

The Two Worlds.

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WHY DO SPIRITS RETURN?

By J. J. MORSE.

AMONG the questions propounded to Spiritualists, by those outside the pale of the consolations enjoyed by us "of the household of the faith," the one heading this article is frequently presented. It is, truly, a momentous question. The interrogatories, "Why?" and "How?" lie at the base of all knowledge, and are man's perpetual inspirations in his search after Nature's truths and God's realities. Among the deepest-rooted elements of our being are our affections, our religious bias, and a more or less developed innate sense of right; while in us all there is—deny it as some may and do—a craving for more knowledge and light concerning death, and all that term involves and implies. Indeed, *why* we die and *how* we die—*what* the actual process of death is—are matters upon which few people appear to have any settled ideas or opinions of any value; while still fewer have any clear conception of either what they will do or what they would like to do after death, apart from the conventional ideas that are prevalent upon such matters—ideas that, comforting though they may be, yet nevertheless, and with all due respect and kindness let it be said, there is no sort of evidence to prove them true. This is a great misfortune. True religion loses, for in these days "faith" is being usurped by knowledge, and death and the after-life are recognised as quite as much fit for human inquiry as are life and the world that is.

Suppose then, gentle reader, you put this question to me, in all sincerity, with a desire to gain information. And further, suppose that I endeavour to reply in accordance with the knowledge and light and comfort that have been mine for over two-score of years; it may be that some of the pleasant peace I have enjoyed may pass to you and bring a better thought to your mind concerning the Spiritualism of the present day.

Let me then ask a question—"If you were to enter into the next life to-day would *you* wish to return to earth?" Do not answer hastily and say, "Oh! I should be too happy. I should be in heaven, and all thoughts of earth would have left me." For if you so answer you must stand convicted of ingratitude and self-righteousness, two most grave imputations. Self-righteousness in the assumption that you are sure of heaven; ingratitude that you have forsaken those whom you loved, those who loved, toiled, and suffered, it may be, for you while you were on earth. I grant that you might not be directly responsible for the forgetfulness suggested, since it is alleged the greater Power would so change your nature that all earthly loves and memories would be removed therefrom. But even this is sad to think of, as it means the utter extinction of those sweet affections that bind kindred and friends in union here. To Spiritualists such an experience after death is beyond thought, for the information they possess shows that such a change does not take place.

You ask, "What does Spiritualism say concerning the nature of people in the spirit life?" The answer is: "We are still intelligent and conscious people there, and we have refined or spiritual bodies suited to us and our new conditions, and we retain our minds, our memories, and our affections. We leave behind us our material bodies and the

functions and passions belonging thereto, but we still possess all our superior faculties." In the light of this answer to your inquiry, let me repeat my question, and again ask you—"Would you wish to return to earth after death?"

Methinks I hear you say: "Ah! putting it the way you do, I think there might be reasons to induce me to wish to return. I fancy I should like my parents, my relatives, friends—those near and dear to me—to know I was alive indeed. I should wish them to know what kind of world I was in, whom I had met, and how the people of the spirit world were governed. I should like to help them to the kind of life they should lead to fit them for my new world. Oh, yes! To assure them that immortality was true."

Then, you think these considerations would induce in you a desire to return, but may there not still be other, and even deeper, considerations involved? A desire to correct the errors of religious teaching, for instance? Especially that teaching concerning hell, the devil, everlasting torments, and heaven, angels and eternal rest. For if you found the next life peopled by men and women, all intelligently active, learning good, and doing good, the old time teaching would at once be overthrown by the practical experiences you would witness. If you found that all were being educated in spiritual growth, that wrongs were being righted, that retribution overtook wrong doers, that right obtained its recognition, and that the "divine in all" was surely being unfolded, would you not, if you recognised and understood all this, be most desirous of communicating these glorious truths, not only to those on earth whom you loved or knew, but to all the world besides?

Your affections, your desire to increase the world's true knowledge of what religion should be and teach, your unfolded sense of justice and right, would, it seems to me, all impel you to return to earth to do your part to overturn the ignorance upon all spiritual matters that is so extensive and deep rooted. And, further, when you, my gentle questioner, saw, as you would see, the deep inconsolable and at times unutterable anguish that the bereaved manifest, when you understood the utter loneliness of hearts and homes where death has entered, when you saw and knew these things, and contrasted them with the light, beauty, and life of your new world, out of your love, your sympathy with the sorrowful and heart-weary, there would arise still other reasons to induce in you a desire to return to earth, so that you could dispel the gloom, and in its place put some of the sunlight and gladness of your own surroundings.

You are willing to concede all this? Well, I am glad, but there is still another reason which must be included, it is this—you would desire to return because you were a rational being possessed of all the faculties of reason, affection, and intelligence; a being in whom all humanity had been purified, intensified, and unfolded, and, being so, it would be a perfectly natural desire upon your part to strive to bring comfort, knowledge, and truth to your fellows still upon the earth. It can easily be understood that, as you will be a conscious and intelligent individual in the spirit life, among the reasons impelling you to return may be desires to assure the world that the religious history of mankind, the miracles, visions, the heaven and angels, the ministry of angels, their guardianship and inspiration, the hope of immortality entertained so largely by men are not mere delusive fancies, but rest upon a solid foundation of truth. Thus you would become an evangel of the truest kind. A teacher as "one having authority," i. e., knowledge and experience. Also, seeing the many false ambitions, idle pleasures, and the unwise methods pursued by men to fit themselves for the next life, would naturally lead you to

urge them to more solid and useful endeavours, while here, to fit them for the hereafter. For, being in that future life, you would have before you the actual results of the lives men had lived on earth, as seen in their circumstances in that other world. The thread of this argument may appear somewhat fantastical and far fetched, my friend, because you are not quite certain as to all that is suggested being possible. But, speaking as I do, after many years of practical knowledge of the reality of communion between that other world and this, I deliberately affirm the truth of every suggestion herein contained. That truth you can become possessed of by carefully investigating the claims of modern Spiritualism, and by joining or forming with your own friends, a spirit circle. Perhaps you, my reader, and, I trust, candid enquirer, may be a "medium," and, should such be the case, and you establish communication with the people of the spirit world, they will surely tell you that the reasons why they return include, among others, those herein enumerated.

Agreeing, as you do, in the main that, if things hereafter are as I have suggested, you, my friend, by your own conclusions virtually answer this question for yourself, and say, in effect, that "if I am a rational being after death the love I bear my friends, the desire to correct the prevailing errors upon things spiritual, to help the world to a truer life and a clearer knowledge of what death is and what it leads to, would be among the reasons that would urge me to return to earth and communicate with those left behind."

SPIRITUALISM A COMFORTER AND A TEACHER.

By JAMES ROBERTSON.

It is many years since the important and consoling truths of Spiritualism came home to me as a fact of the utmost certainty, and now I wish to uncover a small store of these early recollections on the subject. A few days transformed the whole current of my mental atmosphere, and put on a new stamp, with as sharp an impression as if it had taken half a lifetime to engrave it. A few weeks before, and it seemed as if I was many leagues away from anything approaching Spiritualism, for often when I had seen the subject named in the newspapers I had felt almost fiercely antagonistic, as it looked then to me a base attempt to trifle with the most sacred affections of our nature, and that the duty of all sensible people was to stamp out the pestilent fraud. I had not at this period ever come in contact with a believer in Spiritualism, and for years previously I had been fully convinced that on the question of immortality no evidence ever had been or could be offered.

Some three years before my introduction to the subject the light of my life had seemed to vanish when a darling boy of five years was removed from my sight by death. The old forms of religion I had ceased to believe in, but even if I had still held to them there would have been little comfort there, for Christianity holds not up the hands of the mourner when he stands by the grave of wife or child. Beside that grave of my loved one I stood without any hope that I might see him again. Ecclesiasticism had palsied my life and left me nothing—neither hope nor knowledge. My child had become to me only a sweet memory, and when I heard of Spiritualism, it never crossed my mind that *there* I would find light or consolation regarding him. I held the very name in such contempt that it would have required some very sincere and wise person to get me to listen to such a topic. What appeared in the newspapers as to exposures and frauds was amply sufficient for me. That it had another and a beautiful side never crossed my mind.

The British Association had met in Glasgow during 1875. When the subject got introduced what I read then did not attract me in any way, but rather the reverse. Then the next year Dr. Slade came to England, when paragraphs now and again appeared in the newspapers as to his slate-writing, which seemed a clever enough trick, but to associate this with the return of our dead was surely the basest and most cruel of frauds. I was positive, as I have said, that on this question no evidence was possible.

In this view one day, while crossing the Frith of Forth in a steamer, I came across a more than ordinary prominent paragraph in the *Scotsman* newspaper to the effect that certain Drs. Lancaster and Donking had found out how Dr. Slade's slate-writing was done—nay, had exposed him in the act of cheating. I rejoiced that this crushing exposure had come; but for the first time there came to me the thought,

"Is there anything after all in Spiritualism? Why does not the world get rid of it once and for ever? Why will it not be cast off? It has been written down and howled down, and yet here was it still asserting itself, continuing to find its dupes in spite of exposure or ridicule." I made a bargain with myself after this train of reflection that when I returned to Glasgow I would probe this matter to the bottom, and of course show others that if there were some mysterious forces at the back of it, to build the strange hypothesis upon it that our dead returned to us, was quite unwarranted. My deep sorrow had been toned down, so that I was not driven to investigate the matter through grief, as some people are whipped into religion by misfortune. I had reached a point when I was prepared to look in the face truth, come from what quarter it might. I knew nothing of the literature of the subject; did not know that the most honourable and eminent had written in its defence; that Wm. Howitt, S. C. Hall, Gerald Massey, and Robert Chambers were Spiritualists, or even that any person of common intelligence had accepted its facts.

Coming back to Glasgow a day or two after my mind had so forcibly caught hold of the subject, what seemed a merely accidental circumstance brought Alfred Russel Wallace's "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism" under my notice. It had just been published. I was familiar with the name of this eminent man of science, knew that it had been linked with that of Charles Darwin as a discoverer of the great theory of evolution. It was one of the surprises of my life to find such a name associated with such a subject. I read the book with care. The answer to the arguments of Hume and Lecky did not affect me. I had long felt there was no answer could be given to David Hume on miracles. The statements made as to the phenomena that had taken place in Mr. Wallace's presence surprised me. That a sober-minded man of science could be found to vouch for such marvels was indeed singular; but if this kind of evidence had come to him, why had I lived in the world for more than thirty years and found none of it? No, it was unbelievable, and no man's testimony, however good and great, would suffice me in matters pertaining to the spiritual. I had rubbed off as well as I could the old theology with which I had been tattooed in my cradle, which had so long darkened my youth and manhood, and I was not inclined to accept a new superstition on the testimony of any man, however eminent.

The next Sunday found me at the Spiritualists' meeting place, when I listened to an address which did not satisfy me in any way. I might have come away as I went but that at the close of the lecture a gentleman rose in opposition, saying, "What was the good of Spiritualism? had we not Jesus and the New Testament?" &c., &c. I then got up and stated my position, that traditions were of no value to me; that phenomenal proof was worth much more than historical evidence; and if Spiritualism could give this phenomenal proof of a future life I would hold it of priceless value.

A lady, a medium who was present and knew me slightly, at the close of the meeting offered to come up to my house and help me to form a circle for investigation, and then was begun the great change for me—my true Spiritual budding, and I hope blossoming and some day fruiting. It was indeed a completely new idea, and I could scarcely realise that a new world was going to open to my view, that the curtains were going to be parted wide enough to reveal to me real and lasting treasures, whose very existence I had so long doubted or denied.

It was sitting round a common kitchen table that this new knowledge came home to me—a knowledge which upset all my previous philosophy. I sat down, incredulous that anything could transpire outside the well-known laws of physics, but I found that physical science had no explanation to account for the action of that piece of furniture. We had sat for over an hour, I suppose, and nothing transpired. I was beginning to sneer at the whole subject, and my old prejudices were coming up, when suddenly that table began to move in a way which startled all except the medium. With a light motion, as if it had been made of the most plastic material, it leaped almost into my wife's arms and then into my own; anon it became heavy and light by turns. When the alphabet was called over a great number of messages were spelt out, which we thought were only known to ourselves. My dead boy, whose presence had become only a sweet memory, claimed to be conscious of our lives and to be often with us. I have seen table movements many times since that eventful night, but never since anything of so

marked a character—nothing with the same point and clearly-marked intelligence.

