

The Two Worlds.

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THERE IS NO DEATH.

[A lecture given by Miss Florence Marryat, at the Spiritual Hall, 86, High Street, Marylebone, London, May 8.] From the shorthand notes of Mr. Percy Smyth.

THERE is one thing that must certainly come to each of us. Some are born to attain wealth and others to die in poverty, but death lays both side by side—peasant and king. It is inevitable. The majority put the thought of it away, and say it does not concern them, but it is not a mere phantom. My object is to try to make death appear comforting, for it is only a birth to the second sphere of action. Spiritualism is the light that will brighten up and make this life easier. I suppose there is not one in this hall to-night who has not parted with a parent, brother, sister, child, or friend, through death. It is only natural our parents should pass away from us first, but when death takes from us the children we have brought into the world (mothers! I appeal to you) is there a more cruel agony than to see our loved ones laid low in death? We catch the last whisper and breath; before we have realised it the hour of death has come, and the body is but a thing of clay we have to bury in the dark tomb. We hear the earth fall upon the coffin as if to break it in. God only knows what we feel in such cases. To feel that the voice you loved to listen to is hushed for ever. That your child has left you, and is lying out there under the dark clouds, through snow, hail, and rain. Would you not lie awake at night craving for "the touch of a vanished hand," and to hear "the sound of a voice that is still?" I know you would dare anything to know that your loved one is not gone from you altogether. Your priest pities your pain, and talks of a shadowy, undefinable heaven, governed by what laws he does not know. A place with gates of pearl, where, God's mercy being illimitable, you may trust that your child has gained admittance, but, whatever they tell you, they cannot *prove* that it is so. What would you not do to hear the voice of your child speaking to you as when on earth, and to be assured that its presence was as real? Would not that have done more to comfort you than any theory a priest could propound of a life beyond the grave? I would like to make this audience feel that it is an indisputable fact that death does not end all. Our sympathies in this struggle for existence are directed to the mother whose child passes away from her in death, and who strains her poor eyes, trying to find it in the invisible ether. All that has been said and done is as nothing compared with the consolation we have in the knowledge that those we have loved on earth still live, and for a tenderer spirituality. We know that the dock-leaf, in Spiritualism, grows next to the stinging nettle—death. That indeed the friends we have lost stand in our very midst to-night. I have seen and spoken to friends in the spirit world, and would not part with this knowledge for all the world can offer me. But it is nothing new; it is an experience, and has lived as long as the world. It began when the first spirit walked upon earth.

Spiritualism, by which I mean the return of departed spirits to this world, is no harder to believe than the miracles of the earlier ages, but it is infinitely more true, and is continuously demonstrable. He is the original fool who said there is no life beyond this. The future life has been revealed to people of *all* stations in life; even the poorest

have received its greatest comfort. Socially, few have been brave enough to acknowledge it openly; they dread the ridicule heaped upon those who avow themselves Spiritualists. On the other hand, scientists, and persons of literary ability, have not feared to stand by us. The register of these men contains names with which no one should be ashamed to be enrolled, such as Samuel Carter Hall, Gerald Massey, Dr. R. Chambers, F.R.S.E., W. Howitt, Mrs. Brown-ing, Lord Brougham, Lord Lytton, Wm. Crookes, F.R.S. C.E., Alfred Russel Wallace, Camille Flammarion, Prof. Denton, Victor Hugo, Hon. R. Dale Owen, The Countess of Caithness, President Lincoln, Cromwell Varley, and others. If I err, I err in good company. But I do not err, my experience has taught me the truth of the words of the poet:—

"There is no death, what seems so is transition,
This mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portals we call death."

And of Keble:—

"For, in truth,
Man's spirit knows not death, but sets aside
The interlinear boundaries of the flesh,
And in its thoughts, which are its proper self,
Holds intercourse with those which are unseen,
As if they were still with us."

Adam Clarke says:—

"I believe there is a supernatural and spiritual world, in which human spirits, both good and bad, live in a state of consciousness. I believe that any of these spirits may, according to the order of God, in the laws of their place of residence, have intercourse with this world, and become visible to mortals."

And even Dr. Cumming (that hard-headed practical man) says:—

"We are of this certain, spirits descend and minister to the suffering. Shall we admit that evil spirits do so, and that good angels may not?"

I cannot believe that the evil spirit should speak truth; a kingdom divided against itself cannot stand.

Many view the phenomena of Spiritualism (such as table turning) in the light of a most amusing pastime for evening pleasure; but I have already lost too many friends. I neither wish to play or trifle with it. To me it must be a humbug from beginning to end, or a very solemn sacred thing. Men of science have acknowledged it, and the churches cannot deny it; and to attribute it to delusion is useless, if our bodies contain magnetic forces sufficient to raise a palpable being that we can see normally, or that even clairvoyants can see clairvoyantly, and that mediums can prophesy future events quite accurately. All must acknowledge who witness such phenomena that spirits live when the physical body is laid aside, and that those we have loved can and do return. When Christian people assert that spirits cannot come back to earth, they deny and upset the whole of their teachings. The Bible is permeated from beginning to end—all is Spiritualism, and nothing else. The Protestant Church pins all its faith on the Bible. The Catholic Church does not admit of disbelieving it. There is nothing miraculous about it, it is only a continuation of Nature. History proves it to be true. Hardly a family, which has investigated, has not gained proofs of spirit existence and ministry. But it is only natural that a man who does not believe in a God, who knows nothing of an intuitive faculty that lies dormant within him, cannot accept Spiritualism.

It is useless to cast pearls before swine, or to put good things before children which they understand not, neither can they comprehend. Many people laugh at the idea of the lifting of tables, and that intelligence is manifested through them, as being most ridiculous; but put yourself in the position of the departed spirit, and tell me if you can find a

better means of communicating than by raps and knocks, spirit-voices, automatic and direct writing, all of which are obtainable in the home-circle? Then cases of trance-mediumship, through which you can hear your departed friends speak to you. Healing-power is good for those who cannot be interested by the other phases of mediumship. Materialisation; This always appears wonderful to beginners, yet it is not a whit more wonderful than any other phase of the phenomena.

I once had a daughter, whom I named after myself—"Florence." This child was born with a blemish which affected her so much that, had she survived the cutting of her teeth, those at the back of her mouth should have been in front. She only lived ten days. During my investigations I was told of her. She was correctly described by those media who had neither heard of her birth nor death, and in her communications she wished me to realise the change in her form, as I did, from the child she was when upon earth. She grew very much like her elder sister. I was present at a séance held in a small room of the British National Association of Spiritualists. The sitters comprised Miss Kislingbury and Mr. Harrison (editor of *The Spiritualist*). Miss Cook was the medium. [Here Miss Marryat gave a most interesting narrative of the sitting and of her child coming back to her. She heard a whisper of her daughter Florence's materialised form, and was about to spring up to her, exclaiming, "Florence, I did not expect to see you here," when the form told her to keep seated and it would come to her.] "Is it really you, Florence," I said; and she asked us to turn up the gas, which we did, and saw her distinctly with the blemish before described. She said to me, "Mother, you sometimes doubt in this belief, but do not do so; and do not trouble yourself about me. The blemish has gone, but I was enabled to put it on to make myself realisable to you. It has left me now, and I have grown to a young woman." With Florence I have enjoyed sweeter communion than with any other of my children who have passed through the change called death. We can thus recall the poem:—

"Not as a child shall we again behold her," &c.

Florence is not the only one who has come back to me. I have had most of my friends do so; but for details of further experiences I refer you to my book on the subject of this lecture. I have received hundreds of letters asking most curious questions. A lady, only a fortnight ago, wrote asking if I am sure I have not deceived myself—alleging I am so enthusiastic. Only a week ago I was at a circle (one of a series of six) with Mr. Cecil Husk as medium, and amongst the spirits who manifested were: The Prince Imperial, Duke of Clarence, Captain Fred Burnaby, Frank Buckland, Mrs. Barry-Palliser, and my daughter Florence. All these came back to us from the other world. How the spirit friends must suffer when they see how much we question and even fear their presence. A mother lost her boy out at sea; she grieved so much that her brain threatened to give way, and she went from medium to medium and from country to country in search of some one who could afford her the satisfaction of knowing that her boy still lived and could come back. When in Paris she was one day told of the arrival of Mr. William Eglington, the wonderful medium. She immediately went to his hotel, and without ceremony was shown into his presence. She rushed to him and took both his hands, exclaiming, "Oh, Mr. Eglington! for God's sake show me my boy;" and, as they stood thus, holding their hands together, up her boy rose, fresh, beautiful, and smilingly gazing at her, and then after a short interval vanished again. This did not, I say, console her altogether, but it soothed her and stopped her fast maddening brain, and she was content to wait till they should again be united. Mr. Eglington, himself, said that in all his varied experience (and he has had a large one) he never knew so pathetic an instance. It is men and women who are wrong—their proclivities are wrong—and if ever you hear a person speak of evil spirits communicating you may be sure that such person is evil himself. Like begets like. There is no such thing as supernature.

Miss Marryat here reviewed the miracles recorded in the Bible, and showed their bearing towards the many phases of spirit phenomena. She pointed out the conditions binding the occurrence of most of them, and likened them to those necessary at our circles. She urged investigators to try themselves in their own homes, and told them that if they did so with an earnest spirit they would gain satisfaction,

She said: "Indeed, I believe we are all mediums in different ways, and would develop divers phases did we know more of the laws governing spirit return. Study to have good and harmonious conditions, for how can we in admitting any neighbour know what conditions he brings with him. There is a tradesman's family at present in this hard-headed, murky, dirty, but good old town, who sit at home, and I was invited. We sat in a room which opened to another one, and, in fact, was only separated by a pair of lace curtains. We had not waited long ere two children came from the inner room, chatted with us, and told me their history; then an elder brother, bringing a friend with him; and, last of all, the mother. The two young spirit men (last mentioned) went together to the piano and played a duet, and were accompanied in good harmony by a violin and other instruments which had been laid on the piano, and were played by the invisibles. It brings to me Longfellow's poem of 'Voices of the Night'—

"With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine;
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

My fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died."

To those who would rush off to the séance room my advice is: Be perfectly passive, and wait till the medium has said all she has to say, and not find afterwards that you have had all to say and left the medium nothing to do. The spirit in which you must approach the subject should be that, if true, it will change your future life. Enthusiasts and sceptics have done more harm than the scientific men have done good. It is those who take everything for granted that we see taken off (and justly) in *Punch*. A person to her husband: Jones, are you happy? Spirit: Much happier than I was down there. Person: Then you must have found heaven? Spirit: Heaven! No; on the contrary.—A word to sceptics: You must not hold the idea that because one séance is bad all are bad, nor because one medium is a fraud all are frauds. It is not a logical conclusion. There are bad and good, fraud and genuine, in every phase of phenomena of daily life. And when you ask me, 'What is the power that brings spirits here, through which they manifest?' you stagger me. I cannot say, any more than I or anyone else can tell you what electricity and gravitation are. We know the source and see the effects. I only know spirits can commune and do so. What good is it? To me the good is illimitable—in these days of belief in nothing, in this age of scepticism, materialism, and freethought. It is only by being brought face to face with a loved and lost one that you can realise the good of Spiritualism. You say you realise its possibility and yet have a horror of death! Is that logical? Spiritualists do not die so—they are assured by fact. The difference between the faith of the Spiritualist and the (un-) faith of the non-Spiritualist is as between those who have really travelled to Australia and those who have only traced the journey on a chart. If you wish to live, and when your mission here has been fulfilled and death comes, to look upon it well, do not let *this world* take up *all* your thoughts. Try to live this Spiritualism. Desire for those who depart to commune with you; and to us, with them, there is no death."

T I R E D.

T I R E D ! oh, so tired ! yet patiently I wait,
For well I know my task is not complete ;
I feel that thou, my Father, bids me take
Fresh courage for my weary feet.
My head is bow'd, but Thou, who know'st so well
How many sorrows tried my tender will,
Through trials more than I can ever tell,
With fortitude I have endur'd them still.
But what of that ? I know the morn will break,
In beauty, on the beauteous Summer land,
When I have gained the comforting retreat
For which I laboured at Thy dear command.
I know Thou wilt not leave me all alone,
But give me strength, that others I may help
Along the rough and thorny road of life,
Which is a joy to me, forgetting self.
Fain would I cease to murmur or repine,
Though weary feet are tired in the race ;
Full well I know soul-labour will outshine
The brightest orbs that are contained in space.
—Mrs. James M. Smith.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

[Third Prize Essay, by Mrs. J. M. Smith.]

