geo. James, when also the financial position of the society and many projects for carrying on the work of same were fully discussed. Feb. 1: Mrs. J. A. Green lectured on "Human Redemption" and "Spirit Influence on Man." Both lectures fairly won the hearts of all. She gave 16 clairvoyant delineations, which were all fully recognized. Crowded audiences. Feb. 2 and 3: The annual Sale of Work, by the lady members, was opened by Alderman Barkas, and was a most pronounced success. There were several stalls containing a great variety of work, also a stall of articles given by the Lyceum children, and managed by them, and a refreshment stall. A gipsy's tent, presided over by our good friend, Mrs. J. A. Green, who was attired in a specially-designed costume, was largely patronized by old and young, who professed themselves as highly satisfied. A handsome sum was realized for the society's funds. Several games of skill, music, and action songs, &c., were rendered by Lyceum children. Articles were received from friends at a distance (too numerous to specify), but to whom we are much obliged. The hall was crowded, and the stalls were well patronized, the whole affair terminating on Wednesday with a social gathering, dancing being indulged in with spirit. Everything passed off most harmoniously. Feb. 8: Mr. W. H. Robinson, the newly-appointed president, to inaugurate the event, invited all the local mediums to take tea with him in the hall. There was a good muster, and a very enjoyable afternoon was spent. Afterwards he addressed the meeting in the hall on the "Aims, Methods, and Duties of Mediums as Workers for Human Progress." After the address the meeting was thrown open, and a very animated discussion upon the subject took place.—R. E., sec.

**NORTHAMPTON.**—We were happy to have Mr. Darby, of London, who gave two interesting discourses to moderate audiences. Good spiritual services were the order of the day.—A. W.

**NORTH SHIELDS.** Camden Street.—We have been favoured with another visit from our highly esteemed friend, Mr. E. W. Wallis, whose guides, with their usual intelligence, and clear and forcible style of delivery, have unquestionably produced a deep impression for good. On Saturday, before a fair audience, they dealt with Booth's scheme. "Is it the 'way out,' or is prevention better than cure?" which was declared by nearly all to have been a complete masterpiece. The chairman was Mr. L. M. Johnson (a town councillor, a gentleman of high standing, and one belonging to the free thought party), who highly appreciated the lecture. On Sunday morning, "Is Spiritualism a Failure?" was answered in the negative; and in the evening, before an unusually large audience, they dwelt for some length on "What has Spiritualism Revealed of the Other World?" for which they were repeatedly applauded. Too much cannot be said in praise of these lectures. It is beyond the ability of the writer to convey anything like an accurate conception of their sublimity and grandeur. Mr. Wallis is always heartily welcome in North Shields, and by these lectures his popularity has become greater than ever.—J. T. McK

**NORTH SHIELDS.** 41, Borough Road.—We had a grand inspirational address, through the mediumship of Mr. Lashbrook. Subject: "Through the Empire of the Great I Am." The masterly manner in which the theme was handled will not be soon forgotten.—C. T.

**NOTTINGHAM.**—Spiritual Evidence Society. Feb. 1: Mr. J. J. Morse gave two lectures at the Masonic Hall, under the auspices of the new society. Morning subject: "Spiritualism: A Problem in Religion and Science," which was very much appreciated. Evening: "Shall we know our friends in heaven?" to a large audience. The subject was

dealt with in a masterly style, his arguments appealed strongly to the common sense of everybody, irrespective of creed. Monday evening: "Twenty-one years' experience in Spiritualism." Very interesting. Friends are invited to join us. Minimum subscription for membership 1s. a month. Applications to J. W. R. Smith, All Saints Street.

**OLDHAM.** Bartlam Place.—Mrs. Stansfield's afternoon subject, "Shall we know each other there?" was treated with her usual earnestness, inviting all to live good moral lives. Evening: "True Religion," very well treated. A large audience. Good clairvoyance after each discourse.—W. W.

**OPENSHAW.**—Mr. Sam Featherstone lectured here morning and evening. Subjects: "Pioneers of Thought" and "Justice and Liberty." Both were very well rendered, and gave every satisfaction. We were pleased to find so many strangers amongst us, and trust they may continue to give us a call.—J. G.

