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A JOURNEY FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE.

BY VINCENT BECKETT.

PART II.

AFTER the tender experiences of the night, Mr. Older expected to resume his old position in the eyes of his family. He was, therefore, disappointed to find the studied neglect of yesterday continued. He could hardly tell whether he was most angered or wounded. Without partaking of breakfast he sought the street and its companionships. He was not needed at the funeral, so he remained away, and, to use his own expression, "let them run it to suit themselves." But in the evening he returned to dinner, and at bedtime sought his chamber. Again the night brought no veil of sleep, but instead, he enjoyed the sweet intoxication of a second lover's visit to his long neglected sweetheart.

He was late at the office next morning. His arrival was unnoticed. A stranger was seated at his desk engaged with his books. Surprises of this kind had become too common to excite him, but he looked around for Mr. Lowther, intending to ask for an explanation. That gentleman was not present, so Mr. Older walked over to the park, it being the most pleasant place to wait. In thinking on the subject he saw that his displacement at the office harmonised with his treatment at home, both undoubtedly being parts of a well-laid plan. It was plain that he was in the way of some one to him unknown who was using a powerful influence to relegate him to oblivion. He had to admit that the opposition had its forces well disciplined, but if he should fight for his rights he was certain to come out winner. That was beyond question. But his two days' relaxation from business, a boon he had not enjoyed before since he reached manhood, had given him a relish for idleness. Thus influenced, he reasoned: Why should he engage in a quarrel? Whom had he been slaving his life away for anyway—whom indeed, but his family. For their benefit alone he had toiled early from morn until bedtime, year after year, holidays included, and now if they chose to dispense with his services they were but doing him a kindness. He would accept it as such, and thank them for the holiday; they were welcome to the property he had accumulated. For himself he could start anew with nothing, live comfortably and take life easy.

Mr. Older spent the days with his new-found cronies, continued his surreptitious nightly visits with his wife, and was moderately happy. He found consolation in the knowledge that though Mrs. Older acted a part in the strange conspiracy her heart was not in the plot, but was still his very own. And again, as so often before, he tried to unravel the absorbing mystery, but only succeeded in tangling the skein.

Ten years went by—calm uneventful years. The twigs that Mr. Older planted in his garden, when it acknowledged his ownership, were crowned with shapely heads of leaves and blossoms, and shed sweet perfume for all passers by. The vines that he set beside the porch now sturdily fought a winning battle with the sun's red-hot darts, and gave grateful protection to its supports. Dame Nature, year by year, had strengthened and beautified all her loyal dependants, but otherwise the home place was unchanged. Not unchanged, ah, no! two daughters had taken mates and sought new nests. One daughter only—the baby, just blooming into womanhood, remained to cheer the mother's loneliness.

In the mother, sad-faced and mournful, Mr. Older had for some time been noticing, with much pleasure, a gradual return of smiles and cheerfulness. He also observed, but with feelings quite different, that the visits to her residence of his old partner, Mr. Lowther, were becoming quite frequent. Three times a week, calls that terminated only with the evening were, he thought, not explainable on the score of business necessity or friendship. The green-eyed monster was awakened in Mr. Older's breast, and he forthwith ceased his lover's visits to his wife. He argued that his wife could not be sincere in her expressions of attachment to himself, else why would she encourage the attentions of another, and she certainly did manifest pleasure at Mr. Lowther's visits.

Suddenly a bright ray of light pierced the dark curtain or mystery that for half a score of years had enveloped him, and the hidden things were made plain. In this courtship, and courtship it certainly was, he found the explanation, long waited for, of his own strange usage. The plot was well conceived, and great deliberation attended its execution, but it was now laid bare. It was a most dastardly piece of business, and of a nature of which he would not have believed either Mrs. Older or Mr. Lowther capable. He could not conceive that his daughters, and all who assisted in the conspiracy, knew what they were doing. At this late day the deception would not be suspected.

For months the demon, jealousy, raged in Mr. Older's breast, and he walked the streets day and night, uttering threats and laying plans for revenge that he never executed. He did, however, one evening, intrude himself on the offenders' privacy, and roundly denounced each individually, and both as one, for their perfidy. He used the most forcible adjectives and the most effective manner he could command, but instead of the shame and confusion that he expected they ignored him utterly, and in his presence, to prove their contempt, actually kissed goodnight. This was more than human flesh could bear, and Mr. Older bolted for the street that he might escape further temptation to enact the murderous thoughts he harboured. Henceforth he avoided that neighbourhood, and sought the lowest quarters of the city, to associate with the vicious and depraved. Once only, inspired by uncontrollable curiosity, he passed his old residence. The name of Lowther had replaced that of Older on the doorplate. His heart gave a bound and a sharp pain went through him like a dagger. The last tie that bound him to his old life was severed and he returned to his wild companions. Though he took no part in their crimes, their general wickedness was in keeping with his revengeful mood, and therefore sweetly agreeable.

Mr. Older was a man of noble mind and high spirit, and when himself, abhorred all that was low and vulgar. Consequently, when Father Time, the great consoler, had shown him the folly of his ways and gently led him back to sanity, life in the slums grew irksome and he reappeared among his old friends. Even this society was far from satisfactory. It comprised a crowd of loafers, and though an improvement on the type he had lately known, it was still a crowd of loafers, having for leaders vulgar and ignorant minds whose highest conception of wit was an objectionable story, whose cleanest diction was profanity, and whose heroes were the base and unprincipled. He endured and made the most of this society because he could find no better, and it was his policy to agree rather than to quarrel with the inevitable.

In his enforced leisure, seated on his favourite bench in the park, and inspired by the simplicity and perfection of Nature's handiwork, Mr. Older gave much thought to subjects metaphysical. Accepting as true the much ridiculed statement that man is mind and not matter, and that the

thing we call the natural body is but the creation of mind and visible only to minds on the same plane of thought, he began a course of reasoning on this basis. He studied himself in the light of present and past experiences, comparing the mental and physical characteristics, and seeking to discover their exact relation to and influence upon each other. As he delved, the physical grew less and the mental more in importance. He came to perceive that the physical is but the self made manifest. In studying self he discerned that it is a collaboration of the evils, aptly termed devils: Hate, lust, avarice, pride, revenge, fear, and kindred thoughts. Broken bones and pierced flesh gave no pain, but a day spent with the gossiping crowd left him a crick in his back. Envy and greed, when entertained, disarranged his bowels; malice induced headache, fretfulness arrested digestion, and anger interrupted the heart's action. Blood circulation, digestion, nerves and flesh being no part of man but simply the human creatures of the passions, how could it be otherwise than that the passions should control them, and that with the mind freed from these evils the physical body should vanish?

Having arrived at these conclusions, Mr. Older paused to take a survey of his associates and it came to his consciousness that the friends whom he met in his earlier days of idleness, and, in fact, all others that he had since known and was glad to call friends, were no longer about. Whither they had gone he knew not, neither did inquiry elicit any information concerning them, but he could not wonder that they had deserted him and his debased and debasing fellow loafers.

Mr. Older in his active days owned a country place that skirted a range of hills. Here, in a quaintly sequestered spot he had erected a rustic cottage. A mountain stream crashed through rocks, eager to arrive and more in haste to depart from its door. Giant pine trees, their mighty trunks shaded dark on the north side and light on the south, showered their cones and needles on its roof and protected a green turf that, innocent of undergrowth, formed a carpet spreading to the limits of vision in one direction and to the base of sharply jutting cliffs in another. To this charming spot he had been accustomed to send the friends who loved hunting and fishing, and who, unlike himself, had leisure for such unbusiness-like pursuits. Hither it was he betook himself when other shelter became unbearable, and here, with more helpful surroundings, he continued his studies and sought with earnestness to become harmonious with his new found truths.

He waged war against the powers of darkness which, since he perceived that thoughts are things, assumed true forms and figures. Unexpectedly, he found the solitude occupied by multitudes of people who, like himself, were striving to solve the problem of life. From them he received encouragement and assistance. Love was his only weapon. Deep in the sombre forest he fought the first stern combat, and, in the flush of victory, fashioning a crown of flounced pine cones and glossy chinquepin, he placed it upon the brow of hate and bade him go. High on the hill's steep slope he wove of fairest flowers sweet garlands for conquered envy, greed, and fear. From feathery moss that fringed the crystal flood he conjured parting gifts for malice, lust, and pride, and bade them all a kind farewell. As one by one the unholy beings left him, faith entered in and gave expansion to his spirit. His eyes took in new beauties, and new friends grasped his hand. His form grew light as air and earth seemed not needed for his feet. One perfect day in spring he sat beside his cottage door imbibing the beauties of a glorious sunset, and plucking from its brilliant hues the gilding for a cross that rested on his knees. The last of all the sins, selfishness, *alias* death, knelt feebly at his feet. From out the circling heavens came sweet strains of music, and a voice crying, "Welcome to my father's mansion." He stood and beckoned with his hand. He stooped and printed a kiss upon the demon's marble cheek, placed the priceless cross upon his back, and whispered adieu. He watched the vanquished tyrant, as with earth and air, water, trees, flowers, birds and beasts, sun, stars, and sky, he vanished into the nothingness from which corrupted mind had brought him; and then, having worked out his own salvation, Mr. Asa Older, thirty years after the runaway accident, with angels surrounding him, emerged from death into life eternal.—*The Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

The Spiritualists say: "The Bible is not a finality; it is no man's master, it is every man's servant. We, as well as the old prophets, can have communion with the departed. Christ reveals himself directly to us, as much as to Paul and Silas, Peter and James."—*Theodore Parker*.

THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH.

BY STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

THREE children once played together in a broad, green valley; its fresh turf was studded with daisies and buttercups, while around the roots of the trees, in the edges of the forests which bordered it, the white and pale pink anemones lifted their shy innocent eyes.

In the curves of the winding river, which flowed through the valley, there were deep, still pools, like ponds, where the water-lilies lay in great shining clusters. From one side of this valley stretched a level, sandy plain, which seemed illimitable. It was said that the inhabitants had come to the valley from across this plain; but not even the oldest and wisest could remember the journey, nor tell from whence they had come. Some, indeed, ventured to affirm that they had vague and fleeting recollections; but this usually angered the others, and they were compelled to remain silent. On the opposite side rose lofty mountains, peak upon peak, until the last seemed lost amid the over-hanging clouds which covered them as with the folds of a softly clinging mantle.