ON September 23, 1883, I was invited by a non-Spiritualist friend to attend a spiritual meeting in my native town, the speaker being Mrs. E. H. Britten. I had with me my little son, a most intelligent child. Seeing I had been born and brought up in a large town, when I look back to that time, I think I must have appeared quite heathenish.

I said to my friend, "What is going to be the performance?" She replied, "I have not the least idea."

I looked around, and eventually saw a gentleman friend, agent for the United Kingdom Alliance for our town.

I remarked to my friend, "It cannot be so bad after all, as I see Mr. Hector D—— is here, and I know him to be a good man."

In a few minutes some people marched on to the platform from the ante-room. The chairman gave out "Nearer, my God, to Thee." I turned to W—— and said, "It must be a religious service, for this is one of our own hymns" (I being a Congregationalist for eighteen years).

Before we finished, Mrs. Britten walked on to the platform, and, to my surprise, she gave a beautiful invocation, and during the address I forgot every one in the place, I was so absorbed and intent on every word. At the close, I expressed my admiration, and said, "I thought no minister could preach more eloquently than our own Mr. C——, who was just about to sail for Victoria, N.S.W., but that I considered the address just listened to was equal to one of his."

Our minister's departure, I must admit, had a tendency to unsettle me, as few addresses from others could satisfy my enquiring mind. The next Sunday I wended my way with my little son to another room, where I saw a couple of gentlemen I had seen at the first meeting, but I must say I was as disappointed as I had been elated the previous Sunday. About the middle of the meeting a young woman began shaking, and one of the men led her out. When he returned, I ventured to ask, "Is she in a fit?"

He answered, "No, she will be better shortly."

Having lost our minister, I went one Sunday evening to the chapel of which I was a member, but a strange uneasiness came over me, the pew seemed too small. I moved about wearily, and wished the minister had finished; he seemed quite old-fashioned in his delivery, and I was glad when the service was over.

The weeks and months went by, and whenever the weather permitted, I went to the Spiritualists' meetings, two miles from my home. In February, 1884, some friends came from abroad to stay with us, and when Sunday came asked me if I was going to chapel. I said, "No," and calling them apart I said, "I go often to the Spiritualist meetings." With a little persuasion, I got them to accompany me, and when we left the meeting they told me they were surprised at a sensible person going to such a place, but I remonstrated and told them not to denounce it till they knew more.

We heard several mediums and speakers, Mr. Colville amongst the rest. Spiritualism became very interesting. I gathered more in three months than I had learnt for 18 years amongst the Congregationalists; and one day I sent for our hymn books and cushions, as I could not get satisfaction there for my inquiring mind.

One evening, after returning from a meeting, my daughter, her husband, and I, went into our front room, and sat round the table. I thought it a weird thing to do. My daughter was very sceptical, and in a little while I asked, "Can you feel anything?" She said, "No." I asked her husband if he felt anything, and he answered, "Yes." I said, "If you take your hands off, I feel sure it will move." They did so, and the table began to spin round the room. I had to follow until I followed on my knees; and from that time I continued to develop. I soon began to feel the influence at the meetings, and tried to investigate at my own home, but under great difficulties, as my husband was very much opposed. I have had to fight my way through the dark, thick, rocky road, no one took any interest in my development—no, rather the contrary; therefore I have none to thank. I thought, "If it is true, I shall find it out," and sought night and day, winter and summer, and have found it true; so I became a Spiritualist, and intend to remain one until I find something to surpass it.

The first time I was controlled to speak was in an unknown tongue, but I was conscious, and it seemed as if I were never going to stop. I laughed till I fell across the table; my son,

a reserved young man, and my daughter laughed till they were double; all I seemed to say was, "Signor Vied," which I afterwards learnt was the name of an Italian.

When a little child I would sometimes say to dear mother, "Uncle is coming to-day." I don't know why, but he came.

We have seen the scissors oscillate hanging on a hook, first slow, then fast, then slow. My children have seen a dinner stool spin round on one leg. Five of us have heard our piano play in broad light. I have also heard little voices calling "Mamma," when doing my house work.

The first time I was clairvoyant, I stood at the foot of the stairs, calling to my little ones, "Good night, darlings," and there saw the elder of the two, standing on the landing, with her hat on. I said, "What are you doing at the top of the stairs?" but she declared she was in bed; then I said, "I have seen a spirit," but my husband ridiculed the idea; but my darling was the first to leave for the spirit world, and the night she left us, although she had grown to womanhood, when, after intense suffering and much watching, we went into the sitting-room, we found an oil-painting and a water-colour had fallen and turned on their faces over the piano, they being hung by one cord, the cord being cut off by the ring. Strange that two should fall. In less than three months, my darling son left for the spirit world. Two days after we interred him, an oil-painting in another room fell on my head as I was looking in a bookcase, rolling on the floor out of the frame. In three months my only brother's only daughter passed away after eight days' illness. Last month, my daughter, after being in bed one night for a few minutes, thinking with her eyes closed, felt she must open them; there was a spirit form with draped face leaning over the bed; my brother's wife passed away the day before Good Friday. On Thursday morning, April 21st, about one o'clock, I was awakened by a loud noise close to my head. On getting a light, we found a large bracket had come off the wall. I said to my husband, "Something has happened." The same evening we received the news that my sister's nephew, named Fred Morgan, had been killed at Liverpool on the railway. His father, whom I knew well, was killed on the Midland Railway, about 25 years ago, the week his son was killed. My husband and I have been awakened at the same time by a voice; I heard no words, but I knew it to be my husband's father. I said to my husband next day, "Why did you call 'yes' last night or early this morning?" He replied, "I heard my father call my name." Strange! for his father lost his voice seven years before he passed away.

I was once at a séance, when the medium was controlled, and I knew, although a room's length from her, that my father-in-law was there and going to speak to me. In a few minutes she held out her hands to me; I went forward, she grasped my hands, kissed them, and we both cried; it was most affecting; my hands had blood on them; he broke a blood-vessel getting out of bed, and passed away in a few minutes.

Being at a friend's house in 1886, she said to my little guide (Clytie), "Can you see my son?" (he had gone to Australia many weeks before.)

My guide said, "Yes, he has landed." The next morning in the papers we read, "Sydney, Monday. The Orient steamship 'Austral' arrived here from London, 4 p.m." That was the ship he sailed in; I still have the cutting of the paper.

The same person seemed determined to go there too, but "Clytie" told her she would never go. Time passed on for nearly two years, still she was told she would never go. At last she said, "Why?" "Clytie" said, "Because he will come home." This was about August. She said he would come the last of September or beginning of October. He came home the last week in September, 1887.

His mother not being well, one of my guides, a physician, prescribed for her, and told her to go to the sea side; this was in January, 1888, but emphatically said "Not till March." She wanted to go the following week, but he said "Not till March." She followed her own inclination, and went the last week in January, and I went to lecture in county Durham for February 12. On February 14, she had to be telegraphed for, from Southport I think it was, as her son had blown out his brains about four or five o'clock the same morning. I may here say that before the son came home from abroad, I was one night very unwell in his mother's house; all at once I could feel water. I said, "Did your husband get drowned?" She said, "No." I said, "Did he have dropsy?" She said, "No." If I had said what I felt, I should have asked, "Did your husband drown himself?" but, of course, I did not want to hurt her feelings. I mention this because in the evening

papers of the day on which her son committed suicide, this was the notice: "Early this morning, at 34, M—— Lane, L——, J. W. A—— committed suicide by blowing out his brains. Seven years ago his father committed suicide by drowning," showing how particular people ought to be about speaking the truth.

On July 27, 1890, I was lecturing in Lancashire; on the 28th a lady came to consult me about her affairs; among other things she was warned to take care of her husband, and not let him go anywhere alone, as it was likely he might commit suicide, or have to go to the asylum. On the 28th of August, just a month to the day she was warned, he was found on the railway at a town in Yorkshire, decapitated, the express having run over him.

I was going away on the Saturday of the same week to the sea-side to recuperate, and on the following Wednesday, Sept. 3rd, I was more than 60 miles away from my home and from the house of the people I am speaking of. About one o'clock, I became very unwell, and tried to recall if I had eaten anything to make me sick. No. I got no better, and at five o'clock my daughter gave me some medicine, and I made myself sick, and went to bed till next morning. The next day I received a paper from home to say the wife of the man had taken poison. I learnt afterwards that about eleven o'clock of the same morning that I became sick, she had taken opium and died at five o'clock, just at the time I made myself vomit.

I did not know my husband's mother, he having a step-mother from about eight years' old. He once told "Clytie" that if she could tell him of some peculiarity, he would be a Spiritualist. But she said, "No, you won't." She said, "Your mother had a blue eye and a brown one." My husband said, "She had, she had, but only my father and myself knew it."

Four years ago I was staying at Morecambe, and going with a friend through the market. The young lady knew nothing of Spiritualism. I was listening to her conversation, with my eyes cast on the ground, when I saw a threepenny piece. I stooped, but did not interrupt my friend. I heard "Clytie" say, "If you go round the next street you will find another." I turned round and said, "Let us go this way." We turned through a passage called the Fishmarket, which was crowded, and there I picked up another. I said not a word to my friend, because I was sure she would not believe me; but at the house where we were staying was a young man and his wife, who, it seems, had seen me at the hall in our town. Spiritualism was mentioned, and I tried to explain some few things to them. They wanted to sit at the table, but I said, "Sit by yourselves," as I was busy sewing some buttons on a dress I wanted. So they began to make a large dinner stool go round. I never moved from my seat, but I am confirmed in the fact that the people of the house had listened at the door, for a little while after, just going out with my children, I was asked to seek a fresh home, as I was told I was frightening all the boarders, so I moved, and that is the first and last time I have had to move because of my views.

I could enumerate a thousand and one tests, both given and received.

My darling daughter, the dear one who had passed on to the summer land but five months before, said to me clair-audiently on Sunday morning, March 15th, 1891, "Mam-ma, there are two letters for you this morning." When I got down stairs I looked into the letter-box; there were two letters. On Sunday, December 27th, 1891, my husband and daughter were at home alone, the said daughter being in her room dressing, and her father feeding the canary, when they both distinctly heard a ringing of glass in the front room. My daughter came to the top of the stairs, and said, "Father, what are you doing?" He was at the foot, saying, "Did you hear that?" He said, "Come and look, I would never believe anything, but I know this is right," and the lustre drop nearest to, falling on the hearth, had been lifted off and laid on the mantel-shelf.

I may say I can give many more instances of strange things which have come to me, and I could give names of all the parties if required.

In closing, I may say before I heard of Spiritualism I distinctly heard my daughter's voice in my own house, and my heart seemed to leap and I turned quite a bad colour, as she was in New York at the time. I cannot account for it.

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.

CHAPTER II.

MY VISION OF THE STATUE.

A WEEK elapsed, and on the following Tuesday I was out on the cliffs, as was my custom after tea. The evening was delightful, for the day had been a particularly beautiful one. I had enjoyed it greatly, and was most reluctant to enter the house at its close. Prudence, however, compelled me to do so, and as I sat at my window gazing over the waters, I watched them gradually become silvered by the light of the rising moon. It was about nine o'clock as I thus sat gazing out of my window, when suddenly I noticed a dense black cloud rise up out of the waters, spreading far and wide on every hand. Startled at this curious sight I was about to rise from my chair, when an icy fear, like unto a mortal terror, seized and bound me to my seat. Voice, movement, volition, all seemed paralysed. The wall of my room appeared to melt away, and a scene arose before me that has never been effaced from my memory.

Before me I saw a broad sweeping downs, that rose by gentle ascent until it reached the summit of a high cliff overlooking the sea. It was entirely unlike any place I had ever seen before. The ground was dry and parched; the road that stretched across the rising plane was dusty as from long need of rain. In the road I saw three figures, a man, a woman, and—myself! The woman was young, not over two and twenty, brunette in complexion, tall and graceful in figure, but her features bore a look of pain and deep distress. I had never seen any one like her before. The man was tall, dark-complexioned, small, bead-like, sloe-black eyes, but what was most remarkable about him was that he had extremely long and slender hands, with fingers of almost waxen whiteness. He was evidently a foreigner. Myself, or rather my other self, was dressed in my usual costume. The expression upon my face was most peculiar, every feature seemed to be set in fixed impassiveness, my eyes were opened to their widest in a fixed and strong gaze. I saw the two figures walk along the road towards the summit of the cliff. I heard them talk, at first in low tones then more loudly, until the woman became excited and hysterical. I watched them, and saw my other self follow them step by step, until they reached the verge of the cliff, where there ensued a scene of mingled expostulation and recrimination that increased in bitterness until the man raised his hand, and with an oath struck his companion a blow upon her face, which caused her to reel and stagger, and from which, before she could recover, she, with a despairing shriek, fell over the cliff down to the rocks a hundred feet below.