I was indeed upset, embarrassed, agitated, in a way I did not think possible. I seemed to see then that if this was indeed real that I was witnessing, it was of mighty import for the individual life and for mankind; but at first I could not think clearly. The next day's reflections are almost as clear to me now as then. Had I not been too hasty in admitting so much, might there not be another explanation? Like Brewster, spirit was the last thing I would give in to. The whole thing I felt had come too suddenly upon me. I brought out to the daylight all my obstinate questionings, all the half-beliefs I had held on the subject of immortality, but could get no mental rest. Why did it come in this poor and absurd way, such important knowledge?

Had I, after all, been walking through life blindly, and saying that was impossible which now I was almost forced to admit? Whatever measure of sweet tranquillity has come to me since through this celestial light, those early days were days of painful mental friction? I read all I could get on the subject, checked my experiences with Dr. Carpenter's "Unconscious Cerebration," "Unconscious Muscular Action," but had to throw it aside as trifling with the real facts. Serjeant Cox's book, entitled "What am I?" which discarded the Spiritual theory, forced me, after perusal, to say: "If I had had such experience, I must be a Spiritualist." I tried sittings at home with my wife and son (a lad then of ten years of age), but with no results. Then the lady medium came again, when we had a repetition of the phenomena, with some new features that more clearly than before convinced me my dead were there. Gradually I felt, as the weeks passed over my head, that if I would be true to conscience and right, I must acknowledge the truth of Spiritualism had been brought home to me, and there was no longer any reason to call myself a doubter or enquirer. From that position I have never faltered for sixteen years. Greater surprises came to me than ever I could have conceived possible.

I became conscious in many ways of the presence of those loved ones who have refreshed my life thousands of times; my boy, whose light I once thought had gone out for ever, was indeed given back to me, and all these years I have been conscious of his companionship, have felt his touch on my forehead, so palpably, that oftentimes I have put up my hand to feel if indeed there was not something physical there. How often this has restored me to a bright and hopeful condition, when the defeats of life would weigh too heavily. In the moment of passion, when I would have forgotten the truer part of myself, I have felt his touch, and the angry word or thought would be stilled, and I am able to look upward and thank God for the real ministry of angels. Not once or twice, but whenever the need is there, my comforter is at hand. I have been influenced to speak his thoughts to his mother in language much choicer than I can command unaided, telling us that his love has not been dissipated but is shed down on us still. A moral force of great power has been his presence, and I never can far forget life's highest duties so long as he is with me to touch the old memory of my love. I am conscious that he can look me through and through.

He is but one of the many real persons that Spiritualism has brought me into close companionship with; I have been literally guided oftentimes by the wisdom and love of those whom I never knew on earth, but whose personality is as real as my own existence. No sermon or book could have the perpetual power and influence which this communion gives me; it is a sermon I get on the mount, or in the street, which reaches the innermost heart of my life. The loss of the heart's fondest hopes, the breaking of the pillars that I have leaned upon, all are little with the larger views of God's providence which Spiritualism has brought me; it is a real Bethlehem star, capable of lighting and guiding the nations, which will reflect a clearer light as the ages roll. All its excellences cannot be seen in one generation, or even its true import understood. Not for the first time in the world's history has humanity mistaken its benefactor, and taken him for the exact opposite of what he was. Had there not been a great truth and a living force behind it, it must have been crushed out long ago.

We have not any of us comprehended faintly what this glorious gospel is capable of doing when it gets into our heart as well as our head, when we shall know its believers by their fruits and not by their words. Each day there is being gathered into the fold, many who can say from their hearts, as I do, "I give God thanks for Spiritualism."

THE CONSOLATIONS OF SPIRITUALISM.

By J. B. TETLOW.

I AM of opinion that a man can write best that which he sees, hears, feels, and knows; in other words, he can write *himself*. The most entertaining reading is biography or autobiography, not the volumes commonly handed to us under those titles, but those other books known as "fiction," which are nothing if not true. The world of fiction is the world of fact, the inmost hopes and desires of all of us. Disguise it as we may, we are often mirrored in the so-called novel, we often find ourselves face to face in a manner we do not care to reveal to others. Yes, the books of fiction are the *true* biographies. Here we feel the pulse of Nature, the breath of spirit dews our glass, spirit stands revealed before us. There we read our origin—lowly, ugly, tortuous, spiral. The mark of the beast is on us, and the agonies of a thousand worlds are grafted in our bones. The laws of all worlds and the inhabitants thereof are planted in our being. We are the coronal of Nature. All fictions find their charms in the strength of the truths they utter. In them we find our every hope painted, each outspoken desire limned. Who has been into the closet of our dreams—who? Yet here the unutterable word has been spoken, and our bitterest sorrows, our blighted hopes, our crushed purposes, our withered and paralysed loves, have all found voice, strong, syren-like, that charms beyond delight, and binds us slaves to the self that we do and do not know.

Life is a mystery; we come and go, eat and drink, are merry and sad, marry and give in marriage, and—die. And then—what? Ah, there's the rub. How varied are the answers the world gives, yet all seem contended with *their* answer. I have mine, but not now as once. I have had many answers. When led with the strings of theology I said, "After death the judgment. Heaven with its music, harps, thrones, crowns, fountains, and precious stones. Hell with its devil, fire, sulphur, agonies, pains, and despair blacker than midnight." Before the inroads of mental light the visions of the past faded. At the first grey streaks of morn the landscape has a beauty all its own. When nightly shades hang o'er the earth, and the moon with mellow light illumines the scene, there is a glory that goes down into the heart that the brain and tongue cannot express. So in the night of "faith," illumined with the dim religious light of theology, there is a peculiar outward charm. The thought that this puny self is of such importance that a God from heaven paid ransom for me—that I, if I would, might get saved and have the glorious privilege of thanking Him in person for the great abnegation of his dignity, is delightful. Such thoughts as these gave me satisfaction for years; only the moonlight shone, and in that dim light I saw, and even when the grey streaks of morning came, the vision was too limited to enable me to see my true spiritual bearings.

Some years ago, when returning from the United States on one of the Atlantic liners, I remember one striking scene. It was early morn. The heavens were clear, the waters still, the winds locked in the caves of Æolus. O'er the bosom of the deep, for a few yards high, hung an impenetrable mist. Looking above the fog eastward, I saw a sight beautiful beyond compare, the topmasts of a sailing vessel, gloriously luminous, painted white with rays of the new-born sun. It was a revelation! We were not alone on the quiet waters. Out there eastward, invisible to our sight, were beings such as we. Loves, sorrows, joys, griefs, were there as well as with us. That picture was bright with the light of more worlds than one, typical of that broader sympathy that grows with knowledge. The day-dawn is glorious. The freedom, won by conflict, is grand beyond speech. When I burst from the bondage of Christianity and fled to the fields of Atheism, I was proud of my liberty. I had no manacles. The house that had been my prison was destroyed, and the land I had tilled I fired, that I might burn up the thorns and thistles of the past. I would be free if I stood alone—hopeless, rayless, with a mighty chasm at the end of my horizon. But who can live on his dreams? Like the Indian in his canoe, moving with the strength of Niagara's power, we glide along. The under-currents of our being have a resistless motion, and we go onward, we know not where. The mental condition of doubt of past faiths is horrible, especially if we have not light enough to see whither we are drifting. Columbus must have had some terrible hours of torturing suspense after he sailed beyond the limits of his chart. The consciousness of ignorance, the sense of unknown dangers

terrorises the spirit, producing hunger for the old security that sometimes becomes unbearable. This is fearfully so when we have sailed beyond our chart of faith. Our new states of consciousness dominate over the past, and we drift into quieter waters: and yet we are not content. The irrepressible desires within us—the hungerings and thirstings—grow, and our new ideas satisfy them not. What must we do? When we were Christian we had foundations of hope to build upon. Authority threw its mantle over us, and bade us be content. What had borne our fathers would bear us, and so we could rest. But when “Hope” died with our dreams, and our new liberty crushed our “Faith”—when the “mills of the gods” ground on and the wheat came not, we begun to feel we had moved forward too hastily. What if God did exist? What if spirits lived? Then—what? Well, it would be a desirable consummation to know something of both.

Thoughtful and observant men and women cannot live thirty or forty years without finding there is something more than bread and cheese in the world. These in the hours of physical hunger are desirable, but there are hungerings that bread and beef will not satisfy, and thirstings that even Adam’s wine has no power to quench. Deep in our nature, sooner or later, there is found a power of love, sympathy, and tenderness which demands satisfaction. Out in the world there is some other than himself in whom a man takes an interest, and from the twain grow others, and thus love’s music increases. Some day an unwelcome visitor calls, and requires one or another of the household to cease their usual labours, gently, but firmly, impresses them with the fact that bed is their best place; and when he has forced them there vigorously belabours them until in bitter agony and pain they cease to breathe. Then comes a new feeling, according to circumstances. Imagination awakens, gathers up his brushes, and paints in your mental nature such pictures that, look at them ever so dimly you become paralysed with horror. Are you a Christian? then you have “hope”—just such hope as you have of seeing the emigrant when you sail the seas which he has sailed. Did he burn his ship on landing? It did not return, at any rate. You know not whether he landed safely. You hope. But oh! how the heart grows sick with hope deferred. You read your Bible, but no light clear enough to make you *certain* ever illumines your path. All you can do is to hope and pray that the good Lord has charity in his heart and strength enough in his hand to save and keep your darling until you go to him. This uncertainty is terrible. Could he not come back to say one word? No. “Heaven is too good, hell too far away.” Pine, sad heart; thy consolation *may* come some day.

But suppose you are an atheist, what then? Sentiment is the only consolation. The loved form has gone into the void, and out of it comes neither hope nor pity—blank, unconscious annihilation! The music of love is stilled, the glory and strength of thought are vanished. The magic of intercourse is destroyed, with no possible power to re-open. The lessons of life all gone, the pains, sorrows, griefs all to no purpose; education of no avail. Death to these people is a horror, however much they cover their terrors with the glamour of sentiment, and the less acquaintance they make with it until they themselves vanish the better.

Some time ago I stood by the bedside of a dying Spiritualist. She knew that death had her in his grip, but she feared him not, neither did her relatives and friends. Never shall I forget the look she gave me as I took her hand for the last time, and she said, “Won’t you bury my body?” That look, were it transferred to canvas, would have immortalised the painter. Heaven shone through her eyes—hope had vanished, and *certainly* arrived; peace, joy, and willingness to go. Contentment with its blessed calm stood around. No annihilation, no sentimental immortality through the permanency of the transformation of forms of matter. No dread of the emigrant’s fate when all ships are sunk. But the sure knowledge of life, of future intercourse with friends, of watchful guardianship, of wifely care, and motherly tenderness. To her own place she would go. The deeds of the past, the growth of virtue and love, each had made the habitation of the spirit bright and beauteous. All forms of faith and knowledge have their joys and consolations, but that which most meets the heart’s hunger, that satisfies the problems of the head, that heals the sorrows of humanity, and gives the truest joys, that lifts us above our selves, and ever speaks to the highest that is in us—that is the faith, the knowledge that shall live longest and pave the path to bliss. Such we claim is Spiritualism.

IONE: OR, THE EGYPTIAN STATUE.

AN ASTRAL ROMANCE.—BY J. J. MORSE.

Author of “Wilbraham’s Wealth,” “Righted by the Dead,” “Cursed by the Angels,” “O’er Sea and Land,” “Two Lives and their Work,” &c.

[The following narrative was originally published in the *Carrier Dove*, of San Francisco, U.S., but in its present form it has been in part rewritten, making a more complete study than was the case in its original presentation.—THE AUTHOR.]

CHAPTER I.

MY HOLIDAYS COMMENCE.

AT the outset let me disclaim any vanity in opening the pages of my memory for the purpose of narrating the curious and perplexing episode of my life that these pages will disclose.

I write at the request of a valued friend, who is a member of some mysterious society, the character of which I know of but vaguely, and that but from the dark hints of my aforesaid friend. I foolishly mentioned a little item of this matter to him on one occasion, and his questionings led me to tell more. He at once commenced to discourse about “astral powers,” and “karma,” and other matters equally unintelligible to me, and begged me, “in the interest of psychic science,” to write out a statement of the curious experiences I had passed through. I have done so. As for myself, I have no explanation to advance for what is here stated. All I know is, everything occurred exactly as it is herein recorded.

Let me commence, in proper autobiographical form, by saying that it is now nine years ago at the time this is being written, that I, Sidney Carlyon, being sick in body and weary in mind, resolved to seek rest and quiet in the seaside village of B—in Hampshire, on the English coast. Except the natural weariness due to a long season of sustained attention to professional duties and private studies, I was devoid of any affection of the mind, and singularly free from all proclivities toward the so-called supernatural.