There was also a legend current among those who believed they retained recollections of crossing the plain, that there was a temple upon the topmost peak, though it had never been clearly discerned, and was only occasionally so dimly outlined that the more practical declared it could only exist in the imaginations of idle dreamers. However, the story was whispered about, and the little children heard it, and they often spoke of it one to another and wondered greatly if it could be true.

Ernest, Rupert, and the little Hilaire listened eagerly, and when they were alone they talked of all they had heard, wishing and almost believing in their hearts that such things might be.

Indeed it had been told them by the grandmother of Hilaire, who was now dead, that the temple really existed, and that she herself had seen it quite plainly on more than one occasion. Moreover, it was said that the moment most propitious for catching a glimpse of its great flaming crystal windows, gleaming pillars and porticoes, and its lofty dome which shone like a sapphire against the background of fleecy white clouds that enveloped it, was at the rise of the sun or at its setting.

There was also a tradition that there had once been a road, broad and straight, leading from the valley up the mountain side to the temple on its summit; but this was vigorously combated by many. Of course those who denied the very existence of the temple could not see the need of a road. Nor would they recognise the light which streamed down from the temple morning and evening.

This difference of opinion caused many divisions and ceaseless disputes. Those who disbelieved in the existence of the temple claimed that they had the best of the argument, and indeed generally silenced their opponents, who, as they said, could not prove that the temple was there except by showing it. Those who maintained that the temple and its light were real things, affirmed that many had seen them, and that they themselves at times saw dimly, as through a glass; and that they felt the warmth of the light which was quite different from the ordinary beams of the sun. From time to time there would arise those among them who declared they had seen the temple in its dazzling beauty, had bathed in its effulgent glory and could never more walk in darkness. They were listened to reverently by those who believed and desired to reach the heights where they too might see; but they could not lift up others to that height. Each one must climb toward the light for himself. None might bear him forward.

Those who denied the temple and its light received the words of the seers with derision, or with scorn and contumely. "They have seen nothing," they said. "There is nothing to be seen, else we ourselves could see it as clearly as others." So they set upon them, wearying and tormenting them in many ways; and indeed their persecutions sometimes grew to such violence that the unfortunate seers were put to cruel deaths.

These tales awoke in the hearts of the children a deep longing to know the truth for themselves. Many times, indeed, as they watched, the clouds would seem to roll away, until something flashed before their eyes which they thought must be a gleam from the crystal windows; or a tall, stately column would stand out for a moment, or they would catch a transitory glimpse of the sapphire dome which was bluer than the sky above or around them, and then the clouds would close in again more thick and blinding than before.

"O," sighed the little Hilaire, "O, if the clouds would only roll away!"

"If I could only seize them and tear them aside," said Rupert, "or force my way through them!"

But Ernest was silent. He had a feeling which he could not explain that the clouds would neither roll away of themselves, nor be torn aside by the hands of Rupert, nor any one else. He was feebly conscious that the power of vision which could pierce the clouds and behold the temple in all its beauty lay folded within his own being.

Years passed on until Hilaire had grown a tall maiden, and the others had become sturdy youths. They had listened more and more to the tales told of the temple and its light, and ever deeper in each heart grew the yearning to seek out the path which led to the distant height.

One evening, as they sat as usual on a grassy mound at the foot of a tree beside the river, they spoke, as was their wont, of these things.

"I am sure the temple is there," said Rupert, "for I have seen it—or portions of it—at different times. And this light—it is not of the sun."

"No, truly," replied Hilaire. "See how different the colour—how soft, how luminous! And then its warmth! The sun at this hour does not give so much heat."

"I know not of the heat—but the colour—there I note a difference."

"But I know it is from the temple, because of its warmth," persisted Hilaire, "and I am certain I have seen nearly all of the temple distinctly outlined."

"O, no!" responded Rupert, "you imagine a great deal. Though the temple is really there, none of us have seen it, and we never shall until we climb up the mountain to its very gates."

"Why should we not climb to its gates?" asked Ernest, who had been silently gazing on the mountain. Just then it appeared to him that the clouds were lifted, and for one instant he saw the gates of gold and the windows above blazing like diamonds in the last rays of the setting sun.

Hilaire also caught a glimpse of the dazzling splendour; but strange as it may seem, though both were looking at the same moment, it appeared to Ernest as though the clouds still concealed all but the gates and crystal windows, while she caught the flashing of the sapphire dome and saw nothing beneath.

Rupert saw neither gate nor dome; only a gleam of unusual brilliance lit up the river on which he was gazing.

"O, the dome! the sapphire dome!" cried Hilaire. "Did you see it, Rupert?"

"The windows of crystal! the gates of gold!" exclaimed Ernest, springing up and stretching out his arms.

"I see nothing," cried Rupert, "only indeed an added light. I do not understand how it is that you and Ernest always see so much more than I can. Sometimes I think you must imagine a great deal."

"No, indeed, dear Rupert," replied Hilaire gently. "Did you only imagine you saw the light?"

"But that is different," he said; "any one can see that."

"Not any one," said Ernest gravely. "Many on whom it daily falls deny it and its source. But you, Rupert, know that it is the light of the temple."

"Yes, of that I am sure; but I want to see it nearer."

"So do I," cried Hilaire. "Ernest, they say that before the road was lost pilgrims were wont to journey thither. Had I been there then I would have journeyed with them."

"But is there no road now?" asked Rupert. "Think you, Ernest, that it is entirely obliterated?"

"Nay, I know not; but if it is, could not we find a new way?"

His companions looked at each other and were silent. Then they all fixed their eyes upon the distant mountain. The sun had now gone down, and the last faint rays of twilight were fading from the river and from the still, shadowy valley. But in the dusky gloaming the clouds upon the lofty peak sent forth a warm, soft glow, while at intervals points of pale, wavering flame seemed to leap upward toward the brooding sky. The light and the flame could be seen by each one; but it seemed to Hilaire that direct rays came quivering through the air and entering her heart illuminated her inmost being with a divine radiance. To Ernest the clouds appeared to shape themselves into dimly seen and wavering forms with floating garments and beckoning hands. While they stood thus, the heart of each burning within him, the silence was broken by a voice which asked:—

"Why stand ye gazing so intently upon the distant mountain? What seek ye among the clouds which rest upon its summit?"

They all turned, and near them stood an aged man in the garb of a pilgrim.

Ernest made answer, "We gaze upon the clouds because they hide from us the Temple of Truth."

"But see ye not its light?"

"We do," they all replied, "and feel its warmth."

"Then make of its rays a pathway by which you may climb to the topmost peak—yea, even to the gates of pearl and gold which shall open to the touch of those who find them."

The three gazed at each other in wonder; then they turned with one accord to question the pilgrim, but he had vanished.

"Surely," said Hilaire, "he means that we should find the road."

"Or make a new one?" asked Rupert. "Is it not so, Ernest?"

But Ernest shook his head. After a pause he said—

"I shall begin the pilgrimage in quest of the Temple of Truth."

"I will go with you," said Hilaire.

"And I, too," echoed Rupert. "We cannot miss the way. The mountain is before us, and all we have to do is to travel straight towards it."

"That I do not know," replied Ernest. "We may be forced sometimes to turn aside, and sometimes the mountain may be hidden."

"But we shall always see the light," said Hilaire; "and if we keep our faces steadily towards it, we cannot go astray."

"But the way may be rough—too rough for you, who are but a maiden, and have not our strength."

"Nay, fear not for me," she said confidently, for she still felt the glow which the ray had awakened in her heart. "Fear not. A voice within tells me that I shall find a way to the golden gates. Nothing shall ever separate us. We will all travel the way together."

"Of course," answered Rupert. "We have always been together. What should part us now?"

But Ernest held his peace. Only he felt that strange things might befall which none of them could now foresee.

When the sun rose next morning they were all standing by the river, ready to begin their journey. Rupert carried a stout pick, which he judged might be useful. Hilaire had an armful of the fragrant waterlilies with their snowy petals and golden hearts. But Ernest carried an ancient volume, full of strange symbols and emblems. Some people, especially those who denied the existence of the Temple of Truth, believed the book a very simple thing indeed, and affirmed that they understood it perfectly; while others declared it to be but a foolish jumble of contradictions and inconsistencies, and that its symbols and emblems had, in reality, no meaning at all.

However, those who had tried to read it by the light from the temple said it was the key to wonderful though hidden wisdom, and all its symbols veiled a deep mystic meaning. Though Ernest had spent many hours pondering over this volume, he had not yet found the key to unlock its mysteries; albeit he could not bear to leave it behind, feeling that a knowledge of wonderful things was concealed among its pages.

They stood together in silence beside the smoothly gliding river. The eyes of all were turned toward the mount whose summit was slowly kindling under the first rays of the dawn. Brighter and brighter grew the light. Clearer and softer became the atmosphere. At last the first beams of the rising sun fell upon the masses of cloud, touching them with a golden splendour. Fairer, more radiant they became, until suddenly they parted as if drawn aside by invisible hands, and the pearly gates and glorious temple stood revealed. But even as before, the scene upon which they all gazed wore to each a different aspect.

Rupert's gaze was fixed upon the gateway and the sculptured forms which stood on either side. Ernest saw the wide pillared entrance, and above it a symbol which he thought like one of those in the ancient volume. Before the vision of Hilaire again flashed the lofty parapets and the dome of shining sapphire.

Although the mountains had always seemed so near the pilgrims found they were in reality far distant. For a long time they journeyed on over smiling plains where the paths

were smooth and straight; or they passed through pleasant vales where the sound of murmuring waters fell upon the ear; and often vineyards, orchards and fruitful fields bordered the wayside. But the constant travel soon became wearisome. They were stained by the dust and drenched by the showers which frequently fell. They were chilled by the dews of evening and scorched by the noon-day sun. Still the mountain was ever before them, though it seemed scarcely nearer, and they were cheered by the light and occasionally caught glimpses of the glorious structure which the clouds concealed.

But the time came, when, footsore and weary, they emerged upon a long and narrow plain on the further side of which the mountains rose like a solid wall of rock before them.

"Oh!" sighed Hilaire, "how shall we ever be able to climb to the temple?"

"We must cut our way through the rock," said Rupert.

"Nay, by searching we shall doubtless find some pass," replied Ernest.