**PENDLETON.** Hall of Progress.—Owing to the continued sickness of Mrs. Groom's husband, she could not be with us, and we secured Mr. D. Milner, of Huddersfield, whose subjects—"There is no Death," and "Heaven Revised"—were dealt with in a manner that gained the admiration of very large audiences. Clairvoyance at both services, mostly recognized, and made interesting by a few words of advice and sympathy after each description.—J. G.

**RAWTENSTALL.**—A very pleasant and successful day with Miss Walker. Short but instructive addresses. Clairvoyance and psychometry very good. Crowded audiences. Next Saturday at 8, Sunday morning at 10, and afternoon at 2 o'clock, Mr. Taylor, table medium, will conduct circles. Admission to each circle by ticket, 6d.

**SHIPLEY.** Liberal Club.—Very large audiences were the order of the day to listen to our much esteemed friend, Mr. Walter Howell. Subjects were taken from the audience, amongst which were "The Involution of Intelligence," and "The Evolution of the Human Spirit in the light of Spiritualism," "Do Mesmerism and Clairvoyance account for Spiritual Phenomena?" and "What proof have we that spiritualism is not a farce and a fraud?" These were dealt with in such a manner as has very seldom been heard at Shipley, and the audiences were fairly carried away with the eloquence of the orator.—C. G.

**SOUTH SHIELDS.** Westoe.—On Saturday night we had a coffee supper, which was a grand success. On Sunday morning a debating class, and in the evening Mr. Kempster's guides lectured on "Spiritualists—the moral and religious position they should take," which was handled with great success before a very fair audience.—A. D.

**STOCKPORT.**—Illness preventing Mr. Rooke from visiting us, we decided to depend on local talent. Afternoon: The Lyceum gave an open session, and the usual programme was gone through in a very creditable manner, considering the Lyceum is only some two months' old. Evening: Mr. Axon read an account of the apparitions seen by Nicolai, the famous bookseller of Berlin. This person lived a hundred years ago, and was both clairvoyant and clairaudient, but knew nothing of the cause of it, and imagined it to be the result of indigestion. Mr. Axon also gave his experience as an investigator. Mr. Crane gave his experience of the phenomena, and an interesting account of his progress from Wesleyanism to our ranks. Mr. Crane was superintendent of a Sunday school. He is now our Lyceum conductor. The audience was numerous and well satisfied.—T. E.

**TYNE DOCK.** Exchange Buildings.—Wednesday, Feb. 4, a good address on "Mediumship," by Mr. Wilkinson. Feb. 8, morning; The second lesson on "Phrenology" was given to the adult class. Evening: Mr. J. Rutherford gave a good address on "The Cultivation of the Will Power." He pointed out the great necessity for each one to cultivate strength of will as a means of preventing and curing disease, and gave many practical suggestions which all might follow with great benefit.

**RECEIVED LATE.**—Armley: Miss Tetley delivered practical addresses, enforcing the teaching that "As we sow, so shall we also reap." She won the attention of her audiences by her earnestness.—Openshaw Lyceum: Morning, 20 scholars and 6 officers present. Usual programme. Recitations by Edna Mather and Gertie Orme. Afternoon, attendance, 82 scholars and 20 officers. Recitations by Thos. Harford, Maud Hill, Mabel Moxam, Richard Waller, and Hettie Harvey. Marching conducted by Miss Alice Leigh and Miss E. Orme. Conductor, Mr. H. Boardman. Musical conductor, Mr. C. Taberner.—Monkwearmouth: Mr. Charlton lectured on the "Judgment Day," and gave very satisfactory psychometric readings.—Sunderland: Mr. Gardiner made some interesting remarks *re* Mr. Bradlaugh, and gave some "Thoughts on a future life" in an able manner, which were much appreciated.—Glasgow: Morning, Mr. Robertson read a sermon by Rev. J. P. Hopps, from "The Coming Day." An enjoyable morning. 8-30 p.m., Mr. Corstorphine gave a selection of readings, much enjoyed.—Hull: Mr. G. A. Wright spoke on "Ancient and Modern Spiritualism," and took subjects from the audience.

### THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

**BATLEY CARR.**—Morning: Present, 4 officers, 34 members, all in time but three. Splendid harmony and unity prevailed. The chain recitations never went better. Misses Mortimer sang a splendid duet. Marching and calisthenics all that could be desired. Lessons: Lake group, "Spiritualism not new." Beacon group, "Children in the Summer land." Liberty group, "Is the Bible true?" Afternoon: Present, 4 officers, late, and 37 members, five late. Again, good feeling prevailed, especially during the silver chain recitations bearing on angel ministry. Recitations by Misses Mortimer and Armitage and Master Wentworth. Reading, Miss Lizzie Mortimer. Quite a number of visitors present. I should add, that all not present at 10 and 2 prompt are marked late. Also that a verse was committed to memory in the morning, and rehearsed in the afternoon.—A. K.

**BLACKBURN.**—Scholars 80, officers 10; marching and calisthenics led by Mr. T. Howarth. We had a visit from Mr. J. J. Morse, who taught us a new march. Mr. Morse complimented us upon the number of scholars, and the admirable way we went through our marching and calisthenics. Mr. Morse closed with invocation. G. Howarth, conductor.—G. E. Harwood, secretary.

**BOLTON.** Old Spinners' Hall.—Invocation by Mr. Woods; fair attendance; usual programme; recitations by Mr. Woods and Miss L. B. Hatton; pleasant morning.—J. Hatton.

BURNLEY. North Street.—Full attendance.

LANCASTER.—Feb. 1, annual meeting and election of officers; present 78 members and leaders. The secretary's half-yearly report and balance sheet were unanimously passed. There had been a slight decrease of members and leaders. The statement of accounts showed a balance in hand of £3 14s. 2½d. The whole lyceum members elect the officers; then each group elect their own leader, except the younger groups, these being elected by the whole lyceum. Result: Conductor, Mr. Jones; secretary, Mr. A. Bleasdale; guard, Mr. R. Haygarth; musical director, Miss Jones, (all re-elected); leaders, boys, 1st group, Mr. W. Bleasdale; 2nd, Mr. J. Haygarth; 3rd, Mr. Trotter; 4th, Mr. W. Tennant; 5th, Miss Ball; girls, 1st group, Mr. Joss; 2nd, Miss Dawes; 3rd, Miss A. Bonney; 4th, Miss Stephenson; 5th, Miss A. Bleasdale. Prizes for regular attendance were awarded as follows: 1st prize, a workbox, Rebecca Haygarth; 2nd, a beautiful inkstand, Henry Wedlake; 3rd, a box of paints, Joseph Dawes. For the future every third Sunday in the month the session will be entirely undertaken by the officers and leaders, by recitations, practical lessons on different subjects, &c. Fresh novelties in the shape of instruction will be introduced, that the interest may be fully maintained. Feb. 8, on account of the half-yearly meeting on Feb. 1, the Temperance Sunday was held to-day, when recitations on temperance and an address by Mr. W. Bleasdale were given. Calisthenics were creditably gone through. Present, 58 members and 12 officers and leaders.—A. B.

LEEDS. Cookridge Street.—Very good attendance. Recitations by Messrs. E. Dodgson, Bartholomew, E. H. Dickinson, and Master H. Dodgson. Afterwards we had a very useful address by Mr. Wakefield on "The food we eat."—F. T. W.

LIVERPOOL. Daulby Street.—Attendance: Officers 9, children 41, visitors 10. Marching led by Mr. Stretton. Recitations by Eva Love, Fred Robinson, Ethel Chiswell, Maggie Sandham, Alfred Catlow, and May Parkinson.—E. J. D.

LONGTON. 44, Church Street.—Afternoon, conducted by Bro. Grocott and Miss Evans. Considerable improvement manifest, and session well enjoyed alike by children and friends. 50 present.—H. S.

MORLEY. Church Street.—Sessions at 10 a.m. and 1-45 p.m. Conducted by Mr. Archer, whose ruling passion seems to be love for the little ones, which, in my estimation, is the only stay that can uphold Lyceum work. Although we have been five months in existence, some friends write and tell us we are unknown to the list of Lyceums. I hope this will catch the eye of all who are connected with the Lyceum work, that we may be known throughout the land. We have 45 members, but our room is so small we have to go through our marching, &c., in two sections, which steals our time, but by keeping our shoulders steadily to the wheel we shall be able to take a more convenient place, for it is a work that must come to the front. Visitors always welcome.