I was by nature strongly inclined to materialism, and prone to weigh all things in accordance with the results of scientific research. I had made a fairly successful start in life as the principal of a large educational establishment, in an excellent suburb of London, and I was as matter-of-fact and practical a pedagogue as could be met with. Of love I knew little and cared less. To me all women were the same, or if I saw variety in them it was but in the nature and character of their individual vanities. My head master was an able and intelligent man alike in the duties of his position as in the practical business of the school; indeed, I had seriously considered the wisdom of proposing a partnership to him.

When I was taken sick I congratulated myself upon his being with me, as I knew I could leave the school with safety in his hands, and that my business interests would be thoroughly safe in his care. I had struggled on in the vain hope that I could conquer my feeling of mental prostration, but was finally compelled to submit to the earnest entreaties of my doctor, who, at last, frankly told me that it was a choice between rest and life, or work and death. Believing that a live man is better than a dead hero, I reluctantly, it is true, consented to rest for a time at least.

Accordingly, at the summer holidays of 18—I settled my business, and arranged with my head master to take entire charge for one year, myself departing for B—in Hampshire. The sleepy little coast village seemed so quiet and peaceful the evening I arrived. The sea was as smooth as glass, and as the sun sank slowly in its emerald bosom, great rays of red shot across its glittering expanse.

I was fortunate in securing rooms facing the sea, in a very pleasant house, and my landlady was as genial and motherly a soul as a stranger—and a sick one, too—could desire.

Ten days passed away pleasantly enough, and the rest and change were beginning to operate upon me in so soothing a manner, that, I must confess, actually made me feel that I was taking delight in being lazy! I would wander out to the cliffs, recline at length upon their grass-covered edges, and listlessly gaze seaward by the hour. Sometimes I would indulge in reading a light novel, but more often content myself with gazing seaward for hours together. One morning while thus—shall I say engaged? I was sensible of feeling an intense nervous irritation, and an indefinable sense of mingled annoyance and anxiety.

I could assign no cause for this feeling, nor give any reason for it. It lasted quite an hour, and then ceased as

suddenly and as unaccountably as it commenced. On retiring to rest that night, after having been asleep an hour or more, I awoke with the feelings of the morning strong upon me again. Now it seemed as if the anxiety was not mine, but that I was the recipient of some other person's mental distress. The feeling this time was disagreeably strong, and quite beyond my ability to shake off. Once, too, I could have declared I heard a mingled sob and sigh break upon the stillness of my chamber. I arose, bathed my face and forehead in cold water, paced the room a number of times, when presently, in the same sudden manner as before, I seemed to become myself again, whereon I retired once more and slept undisturbed as usual. I pondered over these peculiar experiences deeply, but as they did not recur, I was dismissing them, as the curious phenomena arising, most likely, from mental and nervous exhaustion. The next day I was out there upon the cliffs whiling away the day in my usual listless fashion.

(To be continued.)

SPIRITUALISM A GATEWAY TO KNOWLEDGE.

By Miss A. E. FITTON.

It has been remarked that "Spiritualism is a wide gateway to knowledge." The natural question arises—what knowledge? with perhaps the cynical suggestion, that of the black art. Well, I suppose even that becomes more comprehensible, and much once feared as such, loses its dreaded character when brought into the daylight of modern Spiritualism, which, when rightly employed, disperses the dark shades of mystery and superstition, even as the purifying rays of the sun banish darkness, and impart life and vitality.

The field of research of which Spiritualism is the open portal is as vast in its extent as it is important in its issues, pertaining as it does to those subtle forces ever at work, governed by laws of which we know little or nothing, closely though they are linked with the higher nature and the future destiny of man. As the body is governed by laws, so must the mind and spirit be equally under subjection to far more intangible and incomprehensible forces than those which govern material things.

Hypnotism, thought-reading, magnetic attraction, with their curious phases and varied possibilities; clairvoyance and psychometry, with their keenness of vision and perception, setting the laws of optics at defiance; insanity, with its mysterious developments and its awful and far-reaching consequences; these are all so many problems more or less awaiting solution, destined to exercise the scientific mind more acutely as time goes on. Here Spiritualism steps in, offering solutions and throwing "more light" where dimness and gloom seemed to have taken fast possession.

Science is pre-eminently materialistic. It prefers to deal with what can be handled and weighed, analysed and defined. Matter has hitherto been mainly the field of its operation, but beyond the confines of matter, or rather within those limits, interblending and closely allied, there lies the domain of spirit, and it is in this mysterious realm—this region of cause—that Spiritualism has its origin, and from whence has emanated the mis-called supernatural, forgetting that it is only the unknown that is mysterious, and that some day, to each and all, spirit itself will stand out in its own environment, clear, beautiful, and comprehensible.

In the meantime knowledge is wanted now and here. This world has to be lived in and made the best of, and the more we know ourselves and our surroundings, the better fitted are we to take our place, and play our little part on the stage of life, not as automata, not as lay figures, but as beings endowed with God-given reason, capable of apprehending many things which through indolence or indifference we are apt to let slip.

Death is familiar to most who have reached maturity. Sooner or later it enters every home and lays a paralysing touch upon some throbbing heart, leaving behind a dreary sense of loss and desolation.

It is the one sure unchangeable fact which all must face, and with which all must finally reckon; and it is of the hereafter, at whose portals this dark-robed angel stands, that Spiritualism has something to say, and that over a gloomy subject it can throw a radiant illumination. Having the unique advantage of being, as it were, behind the scenes, it can speak on its own peculiar lines with authority. What then are some of its assertions?

The future life, even to the most religious and spiritually minded, has been truly a *terra incognita*—vague, mystical, unreal—as diverse from this world with its living human instincts, its varied interests, its imperious demands, its homely familiarities, its troubles, its sorrows, and its sins, as it is possible for saint or sinner, sage or mystic to imagine or pourtray. And thus, though all are not honest enough to admit it, there exists a decided inclination to turn away from the contemplation of a future life, as from a prospect far from alluring, and yet one which in serious moments will assert itself, bringing with it a distinct sense of unreality and of dread.

We think of the countless myriads who have lived and loved and passed away, and the questions arise—Where are they? What is their destiny? Are they still living personalities, or have they passed from existence as the dew vanishes from the meadow, or the mist rises from the mountain?

We may turn with questioning lips to Grecian or Roman philosophy, but we wait in vain for an answer; to modern theology, but here too the response is unsatisfactory, and we crave for something more definite.

Belief is good, but demonstrated fact is better, and here again Spiritualism steps in, and from its vantage ground of knowledge, opens out a vista of infinite possibilities. It tells of a life of reality, of usefulness, of mental and spiritual advancement. Of the crystal sea and golden streets, and the unending adoration of the Apocalyptic vision we hear nothing. But we *do* hear of friendly greetings, of "many mansions," of varied states, of definite aims, and of a gradual and a glorious progression, even out of the lowest depths into which poor humanity can sink.

We are assured that communion with those who have passed away is an oft-proved possibility, that the two worlds are not wide asunder as the poles, but dovetail the one into the other, acting and reacting on each other, and that the spiritual side of matter is as potent for good and evil, as though it were palpable to every sense.

Spiritualism is truly a gateway to knowledge, or, to change the metaphor, a channel through which flows a nineteenth century revelation; one which like heaven will slowly permeate society, and testify in a materialistic age to the reality and power of spirit.

WHEN THAT DEVOTED SPIRITUALIST, Mrs. Fenn, was about to leave her frail, feeble body, she said, "They are coming for me—they *are*! My long gone companion brings a white robe. Oh, how pleasant his features are, and how bright he looks! 'In a few days I shall come,' he says, 'in a few days!'" The next week she passed over death's peaceful river. The Rev. J. W. Baily, a very spiritually-minded man, would sing at times before his death. Mrs. Baily said, "Does it not tire you to sing so much?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "but I am so happy I can't help it." A little time before he left the body he exclaimed smilingly, "I can see over the river. I can see on both sides. It is beautiful here, but glorious, *glorious* over there. They beckon to me to come. I see Ellen. I see many loved ones. I am going. . . . I am happy, *happy*!" E. H. Sears nobly, inspiringly says: "In the other life appears the wonderful paradox that the oldest people are the youngest. To grow in age is to come into everlasting youth. To become old in years is to put on the freshness of perpetual prime. We drop from us the *débris* of the past; we breathe the ether of immortality, and our cheeks mantle with eternal bloom."—*Dr. J. M. Peebles.*

THE SPIRIT-WORLD should not be confounded with the spiritual world; nor with the angel world; nor with that radiant *Heaven* of heavens where dwell the angels of holiness. The above distinctions, recognised to a less or greater extent by all trained seers, gave rise to the theory of the spheres. As there is adaptation between the seed and the soil, the fish and the surging sea, the bird and the viewless air, so there must needs be an aural adaptation between spirits and those portions of spirit-space where dwell the different societies of spirits and glorified angels. Each mortal has a guardian angel. Compensation pertains to all worlds. In spirit-life congenial souls meet, and there the grandest ideals of earth are attained and enjoyed. As the turtle bears its shell, and as the spider spins and carries the web it weaves from itself, so we carry our aural spheres with us here, and shall bear them across the flowing Jordan of death. The judgment seat is within. Memory is the recording angel. As all the solar rays unite to constitute the white, so in those transcendent abodes of angel life all the higher attributes and aims of the soul blend in love. God is love.—*Dr. Peebles.*

THE TWO WORLDS.

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EDITOR AND GENERAL MANAGER:

E. W. WALLIS.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COMPANY'S REGISTERED OFFICE, AT 73A, CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

WE have in store a number of exceedingly interesting articles. Next week we shall print a report of a lecture by Miss Florence Marryatt, "THERE IS NO DEATH."

In No. 240 a lecture by Mr. Jas. Robertson, of Glasgow, reviewing the deeply interesting book by that lady, bearing the same title.

THE THIRD PRIZE article entitled, "How and Why I Became a Spiritualist," by Mrs. J. M. Smith, will appear in No. 239.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY E. W. WALLIS.

As this number of *The Two Worlds* will fall into the hands of many new readers I take the opportunity of urging upon them the importance of the subject to which it is devoted.

It is now "the fashion" to write on "occult" matters and relate stories of "real ghosts." Magazines are flooded with articles dealing with coincidences and psychical experiences. Even the "shilling shocker" deals, often in an absurd and grotesque fashion it is true, with the marvels of hypnotism, duplex consciousness, and Spiritualism.

It is to be feared that amid all this superficial treatment of the phenomena of "the debatable land" between the two worlds, the solid facts will be lost sight of, and their deep and solemn significance be forgotten.

Let it be borne in mind that nothing can be of greater moment to mankind than the satisfactory solution of the difficulties which beset the observant and thoughtful wayfarer on life's path respecting who I am? What am I? Why am I here? Whither am I going? It is surely not too much to say that every other consideration pales before the problem, "If a man die, shall he live again?" "One question more than others all, From thoughtful minds implores reply; It is, as breathed from star and pall, 'What fate await us when we die?'" It has been my lot to frequently stand bareheaded beneath the bending heavens, besides the bereaved mourners with the open grave before us, in which have been deposited the mortal remains of friend, companion, or child. I have felt the sadness of life and the bitterness of death, have wept with those who mourned and in sympathy with their stricken hearts have realised the narrowness, the vanity, the inadequacy of *this* world's choicest treasures. When the heart is torn and bleeding, and one stands in the presence of death, then it is we realise the need for *knowledge* of the hereafter; then it is we require the comforting ministry of our angel beloved ones.

We sometimes say "there is no death," but it is difficult to *feel* that is true when we speak and are not answered, when we press the hand and it responds not, when we look into the eyes which would aforesaid have flashed back the smiling glance of cheer and affection and they remain dim and unlit by the light of love, we may well cry "*what of the dead?*"

Without love life is barren, without fellowship, companionship, one grows hard and cynical. Life without sympathy, affection, good-nature, and heart-ties which beautify, adorn, and round-out our being, giving at once object and subject to our daily existence, is not worth living.

How serious then are the issues involved in the study of Spiritualism. "There is nothing in it," says one. That is false. *There is the whole of another world in it.* Nay, it gives us *this* world, it gives us to *ourselves*, it lights the tomb with glory and gives us back our dearest and fondest treasures. Spiritualism is no mere parlour amusement; it is a science which demands *study*, the science of spirit. It is no mere "sensation;" it is a philosophy, the philosophy of life, death, and immortality. It is no mere craze of foolish and frivolous folk, but a revelation, the foundation fact of all religious claims.

Spiritualism is the *demonstration* of CONTINUED CONSCIOUS EXISTENCE for all humanity. Well may we ask of those who

would enter its temple, "Put the shoes from off thy feet, the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Spiritualism is the irreconcilable foe to Materialism. It *disproves* the fantastic speculations of those who would derive mind from matter. It presents to the earnest truth-seeker the *evidences* which prove that mind persists after the destruction of brain and body, and that intelligence can be manifested by the so-called dead.