So they went on until they came to the wall. Running straight up was an indistinct line which seemed indeed a continuation of the path. But the almost perpendicular rock afforded no footing. To the left ran a narrow tortuous path covered with stones and fringed with briars and prickly shrubs; while to the right a huge opening yawned, its interior swallowed up in darkness.

"We must turn to the right," said Ernest, "and examine this passage."

"No! oh, no!" cried Hilaire. "I fear the darkness."

"We must turn neither to the right nor to the left," affirmed Rupert. "We must go straight onward."

"But indeed," said Hilaire, "I cannot climb such steepes, and if I tried I should be in fear of a fall."

But Rupert had already commenced cutting steps in the rock, by which he was rapidly ascending.

"Follow me," he called to Hilaire; "it will be easy enough for you when I have already cut the steps."

But he did not see that each step vanished as soon as he had taken his foot from it, leaving the wall as difficult as ever for others to scale.

"I cannot! oh, I cannot!" wailed Hilaire, wringing her hands, and letting fall the last of the lilies which indeed were now withered and scentless.

"Come with me, Hilaire," cried Ernest. "Here is a passage which you can easily enter."

She turned towards the point from which the voice proceeded, and caught a dim outline of his figure at what seemed to be the mouth of a pit of blackness. No ray of light came from within or penetrated to its depths from without. Only through the dense darkness a few faint red sparks were glimmering.

"Oh, Ernest! I dare not," she cried. "The darkness is too deep. I fear it. Do not you enter it, but return and walk with me in the other path."

"Nay, I cannot go back," answered Ernest. "There is nothing to fear in the darkness. Only follow me and I will guide you safely."

But even as he spoke, his voice sounded fainter and farther away, and his form was lost amid the shadows.

Hilaire looked back again to speak to Rupert, but he was already lost to view behind a projecting rock. Weeping bitterly and with slow, reluctant footsteps, she turned toward the path on the left.

Ernest felt that no matter how dark the way, in it he must walk. As soon as he had taken the first few steps the darkness grew less dense; and looking up he perceived that a great archway of stone, high and massive, stood at the entrance to the passage, on which was a symbol such as he had seen in his ancient volume. Without longer tarrying he pushed on. The shadows were blinding, and he often stumbled over obstacles which lay obscured by the darkness. The red sparks still floated round him, but at first they emitted little light; yet he observed that the farther he advanced the larger they grew, and their rays changed from a murky red to a clearer, purer glow.

In some places the passage was steep and winding, and so narrow that it was with difficulty he could force his way between the sharp jagged rocks. Again it would widen out until he felt lost in a sea of darkness. Then at times his heart would faint within him, and he felt that the way was very long, through the lonely, winding passage. Sometimes he would hear the voice of some other traveller calling out for help and guidance. And sometimes a hand groping

through the gloom would cling to his for a moment while he helped the unseen comrade over some dangerous place. At such times he always noticed that the light increased and the way became easier.

Rupert had gone bravely on, cutting his steps one by one, but the sun shone hot and the toil was severe. Ofttimes he grew faint and dizzy, yet found no place to rest. Sometimes he would have retraced his steps, but he could not. When he attempted to put his feet into the steps he had left below he never could find them. Then he noticed, with those about him, that the niche vanished as soon as the foot was taken from it; so no one could ever climb by steps cut by another. Occasionally they came to little plateaux covered with verdure, where there were springs of water, also trees which bore fruit and mountain berries. These were pleasant places while the warm season lasted, and many pilgrims refused to go farther.

Hilaire had found the narrow path a toilsome way. Her feet were hurt by the sharp stones, and her hands wounded by the briars and thorns. Feeble women and many aged ones looked to her for help and comfort, and little children clung weeping to her garments. Often, by the windings of the path the mountain was hidden from her view, and it was seldom that she caught a glimpse of the sapphire; yet the rays of light still reached her and warmed and cheered her heart.

Though she longed inexpressibly for the rest and peace of the temple, she could not withhold her aid and sympathy from those more weak and helpless. Thus, in stopping so often to sooth and sustain others, she had been forced to relinquish her hopes of speedily reaching the mountain top.

But one morning, to her surprise, she found herself standing on the summit, with the temple all gloriously beautiful before her.

Hastening joyfully toward it, she saw one approaching from a path on the right hand. He drew near, and lo! it was Ernest. While they stood in glad greeting, another also came near, and turning, they beheld Rupert, the companion of their youth.

And then the beautiful gates swung open, and these three who had journeyed by such different paths entered in together.—*The Carrier Dove*.

SPIRIT GUIDED; or, RE-UNITED BY THE DEAD.

BY WALTER EDWARDS.

INTRODUCTION.

Human life in its normal, natural state is beautiful at every stage; and, as the scene changes or each stage is passed, sweet surprises greet us, or fresh needs arise.

For good or ill most people dearly love "a story." Little children will listen with delight to a fairy tale; boys revel in narratives of thrilling adventure, daring, and heroism. Young men and maidens gloat over romantic love tales; the middle-aged married man and woman still enjoy the setting forth of the "old, old story," but it must be mixed with a degree of sage reflection and wise counsel, and in later years the "novel with a purpose," such as "Robert Elsmere," commands widespread attention. People flock to the theatre to witness the impersonation, by some eminent interpreter, of the play of human passion and emotion. "Our Boys," "Sweet Lavender," and such pieces command phenomenal "runs," and what they lack in tragic power as compared with "Hamlet," they gain in sympathy and human interest.

While laying no claim to other merit than a desire to interest, amuse, and instruct, I feel I can confidently request attention to, and hope to arouse real sympathy for, the actors in the real life incidents and episodes which are set forth in the following pages. It is a "plain, unvarnished tale," my friends, that I have to set before you, and without more ado I invite your attention to

CHAPTER I.—MARY'S STORY.

I had walked through life with a heavy heart. Sorrow had marked me for its own. The time other children spent in play was employed by me in attendance upon my poor, invalid mother, whose patience, resignation, and sweet fortitude won even my childish admiration. When she died I felt as if the light of my life, part of my very soul, had gone out with her. Before she breathed her last, I remember, now with a feeling of amusement, she terrified me by solemnly declaring that she had seen my father, whom I

never knew save as a bearded man who played with me in my infancy. Oh, how radiantly happy she was after that precious interview!

I often surprised her during those last sacred days with tears of joy in her eyes, and a rapt far-away expression upon her features, gazing, as if she would devour its beauty, into what to me seemed empty space, but what she declared was a beautiful land filled with her beloved dead—not dead to her. Oh no. She declared they were fully alive, and sang and talked to her, and brought her flowers; and the happy tones in her voice, the brightness of her eyes during those last days, were a revelation to me of the “little mother” as she must have been when she was first wooed and won by that dear husband whose very presence now filled her with unspeakable delight, and made her literally impatient for death. Those days are sacred in my memory. I entered heaven then. I did not doubt what my sainted mother said; she was too good and true to deceive.

I never forgot that last solemn day when she drew me down to her, moved by conflicting emotions (joy at the rapidly approaching release from pain and glad reunion of spirit with her best beloved, and pain at the separation from her little “ministering angel,” as she playfully called me), and assured me that whatever might happen to me in the future, I must never forget that she would be my “guardian”—she would watch over and bless me with her love. Ah, how little I knew then of the future!

With an intent look in her eyes, and whisperings of comfort to me, she silently passed into the valley of death. Only the gentle pressure of her dear hand and the steady look in her eyes told me she still lived, and presently the lids drooped, the fingers relaxed, and all was over.

Awed and overpowered by the majesty of death, I was too deeply affected to moan or cry. My grief was too intense to find relief in wild lamentation. I was stricken to the heart, and under a calm exterior raged a tempest of hot rebellion and impotent protest against the fate which had stolen from me my idol.

In course of time I learned the lesson of “making the best of things,” and the keen edge of my sorrow wore away, aided no doubt by the indefinable feeling which slowly stole into my heart that my mother was in truth “watching over me” as she had promised. I had no phenomenal evidence of that fact, it was no more than an inward assurance which whispered, “Peace, be still,” and calmed the storm of passion and pain which had surged within my heart.

I even learnt to laugh with others, to take an interest in the world outside, to delight in the beauties of Nature. The still calm of evening was always a source of great delight to me, when the mighty sun set beyond the distant hills, leaving behind a tract of golden glory deepening at times into that ruddy hue which make the clouds appear like banks of molten fire, changing at last into the sombre grey, touched at the edges with a fringe of beauty as the last sunbeams lingeringly kissed them good night; and as the sun departed the birds ceased their songs, save the nightingale in the copse hard by, where it poured forth a flood of plaintive melody which fitted well with my subdued mood, and the busy world fell asleep until only the sound of the swish and wash and gurgle and ripple of the waters of the stream in the valley below came pleasantly softened to my ear.

Many a summer's night I sat on the old seat in the porch and rested my head lazily against the framework after the day's duties were done, and pulled a rose bud to pieces with my careless fingers, which must find some occupation, and watched that most gorgeous picture of the descent of the God of day into the under-world, or tried to fathom the depths of the immensity which stretched above me, lit by and by with the hosts of stars like flashing diamonds, or stationary fireflies. To my fancy they sometimes seemed to look at me as though they were angel eyes. Oh! how I sighed for a vision of my fair mother's face—for a peep into that land which she declared was so real and beautiful. I gazed at the milky way, that strange band across the heavens, and imagined that every one of those beads of light was a spirit, and then smiled at my own fancifulness, and perhaps came back to earth with a shudder, feeling chilled by the night air, and realised anew the loneliness of my life as I entered the house and retired to rest, without hearing my mother's dear voice bid me good night. By and bye, I scarce know how it came about, but, like the growth of a flower, by imperceptible degrees, a new feeling entered into my life. At first I did not think, I only felt more rested, more content, more hopeful. The days seemed fairer, I felt

freer, more buoyant, and life seemed worth living after all. The beauty of this earth opened before me with new meaning.

After a time—I scarce dared to admit it to my own heart—I found myself watching for the coming of a friendly visitor. His voice thrilled me with strange emotions, and when his eyes looked into mine, or he held my hand in his, it seemed as if I could hardly breathe. When he was with me my happiness was complete. My evening vigils were now even more delightful; his dear companionship and kindly thoughtfulness brought a new joy into existence. My heart's hunger for affection was satisfied, and the love he lavished upon me grew warm and strong, and I was thankful to God for my very existence. When he told me of his love in his earnest, manly way, and assured me that my happiness should be his first and only care, I could not speak for joy, and when he looked into my eyes, and asked if I could love and trust him, the tears filled them; a strange, shy, wondering feeling of awe overcame me, I could only lay my head upon his breast in sweet content. But he knew and understood, and was happy. His patience and sympathy won me entirely, and when we pledged our troth in solemn but loving words of promise, and his arm stole around me with its new protecting power, and his dear lips sealed our love in warm kisses, I felt that earth was indeed fair, and could contain little of delight beyond what had become mine already.