OLDHAM. Bartlam Place.—Morning: Fair attendance. Invocation by Miss Halkyard. Usual programme. Recitations by Mrs. Stansfield, S. E. Shepherd, and Master F. Shaw. Groups, Mr. Wheeler taking the young ladies, Mrs. Stansfield the younger girls, Mr. Shaw the elder boys, and Miss Tuke the younger boys. Closed by Mr. Savage. Afternoon: Moderate attendance. Opened by Mr. Wheeler. Chain recitations. Reading by Master F. Shaw. A few remarks closed a pleasant day.—E. E. M.

PENDLETON.—Morning: Present, 16 officers, 38 scholars. Usual programme. Recitations by James and Elizabeth Worthington. Singing by Misses M. Pearson, M. A. Daniels, and B. and S. Armstrong. Classes, the junior girls taken by J. Fogg, the junior boys by E. Wallis, and the adults by Mr. T. Crompton, who gave a lesson on "Sybilla" and answered questions. Afternoon: Present, 17 officers, 39 scholars, and 3 friends. Recitations by Rebecca Poole, Francis Boys, and Lottie and Ada Cockins. Singing by M. Pearson, M. A. Daniels, S. Armstrong, M. J. Moulding, and Mr. Moulding; also by Walter Cockins. Great improvement could be made in the marching if the members would take notice of their conductor. Mr. Wardle and Mr. Crompton leaders.

## PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

ACORINGTON.—Saturday, Feb. 14: A grand social evening of song and dance with Mr. Hepworth. Members and friends, give him a hearty welcome on his first visit. Admission, 4d., Lyceum scholars under 16 half-price. Feb. 15, Mrs. Wade; 22, Miss Patefield.

BATLEY. Wellington Street.—February 21: A public ham tea and entertainment at 4-30. Tickets, 9d. and 6d. We hope to see a good number of old friends and new.

BELPER.—Feb. 15, Mr. F. S. Sainsbury; 22, local; March 1, Mrs. Stansfield; 8, Mr. J. Hopcroft; 15 and 29, locals; 22, Mr. G. Featherstone.

BLACKBURN.—Lyceum tea party, February 28. Tickets, adults 9d., children under 12, 6d. After tea an entertainment will be provided, 4d.

BRADFORD. Milton Rooms.—We intend holding a sale of work on Easter Monday, for the benefit of the building fund. Contributions of goods or money, however small, will be thankfully received by the new secretary, Mr. Alfred Marshall, 11, Talbot Street, Lister Hills, Bradford.

BURNLEY. Bread Street.—Feb. 14: Public tea party. All welcome. Sunday, Feb. 15: Anniversary services. Mr. J. Long, of Helmsshore, and Mrs. Best, of Burnley, will occupy our platform.

CARDIFF.—Mrs. Wallis at 11, "Life and its uses." At 6-30, "Children in the Spirit World." Monday, "Man's needs and how to meet them." Clairvoyant descriptions.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Special notice to secretaries. Mrs. Connell has removed to 4, Victoria Road, Holbeck, Leeds.

CLECKHEATON.—Mr. W. Hodgson desires us to intimate that he has resigned his post of secretary and withdrawn from the society.

COWMS.—Sunday, Feb. 22, we open a new room, Mr. G. A. Wright, of Bradford, being the speaker. We trust by earnest work and good example yet to conquer our many foes.—E. P.

DARWEN.—Lyceum tea party and grand entertainment on Saturday, Feb. 21. Mrs. Yarwood will preside. Tickets, Adults, 8d.; children, 4d.; entertainment only, 3d.

HECKMONDWIKE. Blanket Hall Street.—Saturday, February 14, anniversary tea and miscellaneous meeting. Mr. and Mrs. W. Stansfield and others will be present. Tea at 4-30; meeting, 7 o'clock. Tickets

for tea and meeting, 6d. and 3d. Sunday, Feb. 15, anniversary services at 2-30 and 6 o'clock; speaker, Mrs. Mercer, of Bradford. Special hymns. Monday, Feb. 16, at 7-30, a social, when we anticipate enjoying ourselves. Admission 2d. A cordial invitation to all.—H. O.

HECKMONDWIKE. Thomas Street.—Tea and entertainment, Saturday, Feb. 14, for the benefit of our organist. The tea will be presided over by the young men of the Lyceum, who will also provide the entertainment, assisted by Mr. Boocock, of Bingley, which will consist of songs, duets, recitations, and two dialogues entitled "Honeymoon Experiments," and "Blundering Barney," by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Abel Heywood and Sons, Manchester, and Harry Dacre, and F. Fothergill. Tea and entertainment, 9d., and 4d.; entertainment only, 3d., and 1d.