Spiritualism gives comfort and solace to the bereaved. Who can compute the richness of the blessings it has brought to the heavy laden and weary ones of earth? But these are by no means *all* the benefits it can afford; for its *moral* influence, its effect on life and character, when rightly understood and applied, must be ennobling.

As the testimonies in this issue of "our paper" prove, we know for a *certainty* that life "over there" is sequential, the character formed here is preserved there. We reap the consequences of our motives, thoughts, feelings, and actions, and cannot advance to higher planes of being until we have become *fit*. Ascension results from unfoldment due to the acquisition of knowledge, the wise use of power, and the labours of loving helpfulness extended towards others. When this law of spirit life is *apprehended*, and its bearing upon our present state fully realised, we shall have a firm basis of morality and a high standard of ethics, rooted in the very principles of divine government, extending in their universal applicability to humanity in all conditions in all worlds.

Spiritualism deals with, enlarges, and spiritualises our conceptions of Deity, death, duty and destiny. These constitute the four pillars of the great temple of Religion, before whose altar of Truth mankind must bow and render the homage of life-long services, of love, reverently, and in sincere devotion, seeking to express in life's endeavours the love of all that is good, pure, true, and beautiful. Spiritualism must necessarily, therefore, lead the pilgrim at last into that arcane realm of Spiritual Verities where he can become conscious of the God of his own nature, respond to the "light within," evolve the graces of the Spirit, become at one with God and man, and know that "there is no death" but endless progression for the aspiring soul.

Spiritualism has a word for all sorts and conditions of men. To the wrong-doer who persists in the wrong it speaks of unfailing justice, of retribution; demands recompense, and enforces the moral law of discipline, the necessity for personal righteousness. To the repentant sinner it says, "Despair not, life is progressive; faint not, strive faithfully, and you shall yet rise to the higher spheres, loving spirits will aid you—they delight to assist the 'spirits in prison.'" To the sad toil-worn soul it speaks of the bright beyond and "rest for the weary," relief from anxious care and burden, and enlarged spheres of usefulness and joy. To the doubters who see in death only a leap into oblivion and fail to recognise the possibilities of their own spiritual nature, it comes as a "Spirit of Truth," dispersing the darkness, and enabling them to see the path of progress extending into the land of the immortal. To affectionate hearts, hungry for knowledge of the whereabouts of their beloved ones, it is a "comforter" indeed, restoring to their conscious companionship the angels of their love. To those who dread the future for fear of hell—lest they have not the *true faith*—it comes with strength and sweet assurance, calling them to have faith in the supremacy of good, the love of the All-wise; to rely with unfaltering confidence on His unchanging beneficence. "He doeth all things well."

His "Love so full of wisdom
May be trusted to the end."

Death gives us back our treasures! When we too pass its shores and our feet press the soil of the summer-land, what glad re-unions, what warm welcomes will be ours if we have lived and loved and laboured to do rightly, and leave the world better because we walked awhile upon its surface! To be "remembered for the *good* we have done" is a rich reward. To be welcomed "home" by loving friends is a still more delightful experience. "One by one, they cross the river." One by one, our treasures are laid up over there; we walk yet a *little while* in the shadows, they, in the light, keeping watch and ward over us; they minister to our sufferings and whisper "Peace, be still" to the tempests of our passion or our grief. They wait with "faith and patience for our triumph." We *know* it. The grave has lost its sting. Death is no longer victorious. *We* triumph as we rise in the dignity of our unfolded spiritual natures, and for us "there is no more death."

REST FOR THE WEARY.

SPOKEN BY J. PAGE HOPPS.

"There the weary are at rest."—Job iii. 17.

THERE are two sayings concerning those who go from us into the great unseen which always appear to me singularly beautiful and appropriate, and I earnestly hope they will not fall out of use:—"They have gone home," and "They are at rest." This is what we need—a view of the future life that suggests the home and the homelike—the haven and its rest. Especially is this the case when we think of any one whose life has been one of physical pain, or whose later years have been lived under the burden the body can cast upon the soul. For such a one what truer thing can be said—what more religious thing than this, in the very words of my text—"The weary are at rest"?

And this, with all sobriety we have a right to say—with as much reliance upon good sense as upon the good God: for if there is a life beyond at all, that life must be a life which is not physical; and, if it is not physical, the conclusion is not only allowable but inevitable that all weariness and pain that depended on bodily conditions will disappear. And just consider what that means. Think of the physical misery of the world. You cannot: it is happily unthinkable, but some dread vision of it has at times passed before our eyes or risen upon our minds. Think of the wretchedness of poor women and helpless children doomed to live with animals with whom it would be a mockery to connect the sacred or noble name of father or of man: think of the lifelong misery of poor creatures born with some taint of blood or discord of brain, or whose whole life has been spoiled and turned to agony by the accident of a moment: think of the long-drawn-out severing of soul and body in tedious and piteous illness year after year, and then just think what it is to be made free! Think what it is to glide out of the broken tabernacle, to drop the last galling fetter, to be free from the last agony. Think what it means to be put into possession of one's self, perhaps for the first time, without being tortured, and burdened, and bowed down with mere physical pain, and then say how we ought to regard what we call "death." I wish not to speak the conventional language of the preacher, but to speak as a man; and I ask—What do we mean by allowing advancement into the unseen to be associated with so much gloom?

If we as deliberately and as actually believed in the unseen as we believe in the seen; if we were under no manner of delusion about it, but really believed that what we call death is simply the shaking off the tabernacle of the flesh, and the getting behind and above all fleshly conditions; if we literally and without a doubt believed that the poor, weary, pain-worn sister, or brother, or father, or mother, or friend had now got into the peaceful haven of the spirit-world where all the physical ills had not only no more power but no more existence, only one thing could happen; we should sing sweet psalms, not dreary dirges; we should not pity but congratulate the departed; and "victory," not "defeat," would be written against the day of that happy transfiguration. The gain would appear immense, incalculable.

But this is only on the surface, wonderful though it is. Go deeper down than the body, and think of the mind; of the faculties which may be properly called spiritual; of the life. The mere endurance of physical pain is, in vast numbers of cases, the least part of the evil; for pain has often a fatal influence over the spiritual as well as over the physical side of life. I know that in some cases the reverse is true—that pain has frequently developed and improved character—has, in fact, created a type of character that could only be produced by brave, patient, trustful bearing of a life burden; but we only deceive ourselves if we regard this as the rule.

To what an enormous extent do we suffer from defects of will, or defects of temper, or from mere inconstancy of mood! but to what an enormous extent are these dependent on and produced by physical conditions! This opens up a subject of simply unspeakable gravity and importance. I asked you just now to think of the mere *physical* misery in the world; now think of the *mental* misery in it—of the pain that is connected with volitional and emotional peculiarities—nay! of the misery produced by what we call *sin*; and then measure if you can how much of all this has its bitter root in bad blood, or ill-adjusted organs, or functional derangement, or irritability of the brain—and all this is purely physical. Now go on to think of all that shaken off with the evil conditions of the body. I said just now that the gain is incalculable, even in regard to emancipation from

merely physical agony: but even that is as nothing to the tremendous gain of the mental, moral and spiritual emancipations that will come with the shaking off of the evil physical conditions that so fatally influence the inner man.

It is indeed with us as the writer of "the wisdom of Solomon" said—"The corruptible body presseth down the soul; and the earthly tabernacle weigheth down the mind." Think how true that is in many ways: and then think what emancipation means! It may mean for some—a veritable resurrection from darkness to light, and from the power of sin in the soul of a prodigal to the rule of heaven in the heart of an angel. For millions, death may be only the happy awaking from a troubled dream.

Thinking of this, what a profound significance there is in these words—"There the weary are at rest!"—not only the physically weary, but the sin-weary; the poor burdened soul that was "pressed down by the corruptible body;" the baffled misled mind, "weighed down by the earthly tabernacle;" the spirit that only needed kind Death to make it saved and free. And so, in that day of the Lord, when we all go home, we may all prove—even the sin-stained may prove—that it is a gain to die. Then shall we all be "born again," in a higher sense even than Jesus meant; for then will the dust and scars and fetters of the body fall away, and the spirit be put in full possession of itself.

But, even in those exceptional cases, when physical does not result in spiritual evil, it is still almost inevitable that spiritual weariness will result, and that, at times, the light of life will wane, and leave but a failing faith and a halting hope. For say what we will, it is hard to believe all along in a good Father, when all along the poor body is worn, and the struggling mind is harassed with pain. Or, if the brave and confiding soul does hold by its faith, none the less does it become weary in the struggle. For this weariness also, rest is reserved—the rest not of unconsciousness, but of emancipation—the rest of the clear shining of the Father's face—the rest which comes with explanations, with satisfactions, with content—with life's battle fought and won.

So then, let us all say—

"On that wonderful day
When I am still on the bed,
Smile thro' your weeping and say:
He is gone by the upland way!—
Do not say I am dead.
Say I am freed from the fires
Heated seven times red—
From the heart that vainly aspires,
From the hunger of blind desires:
Do not say I am dead.
Say: 'Tis the dying is past!
Say: He is living at last!
Do not say I am dead."

But it here becomes us to emphasize what I just now indicated—that the "rest" of which we speak is not inaction, but only emancipation. The rest of our Father's home is not the rest of indolence, much less of selfishness. We want no heavenly fairy-land, no silent scene of mere repose. We want no mental desolation, no spiritual sloth. We want no cessation from exertion but a condition of being that shall bring us no need of cessation; and a world where, with increased activity, the toil-worn body shall be unknown; where work shall not cease, but only cease to be wearisome, and where unceasing employment shall be unbroken delight.

And now, let these three thoughts remain with us:—

Departure into the unseen makes no change in those who go, except in their advancement. We shall see again the dear old faces.

"God does not send strange flowers every year.
When the Spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces.
It all comes back—the odour, grace, and hue;
Each sweet relation of its life repeated:
No blank is left; no looking-for is cheated;
It is the thing we knew.
So, after the death-winter it must be.
God will not put strange signs in the heavenly places;
The old love shall look out from the old faces."

Departure into the unseen is essentially a happy thing—a very natural and beautiful thing. Death is as beautiful as life—dying as natural as being born: and, if we were very wise, we should know that it is advancement and a gain to die.

Departure into the unseen is not departure into solitude, but to the oldest and to the greatest number of friends. We are going, not to be amazed, not to try a lonely experiment in a strange land; but to rest. We are going home.

A STRANGE STORY ABOUT HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

By JAMES CLARE.

THE melancholy story of Henry Kirke White is known to all lovers of good literature. A life which gave the promise of glorious triumphs was ruthlessly blasted by the terrible scourge of consumption. He did not quit this world, however, without bequeathing unmistakable evidences of his genius to his country. It is extremely painful to read of the anguish of that young body and soul, when he first discovered his terrible fate. He had dreamed of deathless fame, of being counted as one of England's greatest sons. He had imagined a place in the archives of English literature not much inferior to the splendour of her greatest poets. How sanguine is the youthful heart. It is not too much to say that had he lived longer the name of Henry Kirke White would have held a much higher place amongst poets. Those who are acquainted with the history of his life know that a strange resignation stole over him during his last days. The indignation which had convulsed his soul when he first learned his fate gradually changed into the most humble, yet hopeful, mood. A few days before his death he was heard to exclaim against those who spoke ill of death, and in a moment of fine passion he invoked the hand of death to relieve his suspense. That he was conscious his work would not cease with his death is evidenced by the fervour he displays to enter that other bourne. Ah! little does the world know the cause of that marvellous change. For by what process of thought can you reconcile the seemingly opposite conditions of things—that of a lofty ambition *sighing for death*.

The world mourned his decease and soon forgot him. Years have rolled by since then. His poetry still charms and elevates the hearts of his countrymen. The work of Kirke White still continues. His labours are not yet at an end. His divine passion still moves the souls of men.

It is not generally known that a poet is living whose spirit and mode of expression are exactly similar to that of White. The coincidence is so remarkable that a friend of his gently insinuated certain doubts as to the validity of his claim as a poet, whereupon he told the following story:—

"Some years ago, while visiting the town of Leicester, I made the acquaintance of a gentleman named Mr. Thomson. He was an exceedingly interesting fellow, and, as he was staying at the same hotel as myself, we had many conversations together. We touched upon all sorts of topics, and at length drifted into religious questions. I had divined that my friend was heterodox in his opinion, but I confess that he startled me when he avowed himself a believer in the much-derided, though little understood, 'Spiritualism.' I suggested that I doubted the truth of his assertions, whereupon he told me that if I was anxious to test their merits he would endeavour to obtain some evidence for me. When night came he took me to the home of one of his friends, where I found about a dozen people assembled. The introduction over, we all sat round the room. Some of them commenced to sing. I regarded such proceedings with disgust, and could hardly conceal my desire to leave the room. Just then my companion, who sat next to me, began to comport himself in so strange a manner that I imagined he was passing into a fit. Then he commenced to speak in so totally a distinct manner from his ordinary style of speech that I became intensely interested in the phenomenon, so much so that I repeated my visits so often that I at length developed into a medium."