How strange it is that in the very hour of triumph one feels as though the success were hardly worth the effort. Yet so it is. And in that hour of sweetest happiness, of new-born delight, there came stealing over me an ominous sense of dread of the future. It seemed too good to be true, too bright to last. A nameless fear, a chill foreboding, sent the blood back into my heart, and left me trembling and sad, with blanched face and clenched hands, looking after my love with infinite yearning, and a despairing cry rose to my lips as of one in mortal danger of drowning.

As I turned from the garden gate where our sweet good-bye had been spoken, I noticed that the sky was overcast with a black cloud, which came sweeping down the hillside, and rushed through the valley, shaking the houses and bending the trees. As the rain fell in heavy drops, and finally came pouring down in a wild torrent, the pent-up emotions of my heart burst forth in sobs, and a flood of tears which I could not resist. Why was I thus tortured? Why was the light dimmed in the very hour when it was shining brightest? Why, oh, why did this foreboding of coming evil blight the fair flowers of love and hope just when they were bursting into radiant beauty? I did not know, I could not tell; I could only bend like the trees to the passing storm, and trust that after all it was but a reaction, due to the excitement and happiness through which I had passed, and hope that all would yet be well. In the morning I arose with a heavy heart, but the sun shone brilliantly, the birds sang cheerily, the very air was fresh and sweet after the storm, and I took heart and put away my fears, but I did not know, I did not know!

(To be continued.)

THE Spiritualist who has plumbed the void of death as I have, and touched this solid ground of fact, has established a faith that can neither be undermined nor overthrown. He has done with the poetry of desolation and despair, the sighs of unavailing regret, and the passionate wailing of unfruitful pain. He cannot be bereaved in soul!—Gerald Massey.

THE REAL TRINITY.—“Most people have a very crude idea of the trinity—body, soul, and spirit. We contend that the body *physical* is simply the covering of the *spiritual* body, that the latter is a *fac simile* of the *earthly* form, in which we live while existing in the mundane sphere of life. After leaving it to decay, according to the inevitable law of Nature, *we still inhabit a spiritual body which knows no decay!* while the third principle of life, the *soul*, still inhabits the spiritual body, and *lives on to all eternity as an individual entity with memory intact.* This condition is the hypothesis of Modern Spiritualism, which idea is known by the theological world as ‘Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.’ We Spiritualists think, however, that we have the ‘inside track’ in regard to this matter. But we would like to hear from the brothers ‘of the cloth’ just the same, if they have anything to offer *in re* the subject-matter under consideration, contrary to this idea.”—*The Banner of Light.*

THE TWO WORLDS.

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FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1892.

EDITOR AND GENERAL MANAGER:

E. W. WALLIS.

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

LEADERS.

A LETTER in our "Letter Box," signed by J. S., illustrates one of the unhappiest features of our movement. Several years ago a few earnest Spiritualists felt impelled by spirit advisers to co-operate, to secure as far as possible unity of action among those who work for the public presentation and promulgation of our facts and philosophy. These warm-hearted and enthusiastic people met many times, sparing neither time, expense, nor anxious thought, believing that the time was ripe for Federation in our ranks for the purposes of defence and dissemination of our gospel of immortality. They invited Spiritualists to meet in public conference in Manchester, where suggestions were made, and during the following year many meetings were held, societies were requested to discuss the matter and forward plans and proposals to the temporary committee, and as the outcome of all this labour, a draft constitution was submitted at the Bradford Conference, and with slight amendment accepted. An executive committee was duly elected, who as far as was practicable worked on the lines of that constitution, and rendered an account of their stewardship at Burnley.

Any movement must have promoters; every organised society must have officers. Individually they may be averse to any publicity, but having set out to do certain work they generally strive to carry it to a successful issue. Of those who engaged in the thankless task, believing it to be in the best interests of Spiritualism, it can be truly said that not one of them would have undertaken the work but from a sense of duty and love to the cause. Yet these workers have been made the butt for the arrows of malice, envy, and all uncharitableness; have been sneered at as "so-called leaders," the "Manchester clique," &c., and the grossest misrepresentations of their motives have been circulated.

This question of "leaders" is one which it seems to us needs to be better understood. Can any cause grow unless some one does the work? Even if *all* are workers, *some* one, or body of men and women, must lead the van, and where those who constitute an executive are *elected* to their post there can be little harm done, for it is the duty and right of the electors to see that competent and worthy people are chosen for the work. We count these cheap sneers about "so-called leaders" as mean and cowardly. The workers who are honoured *by the confidence* of their fellow labourers feel strong to do and dare, but you dishearten them and discredit their work when you flout and distrust them.

The invidious distinctions drawn between those "in the body of the hall" who are commended for their earnestness, and the executive for whom J. S. has no word of cheer or encouragement, show one of the weakest spots in the movement—the widespread lack of generous appreciation of services rendered. The cynical suspicion and distrust which imputes unworthy motives to all who take an active part in public Spiritualism goes far to support and give colour to our opponents who attribute false pretences and fraud to all mediums and public workers. Spiritualists often sing—

Cherish faith in one another.

Would to God there *were* more "faith," or love, more appreciation and respect, more toleration and sympathy, more good will and brotherhood, and less detraction, fault-finding, and carping criticism.

Judging from our experience it is invariably those who do the least who find the most fault, those who *desire* to rule who inveigh against leaders, those who give least who refuse financial support, and those who are least capable who seek to belittle others. Let those who find fault go to work and bear the burden; they will soon find where the harness galls. We have the warmest sympathy with and good-will towards *all* workers, officers, and speakers alike, and do our utmost to assist them *all*. Because we noticed earnest and intelligent interest both "in the body of the hall" and among the Executive, we feel hopeful and trust that a better day is dawning, when brotherhood will be something more than a name in our movement.

THE STORY OF A DREAM.

BY JAMES CLARE.

PIERRE was a foundling. Who his parents were he did not know. His earliest recollections were confined to the dull chambers of the Foundling Hospital. He was a tender lad, and when sent out into the world everything was strange. He often cried to himself, men were so very unkind. His modesty recoiled before their rough manners. There was no one to console him or offer him counsel—he was alone in the great city of Paris. He had obtained work as an errand boy in one of the large establishments in the Rue de St. Fiacre. Here he worked very hard, but the rewards were exceedingly meagre. He endeavoured to please his master, but received only blows and offensive epithets for his pains. When he went to his home, in the quarter of St. Antoine, he was compelled to listen to the vile language of its degraded inhabitants, which his young soul loathed, but his wages were too small to afford better lodging. He was told that by reading he could improve his position, so he attended a night school in the neighbourhood, kept by an old man who had figured prominently in the Revolution of '48. Here he obtained a little knowledge, and, like most youths, was very proud of his acquisition. Yet at times he felt very miserable—his learning was making him discontented. He was called proud by the others in the establishment, when he was only independent. Still, despite their jeers, he persisted in reading. His range of study became more ambitious. What time he now had he devoted to history and political economy, and acquired considerable information upon these subjects.

When he reached 18 years of age he was looked upon with some degree of respect. Although he had only risen to a subordinate position in the office he felt himself superior to the other clerks, and lounged to humble his proud and frivolous associates who called him by the offensive sobriquet of "Grub," as he was always groping into books. Thus the days rolled on. Dark clouds were gathering over the fair cities of France. Sinister omens of a coming storm presented themselves at every point. The very air breathed the spirit of revolt, for it was sulky and petulant. The great ministers of State had quarrelled. The monarch had summarily deposed one party and had foolishly exalted the other. The people grumbled at first inaudibly, then articulately, and finally broke out into open rebellion. Citizen Victor Hugo hurried to the scene, armed with genius and eloquence, and championed the cause of the people. He supported their claims, and fiercely reprobated the despotism of Napoleon. The soldiers fired; the people fell—fell like chaff before that murderous blast. Barricades were hastily constructed, but they too were swept away. The people were dismayed—dejected. "What must we do?" they asked of each other. "The soldiers are powerful. They have guns. Napoleon laughs at us." "Assassination," suggested one. They looked at one another. At length, raising their voices, they exclaimed, "Assassination! Napoleon wins to-day; the people will smile to-morrow." The fiendish work began; minister after minister fell victim to the infuriated people. Napoleon was paralysed with terror. He was unable to cope with this dreadful scourge. He spoke of flying to England, but was restrained from doing so by the persuasion of M. Thuriot. "Sire," he exclaimed, "the country looks to you for help. Desert her, and France lies crushed for ever." Napoleon stayed.

Where was Pierre during this awful carnage? When the first symptoms of revolt showed themselves he hastened to throw himself into the struggle. His courage and sagacity—supreme in such moments—raised him to the position of leader amongst the people. Foremost in the work of the barricades his enthusiasm emboldened the others to resist the soldiery. He had flung himself into the fray and had retired bleeding, but not discouraged. When the people were beaten, he it was who suggested assassination. "Napoleon teaches us the lesson, let us show ourselves apt scholars," he cried.

In a cellar in the quarter of St. Antoine lots were drawn for the murder of obnoxious ministers. The murderers were despatched in every direction. At last it fell to Pierre to murder the minister, M. Thuriot. He hated all tyrants; they were wealthy and had friends. Pierre had none. The minister must perish.

As an errand boy he had often been inside the mansion, and knew it well. Pierre crouched beneath the dark shadow of a gable, his hand clutching his dagger. How long the time seemed ere the lights were put out. He was impatient,

but the fear of failure restrained him. At last the mansion lay buried in darkness. Pierre skirted the building, climbed the wall, and, crossing a yard, entered by a side door. Stealthily creeping along he passed into one of the corridors. He paused—the sound of a man's voice came from one of the rooms. He listened—it was the minister, M. Thuriot, talking to some one. No, that could not be, as there was no response. He must be talking to himself. Pierre still listened. "Will these thoughts never leave me?" said the voice. "Why do they torment me? What does it mean? Have I not endured enough? O, Marie, have some mercy, do not reproach me so; I was thoughtless then, I am prudent now. If I can find him I will, even if I have to roam the wide world over." Here sobs interrupted his speech—the great minister was crying. Pierre felt perplexed, unnerved. He had not expected this. He thought Ministers of State were cold, unfeeling men. He felt ashamed. "Even these men have their troubles, then," he said to himself. "Why should I repine?" He felt he could not kill this man—but his oath! What would his comrades think of him when he returned?—but then they did not know the sort of man whom he was deputed to murder.