LANCASTER. Athenæum Lecture Hall.—Saturday, Feb. 14. Musical sketch, entitled "Kindersfield; or, Old Friends with New Faces," by the Lyceum members, at 7-30. Admission 2d., children 1d. Refreshment tickets will also be issued at 2d.

LONDON. Peckham, Winchester Hall, 33, High Street.—Monday, March 2, at 5-30 p.m., tea and social meeting. Tea tickets, 1s. Meeting free at 7 p.m.—J. V.

LEEDS. Spiritual Institute.—Sunday, Feb. 22: Mrs. Wallis at 2-30 p.m. Subject, "Life in the Great Beyond"; at 6-30 p.m., "Spiritualism; Is it a Religion?" Also on Monday, Feb. 23, at 7-45 p.m., subject, "Charity or Justice." Admission free. Collection on entrance.

LONDON. Special Notice.—To Bermondsey and Rotherhithe Spiritualists. Feeling the necessity of spreading the glorious truths of spiritualism in these heretofore unrepresented districts, a number of friends have decided to inaugurate public services in the neighbourhood, and do hereby appeal to spiritualists of these parts to aid us in our undertaking. A meeting will be held at the house of Mr. Atkinson, 52, Flockton Street, Bermondsey (East Lane End), on Thursday, February the 19th instant, to entertain proposals and hear reports from those already engaged in seeking a suitable position for our work. Should there be residents in Bermondsey or Rotherhithe willing to let part of their premises for this purpose, will they kindly communicate with me? All donations will be thankfully received and acknowledged by Walter T. Rayment, hon. sec. *pro tem.*, 4, Old Road, Rotherhithe, London, S.E.

LONDON.—Musical and Social Evenings. A few friends propose to hold four or five musical and social meetings in different parts of London, to raise a fund for Mrs. Spring, the well-known medium, who is in very great pecuniary difficulties. Inquiries respecting this deserving case will be gladly answered by Utber W. Goddard, secretary *pro tem.*, 16, Queen's Parade, Clapham Junction, S.W. A benefit meeting, March 1, at Clapham Junction. Séance at 3; tea at 5-30, 16, Queen's Parade, and meeting at 7 o'clock.

LONDON. King's Cross, 182, Caledonian Road, N.—On the 15th inst., Mr. T. Emms will lecture upon "Comparative Religions and their Growth," at 7 p.m. All invited. Opportunity for discussion.

LONDON. Winchester Hall, 33, High Street, Peckham.—Monday, March 1: A Social Tea and Public Meeting to inaugurate another year's work, and return thanks for the spirit power and guidance bestowed upon us during the past year. Tickets 1s.—J. Veitch, hon. sec., Southampton Street.

LONDON. Workman's Hall, West Ham Lane, Stratford.—Tea and soirée dansante, Thursday, 26. Tea at 7 sharp, and dancing at 8. Tickets for tea and dance, 1s.; dance only, 6d., which can be obtained at the hall, or by letter from G. Whimp, 195, Leyton Road, Stratford, and C. E. Deason, 16, Maryland Road, Stratford.

MANCHESTER. Co-operative Assembly Room (not the large hall), Downing Street.—Sunday, Feb. 15: Mrs. Emma H. Britten (by special desire), will give a memorial address on the late Charles Bradlaugh, entitled "The Uncrowned Kings of the World," at 6-30 p.m. Admission free. Collection.

MANCHESTER. Edinboro' Hall.—Feb. 15, Mrs. Berry; Feb. 22, Mr. Armitage. We should like to see our hall filled, to give these speakers a hearty welcome on their first visit.—J. B. L.

MANCHESTER. Geoffrey Street Hall, off Shakespeare Street, Stockport Road.—Public circles as usual every Sunday at 11 a.m., and every Tuesday at 8 p.m.; also on Thursday at 8 p.m., for spiritualists only. Admission 2d. Tuesday, Feb. 17: Mr. G. A. Wright, of Bradford, will lecture briefly on "Phrenology," and afterwards examine heads at the small charge of 3d. Admission to the meeting 2d.—W. H.