The man exclaimed, "Ione! my God, I have killed her!" His face blanched to a deathly pallor, and for a moment he appeared too much horrified to move. My blood seemed to freeze within me alike at the murder I had seen and the apparent indifference in which my other self seemed to view the transaction. While thus situated, the entire scene vanished, all but the image of my other self. There it stood alone, as if self poised in the blackness surrounding it.

All at once its features changed their appearance, its eyes relaxed their staring gaze. It (or I) assumed a more natural expression. Presently there was built up about this apparition of myself a picture that seemed to grow out of the blackness piece by piece. It was a pleasant country scene, with a rolling valley and gently sloping hills. In the centre of the scene there was a large country mansion, built of a peculiar gray stone, the like of which I was unfamiliar with. The house had a castellated cornice, or coping, running round it, with turrets at various angles. It was somewhat of the Tudor style of architecture, and evidently was the home of a wealthy owner.

I entered, how I know not—that is, my other self did—the large drawing-room, noting particularly its handsome carpet, elegant furniture, rich hangings, and various chaste adornments. What most arrested my attention—that is, the attention of my other self—however, was a massive bronze statue of an Egyptian figure, which was placed upon a bracket fixed upon one of the walls of the room.

Opposite the statue were two large portraits, which upon my other self looking at them caused the apparition to start, change colour, and become deeply agitated. He (or it) looked long and earnestly at one of the pictures, and there could be no mistake in identifying it as the portrait of the Ione whose fearful death he had previously been witness to. When he turned to the other, then it was I saw my other self assume an expression of beaming delight and happiness that fairly amazed me as I looked upon it. Long did my

other self gaze, eagerly did it scrutinise every feature, and on seeing the name Helen at the foot of the frame, he (or it) appeared to murmur it gently to itself.

Then followed something still more extraordinary in this startling series of events. For now, as the strains of music, accompanied by a voice of exquisite beauty, floated into the room, and as the rich notes rose and fell I felt my whole soul thrill as it had never thrilled before, while my other self became indistinct, and as it did so I began to lose my own sense of locality until, to my utter bewilderment, my other self and myself became one, and I was in the chamber of my vision!

No sooner was this accomplished than the doors of the room opened, and the original of the portrait named Helen entered. Words fail me, even now, to justly describe her. Just full of beautiful womanhood, one of nature's fairest flowers—nay, I will not try to describe; let it be simply said that on seeing her I learned what love could mean and do. Instinctively I turned to look again at her, and in so doing was confronted by the statue, which was then in the direct line of light, when, to my horror, I could have declared I heard issue from it in solemn tones these words: "I am the avenger of blood, the killer of the snake and the destroyer of the faithless, my end cometh near!"

I tried to speak but could not, my senses failed me, and I sank unconscious to the ground. On awaking, my landlady, good old soul, was standing over my prostrate form, for I had fallen upon the floor of my room. With much solicitude she was trying to rouse me from the "fit" I had just been in, as she described it, and in many ways did her utmost to calm my agitation and excitement.

(To be continued.)

SEEN AGAIN AFTER MANY YEARS.

"NATURE, I loved thee when a very child,
For every form was dear;
In youth, when Shakspeare's wood-notes wild
First charmed my ravished ear;
In manhood, too, when Byron's hand
Swept the deep chords and every land
Enraptured turned to hear.
And oh! when age hath touched my brow,
Still may I cling to thee as now."—J. C. Prince.

After an absence of fourteen years from England, spent in the primeval forests, interminable plains, and lively cities of Australia, I again find myself in dear Old England. As I was lecturing in Huddersfield on Sunday, 3rd April, for the Station Street Institute, and this being a fine spring morning, I decided to visit Netherton, and again view the hills and vales among which I passed some of my boyhood's days. Accordingly I leisurely walked through Lockwood, noticing a considerable increase of houses since I last saw it. Arriving at Dungeonwood I found that the larger portion of the wood—the fine old remnant of an English forest—had been turned into a magnificent park. Leaving the highway to Netherton, I entered at the bottom gate Beaumont Park—named after the generous donor of the land to the people of Huddersfield—and ascended some 1,000ft. to the top. I was almost dazed when I looked down on the road below, as the ascent had been nearly perpendicular. It was quite startling to see how precipitous the park is in this place. But the walks are securely guarded by iron rail fences at the edge of the rocks, which somewhat restores a feeling of safety. The park has well-arranged walks and artistic flower-beds. But its main feature is the magnificent view it affords of the surrounding country. In this respect it is the grandest park I have seen in England. Taking a seat, provided by the corporation, I contemplated the scene. Were it not for the perpetual fog, which partially hides everything in the distance, this would be a most magnificent prospect. It certainly has not the luxuriant vegetation, the gorgeous display and variety of trees that many of the scenes in Australia possess, but it nevertheless has a charm which must move even the most prosaic souls into admiration. Just below is the highway winding its course up to Netherton on the right, while in front is the magnificent Holmfirth valley, with the serpentine little river, coming down from its source far away among the hills in the dim distance beyond Denby Dale. The verdant fields, the budding trees, the odorous breeze, fragrant flowers, the ascending lark, singing its melodious song with all the vigour and manifest delight of a newly-awakened soul; Berry Brow and Castlehill, raising their heads 4,000ft. above the surrounding towns and plains on my left; Netherton, with its cluster of ancient mansions, which in their form and easy repose are peculiarly English; above are the black, bleak, barren Crossland Moors

(which would make the heart of an Australian sink within him, as there is nothing so wild or foreboding in his country); while just below them, again, is the truly magnificent Meltham valley, commencing at the ancient little town of Houley, adorned on either side with tall, fine trees, whose branches are just opening their young, tender buds to catch the genial rays and absorb the magnetising power of the brightening sun. Spontaneously the words of the "Bard of Hyde" came to my lips—

"Oh Nature! what a sight is here,
To wean the heart from selfishness and care."

As I sat and viewed the grandeur of Nature and the works of man, my mind recalled some of the lovely scenes I had enjoyed in Australia. The Blue Mountains, with their quiet and sublime grandeur, overlooking the eastern plains below, variegated with farms, orchards, and vineyards, terminating at Sydney and the Pacific Ocean 70 miles away; Sydney harbour, with its vast expanse of water, 50 miles of shore line, fresh little green isles, curving bays, and narrow passages leading into fresh scenes of unique beauty, the trysting-place of so many delightful Lyceum picnics; Penant hills, dotted with fruit-trees and orange groves; the lone, picturesque Hawkesbury river (termed the Rhine of Australia); the ever-pleasant Parramatta river, with its wide reaches sparkling in the sun, where thousands of excited men and women watch the struggles for the sculling championships, and where the Australian (Beach) first won from the American (Hanlon) the championship of the world. Comparing these scenes with the one before me, I am bound to admit that they possess a luxuriant grandeur, a richness of nature, which makes this rather bare. Not only is this the case with the view before me, but with any scenery I have looked upon in England since my return. All the charming scenes of my boyhood days suffer by comparison with those of the "Sunny South." My ideal of English scenery while in Australia was considerably higher than the real turns out to be, now that I see it again after many years.

No doubt the alternation of winter and summer gives additional charm to the aspects of Nature in this country. After the long months of bleak winter, with its cold winds, leaden skies, bare woods and sunless plains, summer comes with all its train of pleasures—the singing of birds, the blooming of flowers, the foliage of trees, the verdancy of fields, the fragrance from a thousand plants, the genial influence of the sun—all of which make the heart bound with rapid pulsations of delight. In Australia and other Southern lands, where trees retain their leaves all the year round, flowers bloom perennially, the unchanging aspects of Nature create a monotony which deprives it of a deal of its beauty (in our appreciation) and the seasons of their interest. So that the people of the cloudy North have some compensation for the deprivation of perpetual sunshine and eternal freshness of Nature. The snows and frosts of winter are a further benefit to the people of this clime. They sharpen the appetite and brace the organisation, and impart a freshness and colour to the skin which might well be envied by the antipodeans.

One of the charms of the scene before me is to behold the awakening of Nature from its long wintry slumber, arousing itself again to new life and beauty—typical of the life to come. From the first flush of dawn in the East to the last gleams of day in the West there is a universal hum of activity. Well might the ancients name this period of the year Spring; and well might the bards of all Northern lands salute it in language of supreme delight. No one has expressed this rapture more sweetly than the poor Lancashire reed-maker, J. C. Prince. And I cannot conclude these reflections more appropriately than by quoting a few lines from his "Welcome to Spring" in his "Poetic Rosary":—

"Hail, jubilant Spring! thou bringer of bright hours!
Thou poem, pictur'd to my grateful gaze,
With all thy wealth of constellated flowers,
Thy lessening shadows and thy lengthening days!
Thy gleesome voices and thy genial smile
Have drawn the Dreamer from his sombre room,
To drink the spirit of thy breeze awhile—
Thy breeze imbued with healing and perfume
Amid the quiet fields that kindle into bloom."

"I banquet on thy beauties rich and rife,
Flung without measure from thy lavish hand;
Shapes, hues, and motions, redolent of life,
And glorious promise to the glowing land.
Odours and harmonies on every side
Refresh the sense, regale the raptur'd ear.
My heart is sooth'd, my soul is satisfied,
My faith exalted, and my joy sincere,
Because all Nature breathes—Beneficence is here."

20, Waggon Rd., Mossley, Manchester.

ROBERT WHITE.

THE TWO WORLDS.

The People's Popular Penny Spiritual Paper.

SENT POST FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD for 12 weeks for 1/6; 6 months for 3/3; one year for 6/6.

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EDITOR AND GENERAL MANAGER:

E. W. WALLIS.

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THE HIGHER SPIRITUALISM.

REV. T. LEYLAND, Unitarian, has been preaching upon the above subject at Colne. He contended that "Materialism does not and can never still the hunger of the immortal spirit in man for those things divine which are, by right, its heritage."

It is impossible that here, on this limited plane of thought and action, we shall ever be satisfied. The higher Spiritualism meets this demand of the human soul, but not in the way expected by many of the seekers. I have been brought in contact with many peculiar phases of thought and feeling relating to occultism and clairvoyance, and it appears to me as if all seekers wanted something strange and mysterious, something highly dramatic, revealing to them concerning the coming life in the spiritual world. They are often disappointed, and that wofully, when they find that spiritual revelations depend upon spiritual living. They turn away puzzled and dissatisfied when I say that it is a matter of divine love and self-sacrifice. What! no lifting of tables and moving of chairs; no speaking in trances and unknown tongues; no dematerialisation of matter and rematerialisation of spirit? No, not one nor any of them. Those things kill the power of the spirit instead of cultivating it. The minutest grain of insolent and foolish pride, the faintest shadow of self-seeking or self-love, and the inner spiritual force is instantly paralysed. Foresight and insight alike depend upon the cultivation of the spirit, and not at all upon excitement of either a bodily or a mental kind. The true life of the soul is not helped by wonderful works and wonderful sights, however astounding they may be; nay, on those things it dwells and starves down into a poor, miserable thing; but it grows and flourishes when it is fed upon the divine food of unselfish love, of high aspiration, and of pure devotion.

Mr. Leyland, it seems to us, aims somewhat at random. The "higher Spiritualism," for which he contends, *fails* to successfully cope with modern scepticism. There are many persons, and preachers too, in the Unitarian fold of agnostic and materialistic tendencies, who fail to reach the standard he sets up. Nay, can *any one* attain the "higher spiritual" life he presents, if it be true that "the *minutest* grain of insolent and foolish pride, the *faintest* shadow of self-seeking or self-love, and the inner spiritual force is *instantly paralysed*?" In heaven's name what sort of a "force" is that which is "instantly paralysed?" "Spiritual force" should be potent to enable the individual to overcome pride of intellect and *spiritual* pride. How else can it meet the "demand of the soul?" Again, he affirms, "The true life of the soul is not helped by wonderful works and wonderful sights," nay, on those things it "dwarfs and starves," &c. How does Mr. Leyland know how *other people's* souls are helped? It is strange that preachers are so ready to declare what is and is not possible. Mr. Leyland has apparently yet to learn that the spiritual life of human beings may be helped, stimulated, and strengthened in *many* ways.