"You a medium?" exclaimed his listener. "Yes, a medium," he replied, "and now comes the strangest part of the story. You have learned by now that my writings stamp me as one of the first poets of this age. They obtain universal approbation. Be not surprised, my friend, when I tell you that if any merit attaches to them, the honour belongs to another, and not to myself.

"One night, when seated in the circle, I was suddenly seized by a powerful impulse to speak, not in prose, but in poetry. I laboured hard to resist the temptation, for I knew how foolish a thing it is to attempt to do that for which we are not qualified, especially so in regard to poetry. Poets are born, not made. But the power that had seized me crushed all my scruples, and I began to give forth those divine numbers which have astonished and charmed the world. It was a long time before I knew who it was who was thus controlling me. At length I discovered my tutor. It was the spirit of Henry Kirke White. This is not egotism, the works speak for themselves. In the communion which ensued between us he told me the story of his last days on earth when in the body. 'Ah,' he says, 'the world thought I was unhappy when I was most happy. A revelation had come to me as I lay moaning on my bed of sorrow. I knew that death was certain, that a few more days and all would be over. My hope, my glimpse of immortal honours had entirely perished. Often I was tempted to curse the Almighty for cutting me off in so ruthless a manner. It was a fearful struggle, the intellect against the soul. Evening would come and go. I could see the sun set behind the distant hills. I could hear the brook murmuring in its flow as it hastened onward to the mighty ocean. The bleating of the sheep in the distant fold soothed my troubled breast. There is an affinity between all who suffer. The old clock in the corner kept on ticking. "It will tick me into death," I said to myself. Oh, it was cruel that I, who aspired to Olympian heights of glory, should perish without one redeeming ray of hope to cheer me. As I lay thus musing on my harsh fate, I felt an indefinable yet delicious sensation steal over me. Something whispered in mine ear. 'Be of good comfort, my son,' it said, 'all is not dark, but bright. The future is pregnant with still greater opportunities for your ambition. Your work is just beginning; your genius will burst out into still greater splendour. Men will admire you, and angels will bless you.' 'Is it true?' I cried. 'Doubt not, my son; for as the spirit is mightier than the body, so will my words come true. And so my body died, but my spirit ascended into higher spheres. I was disappointed at first, for in my youth I had dreamed of heaven as being a place where there would be no cares, no disappointments, no failures; yet I beheld the same things taking place, though in a less harsh degree, as obtain on the earth. The remembrance of my former work revolved in my mind. I beheld a very intimate communion existing between the spheres. I longed to participate in such a communion, but the opportunity was tardy in coming. At length I established a connection; it was with *you*. I had divined your disposition, the

tenderness of your soul, and therefore selected you to interpret to the world the thoughts which stir my soul. We had mutually travelled toward each other, and at length met in a friendly embrace.' I need not add," he continued, "that the relationship indicates the very highest virtue which can distinguish any form of religion—that of the unselfishness of man. Just as we inspire other people by our thoughts, just as other people reflect our opinions and example, so do we reflect those who have passed on to the spirit side of life. People are wrong in supposing that when the soul leaves this world its connection with it ceases. For ever Spiritualism has demonstrated what no other religion has even attempted to conceive, that, by the interaction of the spheres, man is encouraged to prosecute his high calling without fear that a time will come when the intellect will be no more, and when his sublime passions will pale into the silence of eternal oblivion. No, man survives *all* change, his individuality persists a conscious unit in the ceaseless march of the spirit as it ascends the spiral pathway of comprehension and union with the Divine."

DEATH AND AFTERWARDS.

BY A. J. DAVIS.

It was on April 10, 1865, that my venerable father's eyelids, which had been raised and dropped during 83 years of earthly existence, went down over the fixed gaze for the last time.

With reference to "death" he invariably expressed himself perfectly satisfied. Several times during the last twenty months he had "visions" of the higher and better life. His only anxiety seemed to be, that, owing to a naturally healthy body, he might be compelled to "live too long." His last days were a perfect fulfilment of every prayer I ever heard him utter with regard to the closing scenes of his terrestrial pilgrimage.

It was my privilege to witness the rolling down of life's curtain, but I was not prepared to withdraw to the secret closet of clairvoyance. Therefore, like others, when he ceased to breathe, I saw the usual external, grand, solemn fact. Of the locality or condition of his spirit I had no perception, but supposed that, as in most of the numerous instances I had witnessed, he would probably depart to the summer-land in the course of from one to three hours.

On the subsequent morning I arose somewhat earlier than usual, and walked out upon the verandah. I halted at the second step of the short flight of stairs outside and leaned lightly against the banister, musingly looking at the flowering fruit trees, and beautiful verdure of the vines, listening to the music of song-birds.

At this moment I felt a commotion in the atmosphere at my right hand. This aerial agitation was so surprising to my sensation, that in less time than I can write this it had reversed the poles of outer consciousness. In a word, I was translated into a most perfect state of clairvoyance. This state is identical with the condition of a person fully awakened "after death," save that while the clairvoyant is still an inhabitant of the physical body, the departed one is wholly emancipated from the organic structure. The clairvoyant can, for the time being, see things and principles with the same sight that is natural to those who live in the Spheres.

The incoming of clairvoyant perception by means of what seemed to be an atmospheric disturbance, such as would be caused by a body passing by with great swiftness, proved of great advantage. With my attention thus attracted I turned to the right and at once *saw my father* in the act of passing out from the hall into the atmosphere on a plane level with the floor of the balcony. Imagine my surprise, because I had somehow settled into the conviction that he had left the house before the undertaker had performed his first kindly offices. The face was his own in every essential feature and line of expression, and in general proportions he was about the same as I remember him thirty years ago. His motions seemed to be the result of some will power or intelligence outside of his consciousness. He walked with a kind of indecision, and with the step of unconsciousness peculiar to one moving in the somnambule state. There was, however, an expression upon his countenance of complete repose. No child ever looked more serene and happy.

On reaching the open space in front of the verandah, without seeming to take any particular interest in anything that was going on, he turned, and rapidly glided to the side of a person, whom, until that instant, I had not observed. The moment I saw this manly intelligent personage, I was satisfied that *his* will, and not my father's, had developed all the voluntary movements I had witnessed. Unquestionably his state was like that known as somnambulism; and he did not awaken on touching the side of the spiritual man, who stood waiting for him.

Their heads were about level with the window-sills of the second storey. Immediately after he reached the other side the twain rose rapidly, and passed beyond the reach of my already retiring vision. Thus my father withdrew from his earthly entanglements!

In my joyousness and gratitude I hastened within to tell the "angel of the house" what had transpired. "Mary! I have just seen father go out of the hall and around the corner of the house!" For a moment she appeared overcome with astonishment, thinking of the possibility of the fact being external; but, quickly gathering her thoughts to my meaning, she began to enjoy with me the glorious laws of resurrection, by which the old are made youthful and the sick healthful—by means of which all are prepared for progress and usefulness in the higher realms of existence.

[During his earth-life, Mr. Davis's father read the report of spirit-communications, given through the medium at the *Banner of Light* free circle, with much interest. Many times he said to his son, "As soon as I can, I will go to Boston; and you'll hear from me through Mrs. Conant."]

"For nearly two years," says Mr. A. J. Davis, "we received no tidings from the departed. To those less in communication with the Summer-land, such continued *silence* must, indeed, be painful. But to me, 'misgiving' and 'vague distress' are strangers. Patience and time brought the long looked-for communication. Taking up the *Banner of Light*, bearing date May 28, 1867, and glancing over the names and addresses in the Message Department, my eye was suddenly arrested by the following:—

"I am Samuel Davis, and I have come to send a message to my boy, Jackson. I want to tell him that the philosophy that the spirits teach through him is true. I know that he is aware of it, but I feel like coming back here and telling him I know it is true; and I want to tell him, too, that I was right close by him when he was standing beside my body, before it was laid away, and I was so near that I could understand the remark he made to a friend of his who stood near. It was this: 'He hasn't yet ascended, he's here.'* That was true. I hadn't entirely separated myself from the body; I was there and seemed to hear what he said, through waves of sound that conveyed the meaning to me. I'm very happy in this spirit world; perfectly satisfied; and I'm proud to be able to come back and declare that he was right; that the intelligences who took him when he was a little boy are wise and good, and they have instructed me in many things since I came to the spirit world and assisted me a great deal."

My reader, have you a vacant chair at the hearthstone? Have you in solemn sorrow walked to the silent garden and wept, as the men shovelled the cold earth upon the casket which contained the form of one dearly beloved? Did you feel desolate and bereft? If so, there is in the world a balm for you. It is the truth of the Spiritual philosophy.

When walking through the cemetery at Orange you may, perchance, observe a white stone bearing the name of "Samuel Davis," and under it this immortal motto: "*Death is but a kind and welcome servant, who unlocks with noiseless hand life's flower encircled door to show us those we love.*"—*The Arabula.*

THE PHENOMENON OF TRANCE.

"Falling into a trance, but having his eyes open."—*Numbers* xxiv, 4.

"But while they made ready he fell into a trance."—*Acts* x, 9-10.

"Even while I prayed in the temple, I was in a trance."—*Acts* xxii, 17.

THE days of miracle, in the ecclesiastical sense of that term, are past. The trance, so common in this country, is no miracle, no mystery, nor even an abnormal condition. On the contrary it is normal, and perfectly natural to that sensitive state and psychical plane of influences that, in a word, may be denominated *psychology*. If a spirit in the body can psychologize, and completely control a mortal—and this is an admitted phenomenon—then a spirit out of the body may do the same. Accordingly the trance, whether in apostolic times or the present, is normal to a given plane of action and may be considered as little else than psychology in its different gradations and psychic variations.

The spirit world, be it remembered, is here, there, everywhere, for spirit fills the boundless immensity of existence. And spirits, as conscious intelligences, are not far away on some imaginary zone, or drifting about in the astral spaces of infinity; but they are here around and about us, though invisible to those not gifted with open vision.

Permit me now to illustrate the real oneness of psychology with the trance, by my own experience. Several years since, when on the way to California aboard the steamer Sonora, I was conversing with the captain about biology, mesmerism, and the occult forces, when he rather sneeringly denied the reality of any such phenomenon as psychology.

This aroused my combativeness, and I quite as positively affirmed, adding, "Your purser, Mr. Atkins there, is a subject, or at least I so judge, for he has a sensitive negative temperament."

"Try him," exclaimed the captain in a voice of defiance.

I stepped to him, took him by the hand, fixed my mind upon him, and soon closed his eyes, shut his mouth, and paralysed his limbs.

The captain spoke—*howled* out to him in a stentorian voice of sternness.

But the young man was as insensible, as *reckless* to his commands, as were the winds that whistled through the rigging. I soon discovered that I could make him see whatever I willed him to see, and think whatever I willed him to think.

Continuing experimenting day after day, and suffusing him with my psychic aura, I further discovered that I could impress my *unspoken words* upon his mind, and will him to speak them. And was he not, while thus conditioned, my speaking medium, while yet both of us were in the body? He would assume any character that I willed him to assume, thus becoming almost a shadow—a reflex of myself.

One evening, psychologising and assuring him that he was Henry Clay, the prince of American orators, he straightened up and assumed all the dignity of the Kentucky statesman. Then stepping behind him, constructing a speech in my mind, and willing him to speak *this* speech, *he spoke it precisely as I thought it out!* Supposing now that I had died—that is, thrown off my physical body—the following day. I am, of course, the same conscious man, though called a spirit; and as a spirit I again approach Atkins, put my will-power upon him, lay my spirit hand upon him, when he becomes tremulous and perhaps spasmodic. His eyes close, and he begins to speak in what is denominated the trance state—a state both natural and useful. In the first instance, I, while in my mortal body, psychologised him, and he was called my subject. In the second instance, I, out of my mortal body, psychologised and spoke through him, and he was called my medium. The law was the same in both cases, the methods similar, and *all* perfectly natural and philosophical! Therefore by parity of reasoning, as well as established *fact*, there is just the same proof that individualised spirits psychologise or entrance mediums as there is that individualised men psychologise subjects, for a medium is little more than a sensitive subject.