The great man was much startled when the door burst open, and Pierre stood before him. "Minister Thuriot, I came hither to kill you, but, standing at the door, I learned that you were afflicted by sorrow, and I could not carry out my purpose. I ask you to arrest me. I cannot go back to my comrades. I could not survive their taunts."

The minister, cautiously approaching him, asked his name.

"Pierre," he replied.

The minister started, and clutched the chair for support.

"Where do you live?"

"In the quarter St. Antoine," answered Pierre.

"Where are your parents?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Are they living?"

"I cannot say."

"Do you belong to Paris?"

"I was brought up in the Foundling Hospital."

"Strange," muttered the minister. "Foundling Hospital—Pierre." Then, ringing the bell, he directed the servant to confine Pierre in one of the rooms.

On the third day afterwards Pierre was summoned to attend the minister. On entering the chamber he discovered with M. Thuriot his old friend the overseer of the hospital. "Pierre," exclaimed the latter, "I was waited upon the day before yesterday by M. Thuriot to enquire into your history. I need not tell you how surprised I was at his concern on your behalf; but what was my amazement when, by the most careful enquiry, we established the fact that you are the son of M. Thuriot."

"*I his son!*" cried Pierre. "Impossible! It cannot be."

"Listen, Pierre," interposed M. Thuriot. "The locket which hung from your neck when you were admitted into the hospital unmistakably proves you to be my son. It was the same locket which I gave to your mother before you were born, and, indifferent to her reputation, I cruelly deserted her. She pined and died. I learned a long time afterwards that she had a son who had shared the fate of its mother. Little did I know the rich legacy which her love had bequeathed to me. Had I known I would have searched the world to find you. Of late I have been perplexed by strange dreams. The vision of Marie has frequently appeared, and her reproachful looks have tortured me. The recollection of my former cruelty has filled my soul with anguish. Pierre! my sufferings have been very keen. About a fortnight ago, when lying on my bed, I distinctly saw imprinted on the walls of my chamber the name of Pierre. This was succeeded by the picture of a large building. The following night the same thing took place; again the third night the same vision appeared. I felt certain that something unusual was going to happen, but of what nature I had not the slightest conception. While traversing the city on the following day I beheld the counterpart of the vision I had seen in this fabric of the Foundling Hospital. 'This is very strange,' I said. 'Why should such a vision come to me? I have no association with such a building.' Just then the remembrance of Marie's condition at the time I left her flashed through my mind. 'Good God!' I cried, 'is it possible that I have a son, and that he still lives? Where could I find him?' I eagerly entered the hospital, but the person who had received you had left the place. They told me where he could be found, but the man was away from home. I

was vexed and disappointed. It was at this time that you appeared. At the mention of your name, and the place wherein you were reared, I felt conscious that the Divine Power had sent you to me. I again sought the late overseer, and succeeded this time in finding him. We entered diligently into the enquiry and at length established your identity as my son."

"Pierre," he joyfully exclaimed, "will you receive me as your father?"

"Father," replied the bewildered Pierre, "I am unable to realise the good tidings you bring me. Of this I am certain, that God hath appointed this meeting. Let us, therefore, tender our thanks to Him who hath prevented a son from becoming the murderer of his father."

RACHEL'S PILFERED GODS.

THE power of superstition to enslave the human mind in all ages is clearly shown in the ancient narrative referring to the above. Rachel, unknown to her husband, had taken away her father's "images," to the grief and anxiety of the latter; for men in those days had, no doubt, faith in their fetishes, and to lose them would certainly be regarded as an evil omen. Hence the degrading and intolerable bondage: men everywhere slaves to superstition and fetish worship.

To meet and counteract this undesirable state of affairs the great commandment was set forth—namely, that man should not make unto himself any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing, to fall down and worship it. It was the first and greatest of all the commandments. Greatest, because where disregarded, the breaking of the others followed as a matter of course, as the history of the world under the bondage of superstition and idolatry has at all times demonstrated. This is so because in fetish worship there is not only an effectual barrier to human progress, but extreme selfishness becomes the rule of life—that concentrated selfishness that disregards altogether the welfare and rights of others. Hence the attachment to fetishes, which somehow or other were supposed to exert a covert or underhand influence for the exclusive benefit of their worshippers. It was a matter of necessity that the commandment should be given, for fetishism of whatever kind, in proportion to its degree, strikes against the social relationship of a common brotherhood, and is totally incompatible with the sincere worship of the Father God. On the other hand, superstition and fetishism are intimately allied with hollow worship of all kinds, and are in a great measure the outcome of such worship, for it is a kind of debased reaction against mere routine that men will in reality bow their intellect by cleaving to fetishes of one sort or another.

Some say the first commandment is not needed now except in the South Sea Islands and Central Africa. But a little consideration of the matter will show the contrary. To begin with, what is the meaning of "bowing down"? Is it mere bowing of the head or bending the knee which, with many folks, is now-a-days only a mechanical act, the hollowness of which is apparent? or is it a bowing of the mind, the intellect, and the affections? Clearly it is the latter, as the idol worshippers are supposed to be more or less in earnest. But here comes in the perplexing query—"How is it that people who bow the knee as a matter of routine in the religious services of the day, and think they have done their duty by so doing, will bow in reality their intellect and reason, against the dictates of reason itself, to a mere fetish, call it a cross, a relic, an old coat, a saint's skull, an amulet, a lucky stone, or what you will?" Routine worship brings its own punishment, viz., the liability of its votaries to fall under the spell of superstition. They adopt fetishes that bring them into mental slavery; they fear, as well as cling to, the idols they have adopted, for should they be lost or cast aside they fancy some harm will ensue, but by keeping them about their persons or premises they hope for some advantage—health or worldly prosperity. Hence the bondage of the intellect that, in proportion to its degree, retards or crushes out all power for progress, whether of the individual or the nation. No need here to quote examples in the past of this self-evident truth; no need to refer to ancient symbols turned wholly for ages into fetishes, and so used by the majority.

Superstition and fetishism are confined to no one nation, race, creed, or sect, but are universal over the world, east and west. Of the minor fetishes particular countries hold particular objects in high estimation. To mention one or two of them will be sufficient. For instance, in some enlightened

English-speaking countries the horse-shoe is by many persons much prized, as being in some way connected with worldly prosperity, especially so when it is picked up fortuitously, many having it gilded that it may look better for hanging up in sitting-rooms and parlours, right under the eyes of pastors, who look upon them as a matter of course, saying nothing whatever about them. But, somewhat inconsistently, these same pastors grow eloquent at missionary meetings over the bronze figures of the Orient, and advocate the sending of missionaries there to denounce the same. Perhaps the Orientals may take a hint and send us some in return. Nay, there are some signs that they are already upon us in force.

Many persons also have, in addition to the horse-shoe and other objects, the shoe of the donkey, which is by them considered even more efficacious than that of the horse. No doubt many other examples of fetishes will come up before the mind of the reader, but let those mentioned suffice for the present, bearing in mind that superstition is not confined to fetish worship, but meets us at every turn in the form of happenings and observances that are counted lucky or unlucky, from the seeing of the new moon in a particular way to the strewing of flowers and the safeguards to be observed on a May eve, till life becomes a burden and a slavery to many people from their having regard to these things.

Surely, in face of these facts, the most pronounced materialism were better for the world than that it should in any way lapse back into the black unprogressive night of such enslaving delusions, from which it is, let us hope, being gradually emancipated. And our scientists, as a body, have conferred an inestimable boon upon men in the breaking even of the outer crust of this world-wide slavery of the human mind—a slavery so dominant that Christianity itself, so far from putting it down, fell under its sway and became its chief ally.

Taking a lesson from these things, Spiritualism should sternly set its face against the remotest approach towards this fetish worship, even in its most diluted form, for surely it was not without reason that the great commandment was issued to man, to make unto himself no images to bow down to them in worship. For if, as we know, the worship of the fetish brings with it degradation and bondage, on the other hand they who confine themselves to the worship of the "Father," in "spirit and in truth," will never, under any circumstances, become the slaves of superstition. They have attained their liberty and that freedom the true gospel everywhere proclaims.

Co. Donegal.

WILLIAM SHARPE, M.D.

[It always amuses us to hear Christians denouncing idolatry, for do they not attach great value to the cross, many of them having it in their bedrooms, others wearing it on their persons as a charm?]

THE PEOPLE'S LETTER BOX.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of correspondents. Short letters will have the preference. Personalities must be avoided.]

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

DEAR SIR,—I read in your issue of June 10, "How the spirit quits the body." It would seem by this that the spirit leaves the body just before or as soon as the breath ceases. In a case of drowning, when a person has been in the water for hours, by the application of proper means he can sometimes be restored. Now, although the breath, when the stomach, throat, and mouth became full, must have ceased, the spirit could not have left the body. Will you kindly explain it a little more fully? It is very interesting to know how the spirit leaves the body, and it is equally so to know how and when it enters it. Has any light been thrown on this point?—Yours respectfully,

ONE GROPING IN THE DARK.