The wonderful works he affects to despise and looks down upon from his superior heights of spiritual attainments have brought life and immortality to light for hundreds of thousands of people, many of whom had been preached at regarding the "higher Spiritualism" for years, and had starved on the windy *talk* about spirituality, until they received the evidence of spirit existence. The testimonies given in our Missionary Number last week prove that spirit manifestations may and often do lead to moral and spiritual growth, and therefore Mr. Leyland either speaks from imperfect knowledge, or is prejudiced. What can we think of a man who speaks like this?—

Men and women are often deceived by impostors who pretend that they can call spirits from the vasty deep, but who can in reality only personate them.

He ought to know that Spiritualists are as ready as he to denounce impostors. He ought to know that there is no "vasty deep" from which spirits can be called. He ought to know that Spiritualists do not "call" the spirits, but, on the contrary, in hosts of cases the spirits force themselves on the notice of their earth friends. Mr. Leyland is deceiving himself and his flock when he represents Spiritualism as the poor, base, contemptible thing he sets up only to kick down. His representation scarcely has the merit of a caricature, it

is so grossly unlike. There are facts and forces in Nature of which he is manifestly ignorant, and with the air of Sir Oracle he disposes of capable witnesses, who testify to the benefit they have received from the phenomena, with the confident declaration, "these things kill the power of the spirit instead of cultivating it." No doubt "the *highest* spirituality comes of a pure and perfect life," but *who* lives the pure and perfect life? Does Mr. Leyland? He proceeds:—

This is the supreme connecting ray of communication between us and heaven, on which the descending and ascending angels may become familiar objects to our spiritually-opened eyes. All other attempts at spiritual knowledge and spiritual power are futile, and a sheer waste of time and strength. All other attempts open the way to deception of every kind. Friends, do not be mistaken about the phenomena which are now and again presented to you by those who are making merely a trade of your intense desire to see into the unseen realms.

"Attempts" which are only attempts are invariably "futile," but as to "all other attempts at spiritual knowledge and spiritual power" being "sheer waste of time and strength," although we may be presumptuous in daring to differ with this gentleman who speaks with such an air of authority, yet we venture to mildly remark that "one never knows," and "cannot be too careful." It is just possible a mistake may be made in supposing that *we* have sounded all depths and scanned *all* paths, and are personally acquainted with every avenue of knowledge and mode of manifestation of power. It is "the unexpected that always happens," and then—"Who'd have believed it?" He recommends his hearers not to be "mistaken about the phenomena." Good advice, but we fear they *will* be mistaken if they accept his dictum. "Blind leaders of the blind" land in the ditch, and those who follow them fall in too. But listen! "Those who are making merely a trade of your desire to see into unseen realms." Um! ah! m'yes! Looks smart and kindly, doesn't it? But,—. We *have* heard preachers called "sky-pilots," whose "trade" is supposed to consist in gratifying and satisfying the desires of people not only to "see into unseen realms," but to secure them "a mansion in the skies." Many people are of opinion that there has been far too much "trading" on the weakness and credulity of humanity by interested preachers who did not give them so much as a "ghost" of a peep into unseen realms. We are inclined to agree with Mr. Leyland to *some* extent, viz., that "we almost always see what we look for." Very well then, has Mr. Leyland used his microscope to good purpose? Has he not magnified the *worst* features of Spiritualism? nay, discovered worse than exists? He has certainly used his telescope the wrong way about as regards its goodness, truth, and beauty! It does seem a pity that an otherwise estimable man should make such an exhibition of his incapacity to be fair and just. Mr. Leyland proceeds to expose his misconceptions, based upon ignorance, as follows:—

Right gladly would I believe in all the phenomena, if my common sense would let me, but I cannot place my judgment at the mercy of a medium, any more than I can put it in possession of a priest. I have always thought it best to live in the light of reason, so that when any phenomena of a supernatural character have been put before me I have been ready with Browning to say and ask:

"Stop, let me have the truth of that!

Is that all true?"

and I have always found that the things would not stand the test of even a superficial investigation in the light of day, and certainly not in the light of reason.

No one expects Mr. Leyland to "believe all the phenomena." Every sensible Spiritualist recognises that in this matter *knowledge* alone will satisfy. Careful investigation is needed, and until the manifestations have been repeatedly witnessed every one is justified in withholding assent to the claim of Spiritualism. But no one who has not made a thorough examination of the evidence and observed the phenomena is justified in condemning as Mr. Leyland does. His declaration that he cannot place his "judgment at the mercy of a medium" is so utterly foolish and beside the mark that it really needs no answer. It conclusively proves that Mr. Leyland has very little practical acquaintance with Spiritualism. *Has* Mr. Leyland acted upon the spirit of Browning's words and got "the truth of that"? He declares that the phenomena "would not stand the test of even a *superficial* investigation." Aye! there's the rub! "A *little* knowledge is a dangerous thing," for which the remedy is *MORE* knowledge. A *superficial* investigation can only be remedied by deeper study of the subject, by fuller, wider, and more impartial research, by letting the facts speak in *their own way*, and not presumptuously dictating the how, and when, and the where. Even out of

this despised Nazareth of Modern Spiritualism Rev. John Page Hopps has gathered some good things, so also have Revs. Savage, Haweis, Greenbury, and hosts of others, but not so Rev. Leyland; he occupies a high-land and looks down upon this Spiritualism which dares to be *human*, dares to reveal a world of men, women, and children, where he expected to find *superior* beings of high and lofty spirituality. Well, well! We live and learn. It is said that spiritual pride—no, “foolish pride”—paralyzes inner spiritual force. We are inclined to think there is some truth in that after reading Mr. Leyland’s sermon. He further remarked that a “distinguished feature of true spiritual progress is what I may call self-rejection.” Exactly. When Mr. Leyland can reject his self-made theory of higher Spiritualism and become teachable, willing to learn of things as they are, of spirit people as they exist, and of spirit phenomena under the laws which govern their occurrence, then he will make some true spiritual progress, for, instead of speculative airy vapourings, he will be able to build upon a foundation of *facts*. It is always a mistake to kick down the ladder when you get on top of the wall. You *may* want to go down again and it is dangerous to drop. It is all very well to have lofty and exalted ideas of the angels and of “higher Spiritualism,” but the ladder of evidence that *spirits* exist is the only real means of rising to the top of the wall of materialism. What evidence has Mr. Leyland outside of Spiritualism, which he so much abuses and deplores? Even supposing that *his* mind is satisfied with inference, or even intuitive consciousness, what will he, what does he, what *can* he offer to those who are *not* satisfied with inference, and whose intuition has been paralysed by their intellectual “foolish pride?” Modern Spiritualism succeeds in giving “proof” to sceptical materialists where he fails. *He* may live in the clouds and drink nectar with the gods, but very *few* will hear and follow him, and even he may be “*seeing only what he looks for!*” How will he prove to others the existence of his dreamy spiritually perfect beings who “come when we need them”? How does he know they come, save as a “state of consciousness” in himself? How will he communicate that consciousness to others, or ensure them the same feelings and experiences? Why ridicule thought-reading, clairvoyance, trances, and tongues? Although *he* has an inward satisfaction, may not “the outward and visible sign” be needed by others? Are all men and women cast in the Leyland mould?

We are at one with Mr. Leyland on many points. While we regret his inability to grasp the reality of spirit-manifestations and to admit their helpfulness, we are equally desirous of fostering a love for the higher Spiritualism. He discards the proof, we build on the foundation of facts. He confounds *spirit*-phenomena with spiritual power. We hope for spiritual culture in the individual; we desire growth in spirituality, but we do not despise the humble “table” whereat the starved souls are fed, or decri the means whereby the scales of materialism are made to fall from the eyes of the blind. Clay and spittle were not very refined means, not very *spiritual* agents, but it is reported that they proved efficacious. We also object to spirit-communication being turned into an “entertainment” for base and unworthy ends; but even such folly does not alter the fact that spirits can and do come back. Spirit-communication proves more than Mr. Leyland’s theories can ever prove.

Never can we obtain full benefit from the higher Spiritualism until we are contented with the manifestation of spirit in the only way it can be helpfully manifested.

True, Mr. Leyland, the “full” benefit cannot be obtained all at once, but do not therefore refuse to be benefited at all. None of us can determine the exact way in which the manifestation of the spirit may be helpful to *us*. Some people may have only small capacities of spiritual discernment; would you deprive them of the *little* they can receive and comprehend, because they cannot reach your exalted standard? Remember—

Nothing useless is or low,
Each thing in its place is best,

and what you are inclined to regard as “common and unclean” *may be*, and we believe is, as divine as your “higher Spiritualism.”

For that which [to you] seems but empty show,
Strengthens and supports the rest.

Aye, Modern Spiritualism is the *only* evidence of spirit-existence the world possesses to-day; it supplies the only proof that man is an immortal spirit, and in its development it will foster Spirituality, teach men humility, and lead them into the ways of righteousness and wisdom.

THE PROOF OF IMMORTALITY.

It cannot certainly be accounted nothing that the very idea of immortality is so universally diffused throughout the human race. In a recent discourse preached outside of his own pulpit, the Rev. Mr. Savage said he could not help believing that this universal hope is a whisper out of the very heart of the universe. Mind is far from being susceptible of explanation on the basis of matter; this philosophical teaching is now generally disbelieved. Further still, it seems unspeakably absurd that this universe should continue to develop higher and still higher forms of life for no purpose or end whatever.

These things point to a future life, and in the absence of a satisfying answer to the question of immortality in any other quarter, Mr. Savage turns to Spiritualism. While disavowing the inference that he is a Spiritualist himself in the accepted sense of the word, he nevertheless declares his belief that at the heart of the Spiritualistic world there lies a great truth. He said he had been engaged in the investigation of this question for about seventeen years. In spite of all the delusions and pretences which he had individually encountered in that time, he confessed that he had discovered a large body of facts at the bottom of all this that were wholly inexplicable on material grounds. He admitted that clairvoyance and mental telegraphy have established the truth of their phenomena. Their facts, said he, are true beyond the possibility of a doubt. Their acceptance has gone far enough to completely revolutionise the old beliefs in regard to the limitations of the human mind. If these facts come short of proving immortality, they show that the human mind can act independently of the body at certain times. Then the question arises: Could it not act without the body on all occasions?

Mr. Savage publicly admitted that he had been many times in the presence of great psychics, whom he has known personally, who have told him what they could not possibly have found out through the senses. He likewise said he had attempted to place himself in communication with dead friends by the power of a psychic, and had thus learned things which neither himself nor the psychic could possibly have known previously. This, he confessed, led him to believe in the presence of a third intelligence at those times, and that the intelligence was the spirit of the departed friend.

The modern world, he said, has come to a universal doubt in the dogmas and teachings of the past. The New Testament tradition is not generally accepted as evidence on future life. Even those who have put their trust in its teachings find that it has failed to yield satisfaction in the hours of trial. At best, the evidence we have concerning an immortal life is hearsay, and two thousand years old at that. The traditions of the past are no help to a man who really needs help. In the presence of psychic facts, he said he saw reason to hope that we are standing on the eve of a disclosure of the greatest import. And he expressed the sincere wish that it would soon be proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that man is immortal.—*The Banner of Light*

THE DEAD.

“WITH all its pains and joys so strangely blended,
Still life is sweet; but ah! how quickly ended!

Oh, could I see the dead!” I rashly said.

Then suddenly a figure stood before me—

But not the grim, gaunt spectre mortals dread—
And whispered, while a nervous awe crept o’er me,

“Come, I will show the dead.”

We reached a graveyard, and I paused there trembling,

And thought to see a ghostly host assembling,

And hear the tale no living tongue has told;

But no, the phantom led me to the city,

And showed me things that made my blood run cold,

And hearts where vibrated no chord of pity,

For they were turned to gold;

And breathing coffins where dead souls were lying,

Some beauteous still, just as they looked when dying;

Some as if life was struggling hard to stay;

And some embalmed, by selfishness kept solely,

Though cold as stones, from crumbling to decay;

And some that noisome vices almost wholly,

Like worms, had gnawed away;

And some stillborn, entombed in gilded senses,

That never knew where real life commences,

And never heard soul-music’s holy sound.

“Now,” said the figure, “pause awhile and ponder,

The spectres thou would’st see are crowding round,

Dead lives are buried here, and not in yonder

Sweet graveyard’s hallowed ground.”

— J. T. Chapman.

THE PEOPLE'S LETTER BOX.

A PROBLEM IN CLAIRVOYANCE.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to "R. H." I saw Mrs. Green for the first and only time on January 31, in Nottingham. In the capacity of a commercial traveller I carry a bag most days of my life; in fact, we are rarely seen apart. On the day (Sunday) in which I was described as present at a Manchester meeting I had no occasion to handle a bag. Awaiting an explanation of this phenomenon—Yours sincerely,

JAMES F. HEWES.