Making no mention of the mental blendings and psychic shadings, there are three kinds of trance—the conscious, the unconscious, and the somnambule. The conscious trance, nearly allied to impression and inspiration, is doubtless the most educational to mediums themselves, though not always the most interesting to that class of people who constantly seek a wonder. The spirit-influence producing this kind of trance operates largely as a brain stimulus; and with this order of development mediumistic sensitivities, if upright and aspirational, reap ultimately the richness of a full inspiration. Cases of this nature are not uncommon among orators, artists, poets, and clergymen. The latter call it a "peculiar unction."

* Footnote by A. J. Davis: "This remark I do not recall, but I am assured by persons present at the time that the expression is correct."

The unconscious trance, the most sought after by investigators, because embodying so much of the astounding, as well as exhibiting strong proofs of individual spirit control, is that peculiar state wherein the medium's mental faculties and consciousness are not merely held in abeyance, but are completely overshadowed and subdued for the time being. In this condition, unconscious of all external surroundings, mediums are often made, by the individual controlling spirit, to not only personate, to not only speak in unknown tongues, to not only utter things below or greatly above their ordinary plane of thought, but to do and to say things utterly at variance with their will or wishes when really themselves.

For several years I had the personal acquaintance of the Rev. B. S. Hobbs, a very earnest Universalist clergyman, who became the subject of spirit control against his will. The controlling intelligences made him say things in his trance state directly the reverse of his own mental convictions and religious plane of thought.

He would personate the departed with wonderful exactness; give striking tests and utter astounding prophecies. Many of these, to my knowledge, relating to the civil war—and *all* of them, so far as I know to the contrary—came to pass literally. And now if all this, and pages that I might write in conjunction was not the work of individualised spirits—what was it? It cannot be said that those manifestations were in accordance with his own wishes or will. On the contrary, they were the farthest from it possible. And certainly it will not do to say that the marvels occurring through his organism were induced by a general exaltation and inspiration of his own mental faculties, caused by the psychological influences of those in the body, for *these* were thoroughly creedal and sectarian.

That the inhabitants of the spirit world have the power to entrance sensitive mortals, and then use them as instruments to convey their thoughts and theories to us, is among the well-established facts of this century. Of this fact I have not the shadow of a doubt. It is positive knowledge. And yet these spirit utterances are neither authoritative nor infallible. They must be brought to the bar of reason, and be tested by our highest judgment. There must be no medium-worship; no hero-worship; no spirit-worship! "Worship God" was the language of the angel to the revelator John.—DR. J. M. PEEBLES in *Banner of Light*.

LOVE.

BY PETER LEE.

WHAT is love? It is a word that falls glibly from the lips of every hypocrite; and perhaps oftener used in cant than any other. But what does it mean when we use it? What thought, what feeling, does it express? It is undoubtedly the opposite of hate. Then what is hate? Hate is an aversion of anything; something that causes discomfort as long as it lasts. This being admitted, it follows that love is the source of all that brings comfort and pleasure. But on looking still further there are many loves, because there are many different ideas of comfort and pleasure, so that it becomes resolved into a relative matter—one of degree—according to the mental state of the individual.

A man finds comfort and pleasure in music; music to that extent is the measure of his love. Another finds pleasure and comfort in drink, and that, so far, is the measure of *his* love. Innumerable types of love might be shown, in which might be instanced the love of the sexes, &c. What underlies and actuates the various loves alluded to? The man who loves music does so because he derives pleasurable sounds, delightful sensations. The man who loves drink finds pleasure in the peculiar sensations it produces within him. The lover of opium doubtless finds pleasure in a similar manner.

We come now to the point where we must determine whether or not we have got a clear, a perfect, conception of what is meant by love. It will seem on further consideration that we may possibly confound two very different things, viz.: love and passion, and I incline to the notion that it is more correct to say a man has a passion for music, for drink, and for every sensuous pleasure and enjoyment. If this be so, love is associated with some other idea, which we must discover from passion, for, on careful consideration, it will be found that passion and selfishness are closely bound up together, inasmuch that the gratification of any passion is, *per se*, selfish enjoyment. What other idea, then, must love be associated with if we are to have a true conception? There is love which is born of unselfishness—"the love of God." Not our love alone going out to God, but God's love coming to us—"God is love." "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." What greater love than that of the mother, who risks her own life to save that of her child? It appears, therefore, there is the love in selfishness, and there is the love in unselfishness, the former of the flesh and the latter of the spirit. So it comes to this, that pure love actuates us in an outward direction for the benefit of others, whilst all else is individual gratification.

If we would have any further elucidation we need only consider the love of God as manifested throughout the natural and spiritual universes. In the natural the sun gives forth his heat and light to brighten and enliven all that contributes to man's necessities and enjoyment; in fruit and flowers; and every scene of hill and dale; of mountain stream; of river, sea, and mighty ocean; and all arched "with heaven's spangled dome;" while in the spiritual the possibilities of eternal harmony are opened up to us, when the "mortal has put on immortality," when imp is changed to angel, and passion is turned to love; when the heart burns with sympathy towards those who are wending their way "through the valley of the shadow of death," and when that sympathy is manifested in unrequited affection. "Whoso seeth his brother have need and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" Selfishness and love, then, are not compatible; love, therefore, is unselfishness. Under all circumstances it impels us to recognise the human brotherhood, to suppress pride of heart, and, in the light of our own imperfections, to view with pity the weaknesses of others. 'Tis that which makes us "weep with those that weep," and to "rejoice with those that do rejoice." It is that whose reflex is its own reward, and the only basis of everlasting happiness.

SAVED BY A SPIRIT.

FOUNDED ON FACT. BY WALTER EDWARDS.

My life had become a burden. My head was racked with pain, my heart was filled with doubt and dread. Sleep I could not, rest for me there was none. Despair dogged my steps, horror haunted me by day, while terror claimed me for its victim in the darkness of night. Many a weary vigil have I kept. Mile after mile have I wandered when the silence and solitude of night had neither sting nor solace. I have looked into the cold and cheerless starry depths of the bending heavens, vainly seeking relief from the fear which alternately chilled my blood, and then sent it rushing in a fiery flood all through my being. I have rushed for companionship into the fiercest storm, when the heavens grew black, the wild wind wailed and shrieked, the lightning's flash flared suddenly athwart the sky, and the deafening roar of thunder pealed forth as if ten thousand furies were at work. But these things touched me not. Physical surroundings affected me little. It was not for myself that I cared or feared; indeed so little did I reckon my life worth, so bitter was the pang that tortured my soul and swept its chords with anguish, that more than once I watched advancing trains, thinking to throw myself before them; on the brink of the river, to which I had purposely gone, I stood, determined to take the last fatal step, but in each instance I *could not*. Firm of purpose, angry with myself for my foolish weakness, yet, try as I would, I was completely unable to effect the insane purpose, as I now know it to be, which animated me in those bitter days.

"Why did I wish to do this thing, do you ask?"

"Listen, you shall judge. For ten years I was a happy wife and mother. My husband was dearer to me than life. True, patient, loving, cheerful, and brave. He and I walked hand in hand and heart to heart along life's pathway, and our two little ones were an added tie of love and hope, making life full of brightness. We were members of the Church of England, accepting its teachings in the usual matter-of-fact way, without any deep convictions.

"But slowly, I knew not how it came about, my husband's demeanour changed. He became taciturn, gloomy, and began to take stimulants. It was a work of time, but as surely as day fades into night, so the shadows of the coming darkness descended upon us. He began to grow violent, reckless. To me—who had never had an angry look or harsh word from him before—the change was most painful. At last he swore at and cursed me. I thought my heart was broken, but worse was to come. We know not the depths of suffering to which we may descend, or the intensity of the pain we can bear and still live. He seemed at times as if he were possessed by some fell fiend. He raved and stormed, or quietly sulked, only to burst out in ungovernable fury with the smallest provocation. I began to go in fear of my life, for he several times threw things at me. Relief came unexpectedly, but only temporarily, for it was followed by grief, dread, and anguish still more agonising; but I must be brief and moderate, lest you should think I exaggerate my feelings, and so discredit the facts I relate—for facts they are, the effect of which has been to whiten my hair and make me the old woman you see me at 35. But, thank God, the storm is past, and I am growing stronger and more calm.

"I was saying relief came. Yes. One day my husband went out after breakfast; he had been more like his old dear self and I rejoiced. A few hours after I was startled by a violent ringing at the door-bell, and was informed that he was *dead* and was being brought home on a shutter. He had been seized with some sort of a fit and died in a few minutes.

"The dark days were forgotten. He was the dear, loving, unselfish husband of our earlier married life, the father of our little ones, and my heart was indeed heavy with woe. Then came a new horror. I sought the consolations of the church, but the clergyman would give me no comfort. 'Your husband was not a Christian man; he was not a believer, his conduct was not worthy; he had not given his heart to Christ, and while of course we do not know, and we are permitted to "hope," yet I *fear* that the wrath of God abideth on him.'

"Oh, heartless creed! Oh, horrible dogmas! Oh, cruel God! As I listened to his sorrowful but hopeless tones as he pronounced the Church's sentence of doom upon my dear dead husband, I grew indignant; declared I would not believe it; *would not* accept such a fearful view of the future. Then he appealed to me to give my heart to Christ, and all my womanhood rose in hot rebellion. 'What! I go to heaven without my dear husband? I go to heaven while he is in hell? Heaven would be hell to me without him. Where *he* is there will I go,' and I left him. But, day and night, night and day, that fearful thought burned itself into my brain and tortured my soul. I have, in thought, faced the fury of the fiery pit a thousand times. It had no terrors for me. It was *of him* and *for him* I thought, and *with him* in imagination that I suffered. My friends tried to console me, to cheer me; they pleaded with me 'for the children's sake,' but I had only one answer: 'Their father is in hell, how can I be happy?' I hoped I should go mad; I prayed for death, I cursed God for His cruelty, but I was possessed with unwonted strength. Nothing seemed to fatigue me. Nothing won me relief in sound sleep. My sleep was filled with dreadful dreams from which I woke with a sense of relief, only to take up the burden of the consciousness of my loss, and the horrid forebodings as to his fate.

"One Sunday I was walking moodily through the streets of L—when my eyes lit upon a board on which was an announcement that a lecture on 'Where are the Dead?' would be given by a spirit medium. Moved more by an impulse which seemed to urge me on than aught else, and feeling a little curious as to what these strange people could have to say upon such a subject, I entered the hall. I had only heard Spiritualism mentioned in a sneering way, and Spiritualists in condemnatory terms, so that I was surprised to find a number of well-dressed and intelligent-looking people assembled. I felt half ashamed lest I should be seen and recognised by any one who knew me. The lecture was well delivered, earnest, and struck me with great force. For the first time since my husband's death I began to think calmly, consecutively, and rationally of the causes which led up to his condition and death, and the speaker, professing to speak under spirit influence, led my thoughts on into the other world as a place of law and order, where human beings dwell in a real land, where consequences must be

met, where *motives* are the true test of the actions performed on earth, where character outweighs belief, and where circumstances are taken into account, and no one held responsible for lapses or weakness consequent upon disease or hereditary influences. That no hopeless hell existed. 'Hope and progress for all were,' said the speaker, 'the rule in that world beyond the grave. The lowest spirit in prison would ultimately arise like the prodigal son, return repentant, and be welcomed by the loving angels and the All-Father God back into the homes of light and beauty.' Slowly the ice melted. Slowly the conviction grew, '*this is, this must be true.*' Little by little the strain gave way, and at last the tears, so long denied, began to flow, but they were tears of gladness, of relief, of joy, and when I heard at last that 'the dead' were all around us, that they could communicate with those they had left behind, how my heart leaped within me! I had then but one desire—to hear from my beloved one.'

"I counted the days till it was Sunday again. I drank in the glad tidings of immortality, and then, when the lecture was over, and it was announced that descriptions of spirits would be given, I trembled with hope. I was the very first person selected, and my husband was described to me in a manner most startlingly convincing; even his old endearing ways were referred to, and then the dark cloud which came over him, his sudden transition, his anxiety to help me, and a message that I should 'mourn for him no more, as he was better now and far happier than he had been during those dark days of pain.' It was marvellous. I passed from 'darkness into God's most glorious light.' When I arrived home I cried, I laughed, I prayed, I sang—I knew not what to do, so great was my gladness.

"I was a new creature; earth was new. My children, who had grown afraid of me in those terrible days of woe, looked with large, wide-open eyes as my tears rained upon their sweet, up-turned faces, and clung to me as I held them close to my beating heart and kissed them tenderly, and talked to them of their dear father once more.

"My friends thought I had indeed gone mad, and turned coldly away; but what cared I for their contempt; had I not got my dear one back? He who had been dead was alive again; the lost was found; and happiness had entered once more into my heart and life; the blighting shadow of old theology was gone, never to return.