ASTROLOGY.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to offer you a copy of page 285 from "Paracelsus," by F. Hartmann, M.D.: "Alchemy and astrology are sciences which are at the present time very little understood, because they deal with supersensual things, which cannot be known to persons who are not in the possession of supersensual powers of perception. Chemistry deals with physical matter; alchemy deals with their astral principles. Astronomy deals with the physical aspect of planets and stars; astrology deals with the psychic influences which their souls exert upon each other and upon the microcosm of man. Chemistry is a science that may be learned by any one who has ordinary intellectual capacities, and a certain amount of skill required for its practical application. Astronomy may be studied by any one who is able to comprehend mathematics, and possesses logic and physical sight. Alchemy is an art which cannot be understood without spiritual knowledge. Astrology is incomprehensible to those who cannot feel the influences of the stars." The books treating of alchemy and astrology will easily be understood by persons whose inner senses are opened, but to those who are not in possession of such powers they will be incomprehensible;

neither can their allegories be satisfactorily explained to them. Everything in Nature has a threefold aspect. The highest aspect of alchemy is the regeneration of man in the spirit of God from the material elements of his physical body. The physical body itself is the greatest of mysteries, because in it are contained, in a condensed, solidified, and corporeal state, the very essences which go to make up the substance of the spiritual man; and this is the secret of the 'philosopher's stone.' The sign in which the true alchemist works is the cross, because man, standing erect among his brothers of the animal kingdom, roots with his material elements in the earth, penetrates with his soul through the elementary forces of Nature, which causes his human Nature to suffer and die, but his higher Nature—his head—reaches above the animal creation, into the pure atmosphere of heaven. All the powers of the universe are potentially contained in man, and man's physical body and all his organs are nothing else but products and representatives of the powers of Nature. Saturn is not only in the sky, but also deep in the deep in the earth and in the ocean. What is Venus but the artemisia that grows in your garden? What is iron but Mars? What is the human body but a constellation of the same powers that formed the stars in the sky? What would become of your heart if there were no sun in the universe?" The book costs 50 cents. New York, from John W. Lovell Company, 150, Worth Street, Corner of Mission Place. If 12 to 15 persons would subscribe, it would come very little over the above price.

A. L.

ATTENDANCE AT SUNDAY MEETINGS.

DEAR SIR,—I am reluctant to write further upon the above subject, as so much (under various headings) has already been written; but having been favoured with two letters of comment on the one I addressed to your readers, certain points have arisen which I cannot consistently allow to pass unnoticed. In the letter of "A" there is much I willingly admit and fully appreciate, especially his conception of the dauntless exponent of unpopular truths, who never knows a defeat. Without this heroic spirit of persistent advocacy, whether to ten or ten hundred people, modern Spiritualism would never have been a public movement. This, however, is not the point at issue. It is implied that I refused to address the audience of twenty-five, when, as a matter of fact, I spoke for forty-five minutes. My appeal was to the officers of societies, the body of workers, and the members connected therewith, who had done good work in the past, and who now, by virtue of the office they hold, and the sacred duty devolved upon them, should not allow their audience of hundreds to diminish to tens. For my part, I am but a humble layman, with a business that requires most of my time and energy, and my gratuitous help to societies is to enable them to properly acknowledge the services of those whose life is entirely devoted to the cause. As for Mr. "Stay-at-home," who cannot endure the "meaningless platitudes" that are in no way calculated to advance the knowledge of an intelligent Spiritualist, I would say that while I cannot approve of an inactive "stay-at-home" attitude, I do think there is much need of improved platform advocacy, and I had hoped the late Conference would have considered the subject of a "Spiritual University," where the latent ability and inspirational power might be cultured and developed. But everything cannot be done at once. Meanwhile, let us all do as Carlyle says: "Be no longer a Chaos but a World, or even Worldkin. Produce! Produce! Were it but for the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it, in God's name!"

Birmingham.

A. J. SMYTH.

A CASE OF HEALING.

DEAR SIR,—Labouring under the impression that my testimony will at least do something towards enhancing our grand cause by proving that the healing power is not all confined to the so-called church elect or its disciples, nor yet sepulchred with the body of the Nazarene, but is a gift exercised even to-day, I do most heartily attest that through the powers and instrumentality of our very esteemed sister medium, Mrs. Beauland, of Leeds, one more has been added to the already numerous cures effected. A little boy of tender years, in whose case doctors could not satisfactorily determine the cause of his sufferings, and as a consequence could not cure, has been to all intents and purposes cured by her spirit guides. The parents of the darling child are prepared to meet all comers, and will gladly bear their verbal testimony to the same, and thus strengthen my voluntary statement. Mrs. Beauland desires me to state that the poor child has been a sufferer from consumption of the bowels more or less since his birth. The little fellow's cry, after the first interview and operation, was "Don't take me to doctors, mamma, take me to that lady." I have watched the case most assiduously from day to day. May He, who is alone absolute wisdom and love, give length of days and more power to such as Mrs. Beauland and the, to me, great healer, Mrs. Goldsbrough, of Bradford, is my heartfelt prayer.—

JOHN THOS. DAWSON.

No. 3, Accommodation Place, off Green Road,
Burmantofts, Leeds, Saturday, July 16, 1892.

THE REMUNERATION OF SPEAKERS AGAIN.

DEAR SIR,—With respect to the report of the National Federation, I was rather surprised that none of your numerous correspondents and earnest workers had any criticism on its proceedings. From the feeling manifested amongst the delegates at some of the remarks which fell from the lips of the so-called leaders of the movement, I expected a lively correspondence to follow, which would have been a sign of health among the societies. Personally, I was pleased to see the earnestness of the workers in the body of the hall, which bodes well for the future. The most important episode was in connection with the motion for the payment of speakers for evening meetings for next Conference, which, fortunately, took quite an opposite turn to what was intended or expected, but this incident plainly showed where the shoe pinched, for our so-called leaders interpreted the opposition to the motion to mean opposition to themselves as paid speakers, which was never intended, and the dissent manifested by the delegates at the remarks which represented our professional speakers to occupy the same position amongst Spiritualists as the clergy in the churches, showed plainly that they disapproved of our mediums, however great, "arrogating to themselves such assumptions." The more one is

acquainted with other societies, the more do I find the common complaint against the exactions of paid speakers, and the sooner the societies put their foot down against clericism, the better for the cause. No man can serve two masters. When we serve for money, the service of love is somewhat doubtful. What a pity that such an exalted service should be so degraded as to put a value of £ s. d. upon it. If we are to recognise the principle of paying for services rendered in connection with the cause, that all service should be paid for according to its value, then our secretaries and lyceum workers will come in for a good screw, but I am sure they would be insulted by being offered an equivalent in money for such service. And yet there is often greater ability required for this service than we find in many paid platform speakers. A very familiar scripture phrase came in very useful for our professional speakers when pleading their cause, for payment of services rendered to the cause, viz., "The labourer is worthy of his hire." They ought to have quoted those ever memorable words which all our paid speakers would do well to ponder, viz., "He that will be great among you, let him be your servant, and he that will be greatest, let him be servant of all," not have the *highest screw*. It would be well for the movement if this were acted out by us all, and looked upon as the true standard of greatness, then there would be no need to fear the spirit of clericism in our midst.

J. S.

[Let me put the case as clearly as possible. A young medium shows signs of developing into a public speaker. The spirits declare they have a public work for him to do. He is urged by his friends to do what his guides wish. He resists and refuses. But his spirits say, "It is your duty; go preach the gospel, feed the hungry, and comfort the bereaved." He replies, "I cannot lose my situation, leave home and wife; how am I to live?" His scruples are overcome, he throws himself on the mercy of the world. His heart is full, hopeful, and enthusiastic; he will work for "the love of the cause." He has some gifts as a healer and a clairvoyant. He is invited here and there, is expected to "sit" in return for hospitality, and, as he "makes no charge," is besieged by visitors. Worn out at the week end his lectures suffer, for his vitality has been expended. He is from home three solid months, sacrifices the companionship of his young wife, who is bravely bearing her solitude "for the love of the cause," and working hard to earn money at the sewing machine in preparation for her husband's home coming. Thanks to the generosity of a few (a very few) warm hearted and sympathetic souls the husband returns with between £4 and £5 which, together with other £4 or £5 sent by post at intervals, represents the pecuniary results of a *three months'* absence from home, working for "the good of the cause." Dispirited, well-nigh heart-broken, prostrate and exhausted, as a result of *too frequent* "sitting" for the love of doing good, the husband returns to his wife, happy to be home, home to rest, and declares he "will never do it again." He secures a good situation, has bright prospects of advancement, is offered a post that will be worth £3 to £4 a week to him, but no, the spirits who prophesied "you have a public work to perform, your voice shall be heard from platforms throughout the length and breadth of the land" at almost the first meeting he attended, have been influencing him again, and once more he is, after the lapse of some nine months, devoting his time and strength, body, and soul to the work of angels who promise "You shall never want," but he is often perilously near it, in debt and difficulties frequently. Again and again he essays to "earn his living in business." He "will not take pay," but it is all to no purpose. He cannot "serve God and mammon." He cannot devote time and energy to mediumship, travel the country at the beck and call of those who seek his services, and attend to the duties of business at the same time, and, at last, by the *sheer* logic of *necessity* and the stern mandate of hunger, he is compelled to say, "I have worked for years 'for the love of the cause,' and depended upon the *charity* of the few who 'love the cause,' only to struggle along, constantly harassed by difficulties, under which, but for the benefactions now and again of one and another generous soul whose liberal gifts helped me out of the hole, I know not what I should have done. This has gone on long enough. I love the work not a whit less than I did seven years ago. I have served my apprenticeship to it, and given the best years and energies of my life. My record of labour is before the world. I and mine *must* live; my loved ones and their happiness are dear to me, and now I must live by my work, and, if the spirits decree that my work must be in and for Spiritualism, then my necessities must be supplied if I am to continue that work, and so I will charge a fee." This is not an imaginary picture. It is a brief outline of *my own experience*. It is a recital of facts which speak for themselves. I do not know of any public worker in our cause who has not passed along the same painful road. If I am one of the "so-called leaders" I know not who calls me so. Leadership I have no ambition for. Work I have accomplished, and shall continue to do so to the best of my ability and as faithfully as possible. I do *not* work for money, I labour in Spiritualism because I love it, because I must, because my sense of duty dictates the work. I have little doubt that much higher emoluments could be obtained (if I worked "only for money") if I became a "clerical" gentleman. But I have not reached the depth of hypocrisy such an action would indicate. I know that most, if not all, my sister and brother mediums have toiled along the path of self-sacrifice, have often had aching hearts and weary heads as recompense for their services, and I shall protest, as long as I have power, against those who refuse the just and modest reward for toil for which mediums ask. "J. S." talks of the "exactions" of high paid professional speakers with a "big screw." It is false. Mediums do not *exact* payment from any one. Those who engage mediums do so of their own accord, full well knowing that certain recompense is expected. No one is *compelled* to engage the speaker they are not willing to pay, and therefore there is no "exaction." As for the "big screw," twenty years ago I was earning as an unmarried young man *more* per annum than I have received from my lecturing engagements during the past year, and I am working in connection with this paper "for the love" of Spiritualism for *less* than I could otherwise do the work for, because Mrs. Wallis and myself are able to earn something towards meeting our expenses by our mediumistic labours. The fact is, with the exception of Mr. Morse, who earns a *little* more, there is not a speaker in the country who receives as much as £60 per year from lecturing fees. Not a decent clerk's salary! And yet there

is all this ungenerous, pitifully small, unkind, and cruel talk about "professional hirelings," as if speakers were drawing about £10,000 per year. The fact is, a very *large* percentage of the money spent annually by our societies *goes to the railway companies*. In fact, there are some committee men who appear more willing to pay 20s. in rail expenses than they are to give it to the mediums who serve them. Surely, Spiritualists, it is time we learned to "Speak gently, and cherish faith in one another." If mediums are to be your "servants," surely they are entitled to a "servant's" wage! It is not *greatness* we want but *goodness* all round. Good-will on both sides, but let your mediums feel not only that they have your confidence, esteem, and good will, but that they have the wherewithal to pay 20s. in the pound and "Look the whole world in the face, for they owe not any man."—E. W. Wallis.]