LONDON SPIRITUALISM.

DEAR SIR,—I was much struck by your answer to W. W., *re* The Work in London. Having taken an active part in the work here for some time past, I am able to bear out the suggestion as to the necessity for something to be done to change the state of things here. Of Spiritism, we have a surfeit. True Spiritualism, alas! is at a low ebb. The truth is, sir, the people attend the séances more for what they can hear about some trifling material affair than for what spiritual good they can obtain. And then another sad thing is the state of our "mediums." (I admit there are some honourable exceptions.) Many of them sit to all comers—and, as it were, "turn on the tap" for whoever will pay them. I know of several "mediums" (who are blessed with rare gifts) who are fast being dragged down to a state that will be calamitous to themselves, and do an injury to our blessed cause. Personally, I am strongly in favour of paying "mediums," and paying them well; but I do think the curse to our cause is the frequent sitting, so that the fatigue involved compels these "mediums" to resort to stimulants—with, alas! too often disastrous results. Trusting that this subject will be taken up by some more able pen than mine, so that London may, ere long, take its proper place in connection with this glorious work. Yours truly,

A LONDON SPIRITUALIST.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCES.

DEAR SIR,—I have been struck at the remarkable coincidence, as some would call it—I should prefer to say Providence—which appears between Mr. Foster's experience, as related in No. 236, and my own in No. 235. Persons who like to trace the relationship of effect to cause may like to have their attention directed to these two cases. (1) We were both educated in the doctrines of the Church of England. (2) We both found that upon due examination and consideration we could not accept the dogmatical teachings of that church. (3) We both accepted, which is not commonly the case, the doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church (Swedenborgian). (4) We both accepted the teachings of phrenology. (5) We may, both of us, thank Mr. Burns in a great measure for our introduction to a knowledge of the teachings of Spiritualism. (6) We neither of us relied upon the *ipse dixit* of any one, *pro* or *con*, but experimented as to the phenomena for ourselves, and (7) we both began to do this a little more than twenty years ago, and having become convinced of the glorious truths of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. (8) We both related our experience of "How and why we became Spiritualists," in consecutive numbers of *The Two Worlds* during the present month. May I here mention that in my article above referred to (page 232) your printer has made me say (in the third paragraph), concerning phreno-mesmerism and phrenology, that "they each seemed to me to prove the foundation 'proof' of the other"? I meant to say the foundation "TRUTH" of the other, as distinguished from any dogmatic theories which may have been tacked on to that truth.—Yours faithfully,

ARCANUS.

Cambridge, May 21, 1892.

OPEN AIR SPIRITUAL WORKERS.

I take it as a good "sign of the times" that so many are now publishing the glad tidings, *There is no death*, in the highways and byeways all over the land. Some four or five years ago, Providence sent T. Ashcroft to this city unwittingly, on his part, for he came here breathing out threatenings and slaughter (like the Tarsian citizen) against all who "were of this way" (it is believed he put a few pounds in his pocket as the result of the attempt); but for the purpose of crushing Spiritualism, or even proving it "a farce or fraud," he wrought a miserable failure. On the other hand, he drove a few earnest Spiritualists on to the Tyne-side on Sunday mornings with his monstrously absurd bill in hand (which served as a text), and these meetings have been faithfully kept up ever since, so that, instead of doing the evil he intended, God has over-ruled it for good, and thousands on thousands have since heard "all the words of this life." We do not trouble you with a weekly report, but friends visiting Newcastle may always find some enthusiast (if you like) at work on the Quay side at 10-45 on all fine Sundays. To-day (though showery) many listened through the rain to Brothers Jos. Stevenson, Gibson, and Egdeall, with a reading from Florence Marryat's astonishing book "There is No Death," by the writer. A large number of tracts were given away by Master Stevenson, which represented the "Seed Corn" broadcast to-day. Being about to take a short holiday, I hope to visit Hull, Nottingham, Birmingham, London, Tunbridge Wells, and Brighton, and shall be glad to meet with any like minded for mutual help and edification. Letters had better be addressed Bevan Harris, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

HOW THE SPIRIT QUILTS THE BODY.

During my investigation through the mediumship of Dr. Charles B. Kenney, now more than nine years, a number of my relatives and most intimate friends have crossed the rainbow bridge to the other shore, and in every instance some, and in some instances all, of my spirit friends were present at the separation of the spirit from the body, and we have had frequent and protracted conversations upon the subject. In a majority of these instances the spirit emerged from the body immediately upon the cessation of respiration, and suddenly appeared amidst the attendant spirits. But in one or two instances the released spirit was absolutely helpless, and required the immediate assistance of his spirit friends. In all these cases the new born spirits appeared in perfect form, without any cloudy and misty envelopment, and certain of the spirits present were provided with loose robes with which they immediately clothed the emancipated spiritual bodies. In the case of a brother-in-law, his spirit mother alone at first presented herself, other friends remaining at

a distance, but after he had been clothed, and had recognised and embraced his mother, these other friends approached, one by one, and in turn were also recognised and embraced.

Knowing my desire to obtain all possible information relative to this subject the spirit-controller of Dr. C. T. Buffum, an hour or two before the death of an acquaintance of his medium, impressed the latter to visit him, and for the first time to be present at a death-bed scene, he having a strong aversion to being present on such occasions. As the breathing became shorter, the spiritual eyes of the medium were opened, and he perceived the spiritual head of the patient emerging from the natural head, and when entirely free, an attendant spirit supported it with his hands; and when the shoulders were released, two other spirits, one on each side, supported these, and successively the body and limbs, as these were liberated; and then, when the birth was completed, the emancipated spirit was borne upwards and disappeared from the clairvoyant's view.

The majority of persons lose consciousness during the change, but the conditions vary to some extent with each case; while some remain in full possession of their faculties, others are unconscious for a brief time, perhaps a few minutes, while others still are so for hours, days, weeks, and in rare instances for months.

Neither the intellectual, moral, or affectional natures of men are changed by death. It is only a step in life, and the spiritual man, all that constituted the man before death, is identically the same after death. He has simply entered on another phase of existence, under more favourable conditions and circumstances, and if he has lived a true life, has been translated from the dull and cheerless regions of earth to the clear sunshine and glorious atmosphere of a better world. It is only through death that man finds freedom and happiness.

"O change! O wondrous change!

Burst are the prison bars;

This moment he so low,

So agonized—and now

Beyond the stars!

O change! stupendous change!

There lies the soulless clod;

The sun eternal breaks—

The new immortal wakes—

Wakes with his God!"

THE BUSINESS OF THE APPROACHING CONFERENCE.

In the issue (May 20) of *The Two Worlds*, the secretary of the Federation Council presents its readers with a synopsis of the business to be considered at the approaching conference at Burnley. He concludes by saying, "Friends, now is the time. The future lies in your hands. This federation is yours, and it is for you to make it a success or failure. Make it thoroughly democratic." This is certainly good advice, but to whom is it addressed? Is it to the societies and associates who are now included in the federation? Or is it to the great body of spiritual workers and spiritual societies, whether in or out of the Federal Union? If the former, it may be responded to, but its influence will not be so great. If the latter, it is at present impracticable and inapplicable on account of the restrictive rules of the Union. Article VIII. prevents any society or associate from joining *within three months* of a conference. This is just the very time individual Spiritualists and societies would be the most likely to enter the Union, as it would be then more prominently before their notice than at any other time. I am glad that Messrs. Hemingway and Swindlehurst have proposed to alter this to fourteen days. Even seven days would have been enough to prepare returns, &c. The obstructive influence of Art. VIII. was brought home to me recently. When leaving Australia a year ago, the conference of the Sydney Psychic Culture Society requested me to ascertain if there existed in England any means of recognition amongst Spiritualists, and if not, to make an attempt to have such means adopted, and for them to be international in their application. I first saw Mrs. Britten about the matter. She said nothing had yet been done by our party, but thought some token should be adopted. Next I saw Mr. Wallis on the subject. He suggested that I should move a motion to that effect at the forthcoming Conference, and send notice of same to the secretary, Mr. Tetlow. I did so. In reply that gentleman informed me my motion was improperly before his council, as I was not a member of any federated society, nor an associate. By the time I received full information it was too late for me even to become an associate, as it was within three months of the Conference. Now, I see my motion is set down as item 12, and is to be "moved by H. A. Kersey, probably." It would be much more in the interests of the Federal Union and Spiritualism generally if it allowed societies and associates to join not merely within a fortnight of, but right up to the time of holding the Conference. Surely there can be no cause to fear too great a rush of societies and individuals into the arms of the Union at the last minute. This was always allowed by the National Secular Society. Let the council and members of the Spiritual Federal Union be just as liberal. Let them at the coming Conference abolish all obstructive rules, and offer the greatest inducements to all spiritual societies, not merely in England, but in all parts of the world, to become amalgamated. If it does not do so, it will have to give place to some other union that will. Year by year, as our movement increases its sphere and influence, the utility of such a federation cannot be doubted, especially as far as the English-speaking races are concerned. At present it would be a direct advantage to our cause if England, America, and Australia were thus united. Long have our antipodean friends felt the need of being more closely connected with England and America, with the view of having a greater and easier interchange of suitable mediums and speakers. A central and "live" council in England could arrange this and many other important international spiritual matters. It would be a direct advantage to England to be in touch with societies and active workers in our cause in America and Australia. And in time European countries might gradually be included in such a union. It is then to be hoped that those who are called upon to form a federal constitution will rise to the necessities and importance of the occasion, and frame one worthy of our ever glorious and ever spreading cause. Let nothing of a partial, local, or restrictive character enter into it, but, in the words of Mr. Tetlow, "make it thoroughly democratic" and cosmopolitan.

20, Waggon Road, Mossley, May 20, 1892.

ROBT. WHITE.

ASTROLOGY AND SPIRITUALISM.

DEAR SIR,—Under the above heading Mr. E. Christian writes: "Astrology foreshadows the events of our lives, and in most cases the predictions come truly to pass. . . . The planets influence very strongly sometimes, but do not compel." Will Mr. Christian give proofs for his statements? I am a Spiritualist, but, as yet, I never could believe that man's future career was in any way influenced by the planets. I believe Mrs. Britten holds the same opinion as Mr. Christian. Will any of your numerous correspondents give their opinion on this subject, and say if ever they had their future predicted, and by whom; whether such predictions were of any value to them; and whether they could not by any means be mere guess work? Will correspondents oblige by giving addresses of astrologers from whom they received valuable (or any) information, as I mean to test them myself.—Yours sincerely,

DUM SPIRO SPERO.

DEAR SIR,—Without actually discussing Mr. Christian's letter, I wish to make a few remarks relative to astrology. Most people have heard of this science, yet few sciences are so misunderstood and tabooed. People ask, "How is it possible for a planet millions of miles distant to influence us here?" Everybody knows what power the sun has over Nature; but there is more comes from the sun than light and heat—myriads of spiral ethereal radiations which penetrate the very souls of the things it shines on. Why should not the planets have power in proportion? Every effect has its cause, and therefore every condition of our lives must have a cause; and as we are doubtless governed by immutable laws, why cannot we trace part of the evolution of our being and conditions back to the ever-varying combinations of planetary ethers? Every person who studies astrology in a fair and candid manner—whether he chooses to believe that the planetary influences *cause* the various changes of life or not—must admit the great fact that the principal or important events of life can be accurately predicted by astrological calculations. Call this fate, predestination, or whatever we will, it is a fact. But I may be asked, "If it is our fate to be sinners, or to be poor, what becomes of our endeavours to succeed, our ambitions," &c.? Aye, there's the rub. It is often said that "the planets influence but do not compel." But how many things take place in our lives over which we seem to have no control. With all our precautions we cannot always succeed in turning aside the influences which bear on us. If planets *cause* events to take place, then they do compel sometimes, and that, too, in spite of our knowledge. People often say, "I could have done so and so if I had a mind, and then such and such a thing would not have occurred." Ah! "If they had a mind;" but why hadn't they the mind? Whence came the influence that made them act as they did? If we had infinite pre-knowledge we should doubtless be able to cope with the influences that bear on us. In every person's nativity is embodied the conditions of their life, but those conditions are never closed. Astrology does not tell us that we should yield to all our weaknesses simply because we have weak points. He who over-rides the dark conditions and turns them into good is the real man. It is the misunderstanding and abuse of the conditions which surround us that leads to what we call evil. I do not believe there is such a thing as an evil planet—they are all good in some way—it is when their influences do not bring what we wish for, or thwart our purposes, that we call them "evil," "unfortunate," &c. It is the fighting against the true course of life that makes so many people unhappy. We know some people are fortunate, others not so fortunate; some are moral, some are immoral. Astrology points out the conditions which lead to those things, but it also shows the strong points, which, if followed, invariably lead to good. If we look upon this life as a preparatory schoolhouse for the future state, we shall cease to think so much of the apparent evils of life as we shall of the experience which always comes out of so-called evils. "Knowledge is power;" and if by knowing the future conditions which may overtake us, we can avoid the bad and get the good, such knowledge is worth gaining. If it is part of our fate for a calamity to hang over us, it can just as well be a part of our fate to know of it and avoid it as far as possible. Spirits often predict future events, and many people have escaped troubles and received good through their warnings. This indicates that the cause of the events exists psychologically, but the warning helps us to steer clear of the undesirable conditions. No man ever went beyond the capacity of his nativity, and a person with a poor *natus* is seldom able to do what a person can do with a good *natus*. But every person has a sphere of work and success, and a man can be good and honest if he is not rich. The great point is to work in harmony with our planetary arrangements, and good and success must attend. We are all capable of infinite improvement, for none of us have ever found a limit to our mental possibilities; and it is therefore meet that we do that to which our noblest nature prompts us.—Yours fraternally,

W. J. LEEDER.

74, Cobourg Street, Plymouth, May 25th, 1892.