Mrs. BUTTERFIELD, of Blackpool, who has been unwell for some time past, has now recovered her health, and is prepared to book dates for Sunday work. Societies desiring her services should apply at once.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—New secretary, Mr. R. Ellison, 3, Cotfield Terrace, Bensham, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

NORTH SHIELDS.—Wednesday, Feb. 25, Mr. J. J. Morse.

OLDHAM. Bartlam Place.—Feb. 16, at 7-45, Mr. G. A. Wright will give his popular lecture, "My path from Atheism to Spiritualism." Character readings by psychometry afterwards. Collection.

OPENSHAW.—Speakers at liberty April, May, June, and July, please communicate with the secretary.

RAWTENSTALL.—Feb. 14 and 15, Mr. John Taylor, table medium. Admission to the circles by ticket.

ROCHDALE. Penn Street.—Feb. 15, Mrs. Horrocks; Feb. 22, Service of Song, "Ministering Spirits." All are cordially invited. Mediums with spare dates, who will come for expenses, will do us a favour by communicating with our secretary, Mr. A. Smith, 7, Francis Street, Milnrow Road.

SALFORD.—Saturday, February 14, supper and entertainment to 150 old people. To provide these free meals we require and earnestly ask for further help. Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Mr. D. Arlott, 188, West Park Street; Mr. R. Heggie, Regent Road; or Alf. Tyldesley, 303, Liverpool Street, Seedley.—A. J. T.

SHEFFIELD. Cutlers' Hall.—March 9: Grand Conversazione and Ball. The suite of rooms engaged includes the ball-room. Objects of interest will be exhibited. Books, &c. Experiments in spiritualism, mesmerism, hypnotism, psychometry, thought reading; also songs, recitations, etc., during the evening. Tickets: Single, 2/-; double, 3/6. Refreshments at reasonable charges. Entertainment at 7-30; dancing at 9-30 until 2 a.m.—W. Hardy.

SHIPLEY. Liberal Club.—Wednesday, Feb. 18, and Thursday, 19, Mr. Schutt, at 7-30. Wednesday, Feb. 25, Mr. Howell, at 7-30.

STOCKPORT. Wellington Road, N.—February 21. Entertainment at 7-30 in aid of the harmonium fund by a troupe of minstrels. Admission 6d. and 3d. We shall be glad to receive a lift from all friends.

SUNDERLAND.—Feb. 15 being Hospital Sunday, we intend giving the full collection to the infirmary. Speaker, Mr. Westgarth. We hope all members and friends will assist this good work.

TYNE DOCK.—Secretary's Address: Please note, my address in future will be R. Grice, 3, Derwentwater Terrace, South Shields.

WALSALL.—At a general meeting, on January 22, it was decided to hold a bazaar on Easter Monday and Tuesday, March 30 and 31, in the new hall, Bradford Street. The proceeds to go towards the building expenses. The society is anxious that the undertaking should be successful, and begs respectfully to solicit donations of any description from friends or societies who are willing to assist, which will be thankfully received by any of the following ladies: Mrs. Adderley, South Street; Mrs. Barr, Rycroft Villa, Rycroft; Mrs. Flint, Adam's Row; Mrs. Roberts, 8, Mount Street; Mrs. Tibbitts, Aston Villa, Wednesbury Road; Mrs. Venables, Shaw Street. Hoping our efforts will be appreciated in a practical way.—Alex. Benj. Mason, secretary.

WIBSEY.—Feb. 15, Mrs. Boden; 22, Mr. Milner; March 1, Mr. Woodcock, psychometry.

YEADON.—Monday, Feb. 16: Mr. E. W. Wallis will define and defend spiritualism.

## PASSING EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

(Compiled by E. W. WALLIS.)

NOW READY.—Volume III. of *The Two Worlds*, in cloth covers, complete, carriage free for 7s. No spiritual library can be complete without it. Order from Mr. Wallis, manager, 10, Petworth Street, Cheetham, Manchester.