PLATFORM RECORD.

ARMLEY.—Afternoon: Mrs. Beanland gave addresses under different controls, and some good tests of her clairvoyant powers. Evening: "If a man die shall he live again?" Clairvoyance and psychometry, all recognised, apparently causing many to marvel how these things could be. Good audience. Many strangers.—W. Mc. L.

ASHTON.—Mr. B. Plant gave a very stirring discussion, "What of the Dead?" and "Almost all things are by the law purged with blood, and without the shedding of blood is no remission of sin." Clairvoyance after each discourse. Very fair audiences.—Charles E. Axon, sec.

BIRMINGHAM. Camden Street Board Schools.—Mr. Findley gave a reading from Theo. Parker's book, which says of Spiritualism that it does good for good's sake, it scoffs at no religious sect, but treats all with reverence. Subject, "What is Spiritualism?" The speaker related his personal experience, which was very interesting.—C. D.

BIRMINGHAM. Special Service, Oozells Street Board Schools.—July 24, Evening: A large audience, many persons stood in the ante-room. The arrangements were superintended by those earnest workers, Messrs. Rudder and Cash. Mr. A. Knibb read from the New Testament, enforcing the necessity of sincerity in all spiritual workers. Mrs. Manton spoke with much persuasive power upon "The Aims of Spiritualism," viz., the development of a religion of goodness in word, thought, and act, as the result of communion with our spirit friends who point the way to the higher life. Miss Davis favoured us with a solo, singing with great pathos and power, hushing the audience to rapt silence. Tears were visible in many eyes, and a sympathetic atmosphere was created for the clairvoyance by Mrs. Manton, several of whose graphic descriptions were readily recognised, and when not immediately admitted admirable patience was shown to enquirers. The congregational singing was harmonious and the necessary collection good. Mr. Knibb gave a brief address on "Charity," with his usual quiet, yet impressive eloquence. Truly a Pentecostal meeting. A local magic-lantern Christian gentleman has recently announced that our society was approaching a defunct condition. The above facts fulfil his prophecy. He has also given a gratuitous advertisement of *The Two Worlds* in his Christian evidence meeting. As I understand that he planks down his penny like a man for "The People's Paper," he may be pleased to know that its sale is rapidly increasing.—Victor Wyldes.

BOLTON. Bradford Street.—Mr. Buckley gave good addresses to very attentive audiences, and some very striking psychometrical events of a lifetime were given and acknowledged; contemplated changes were disclosed, and advice tendered, and in instances wonderingly accepted. All seemed to be benefited.—W. B.

BOLTON. Knowsley Street.—Evening: Mr. Hunter very ably conducted a circle. After a short and interesting address, a few tests were given, and we now feel it our duty to congratulate him on the progress he is making, and thank him for the valuable assistance he has rendered from time to time.—H., sec.

BRADFORD. 448, Manchester Road.—Morning: A good circle. Afternoon: Miss Firth spoke on "The world has much of beautiful, if man would only see." Evening: "Let the lower lights be burning." Both subjects were handled very effectively. Clairvoyance very good.

BURNLEY. Robinson Street.—A pleasant day with Miss Cotterill. Afternoon: An instructive discourse on "The Unseen Cloud of Witnesses," and successful psychometry. Evening: By particular request, she again gave "Incidents from my life-work in the slums," which evidently deeply interested a fairly large audience.—W. H.

BURNLEY. Guy Street.—Miss Gartside delivered good discourses on "Our immortal soul," and "He liveth long who liveth well," impressing the great importance of living the teachings of Spiritualism. Just as good and noble lives shine here, so will they prosper and enjoy to the fullest extent the glories of the great hereafter. Clairvoyance very good.

CARDIFF.—July 24: It was our privilege to listen to two fine powerful addresses by Mr. J. J. Morse. Morning: "The Impregnable Rock of Spiritualism," showing that its bases lay deep down in human nature, whose aspirations and strivings after an intercommunion with the unseen world, have found expression in all forms of religious belief from the earliest to the present time; that modern Spiritualism, though lowly in its early days, thus finding the unfailing means of demonstration in humanity itself, shall inevitably grow till it disperses the clouds of ignorant denial and unreasoning scepticism, and becomes a veritable "Jacob's ladder," whereby humankind on both sides of the veil may mingle in a glad and progressive brotherhood. Evening: "Spiritual Science—Its Place in Nature." Postulating that increase of knowledge must tend towards increase of happiness, and defining "science" as ascertained and classified knowledge, he claimed that Spiritualists had established, by their investigations, a science of things relating to the spiritual world, notwithstanding the dicta of some falsely-called "scientific" men, who, without adequate inquiry, pronounce the conclusions of the Spiritualist as "scientifically absurd!" The votaries of material science had by no means compassed the whole of the physical universe, while there is as much disagreement between them as between theologians. As students, both of spiritual and material science, were equally anxious to get at the truth, far more progress would be made if each respected and honestly examined the

conclusions of the other. Much of the superstitions and crude imaginings of one age develop into the scientific certainties of succeeding ages, and this applies equally to the physical and spiritual planes of being. The time, however, will surely come, when the happy marriage of physical and spiritual science shall be consummated. Miss Rosie Mead charmingly sung "The Holy City."—E. A.

FOLESHILL.—Evening, Mr. Grant's guides discoursed on a subject from the audience, "Sowing and reaping, or what shall the harvest be?" impressing upon his hearers to live good, honest, upright lives. Our outing a great success, two brakes loaded.—W. C.

HECKMONDWICK. Blanket Hall Street.—Afternoon, Mrs. Hargreaves discoursed on "Flowers." Humanity, like flowers, must unfold from bud to bloom, then we could live pure and holy lives. Evening subject from the hymn "Sow in the morn thy seed." A few appropriate remarks on "Music" were followed by spiritual lessons from flowers. We are to sow good seeds and shall have our just reward. A capital display of flowers for inspection. Mrs. Hargreaves gave splendid tests.—W. H.

HOLLINWOOD.—Small audience on account of Hollinwood wakes. A good discourse on "Food for the Soul," by Mr. Eardley, and some psychometry, which gave great satisfaction.

LONDON. Open-air field day.—A good meeting was the result of the friends meeting in harmony and Spiritual union, combined with earnestness. Spiritualists were present from King's Cross, Islington, Barnsbury, Highbury, Hackney, Notting Hill, and Shepherd's Bush. Spirited addresses were given by Messrs. A. M. Rodger, King, Percy Smyth, H. W. Brunker, T. Emms, and Darby. The chairmanship was in the hands of Mr. Brooks (Islington Society). Some questions were replied to, and the day spent with advantage to all.—Percy Smyth, organiser to London Federation.

LONDON. 311, Camberwell New Road, S.E.—Our public sances on Wednesday evenings and Sunday mornings are well supported. Wednesday last, thirty-four present. By this means we are giving tests and enlightenment on the grand reality of spirit return to many strangers. Sunday evening, several addresses from local friends, but not so harmonious as our previous Spiritual services, through discussionary element, which we hope will not occur again.—W. G. C.

LONDON. Forest Hill. 23, Devonshire Road.—Thursday, 21: Mrs. Bliss (prior to her visit to Brighton), gave a splendid sance, her guides giving some very clear manifestations. "John King" spoke strongly on the meagre supply given towards keeping up this useful district branch. He said: "It is a disgrace to true Spiritualism that the small sum of 10s. weekly cannot be maintained." A special sance has been arranged by the above gifted medium to aid this cause. Mrs. Wilmot on Sunday gave, before a fairly good audience, a very impressive trance-inspirational address upon a well-known Biblical subject, and afforded great satisfaction.—E. L. C.

LONDON. Marylebone, 16, High Street.—Evening: In the absence of our promised speaker a friend obliged us with a brief address on the "Want of organisation," etc.—C. I. H.

LONDON. Peckham, Winchester Hall, High Street.—This will be a day which will remain green in our memory. The golden string of gems—truths spoken in beautiful and forcible language—filled our hearts with holy aspiration. The rapt attention of over ninety persons told how the thoughts were appreciated which fell from the lips of our esteemed visitor, Mrs. Wallace. Spiritualism expounded—thus expressing in every word the deep-rooted motive of the speaker to be a labour of love—will bear good fruit. Mr. Everitt took the chair. The president of the society tendered, on behalf of the members and friends, thanks to our sister from America, and pointed out that if Spiritualists who supported the church by their presence were constant in their attendance here we should more often have gatherings like this. Man cannot serve two masters and do justice to both. Spiritualism is worthy of sacrifice. Yea, even the ban of the church will fall lightly upon the shoulders of earnest workers.—J. T. Audy.

MANCHESTER. Tipping Street.—Mr. W. H. Rooke. Afternoon: The question of eight hours labour sent up. Evening: "The Coming of Angels," from hymn sung. The speaker kept the large intelligent audience spellbound. Societies should keep Mr. Rooke well employed. The choir sang "On the Bright Shores of Gold;" well rendered.—P. S.

MANCHESTER. Collyhurst Road.—A pleasant day with Miss Jones, who gave excellent addresses to appreciative audiences. Psychometry at each service.—J. T.

MANCHESTER. Moss Side School Room, Palmerston and Greame Streets.—6-30: Mrs. Hyde's guides gave a most interesting discourse on "Unseen Influence," which would undoubtedly fasten many truths in the minds of her hearers. Grand clairvoyant delineations with splendid results. Open circle at 8 p.m., well attended, good results.