PRACTICAL, PITHY, AND POINTED P's FOR POOR PEOPLE.

While Plodding on life's Pathway in the Palmy Period of the Past, as a Poor, Plain Pilgrim, Patiently Pursuing the Path to Paradise, and often as a Perplexed Preacher occupying the Pulpits of Peculiar People, I was Properly Puzzled by Peering into and Pondering over the Peculiarities of my Public and Private Position, Pertaining to the Part I was Playing, *re* the Political and Philosophical Problems of the Present age.

In Pulpit Parlance, I was Painfully Pinched in using the Power Privileged to Possess. Angelic Persons with Persuasive Power Prompted me to Proceed, to Pass up to a Purer, and more Progressive Path than I had hitherto Pursued.

Just at this Powerfully Pathetic Point of my Peculiar Path, and not caring to Prance Pell-mell, I Paused, ere Placing my foot upon *that* step, Prefaced by the Profound question—Are you Prepared to Pay the Price of Passing from the Popular Pulpit and the Preacher's Plan, to the Paradoxical, Preposterous, Pernicious, and Phenomenal Platform and Press of *Spiritualism*? The Pathless (to me) was Pathetically Pondered; the Purity and Potency of its Philosophy Plainly Perceived, and the Price Pluckily Paid; in doing which, Power to Purchase Provision for Physical needs has sometimes—Proverbially speaking—been Paralyzed. But this was Perceptible to the angels, who Played a

Prominent Part, and Promised me Peace, Pleasure, Plenty, and Permanent Prosperity if I would Patiently Pursue the Progressive Path to Pentecostal Power. They Pleasingly Performed their Part; in return for which, I, with Promptitude, Promised to Propound and Promulgate its Profound Philosophy, upon its Plain dealing Platform, where, having Prudently Proved its Pronounced Principles, I Promptly Planted my foot, and with Pardonable Pride, Publicly Proclaimed, amid the Plaudits of a Progressive People, that the Purport of my Programme would be to Promote Peace, and Produce *that* Prosperity in which all, though Poor, could Positively Participate.

Having Performed the Promise, I Proceed with increasing Pleasure, (notwithstanding the Prognostications and Prohibitive Propensities of the Professedly Pious, but Pharisaical Parson, Priest and Pope), Potently to Proclaim not only on the Platform, but in the Press, which at the Present time is Peremptorily becoming the *Pulpit of the People*. But, if you Please, I Prefer this Part of the Press, viz, *The Two Worlds*, the People's Popular Penny Paper. Pardon me Putting it Plainly. Perchance *you*, like a few other People I Painfully Perceive, Perambulating here and there, who, while Professing to be Profound Philosophers, seldom do its Pages Peruse? *What a Pity!* Although Personally, week-by-week, I Profitably Prove its Pages to be Profoundly Percipient, Plastic, and Prophetic, and though it may not at Present be as Popular as its Promoters Promised, it Proves itself weekly a Palatable Plate to the minds of People Possessing Platonic Principles.

And if our Perception is only in Part Perfect, without Presumption we Pertly Propose the Prophecy, that the Purity of its Principles shall yet Penetrate and Permeate even the Polluted Political Press; and assist in Purging the Priesthood. Pshaw! Some one interjects, "All right!" but for all that, we have Proofs in Profusion that the whole Parsonic Profession needs the Purifying Power, from the Puny Priest to his holiness the Prodigious Pope.

Prying into the Past, and Perceiving the Penury, Pain, and Pernicious Power Prevailing at the Present, Produced by Poverty, Preventible but for the Parsimony of the Professedly, Philanthropic Purse Possessing Parasites.

And Peering into the Perplexing Prospective of the future—*Shall we (Spiritualists)*, who Publicly and Privately Profess on the Platform and in the Press that our Philosophy is the Precursor of Peace and Paradise, like Prosperity—can we afford to Pause and stand, Pretending that *we* are Powerless to grapple with the Ponderous Problem of Protracted Poverty, that Pestle by which the Plunderer is Pounding the Poor?

Oh! Do listen to their Piteous and Plaintive cry, while Prostrate at your very feet, even though they be Prodigals, hence Profitless, without, it may be, even a Place and Provision such as Pigs Possess. Pity them, but not Priest-like Pass them by. But if; Perchance we may be a little more Practical. "Have we got every Plank in our Platform Possible to make us the Powerful and Pre-eminent People that we are Privileged to be?" Personally, let us Pull ourselves together, not desiring to Precipitate or deal harshly, Preferring mildness. Is it not within our Province, not only to Protect the Poor, but what is far better, work so as to prevent the Poverty?

It is Plainly Preposterous to Proceed in a Perfunctory way, as though Prating like Parrots would Prevent that Prodigious Prodigality, which is so Prolific in Producing Profligacy, and Pestilential Pauperism.

We must become Pure Patriots in a Progressive Party, and Persistent in Public Protest against the Preposterous Peculation of the Public Purse.

The Present Promising Political Parties must be by the People Probed, and Perforce give Practical Proof of Performing the Promises they in such Profusion to the People make, so that government of the People by the People and for the People, may be one in reality and not a sham.

Let us then manfully Play our Part in Promoting the Perpetual Prosperity of the People Populating this—to us—important Planet.

JOHN CAMPION.

[We insert the above as a curiosity, but cannot commend or encourage the style of composition.]

NEW EVERY MORNING.

EVERY day is a fresh beginning;

Every morn is the world made new;

You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,

Here is a beautiful hope for you;

A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over;

The tasks are done, and the tears are shed;

Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;

Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled,

Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,

Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,

With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never

Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,

Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,

Cannot undo and cannot atone;

God in His mercy receive, forgive them;

Only the new days are our own;

To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly;

Here is the spent earth all reborn;

Here are the tired limbs springing lightly

To face the sun and to share with the morn

In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;

Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,

And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,

And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,

Take heart with the day and begin again.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE, in *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

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

BATLEY. Wellington Street.—June 12: Mr. J. Pawson, on "Mental, Moral, and Spiritual Science." Discussion invited.

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.

BRADFORD. 448, Manchester Road.—June 12, Mrs. Thornton; 19 Miss Firth; 26, Mr. Todd and Mrs. Webster.

BRADFORD. Walton Street Hall.—June 12, Mrs. Bentley; 19, Miss Walton; 26, Mr. Parker.—Thos. Russell, sec., 191, Bowling Old Lane.

CARDIFF. Town Hall.—June 12: Mr. E. W. Wallis at 11, "Why weepst thou? there is no death." 6-30, "Spiritualism, the need of the age." 13, at 7-30, "Spiritualism, a revelation and a religion." Questions after.

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.

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.

LIVERPOOL. Daulby Hall, Daulby Street.—Seventh anniversary, Sunday, June 12. Also concert and cantata, the latter by the Lyceum children, "Red Riding Hood's Rescue," on Tuesday, June 14, at 7 p.m. In the course of the evening the articles left from the bazaar will be offered for sale. Tickets, 6d.; children, 3d.

LONDON. Stratford.—12, Mr. J. Allen; 19, Dr. Reynolds; 26, Mr. G. Bressley. The committee thank Messrs. Butcher, Wyndoe, Allen, Dr. Reynolds, and Hardingham for their services during May.

MANCHESTER. Edinboro' Hall.—Society picnic to Mottram, on Whit-Thurs. Friends will meet at London Road Station, at 11 a.m., and wear a white ribbon. All welcome.

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.

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, NEWCASTLE. Town Moor. Spiritualists' Outdoor Demonstration.—Gateshead, Newcastle, and district annual outdoor services at the north west corner of the military stand on race Sunday, June 19. Afternoon, 2-0; Evening, 6-0. A number of local gentlemen will take part. Teas can be had on the grounds.—J. Stevenson.

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.

MRS. WALLIS, owing to a society failing to keep its engagements, has July 10 vacant. Mr. and Mrs. Wallis are now booking dates for 1893. Address, 12, Grosvenor Square, Lower Broughton, Manchester.

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

SUNDERLAND. Centre House.—12: 11, committee; 6-30, Mr. J. H. Lashbrooke; 19, 6-30, Lyceum reception; 26, 11, committee; 6-30, Mr. J. H. Lashbrooke; July 3, 6-30, Mr. J. H. Lashbrooke; Lyceum at 2-30 every Sunday.

WE HAVE PRINTED a good supply of this issue of *The Two Worlds*. If you like it, and will second our efforts to "spread the truth," we will send you 12 copies, post free, for 1/-; 20 for 1/6; 25 for 1/9; 50 for 3/-; 100 for 5/6. We have a few copies of Missionary Numbers, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, which we will supply on the same terms.—Address, Manager, 73a, Corporation Street, Manchester.

WINCHESTER.—A correspondent would like to know of any resident Spiritualists. Address: G. B., c/o Mr. Wallis, 73a, Corporation Street, Manchester.

ANOTHER PRIZE COMPETITION.

To stimulate our friends in their efforts to "wake up" the world to the fact that

REAL GHOSTS

exist, and that Spiritualism is true, we offer as a prize a copy of

Volume IV. of "The Two Worlds,"

bound in cloth, for the most interesting narrative on

"MY EXPERIENCES IN DISTRIBUTING THE FOURTH MISSIONARY NUMBER;

OR,

HOW I HELPED TO SPREAD SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE."

Articles must not consist of more than 1,200 words, and should reach this office on or before June 21st.

PASSING EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

THE RECEPTION TO MR. SPRIGGS in London was a very successful affair and was attended by a large audience.

"I FOUND a copy of your paper in a railway carriage, and became much interested. Send it per post for twelve weeks (1s. 6d. enclosed). It just suits me."

OPEN-AIR MEETINGS, VICTORIA PARK, LONDON.—I beg to acknowledge with thanks the large parcel of literature sent from a friend at Freemantle.—R. Harris, 10, Burgoyne Road, Old Ford, London.

IF YOU LIKE THIS PAPER, PLEASE ORDER YOUR NEWSAGENT to supply it to you regularly, or SEND US A SUBSCRIPTION: 1s. 6d. for twelve weeks, 3s. 3d. for six months, post free.

AS SOCIETIES ARE NOW beginning to book dates for 1893 we will publish in our issue for June 24 a list of the names and addresses of all secretaries who forward the requisite particulars, to reach us not later than Tuesday morning, June 21.

"THE FIGARO," a French journal, recently reported that the monthly assembly of the Paris Society of Magnetism had been interdicted by the Prefecture. No experiments in mesmerism were permitted, whether true or false. A musical and literary evening was spent instead.

MEDIUMSHIP should be a stimulus to mental effort, not a substitute. Mediumship should aid in the formation of character, and not destroy it. Mediumship should be a means to the end of development of manhood and quicken the sense of responsibility, and not result in apathy and reliance on the spirits to "do it all."

A SOCIETY which was only commenced about six months ago is now able to dispose of three dozen *Two Worlds* weekly. Why? Because one of the promoters regards it as a duty to the cause to see that the papers are sold, and urges everybody to buy a copy and take it regularly. We wish our friends in other places would be equally as earnest and persevering.

SUNDAY.—It is a remarkable fact that every day in the week is observed by some nation for the public celebration of religious services. Sunday is devoted by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, Saturday by the Jews.—*Progressive Thinker*.