A GREAT LOSS has befallen our free-thought friends, and they have our sincere sympathy in this hour of their sorrow, in the passing on of Mr. Chas. Bradlaugh, who was indeed a giant, with a giant's strength, wielding his battle-axe against theological errors, and advocating the cause of the people, of justice and progress. About a year since we saw him on the platform, and entered into conversation, assuring him of our admiration and sympathy, and felt proud in the pleasure of shaking him by the hand. It seems pitiful that he should fall prostrate in death without knowing of his triumph in the House of Commons—disappointing and tragic indeed, if it were true that "death ends all." But we know that he will, in the conscious life hereafter, rejoice in renewed strength, and be comforted by the knowledge, denied him here, that justice was done him at length. Christians, in the main, have grown ashamed of their orthodoxy, and in the presence of his noble character and staunch fidelity to duty do not dare to accept the conclusions of their creeds, and are trying to smooth his way into heaven. Their hearts belie their dogmas, their humanity puts the God of their worship to shame. Mrs. Britten, on Sunday night, will deliver a memorial oration on this uncrowned king of the world. (See Prospective Announcements.)

SPIRITS ARE STILL HUMAN BEINGS and may be truthful and trustworthy, and reliance may be placed upon their statements as to matters of fact within their knowledge. But on matters of philosophy and religion they may be mistaken, their "opinions" are worth no more than those of spirits in the body unless they are cultured, thoughtful, and spiritually minded. Some people expect infallibility from spirits, forgetting that they are still human beings, and that there are all sorts of men and women and conditions of life and progress over there. Suppose the spirits were reliable in the sense some people would have, then their word would have to be final, their statements authoritative, and we should simply cease to think, have nothing to learn and be bound to accept, unquestioningly, the decrees of spirit Popes. We should become automata, and dance as the spirits pulled the strings. It is better as it is.

"PEGGING AWAY."—Yes, brother, it is all I can do, a wee bit of scribbling, not without some hope (like noble Abe) some little good may accrue. These poor parsons (as they belong to the race) need emancipation as much as the American slaves did. You know how they are bound, and they know it. I want to be a Howard and open their prison doors. My little game is to secure an entrance for such as you and others to declare the 'unsearchable riches,' and leave some of our current coin with them. Begging? No! Spiritualism is not a beggar. It asks for opportunity to sow broadcast over the barren fields of theology the good seed of proven everlasting life, to elevate the banner of truth on the very ramparts of those who deride us, but who will not listen to us, as the Editor says, "until we get good halls, and not such uninviting places that the pampered world will not approach them." The sooner we get foothold within their forts, the sooner the "reckoning" must come; then the people first, and their leaders in their rear, will sweep into the spiritual kingdom.—*Bevan Harris.*

INGERSOLL'S LATEST.—In his oration on Walt Whitman, Colonel Ingersoll says: "Will the forthgoer be lost, and for ever? Is death the end? Over the grave bends Love sobbing, and by her side stands Hope, and whispers: We shall meet again. Before all, life is death, and after all, death is life. The falling leaf, touched with the hectic blush that testifies of Autumn's death, is, in a subtler sense, a prophecy of Spring." We wonder if he means what he says, "We shall meet again," or, is it mere poetic rhetorical exaggeration? In another part of the same discourse he affirms that no one "can tell what matter is, or what spirit is, or what the difference is between spirit and matter. . . ." "You take in your hand a little earth—a little dust. Do you know what it is? In this dust you put a seed; the rain falls upon it; the light strikes it; the seed grows; it bursts into blossom; it produces fruit. What is this dust—this womb? Do you understand it? Is there anything in the wide universe more wonderful than this?" Elsewhere he says, "Beyond the indistinct is the un-

seen. In the presence of these mysteries—and everything is a mystery, so far as origin, destiny, and nature are concerned—the intelligent, honest man, is compelled to say, 'I do not know,' and yet, "Hope whispers, 'We shall meet again.'" "After all, death is life."

### IN MEMORIAM.

Mr. Charles Tidey, of Monkwearmouth, passed to the higher life on Feb. 4, after a short but severe illness of five days. On Feb. 5, our kind friend, Mr. Kempster, officiated at the interment, which was the most affecting of any we have seen. A widow and five children mourn his loss. He was a kind husband and a good father, and respected by all who knew him.

Passed to the higher life, at Bradford, on January 27, 1891, Robert John, the only and beloved son of James and Julia Burchell, in his 6th year. His body was interred at Undercliffe Cemetery, on January 31. Mrs. Craven fulfilled the last rites, and spoke words of comfort and consolation. Truly we know our dear one lives in brightness, but still we mourn his loss. He was at the Lyceum on Sunday morning, and on Tuesday evening he passed the portals.