"Since then he has told me how unhappy he was about me. He it was who saved me from suicide. He it was who impelled me to go to that meeting, and largely inspired the speaker. He told me that the change which had overtaken him was due to brain failure, consequent upon overwork and inherited weakness, owing to his father's unfortunate fondness for drink, and since that time I have had hundreds of instances of his guarding, guiding, and sustaining power. I *know* that ministering spirits *do* come to earth. I *know* that they can comfort and console. I *know* my husband comes to me, and that he is *not* in hell. He saved me from self-murder. When he comes to me he brings heaven with him, and when I go to him where he is will be heaven to me."

HUMAN STILL.

BY H. H. BROWN.

In the popular religious conception, heaven is a vague idea, an unreal place, which may be only symbolized, but of which nothing can be actually known by the mortal. The spirit is something only as distinguished from nothing, and every conception as to its form is regarded as figurative. Harps, robes, crowns, streets, rivers, songs, are only figurative expressions, and as unreal as are the wings which artists are wont to attach to pictures of angels, and only used as symbols to express the vagueness of idea that lies behind them.

Heaven and hell in theological conception, are places where there are no men and women. There is in them nothing of the human, which makes earth so beautiful, and two new genera—angels and demons—are created, and from these humanity has been wholly eliminated; those qualities which made them distinctly men and women they left on earth when they passed on. Professor Swing said some time ago, "The creeds have been conspicuous for their want of humanity." Men and women, as we know them to be, could not exist in the after life, as theologically conceived.

But despite the acceptance of the creeds by the intellect, human love has managed to people heaven with fathers and mothers who still love humanly, and who would not be happy there if they missed from the throng of angels, sons and daughters. Despite the teachings of the church, of thoughts of the impassable gulf, of the impossibility of communication with earth, of the ravishing strains of harp and song and luxurious idleness in forgetfulness of loved ones in unhappiness on earth or in Hades, still "the cry of the human" for the companionship of loved ones asserts itself, and as over the crude pictures on the wall of an ancient castle the artist painted a beautiful landscape, so over the crude ideal of the theologian human love paints a human hereafter, and men and women invade the golden streets.

Whittier, in his "Brother of Mercy," echoes this cry when he makes the brother say:—

"God forgive if I say
It would be hard to sit there night and day,
Like an image in the tribune, doing nought
With these hard hands, that all my life have wrought,
Not for bread only, but for pity's sake.
... Mine's but a crazy head
Scarce worth saving if all else be dead.
And if one goes to heaven without a heart,
God knows he leaves behind his better part.
I love my fellow-men; the worst I know
I would do good to. Will death change me so;
That I shall sit among the lazy saints,
Turning a deaf ear to the sore complaints
Of souls that suffer? ...
The world of pain were better, if therein
One's heart might still be human, and desires
Of natural pity drop upon its fires
Some cooling tears."

Men and women will naturally desire companionship with men and women. Gabriel, Michael, and the heavenly host of angels may possibly be companions to us by and by, but all of us must feel that Lucy Larcom voiced the cry of our hearts when she said :

"But at first, without surprise,
Let me look in human eyes."

Under the pressure of the inevitable, a passivity that is almost spiritual paralysis may assent to the iron creed of separation; but feeling—the voice of the soul, true to its origin—will say: "Not lost, but gone before! Human still! My child! My wife! My friend for ever."

A Catholic mother, whose child died without baptism, admitted to the writer that it could not go to paradise. It was too good and pure, she thought, to go to any place of punishment. "But where is it?" was asked, and tearfully she said, "God is good, and he knows me mother-heart, and I think he will lave it just outside the gate, and let me go and see it onct in a while!"

There spoke mother-love, and as long as we are human, love will not admit of separation, or a change in the nature of the loved ones that would allow them to be happy in a separation. Love is particularly a human manifestation—its noblest and its best, and if it is also divine, it is because we are all children of God, who is love, and the divine in the human is that which distinguishes us from the brute. Says Willis:

"Ob, if there is one law above the rest
Written in wisdom,—if there are words
That I would trace, as with a pen of fire,
Upon the unsullied temper of a child,—
If there is anything that keeps the mind
Open to angel-visits, and repels
The ministry of ill—'tis human love."

We believe it is the humanity in Spiritualism that recommends it most to the world. It meets the hunger of the heart with assurances of the love of those who are not dead, but who live within the veil, human still. The father still has care, mother comes with her love, sister and brother return with kisses, wife, husband, sweetheart, and lover, prove by their return in love that they are human still. As the angels at the sepulchre of old were young men in shining robes, so the angels in sepulchres to-day, in robes that brighten the gloom, are men and women saying: "Your loved one is not here, but risen!" Every conception the Spiritualist has of the hereafter, is of it as a real world, of real men and women, and all the best in the people of earth becomes eternal there. Emerson in his "Threnody," gave long ago this same message to those who mourn in the separation of death:

... "What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust; hearts' loves remain;
Hearts' love will meet thee again."

After the fact of spirit communion, this should be the central thought of our teaching, until the unreal ideas of the hereafter pass from human thought, and it becomes as natural to think of "that other country from whose bourn" now so many travellers return, as it is to think of foreign lands. The naturalness and reality of the hereafter, the continued existence of human life, should be the keystone of the arch of that Spiritual philosophy which rests upon the foundation of facts. Since it meets the demands of the soul, it must ultimately be the universal conception. The Spiritualist expects to carry with him every human attribute, and be father, husband, son, lover, friend, for ever.—*The Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

THE STAFF OF THOSE WHO MOURN.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

We all come at last to the shore of the sea of infinite silence, brooded over by darkness, without a star in its sky, or a beacon gleaming through the fog thickly settling down over the black waves. Our feet are laved with the same flood.

We have seen the dear mother, and the kind and patient father, set forth on that dark sea, and loved friends have been called from our side, and earth has known them no more; we have consoled ourselves when the silver hairs of age were at rest, that the end had been reached.

But how often has the messenger called out of the shadows for the little child, the very bud and promise of our joy? Oh, mother, you will never forget the day when the child for whom you would have given your life, drooped like a blighted flower, and seemed to go out of your hands vainly striving to hold it. Then you rebelled against fate and called God unjust, and despised life, for to live seemed wicked when the child was dead.

Is there no balm in Gilead—nowhere a strong staff on which to lean?

If our hearts are strung to the tenderest touch of feeling, to respond to the greatest expression of emotion, only to feel the rude hand of blasting pain, what a mockery is life! what a sham this fair and beautiful earth! I think there is a guide out of the wilderness of doubt, into the clear sunshine of immortal light. It will lead us to the highlands overlooking the murky fogs, and above and beyond we can see into the infinite Beyond. With the light of the Spiritual theory, we find that, however bleak the past, the future is all aglow with the rosy hue of hope.

Spiritualism is the foundation of all the religions of the world. Without it religion is impossible, for the fundamental fact of religion is immortal life. It runs through all systems as a golden thread, woven into divers patterns, but always bright and beautiful. It forms the essence of all poetry, the pivotal fact of history, and the overshadowing motive of mankind.

It is the essential doctrine of all sacred books, without which they would lose all significance. The Bible from Genesis to Revelation is a record of the intercommunion of spirits with mankind. Beneath all the fleeting phenomena of the world is the realm of pure spiritual

energy, out of which and by force of which all existence flows. As the physical body of man is a fragment broken off from the world of matter, so is the spirit a fragment broken from the realm of spiritual force, and susceptible of preserving its individual identity. It is not matter with its attributes, but the infinite energy of spiritual forces from which creation flows, as an outward expression of an inward conception.

Man is a duality, a spiritual body contained in a terrestrial body. The terrestrial body cannot inherit eternal life, which is the inheritance of the celestial body. Death is the severance of the silver cord which unites these bodies. The physical body returns to its mother earth, the celestial body receives the shining robes of immortality.

What necessarily follows from the acceptance of this doctrine? That the personality, the identity, everything which belongs to personality, belongs to the celestial body, and must be retained after it is separated from the terrestrial body. Hence death can work no change. The individuality is no more affected than by stepping from one room to another, or by the garments it wears. Immortality is not a gift bestowed because of certain beliefs, but the birthright of the human soul. Instead of the future being a bleak and barren promontory, it rises above the fog and clouds of life, and on its purple slopes we behold the friends who have gone before us into the shadows. There are our fathers and mothers, our children and friends; there are gathered all the great and good of earth, with outstretched arms of love to welcome us.

The great moral lesson taught by this view of life, here and hereafter, is that the present is the shadow of future realities. When we die the dross of this life will fall from us. Its objects, its vain ambitions, estates, bonds and deeds, fall as ashes, and the freed spirit stands alone, clad in its spiritual attainments. Never was a wiser commandment given in any age than to lay up your treasures above. Our friends are there, and it is ours to so order our lives that we shall meet them unsoiled by the selfishness of this world.

Such is the staff placed in the mourner's hand by Spiritualism. It will not fail—it will prove no broken reed. Your loved one has not gone to some far away land, for heaven would have no joy to him if it removed him from you. He is with you now, and when oppressed with care and life's burdens, he will constantly impress you with his hopeful words; protecting you as your guardian angel, he will welcome you to the purple shores of the great Beyond. Take the staff of Spiritualism in your hand; it will dispel the shadows, and now and for ever you will know that he walks by your side with love and affection for you, intensified by his angel life.

DEATH RARELY PAINFUL.

BY DR. CROWELL.

DEATH is simply the separation of the spiritual body from the physical, and in itself is rarely painful. All observant physicians testify to this fact; and as to the fear that the dying are supposed to have of death, this, as a rule, is more imaginary than real. A writer in the *Galaxy* said, "I have seen men and women, young and old, cultivated and ignorant, orthodox and heterodox, in their last moments; and, as a rule, all of them passed away, if not without regret, at least with entire resignation. None of them showed dread of the future. Some were troubled, perhaps distressed, when they first thought they could not recover, but the nearer their end came, the less apprehensive and the calmer they grew. Having once banished hope, tranquillity seemed to descend upon them. If encouraged to believe they might get well the old anxiety reappeared, proving that their mental disquietude was born of their expectation of life, and not their fear of death."

"Beyond the merely instinctive desire to exist," says Dr. Spencer, "the dread of death is a matter of education. Never does the child forget his first sight of a corpse, the darkened chamber, the storm of grief, the white face and rigid features, all combine to form an indelible impression on the mind."

And Dr. Warren says, "So far as my experience goes, if a dying man be asked whether he suffers pain, he will in the greater number of instances answer in the negative; yet there may be, at the same time, a frightful amount of distress. My opinion, founded on a great number of observations, is that death is not generally painful. Nature, 'like a kind mother,' while she surrounds its idea with imaginary terrors, has contrived the animal organisation in such way as to produce a natural anodyne in depriving the blood of oxygen. There will be found, no doubt, exceptions in chronic diseases, as arising from physical causes, and there will be another class of exceptions of a different nature from moral causes, such as the recollection of a bad life."

Dr. Madden, physician to the State prison at Sing Sing, says, "All persons when they come to die are in nearly the same condition of indifference. When they have the horrors is when they are afraid they are going to be sick enough to die, and then I don't think convicts are more horrified than other persons are."

Among those who narrowly escaped death at the destruction of the Brooklyn Theatre, by fire, in December, 1876, were Mr. and Mrs. Niles. Relating her experience, Mrs. Niles stated that when she found herself prostrate, and felt the increasing pressure of other bodies, her thoughts were not so much of themselves as of the painful effect of the news of their tragic fate upon the minds of their friends; but soon she experienced the sensations of suffocation, these continuing a brief time, when insensibility supervened. The suffering of the mind exceeded that of the body. That some do suffer while dying is beyond question, but that their sufferings are dependent upon their dying condition cannot be admitted, for it is probable that these same persons suffered quite as much in the stage of disease preceding the dying period, as they did while dying, probably more.

While these remarks apply to the majority, to the aged death becomes a want. They literally fall asleep in the arms of death, and awake, those who have earned this happiness, no longer decrepid and worn, but youthful and vigorous, and radiant with joy and hope.

The aspect of death is not revolting to the virtuous, intelligent Spiritualist, for he knows that "Life is the jailor; Death the angel sent to draw the unwilling bolts and set us free." He knows that

death is not only the cessation of physical life, but the commencement of the true and never-ending life of the liberated spiritual man.

"Let others trembling bow,
Angel of Death, before thee; not to those
Whose spirits with eternal truth repose
Art thou a fearful shape."

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

PLAN OF SPEAKERS FOR JUNE, 1892.