"THE POPULAR MEDICAL MONTHLY," price 3d., is a capital magazine, full of sound common sense information on practical matters connected with health, diet, and other subjects of an interesting and useful character. We have intended to reproduce several articles from its pages, but have so much matter on hand that we are quite unable to do more than make this passing comment. It may be had from the publishers, at 317, Strand, London.

ROYTON.—The National Federation propaganda committee held a meeting on Wednesday, June 1, when Mrs. Green offered the invocation. Mrs. Wallis gave an address, and Mrs. Stansfield gave several clairvoyant descriptions. Mr. W. Johnson also spoke, and Mr. E. W. Wallis answered questions. There was a large audience. The meeting broke up amid some excitement. Another meeting will probably be held on Wednesday, the 15th June.

LEEDS.—The society which met at the Psychological Hall will open a new one at 16, Castle Street, off Wellington Street, near Great Northern Railway Station, on June 12. Mrs. Meninuir, medium, at 2-30 and 6-30. Monday, at 7-45; psychometry. Friends are requested to rally round, and speakers who have had engagements are requested to hold themselves in readiness. Mediums having open dates, within twenty miles, who will accept small fees, should write Mr. C. Levitt, sec., 23, Fraser Mount, Stoney Rock Lane, Burmantofts, Leeds. June 19, Mrs. Mercer; 26, Open.

SECRETARIES and others who send us reports will oblige by taking note of the fact that save for exceptional meetings or specially interesting facts, reports should not exceed 100 words. *Be brief*. After you have written your report, read it over, and see if you can cut out any words which are unnecessary. The reports from Huddersfield (Brook Street), Stockport and Nottingham (both places) are generally models for brevity and clearness.

AN EARNEST APPEAL is made on behalf of the five children of the late Mrs. Wilson, a member of the Northampton Society. It is truly a case of need. Mrs. Wilson, being deserted by her husband seven years ago, struggled on bravely, and just when there was a likelihood of bettering her position, she broke down and passed to the higher life. A committee has been appointed to receive subscriptions, and any one wishing to help in this deserving case can do so by forwarding donations to Mr. A. Ward, secretary, 115, Derby Road, Northampton.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Good Appearance: Yours received, but the proper place for your protest is in the meeting at your own hall, it is not of public interest. Overlook it, rise above it, do the best you can, and ignore such trivial matters.—G. P.: We do not know of a "rapping medium."—D.W.: (1) Clairvoyance under mesmeric influence seldom rises to the "Spiritual" plane; it is too often employed for idle gratification. Clairvoyance under spirit-mesmerism is capable of being put to the highest uses. The spiritual clairvoyant can see spiritual states and qualities, can look into the spheres, discern spirits and describe their states and surroundings. But too frequently clairvoyance is not Spiritual, but Spiritistic, and is not cultivated for Spiritual advantage. (2) Animal magnetism is a name for the "force," sometimes designated "psychic force," which is employed by mesmerists and spirits in the efforts to produce phenomena; the value of their success depends upon the "motive" and the "intelligence" displayed. (3) In a spirit circle a mesmerist should not exercise his power; he should leave the spirit people to do the "mesmerising," unless he is requested to assist by making passes over the medium. It is best to keep the two separate. Investigate mesmerism and experiment therein outside the circle, not in it. (4) We do not consider it wise or consistent for any spirit from any sphere to get into "a rage;" the probability is that the medium was only partially controlled, and some inharmony in the circle re-acted upon her.—A. F. Tindall: Yours received, will use in No. 241. Very full just now. Will do all we can to help.—W. Sharpe, M.D.: "Three Isms" shall go in at an early date, as also shall Pro-Bono Publico's "Spiritualism, Theosophy, and Christianity."

DUTY SHOULD BE DONE.—Spiritualism demands workers, not shirkers. Private advices assure us that in the metropolis there is scarcely a society of Spiritualists that can muster a good sized meeting on Sunday evenings. *WHAT are you all doing?* The provinces put you to shame. London *should* lead the van, why does it lag in the rear? There is a heavy load of responsibility to fall *somewhere*. What are your convictions worth, where are your principles? Have you no love for truth to try to disseminate it? Shall human misery cry for light in vain? Are the hungry hearted to go unfed while you retire to "home circles" to selfishly enjoy your "hour's communion"? Is there no *public* duty to be done? We protest against your weakness and indifference and apathy. Wake up, and go to work!

WHAT IS THE TRUE MISSION OF THE PULPIT?—The Rev. J. Vyrnwy Morgau, of Pontypridd, believes that sermons should occasionally be preached on secular subjects, and, at the English Congregational Church, he defended this view. "I make no apology," said he, "for treating Socialism to-night. There cannot be a greater mockery than for a minister to deal Sunday after Sunday with something that took place thousands of years ago; and say nothing about those living themes that burn in men's minds to-day, as if religion had nothing to do with the question of housing the poor, with technical education, with sanitary affairs, and with the problems of national morality and international peace. If religion has nothing to do with the present state of man, if it has not a message of hope to those unhappy wretches to whom churches and chapels and mission-rooms open their portals in vain, then I for one am prepared to give it up."—*South Wales Echo*. Good! A few more of such metal, and a good many who now *FEEL* with him, but stand "shivering on the brink," will then take courage and launch away!

A SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH.—Colonel Burgess Leigh, says *Modern Society*, vouches for a story to the effect that a few years ago the favourite daughter of a clergyman died. Prior to her passing on, the father moaned that he would not even have the comfort which a picture of his loved one would afford. She seemed unconscious for about an hour, when, opening her eyes, she whispered, "If it be possible, I will come back to you, father, and you shall have a picture." Those were her last words. Passing a studio one day, subsequently, the doctor went in and had his portrait taken, but was disappointed when only his own likeness appeared. A few months later he experienced a similar impulse, and entered the studio again, but only to be a second time disappointed. On the anniversary of the young lady's death he once more felt impelled to visit the photographer. A few days later the doctor received an urgent message to go to the gallery at once. The operator had just finished a picture. As Dr. Dean's eyes rested upon it he was violently agitated. He trembled and sank into a chair, clutching the photograph and gazing at it intently. It was a serious dramatic scene. There in the picture was a fine likeness of the rector, and looking directly into his eyes was the face of one not of this world. This face was veiled by something like a mist or cloud. "My daughter!" the doctor exclaimed. It was a spirit picture, a likeness of his dead child. "I remember," said the operator, "that some cloud-like object passed before the camera at the moment I exposed the plate. I looked, and it was gone." Not only the doctor, but all the members of his family and many friends who had seen the photo pronounce the spirit face a good likeness of their dead relative.

PROGRESS IN SCOTLAND.—Spiritualism is quietly making its way in Aberdeen and Dundee. On my visit to Aberdeen about six weeks ago I got together all the Spiritualists I could, and had two good meetings. On the Sunday good clairvoyant descriptions were given by Mr. Greenall, and on the Monday a few words and a beautiful invocation were given by his controls. Meetings are being held every week, and some splendid discourses have been given through Mr. Greenall, who has also a good spirit doctor, who has given some wonderful tests of healing powers, calling persons out in the meeting, and stating what the disease was from which they suffered. In one instance a private sitting was necessary, along with the husband of the lady treated, and she was told of an inward complaint from which she suffered, and a prescription and advice given; and now, thanks to "our Father's ministering spirits," she is improving daily. I could give more cases if needed. Aberdeen is fortunate in having such an earnest worker and medium as friend Greenall, who had worked at one time in Lancashire. In Dundee, thanks to friend Scott, of the Mayflower Coffee House, who has kindly placed a room at our disposal, we meet every Monday, but have no developed medium. We hope to commence lectures in June, and should be glad to hear from any medium or speaker who could visit us. We expect Mr. A. Duguid, of Edinburgh, in a few weeks, and have no doubt we shall greatly benefit from his visit—some poor weary son of toil will receive a shower of blessing from the realm of spirit, that shall cause his burden to roll away, and let into his soul that beautiful ray of light which is ever pouring from the summer land, bringing us near the Divine. Fathers, mothers, bereaved ones, look upward and rally round us, that others may share God's message to humanity.—J. W. James, 29, Union Place, Perth Road, Dundee.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—My diligence in enquiring for any worthy ones in this charming town was at last rewarded by my discovering Mr. Webber, an architect and a medium of very high order. A long walk with him satisfied me I was in company with a gentleman marvellously gifted by the "unseen power," but, like all forerunners of advanced truth, he had had his cup of persecution fully filled, and had any amount of boycotting for his daring free thought, still he faces his foes, lay and clerical, and holds on his way, and I believe is making his mark for truth on the public mind.—London, S.E.: Of course I went on to Peckham Rye, where the battle always rages on Sunday afternoons during the summer months, and witnessed the most disgraceful scene of persecution and mob-rule attempted I have ever come across. Our friend, who has so nobly stood his ground—almost single-handed—for several years in the public advocacy of spiritual truth on the Rye, was simply badgered, boo'd, and howled at by a clique of young men, many of whom I learned rejoiced in the Y. M. C. A. capitals. We are often reminded that "History repeats itself," and surely if the attempt to defeat Paul's missionary zeal with the notorious "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," took place, it was re-enacted yesterday, and gave one a tolerably fair realisation of the persecutions poured on such reformers as

Luther, Wesley, Whitfield, and others of whom Christians so delight to speak, but who evince a desire equal to the "Diana worshippers" to tear their victim to pieces whenever a bold advocate of free-thought propounds truths high as the heavens above, their pitifully narrow creedal dogmas which blaspheme God and insult the human understanding. "Fighting with beasts at Ephesus" could scarcely surpass the rancour and hate evinced by the raving crowd of the professed followers of Him who said, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them." But this I suppose is the price that must be paid for courageous advocacy of newly discovered truth in Christian England—out of doors. However, thousands on thousands have heard the grand truth of Spiritualism, and many have received it and become happy in the knowledge that "there is no death" through this ministry, and so work proceeds. A fitting sequel to the bear-garden scene was enacted when a collection was proposed for an old opponent who needed pecuniary help. Some 15s. was gathered for that purpose, which a friend of mine counted and handed over to another to be conveyed to him.—B. H.

PLATFORM WORK.—On Sunday, May 29, at 448, Manchester Road, Bradford, Mr. J. Metcalf gave good discourses and successful clairvoyance.—Mrs. Best, at Guy Street, Burnley, caused a sensation by her descriptions of spirits. She gave her services on Monday for the building fund. Mr. E. Watson, 7, Palm Street, Burnley, is secretary.—Cleckheaton: Mr. Peel spoke on "Spiritualism and Christianity," and gave good psychometrical descriptions.—At Team Valley Terrace, Gateshead, Mr. Wright's address gave great satisfaction.—London, Marylebone: Mr. J. Watmore urged Spiritualists to recognise their responsibility, and to live in accordance with the teachings of Spiritualism.—132, St. John's Hill, Clapham Junction, Mrs. Ashton-Bingham's sacred recital was a success. (June 19: Mr. Cable will give psychometry).—At Tipping Street, Manchester, June 5, Miss Walker gave good lectures to large audiences: Excellent clairvoyance. Solo and chorus well rendered by the choir; and at Edinboro' Hall, Mrs. Hyde gave a striking address, some clairvoyance, and named two infants.—Mr. J. J. Morse, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, gave three very eloquent discourses, which gave much pleasure.—The Lyceum Open Session, at Openshaw (Manchester), was a grand success, the best ever held by them. Friends spoke warmly in praise. The Lyceum continues to improve, thanks to all concerned.—Rawtenstall, Anniversary Services: Mr. J. B. Tetlow spoke in a masterly manner; and Miss Janet Bailey's clairvoyance gave great satisfaction. Large audiences. £11 0s. 2d. realised. Hearty thanks to all.—Sheffield, Midland Café: Professor E. C. James gave an interesting lecture on some delineations.—Leeds (Cookridge St.), Lyceum: A good attendance, several visitors. Address by Mr. Walker, of Cleckheaton.—Manchester, Lyceum: Visit from Mr. Dove. (Hope to see him again.) Present, 42. More interest in recitations needed.—Bradford, St. James's: Good clairvoyance and psychometry by Mrs. Webster on May 25. Mrs. Carr gave practical discourses and successful clairvoyance.—London, Forest Hill: Mr. H. Hunt spoke ably on "The Nature and Destiny of Man," and gave clairvoyance, which was well received.—Armley, Temperance Hall: Mr. Marchbank spoke on "Labour and Reform," from a Spiritual Socialist's view. His friend spoke under control, wittily commenting on each address, and urged the need of brotherhood with self-effort in all true reform.