"One sweet flower has drooped and faded,  
One sweet infant voice has fled;  
One fair brow the grave has shaded,  
One dear schoolmate upward led."

A MISSTATEMENT CORRECTED.—Dear Madam,—Without wishing for a moment to impugn the justice of the praise so liberally bestowed upon our dear departed friend, Mr. Jno. Weightman, by your Northampton correspondent "A. W.," I beg permission to rectify, for the sake of future history, a misapprehension under which he is labouring. Your correspondent states that he (Mr. Weightman) "will long be remembered by the Preston friends as the pioneer of the cause in that town." This statement is altogether incorrect, as the sequel will prove. It is also incorrect to state that Mr. Weightman was the man to introduce "the truth to Mr. Foster," and egregiously wrong to state that "Mr. Foster was, at the time, lecturing in opposition to spiritualism." Now the facts of the case are these: In 1865 our friend Mr. Jas. Burns was agent in advance for Professor L. N. Fowler, who at this time was delivering lectures and giving phrenological delineations publicly in Preston. I was one for whom the audience called, and after descending the platform stairs, Mr. Burns, a perfect stranger to me, took hold of my hand, saying "He could have talked another hour about your head." Writing subsequently to Mr. Burns, he told me to "get communications," which I did, and from that time to the present have I continued a careful investigation of the phenomena vouchsafed. As regards my "lecturing in opposition to spiritualism," that I never did, but as a writer in the public press in opposition to it in 1862, and especially during my literary encounter with the late William Howitt, the champion of the movement in England, I confess I did more than any man in Preston. It was in 1872 or 1873, if I remember rightly, that Mr. Weightman came to Preston, who, together with his daughter, son-in-law, the latter being developed as a medium, along with many others, under my roof, were each and all admitted to our sances until they left the town.

Preston, Feb. 3, 1891.

### THE THEORY OF UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION.

THE attempts which are occasionally made to explain some of the phenomena of spiritualism by the fantastical theory of "Unconscious Cerebration," have elicited from Captain Boule the following statement of facts within his own experience. We translate them from the last number of *La Revue Spirite* :—

"Called upon to serve in French Cochinchina, I was brought into close and friendly relations with a naval officer, who occupied a high position in the administrations of our new possessions in Tonkin. His name will be given to any person wishing to know it. He and I were both familiar with the facts of spiritualism, and after a time we would sit down regularly at a small three-legged table and pursue our investigations. We thus obtained, spelt out letter by letter, the following communications, which I transcribe textually :—

"I am a Mata; I died in this place at the time it was under the command of the chiefs whom you superseded. If you are not afraid, take the light and look in that old bureau there, where you will find my name upon some old papers.' We found the name in the place indicated, and got it translated next day into Latin characters by a qualified native, and it proved to be an Annamite designation. 'I was a villager of Benca,' the table continued to spell out; 'ask some of the old people there, who will assure you they have known me and that I am speaking the truth.' Next day my friend sought out a person of this kind, who declared, not without a certain feeling of stupor, that the individual inquired for had really existed, and was in fact a native of that village. He was a militiaman (commonly called a Mata), under the command of a neighbouring mandarin; and had died in the service of that chief. We were bound to conclude, therefore, that the table has told us the truth.

"Some time afterwards, seated at the same table, the following words were spelt out: "Rran tan plan tan plan tan plan, rran tan plan tan plan plan. You appear to be good fellows both of you. I have come to have a little chat with you *en passant*. I was born in Paris, in the Faubourg St. Antoine; I was originally a dyer and clothes cleaner; I became a soldier in 1792, because the country was in danger; I was of good height; I was killed at Marengo, tambour major in the Consular guard. Rran tan plan tan plan, rran tan plan tan plan plan. The feet of the table at these last letters endeavour to imitate the roll of the drums, gradually fading away in the distance.'

"Captain Boule challenges the people who talk so glibly of unconscious cerebration, to tell him how they could possibly adjust their theories to facts like these. Neither of the two officers had ever heard either of the Annamite militiaman or of the ci-devant dyer, who lost his life at the battle of Marengo; and therefore there could be no latent idea of either in the brain of one or other of the sitters at the table. But the opponents of spiritualism will invent any preposterous explanation of the causes of its phenomena, rather than accept those which are obvious and indisputable."—*Harbinger of Light.*

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