YORKSHIRE FEDERATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

- ARMLEY. Temperance Hall.—5, Mr. Lund; 12, Mr. J. Kitson; 19, Mr. Boocock; 26, Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves.
BATLEY CARR. Town Street.—5, Mrs. Midgley; 12, Mr. Rowling; 19, Mr. Crossley; 26, Mr. Armitage.
BATLEY. Wellington Street.—5, Mrs. Russell; 12, Mr. Pawson.
BINGLEY.—12, Mr. W. Stansfield; 19, Mr. J. Kitson; 26, Mrs. Jarvis.
BRADFORD. Birk Street.—5, Mr. A. Smith; 19, Miss Walton.
BRADFORD. Otley Road.—12, Mr. Walker; 19, Mr. Ashworth and Miss Townend; 26, Mrs. Wade.
BRADFORD. Little Horton Lane.—5, Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves; 12, Mr. Lund; 19, Mrs. Ingham; 26, Mrs. Hoyle.
CLECKHEATON. Walker Street.—5, Mr. Pawson; 12, Mrs. Jarvis; 19, Mr. Brook.
HALIFAX. Winding Road.—5, Mr. G. Newton; 19 and 20, Mrs. Beardshall; 26 and 27, Miss Harrison.
HECKMONDWIKE. Thomas Street.—5, Miss Harrison; 12, Mr. J. J. Morse (Lyceum Anniversary); 19, Mrs. Crossley; 26, Mrs. Mercer.
HUNSLET. Goodman Terrace.—5, Mr. Boocock.
SHIPLEY. Liberal Club.—12, Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves; 26, Mrs. Beardshall.
WEST VALE.—5, Mrs. Craven; 12, Mr. R. A. Brown (anniversary); 19, Mr. Marchbank; 26, Mr. W. Stansfield.

The next meeting of the Yorkshire Federation will be held at the Milton Rooms, Bradford, on Sunday, June 12, at 10-30.

- ACORINGTON.—5, Miss Gartside; 12, Mr. Hepworth; 19, Miss Patefield.
BACUP.—5, Closed; 12, Mrs. Hyde; 19, Mrs. Best; 26, Circle.
BELPER.—5, Mr. W. Johnson; 12, Local; 19, Mr. R. White; 26, Mr. W. Walker (Lyceum Anniversary).
BLACKBURN.—5, Mrs. Hyde; 12, Mr. Thos. Tyrrell and Miss J. Bailey; 19, Mr. Peter Lee; 26, Mrs. J. Stansfield.
BOLTON. Bradford Street.—5, Mrs. Hellier; 12, Mrs. Johnstone; 19, Mrs. Howarth; 26, Mrs. E. H. Britten, anniversary.
BRADFORD. Bentley Yard.—5, Mesdames France and Wrighton; 12, Mrs. Ingham; 19, Miss Myers; 26, Mr. Lund.
BRADFORD. Bowling. Harker Street.—5, Mr. Firth; 12, Mr. J. Bedford; 19, Mr. Whitehead; 25, Monthly Meeting; 26, Mrs. Boston.
BRIGHOUSE.—5, Mrs. Green; 12, Mrs. France; 19, Local; 26, Mrs. Craven.
BURNLEY. Hammerton Street.—5, Mrs. J. M. Smith; 12, Mrs. J. A. Stansfield; 19, Mr. J. B. Tetlow; 26, Mr. E. W. Wallis.
CHURWELL.—5, Closed; 12, Mr. Newton; 19, Mr. Lund; 26, Mr. Peel.
COLNE.—5, Mr. Milner; 12, Lyceum Anniversary; 19, Mrs. Gregg; 26, Mrs. Green.
COWMS.—19, Mr. Metcalfe.
DARWEN.—5, Mr. J. B. Tetlow; 12, Mrs. Best; 19, Miss Janet Bailey; 26, Mr. J. McDonald.
HECKMONDWIKE. Blanket Hall Street.—5, Open; 12, Mr. Dawson; 19, Mr. Wm. Galley (Lyceum Anniversary); 26, Mrs. Bentley.
KEIGHLEY. Assembly Rooms.—5, Open; 12, Mr. Galley; 19, Mrs. Carr; 26, Mrs. Wallis.
KEIGHLEY. East Parade.—12, Mr. Hopwood; 19, Mr. T. Hindle; 26, Spanish Friend.
LEICESTER. 67½, High Street.—5, Mrs. Richards; 12, Mr. Sainsbury; 19, Miss Wesley; 26, Mr. Pinkney.
LIVERPOOL.—5, Local; 12, Mrs. Wallis; 19 and 20, Mr. J. J. Morse; 26, Mr. J. B. Tetlow.
MANCHESTER. Tipping Street.—5, Miss Walker; 12, Mr. Ormrod; 19, Mrs. Green; 26, Service of Song.
MORLEY.—5, Mr. Wainwright; 12, Mr. Brook; 19, Mr. Walker; 26, Mr. Mason.
OLDHAM. Temple.—5, Mr. E. W. Wallis; 12, Open; 19, Mr. W. Johnson; 26, Floral Service (Lyceumists).
OLDHAM. Bartlam Place.—5, Open; 12, Mr. Robert White; 19, Mr. W. H. Wheeler; 26 and 27, Mrs. Crossley, clairvoyant.
PENDLETON.—5, Open; 12, Mrs. Smith; 19, Mrs. Gregg; 26, Open.
SOWERBY BRIDGE.—5, Mr. P. Lee; 12, Mrs. Hoyle; 19, Mr. and Mrs. Clegg; 26, Mr. Morse, Anniversary Services, 10-30, 2-30, 6-30.
YEADON. Town Side.—5, Mrs. Connell; 12, Mr. Metcalfe; 19, Mrs. Whiteoak; 26, Mr. Hopwood.

NO REPORTS NEXT WEEK. Owing to the fact that we are compelled to go to press with our next issue so that it may be delivered to the trade on *Tuesday*, all prospective notices must reach us on or before *Monday* morning, and reports, if sent, will have to be held over till the following week. Mr. Heywood's printing works close on Wednesday night, June 8, for the rest of the week.

A CORRECTION.—Mr. J. Ainsworth, whose essay on "Why and How I became a Spiritualist," was published in our last week's issue, writes that there is a printer's error, which causes him to make a statement which would be received with great incredulity. "It read, 'while sitting on a table with ten others.' It should have been 'with two others.'" We regret the mistake, but the MS. looked more like ten than two, and the printers "followed copy," or thought they did.

ASHINGTON.—June 5, 6, 12, and 13, Mr. G. A. Wright will lecture and give character readings by psychometry.

BINGLEY.—Camp meeting. Will the district friends please bear in mind that this annual gathering, which becomes more popular each

year, will be held Sunday, July 17? The organising secretary, Mr. Wm. Stansfield, Warwick Road, Dewsbury, will be pleased to hear of intending visitors from a distance.

CLECKHEATON.—June 5: Mr. Pawson. Trance addresses in the Oddfellows' Hall, 2-30 and 6. Atheists and materialists specially invited.

GLASGOW.—19, Mr. G. A. Wright, at 11, "The Rise and Progress of Spiritualism." 6-30, "Spiritualism and its Philosophy." Psychometry to follow. Monday, answers to questions. Delineations of character.

HALIFAX. Winding Road.—Whit-Monday, Lyceum field day. Scholars will meet at the Church at 2, and parade the principal streets, headed by a splendid brass band, which has been engaged at a cost of £5; afterwards in a field at Pellon. Various games, etc., will be indulged in. All are welcome.—F. A. M.

HECKMONDWIKE. Thomas Street.—Lyceum anniversary, June 12. Mr. J. J. Morse will give addresses at 2-30 and 6 p.m. Tea provided at 6d. each. Friends, help us to make it a success.

KEIGHLEY. Assembly Rooms.—Social Spiritual Brotherhood. On behalf of the above society I request that all speakers having engagements with us will let me know their dates, so that I may complete the plan for this year (1892) as, owing to unfortunate and unforeseen circumstances, we have lost the register of engagements made with speakers. Unless the above request be complied with on or before June 30th, we shall consider dates—of which we have not been notified—cancelled, and shall engage other speakers.—T. Hogarth, secretary, 17, Chelsea Street, Victoria Road, Keighley.

LEEDS. Institute, 25, Cookridge Street.—This society gives up possession of rooms at the above address on June 30, after which date the society will hold services every Sunday in the Psychological Hall, Grove House Lane.—Cor. sec.

LONDON. 311, Camberwell New Road.—June 5, at 7, by special request, Mr. W. E. Long, on "How does a Spirit control a medium." Questions invited. Public sésances on Sundays at 11-30 a.m., and Wednesdays at 8-30 p.m. Investigators welcome.

LONDON. Marylebone.—Mr. H. Hunt's lectures: 5, "Universe of Thought"; 12, "The Evolution of Religion"; 19, "The Mission of Spiritualism"; 26, "The Philosophy of Dreams" and sésances 6, 13, 20, and 27. Tickets.—Mr. White, secretary.

LONDON. Stratford.—5, Mr. W. O. Drake, subject, "Where have the world's great heroes gone?" 12, Mr. J. Allen; 19, Dr. Reynolds; 26, Mr. G. Breasley. The committee thank Messrs. Butcher, Wyndoe, Allen, Dr. Reynolds, and Hardingham for their services during May.

MACCLESFIELD.—June 5, Miss Janet Bailey; 10, Mr. W. Johnson.

MANCHESTER. Tipping Street.—June 12, Lyceum open sessions at 2-30 and 6-30 p.m. Varied and interesting programme. Parents and friends, come and hear.

MONSTER LYCEUM FIELD DAY.—The united Lyceums of Batley, Batley Carr, Cleckheaton, Churwell, Heckmondwike (Blanket Hall Street), and Morley will hold a monster field day on Whit Monday, weather permitting, at Bowling Park, near Bradford. Officers and members meet at 2-30 p.m., at the park-keeper's lodge gates, and march to the promenade for calisthenic exercises. Conductor, Mr. A. Kitson. All will adjourn to reserved grounds, for games, &c. Lyceum members will wear a bit of ribbon to distinguish them from visitors, and officers will wear rosettes to distinguish them from the elder members, and to facilitate the marshalling of the forces. Batley, brown; Batley Carr, white; Cleckheaton, pink; Churwell, yellow; Heckmondwike, blue; and Morley, red. Each Lyceum will bear its own expenses, and arrange its own mode of transit.—Alfred Kitson, 2, Royd Street, Bromley Road, Hanging Heaton, near Dewsbury.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Anniversary flower services, conducted by Lyceum members, on Sunday, June 12, at 2-30 and 6-30 p.m. Monday, 13, at 7-30 p.m. The programme on each occasion will be varied and interesting, and appropriate hymns sung. Special silver collections in aid of the Lyceum. Tea provided for friends from a distance. Adults, 6d., children, 4d. Friends, make the children's day a success. Saturday,

NORTH SHIELDS.—June 5: Mr. J. J. Morse, at 11, "Intelligence in Nature." 6-15, "Man-made Gods." Wednesday, June 8, at 8 p.m., "The workman's place and end."

OLDHAM. Bartlam Place.—Trip to Mottram on Whit Friday, to Mr. Smith's, Woodseats. Fare 1s. Trains leave Oldham at 9-35, 12-3, and 1-35, returning from Mottram at 6-45 and 7-48. Rambles, games, and meetings. The "white ribbon" will be worn.—W. H. W.

OWING TO A SOCIETY failing to keep its engagements, Mrs. Wallis has July 10 vacant. Mr. and Mrs. Wallis are now booking dates for 1893. Address, 12, Grosvenor Square, Lower Broughton, Manchester.

PENDLETON. Cobden Street.—Lyceum trip on Whit Thursday to Dunham Park by covered luries; starting at 8 o'clock prompt. Lyceumists under 12, 6d.; over 12, 8d.; friends 1s. (without refreshments). Friends, help the Lyceum by your presence.

RAWTENSTALL. Assembly Rooms.—June 5, Mr. Swindlehurst, at 2-30 and 6. Collection on entrance. The committee desire to hear from mediums for 1893. Terms, 4s. and expenses.—T. Cook, 5, Thorn Hill.

SLAITHWAITE.—Sunday, June 5, Lyceum Anniversary in the Co-operative Hall. Mr. J. C. Macdonald will give addresses at 2-30 and 6. He will attend the Lyceum at 10. Tea provided, all friends welcome.

SOWERBY BRIDGE.—Please note. Evening service in future at 6.

SUNDERLAND. Centre House, Silksworth Row.—Five Sunday Evening Lectures, by Mr. J. H. Lashbrooke. May 29: "The Soul in its Search for Truth and God." June 5: "Spiritualism; or, the Mystery of the Ages Explained." 12: "Mediumship, Seership, and Adeptship." 19: Lyceum Anniversary. 26: "Behind the Veil; or, Death Transfigured." July 3: "Spiritualism as a Key to the Rites, Ceremonies, and Doctrines of all Ages."

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