A DESERVED TRIBUTE.—Our good brother, Mr. James Robertson of Glasgow, who suffered for a long time from the effects of influenza was recently presented by the Glasgow Spiritualist Association with a well-merited testimonial in the following words: "To Mr. James Robertson. Dear Friend,—On behalf of the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists we desire to address you in terms of affection, admiration, and congratulation upon your recovery from a serious illness, and, happily for us, your reappearance amongst us after an absence of several weeks. We desire to express our profound appreciation of your devotion to the cause of Spiritualism, and your unflagging energy and self-sacrificing services to this Association during fourteen years of membership, and nearly ten years of that time as our president. We cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that notwithstanding the absorbing cares of a considerable private business, you have at much cost to yourself been our never-failing leader, sustainer, and vindicator. Your constant presence, your genial manner in the chair, your frequent lecturing for us, your devotion to the work of the Lyceum, your generous entertainment of mediums, and your most liberal financial support of the society, all alike evoke our deep gratitude and genuine reverence. We also desire in this affectionate testimonial to include your amiable and excellent wife, who has endeared herself to us all by her kindly and willing co-operation with you in all good works connected with our cause, as well as in abundant hospitalities to very many of us. We sincerely hope and trust that there may be no return of the serious malady from which you have suffered, and that you may continue for many more years to preside over the working of the society and to give us the benefit of your strong, practical sagacity, and your fine example of devotion.—Fraternally yours. Signed by office-bearers and members."

RE MR. WILD'S MEDIUMSHIP.—Mr. C. Shaw, of 64, Hanson Street, Oldham, writes: "I see in the report for Bartlam Place a statement which is not accurate. The report says: 'One peculiar feature in Mr. Wild's clairvoyance is that all the spirits described are *strangers* to those present.' This statement I object to, because I never knew spirits to be described who are *strangers* to those present, and at the same time to be recognised by them, which is the case at Oldham. Now we at Bartlam Place have kept a record of all the names of persons that Mr. Wild has given out. In the record there is 80 names; out of that number 60 spirits who were 'strangers to those present' were known by them when living in the body. How do you make it out that they are strangers, eh? Yes, there is one peculiar feature in Mr. Wild's clairvoyance, and that is—it is objective and not subjective, like some that I know. To prove that it is objective you have only to ask the guides of Mr. Wild a few questions about the spirit that is named. I may say that every person who attends Bartlam Place has the opportunity of doing this. I have done it, that is why I make the statement. And to talk about the names being in the obituary columns, when some of the persons have been passed on from two to 20 years, is ridiculous, unless you think Mr. Wild ransacks the newspaper files in the different

towns he goes to." [We have received a letter from Mr. Wild to the same effect as the above, and demanding the name of our informant. That name, and others, can be given if needed, but we see no purpose to be served by so doing at present. The matter lies in a nutshell. We are informed that Mr. Wild goes on the platform and says (pointing to some one in the audience): "I see a spirit standing by you," and gives his name, age, residence, occupation, and cause of death, with slight variations and more or less of detail. He then says: "Does any one here know him?" What the writer of the Oldham report intended to convey was that the names, &c., are given to people who were strangers to the deceased person. Other people in the room, it is easy to understand, might have known, or *known of*, persons who were sufficiently well known for their death to be announced in the papers. It has been remarked that Mr. Wild very rarely gives a *description* of the *personal appearance* of the claimed spirit. If the spirit is "objective," as affirmed by Mr. Shaw, then he ought to be able to give an accurate description. He was publicly requested to describe a person whose name he had given, and failed. All these circumstances, added to the fact, as stated last week, that a very large percentage of names and other particulars regarding persons whose names he mentioned had previously been published in local papers, make the whole thing have a very uncomfortable look. We know next to nothing of Mr. Wild. We do know our informants, who are old experienced and thoroughly reliable Spiritualists. They do not—and we do not—charge him with fraud. They say, "there are so many varieties of mediumship we would not like to condemn him, but it looks so much like deception that we are far from satisfied." Having heard these things before the Oldham report came to hand, we deemed it our duty to draw attention to the curious wording of the report in question. If Mr. Wild has any explanation to give, any denial to make, any rebutting evidence, we are willing to give him space (within reasonable limits) in which to put the matter before the world. We shall be only too pleased to find that the awkward facts referred to are susceptible of a reasonable explanation, in which case it is to be hoped that the publication of these matters will lead to further development of his powers, such as will enable him to give every satisfaction to sitters of the reality of his mediumship.]

RELIGION AND LABOUR.—Speaking at Wigan, Mr. Ben Tillett said it was necessary to mix religion and labour to alter the present unsatisfactory condition of things. He wished for a religion that would state man's duty—a religion to exist so that labour should have its rights. When people talked about religious institutions being to blame for all the wickedness and poverty, it was so much rot, because the religious institutions did not represent more than nine per cent of the people of this country. The churches were unfit and incapable to take over the responsibility of the remaining 91 per cent. The rich man was a monstrosity; he was opposed to order, a development of unhealthy conditions, a fungus that could not live in healthy social surroundings. He was the greedy man with one eye on Heaven and one on his gold; but if equality was necessary and just in Heaven, surely it was necessary and just below. Their aristocracy were dying out because of their luxury—sallow-skinned, idiotic numbskulls—with time hanging on their hands, their daughters too weak to walk and their sons accomplished in every vice. The present movement of the democracy was a religious movement; to him the shout of the people was the voice of God, and when religion was the demanding power among all classes of the community, and when it was the controlling medium and agency by which every man had a fair chance, then religion would live.—*Preston Evening Post*.

TO MY ANONYMOUS FRIEND.

DEAR friend, for such to me thou art,
For thou hast played a true friend's part;
The timely help that thou didst send,
Hath touched my heart, and served its end.
The time will come when both shall meet,
And hand in hand each other greet;
When heart to heart shall throb apace,
And joy shall brighten up each face.
It may be ere this life is o'er,
It may be on the spirit shore;
But whenso'er that time shall be,
Till then, I will remember thee.

—P. Lee.

A SIGNIFICANT CIRCULAR, signed by twenty-four preachers, is being sent out in Halifax; it runs as follows: "As Ministers of the Nonconformist Churches of Halifax we jointly address you, and venture to assure you of the deep interest of our Churches in your welfare. The different names by which we are called do not indicate any difference in the one supreme object for which we all strive; and we are anxious to make a common effort in holding forth the friendly hand to all the inhabitants of this town. Many are not connected with any Christian Church, and to these we give a hearty invitation to enter our sanctuaries, and join with us in the public worship of God. We assure them of a cordial welcome, and have certain confidence in recommending religious privileges, the value of which is proved and confirmed by extended and multiplied experiences. The Gospel of Christ which we profess is not a mere shelter from sin, nor a mere insurance for the future. It does save from sin, and it promises a happy immortality; but it also provides what men require in this sin-stricken and care-burdened world, that they may rise to the true dignity of manhood. As a law of life, as a motive to beneficence, as an inspiration by which we are lifted above earthly sorrow, we believe it stands peerless and unrivalled. It is because we believe there is no friend like our Saviour Jesus Christ, and no plan of life so beautiful as that He marks out for us, that we are anxious you should join us in accepting His yoke and professing His name. The worship of God as 'Our Father in Heaven,' reminds us of obligation towards our brethren on earth. We are wishful to draw closer the bonds of union, to pull down walls that separate. Fuller knowledge of each other would allay suspicion, and increase mutual affection and respect. We ask you to join us in a communion mutually helpful; in a worship that stimulates and expresses the noblest aspirations of the soul. The service in which we ask your comradeship is one that tends to strike meanness and selfishness out of life, and fill it with the dignity of a great purpose; it is a service which not only has bright rewards stored up in distant heavens, but a

present gift more precious than thousands of gold and silver." [They will need to become broader yet if they are to succeed. Many hundreds of thousands of people have out-grown the idea of "our Saviour Jesus Christ," and cannot join in "accepting His yoke and professing His name." What is to be done for these?]

A NOBLE UTTERANCE.—Mr. Minton, a clergyman of the Church of England, recently said "A God infinitely good, infinitely just, infinitely loving, they could love, but to love a being, however powerful, who will keep multitudes of his own creatures alive to all eternity for the one purpose of tormenting them, knowing perfectly well at the time that it can never do them one particle of good, they felt was utterly impossible. It did not tend to make love spring within them to be told that this infinitely powerful Being would accept the bloody sacrifice of an innocent man on behalf of a certain chosen few from all eternity, and that the countless millions of human kind had been under a terrific and eternal curse because of one sin committed before they were born." [A kind correspondent sends us the above by a clergyman who yet remains in the church which affirms what he denies.]

REV. DR. PIERSON is reported as follows: "Do not think all the error and declension from the faith is going to get better. It is not. Read the prophecies in Peter and Jude, and know that it will wax worse, and that it is a sign that the End of the Age is near." There can be little doubt that "the Down-Grade Movement," against which Dr. Pierson rails, will continue, and that what he calls error will increase. No doubt the End of the Age of Sectarian intolerance, of Orthodox dogmatism and Assumed Infallibility is close at hand. The Religion of the Future will be the Religion of Humanity, and will find manifestation in brotherliness. Its Worship will be work for human good, and its piety will consist of deeds of loving helpfulness. Let the End of Christian assumption come—aye, come quickly—for then Man may rise to dignity and spiritual worth and worthiness.

WHICH FORM OF CHRISTIANITY SHALL I EMBRACE?—A leading native Christian recently invited a well-known Hindu reformer of Madras to come out from his people, and bring with him a large following to Christianity. The Hindu courteously and somewhat sarcastically declined the invitation, on the ground that his friend had not advised him whether he should go over to that Christianity which is professed by a large section of Christians, but which he has heard styled a "caricature" of Christianity, or to that presided over by the Czar of all the Russias and his archbishops, who speak of the See of Rome in terms which it would be libellous to reproduce; or to that presided over by his Holiness the Pope; or by General Booth, of the Salvation Army; or to that followed by the Mormons; or by Mr. —, of Madras; or to that Christianity which holds that all others than the followers of St. Athanasius's creed are doomed to eternal hell!—*Christian World*.

WHAT THE SOCIALIST REALLY IS, and what he is not, the country is only just beginning to realise. It has learned with profound amazement—perhaps with some disappointment—that he is not necessarily an Atheist; that it does not follow he always carries a bomb in his dinner-basket, or a stiletto up his sleeve; that he is not altogether an idle dreamer; and that he may even be a decent member of society. So much for his personality. His principles, which are more to the point, cannot thus be dismissed in a single sentence. There are degrees of Socialism, as of every other "ism" in English politics; but all Socialists are at least agreed in anathematising a system which permits the accumulation of great wealth in the hands of a few, and mercilessly condemns the many, whose labour creates the wealth, to a precarious existence. If he only had his way, our Socialist would change all this by a very summary process. He would bring every foot of native soil into the hands of the nation, to the end that all should participate equally in its generous bounty. He would nationalise some industries and municipalise others, that all might be worked for common benefit. He would by multiplying the number of workers and concentrating the work, lighten the burden of toil for the many. He would drag the wretched poor out of their vile hovels, where it is never day, into the light of heaven. He would take from the excessive luxuries of the rich and add to the meagre comforts of the lowly. In prosecuting this ambitious programme, the Socialist concerns himself very little with the probable fate of ancient institutions. For the present he is content to leave these to the tender mercies of others, well assured that in the fulness of time such of them as cannot be brought into harmony with the principles of "liberty, equality, and fraternity" will be swept away.—*Halifax Free Press*.

THE CREATION OF MAN.

AFFLICTION one day as she hark'd to the roar
Of the stormy and struggling billow,
Drew a beautiful form on the sands of the shore
With the branch of a weeping willow.

Jupiter, struck with the noble plan,
As he roam'd on the verge of the ocean,
Breath'd on the figure, and calling it Man,
Endued it with life and with motion.

A creature so glorious in mind and in frame,
So stamp'd with each parent impression,
Among them a point of contention became,
Each claiming the right of possession.

"He is mine," said Affliction, "I gave him his birth,
I alone am his cause of creation."
"The materials were furnished by me," answered Earth;
"I gave him," said Jove, "animation."

The Gods, all assembled in solemn divan,
After hearing each claimant's petition;
Pronounced a definitive verdict on Man,
And thus settled Fate's disposition.

Let Affliction possess her own child till the woes
Of Life cease to harass and goad it;
After Death give his Body to Earth whence it rose,
And his Spirit to Jove who bestowed it.