MANCHESTER. Duke of Edinbro' Hall, Moss Side.—A fair audience. Splendid clairvoyance by Mrs. Hesketh to fourteen strangers, all recognised, also Mrs. F. Taylor under control of Miss Hesketh who passed to spirit life last July. She declared her mother's improved health to be due to her daily sympathetic influence and healing spirit-powers. Mrs. Davies exhorted the audience to good works. Mr. Hesketh's controls gave an expository discourse on "Life in the Spirit Spheres," and the witnesses of the truth of spirit return. Professor Timson on August 7.

NELSON. Bradley Fold.—Mr. Coppock discoursed upon subjects chosen by the audience. Evening: "Spiritualism, the Need of the Hour," listened to with great attention. Sorry to see so small a gathering in the afternoon. Indifference I believe is the greatest cause that prevents Spiritualism from becoming a mighty power in the land.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mr. Bevan Harris gave us two readings on the "Design Argument from a Freethinking and Spiritualist Standpoint," interspersed with a few remarks. A pleasant and instructive evening was spent.

NORMANTON. Kimbley's Clubroom.—We had the pleasure of opening the above room for Spiritualist services on July 24. Mrs. Whiteoak's guides gave good addresses on "The Ladder of Progression of Spiritualism," and "Hell and Heaven, God and Devil," which were well received by a good company. Good clairvoyance at each service. Both meetings were presided over by Mr. Hartley, Mrs. Whiteoak's secretary, who gave great satisfaction. We believe that Sunday will be a red letter day to those who were present. May we be able to help

our brothers and sisters here, and put them in the path that leads to truth and light. Sunday, July 31, Mrs. Whiteoak. Will mediums, having open dates, kindly come for expenses?—Address, Mr. Samuel Kimbley, watchmaker and jeweller.

NOTTINGHAM. Masonic Hall.—Mr. Wallis's visit and splendid addresses have given much pleasure. Such discourses as these are the backbone of Spiritualism (in the writer's opinion). There is "body" in them; something to reflect upon. It is the earnest application of the principles of Spiritualism to every-day life, which will make it a power in the land. We must have facts certainly, but they form only the first stage of the journey; if Spiritualism is to be the religion of the future we must have more elevating and spiritual addresses. The subjects were "The Gates Ajar" and "Prayer, Inspiration, Progress." The solos by Mr. Wallis and Miss Carson were sweetly sung, and much appreciated. Mr. Bowers in the chair in the morning, which, I trust, is the commencement of a useful public career in the service of Spiritualism. Don't forget Mrs. Green next Sunday, and party on Monday.

OLDHAM. Spiritual Temple.—We had Mrs. Wallis with us, whose controls spoke on "Some every-day truths," in very good and instructive terms. Evening, subjects from the audience, "The best means to advocate our cause, or the past, present, and future of Spiritualism compared." Clairvoyance at both services good, nearly all were recognised. An infant was also named, a descendant of Mr. Taft's, one of our old workers.—J. P.

OPENSRAW. Granville Hall.—Morning, Mr. Verity's lecture on "Do Spiritualists condemn Sir Charles Dilke?" proved very instructive and interesting, pointing out the unfair attitude of Christians towards him, and the duty of Spiritualists to uphold all members of parliament who, like Sir Charles, fought for freedom and liberty. Evening, Mr. Verity, assisted by Mr. Taylor, of Manchester, urged the necessity for a repeal of the Blasphemy Acts. We trust the day's work will not be in vain.—W. P.

PENDLETON.—Afternoon, our numbers being small we had a circle. Mr. R. White spoke on "How to Breathe," which was both interesting and instructive. Evening, "Spiritualism, the need of the age," which was the theme of a remarkable address. The fine weather takes people away from our rooms, but this ought not to be. I think there is a time for everything, and when people are doing all they can for their good, members and friends should be present and support the work. Miss Patefield next Sunday. August 7, Mrs. Britten, 2-30, "The New Reformation." 6-30, six subjects from the audience.—J. M.

RAWTENSTALL.—Mr. J. M. Sutcliffe's controls delivered interesting addresses to good audiences. Psychometry after each discourse. Our society tender their best thanks to the undermentioned mediums for their kindness in giving a date for a building fund—viz., Mr. J. Pilkington, of Bolton, Mr. J. W. Sutcliffe, Madam Henry, Mrs. Hyde, and Miss Cotterill. We are aware that the cry of late has been for better talent on the platform. Will anyone inform us how we can uphold our society with a 5s. collection for the day and 14s. to pay the medium? We are compelled to get a larger building to accommodate the higher class, who would come more had we a more respectable room. Mediums, if you advocate talent, please help us to get it? We have accepted tender for building; expect it to be erected by the 18th of September. After paying all the funds we leave a debt of £100.—T. Cook.

ROCHDALE. Water Street.—July 17, Mr. Swindlehurst gave splendid addresses on "Spiritualism the Gateway to Knowledge," and "The World's Desire." Sorry we had such poor audiences, for it was really a treat to hear him. 24, Mrs. Hoyle, of Halifax, was well received, and her address in the afternoon on "Where have the world's heroes gone?" was well given. Evening subject, "Scraps taken from the Bible," pleased the audience well. Her clairvoyance was also very good.—C. Johnson, hon. sec.

ROYTON. Chapel Street.—We held a public circle, which was open to all mediums present. J. J. Hyde opened with invocation. Mr. W. H. Taylor gave clairvoyant descriptions. Miss Whiteley, a girl of 12, Miss Buckley, and Mrs. Adams also gave clairvoyant descriptions and tests. Mrs. Bairstow closed with invocation. A very good afternoon was spent. In the evening we held our first service of song, entitled "Ministering Spirits." The readings were rendered by Mr. Chisnall, our president. Singing, conducted by Mr. Barker, of Oldham, was given in a grand and pleasing manner. We are very thankful to all friends who helped. The day all through was a great success. Moderate audience in the afternoon, crowded at night. The day's collections realised £2 16s. 5d.

SHEFFIELD. Meeting Room, Bridge Street.—July 24: Opening of our new room. Brother Mason occupied the platform, and a very enjoyable day was spent. Members and others passed a vote of thanks to the committee and other helpers for their earnest work in getting the room ready in such a short time, for all had to work hard; but the thanks which were passed quite satisfied them, seeing that their efforts were appreciated. For the last twelve months we have been like a ship on troubled waters, but, thanks be to God and the spirit world, we have now a room in our own hands altogether. Members and other friends, please rally round and aid us in our grand cause.—S. L.

SOUTH SHIELDS. 16, Cambridge Street.—Tuesday: Usual meeting, good attendance. July 24: Mr. Graham, of Tyne Dock, after delivering a very nice address, gave some very successful clairvoyance; strangers present had something to think about.

SOUTH SHIELDS. 21, Stevenson Street, Westoe. Wednesday: Usual meeting. The guides of two mediums took part. Sunday: Mr. Pascoe, after a long illness, was again able to preside, and made a few encouraging remarks. Mrs. Young's guides spoke on "The Eternal Progress of the Human Soul," in a most able and pathetic manner, showing how humanity had ever been working its way up the ladder of progression, but if neglected, the weeds of sin and doubt would crop in and deter its eternal progress. Clairvoyant descriptions were given to strangers, which were appreciated. A very fair audience.—D. P.

STOCKPORT.—Mr. Mayoh spoke on "Socialism," of which the Sermon on the Mount was a good example, although any attempt made to reform society on its basis usually met with opposition from those who claimed to be followers of the reputed author of this system of morals. A short, pithy account of the spirit spheres was given, opening out a new aspect of the future state to strangers. Night: A well-worked

out discourse on the passage "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Mr. Mayoh in good form, and a large thoughtful meeting.

WISBECH.—Mrs. Green being unwell was unable to take part with us, but we wish she may soon be well enough to go on spreading the grand truth. Mrs. Yeeles kindly officiated, and gave an instructive address on "Death," followed by clairvoyant delineations, mostly recognised.—W. H.

RECEIVED LATE.—Gateshead. Team Valley: Mr. Pearson gave splendid clairvoyant tests. Mr. Weightman, chairman. Hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Pearson.—London (132, St. John's Hill, Wandsworth): Mr. Wyndo gave a good reading; the table was lifted, and answered questions. Mr. Wyndo will be welcome again.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

BATLEY CARR.—The officers for the ensuing quarter are: Conductor, Miss Firth; assistant conductor, Mr. James Kitson; guardian of groups, Miss Kay; assistant guardian of groups, Miss L. Mortimer; treasurer, Miss Mortimer; secretary, Mr. A. Kitson; leaders, Messrs. A. and J. Kitson, and Albert Clay, Misses Mortimer and Armitage; guards, Messrs. J. Kitson and A. Clay. July 17, splendid sessions, consisting of a good selection of chain recitations, led by members selected from the various groups. Three solos by Mr. A. Kitson and Miss Mortimer, one reading by Miss L. Mortimer. Lessons, Liberty group discussed the question of Duty. The others had lessons out of "Spiritualism for the Young." Good order was maintained.—A. K.

BOLTON. Knowsley Street.—Invocation from Mr. Rigby. Marching and calisthenics well done. We continue the wand exercise, which is giving every satisfaction. Recitations from Messrs. Darbyshire, Torr, Hatton, and Miss Darbyshire. Mr. Rigby and Mr. Hatton also spoke a few words of encouragement, as also did our worthy friend Mr. Hunter. We had the secretary of the Heywood Lyceum, whom we were glad to see.—H.

BURNLEY. Robinson Street.—Opened by Miss Craven, conductor on his holidays. Usual proceedings. Calisthenics conducted by Miss A. J. Howain. Afterwards we formed the groups, and sincerely thank the friends from Hammerton Street who so kindly assisted us. Closed by Miss Craven. Attendance remarkably good.—W. H.

HECKMONDWIKE. Blanket Hall Street.—Invocation by Mr. Ogram. Flower Service. A most impressive session. It gladdened our hearts to smell the beautiful flowers, teaching us if we were as innocent as they the angels would gather around us more. Calisthenics led by the Misses Whitehead and Ogram and Master R. Hodgson. Present, 32 members, 7 officers, 2 visitors.—J. B.

HECKMONDWIKE. Thomas Street.—Saturday 23, we gave the children a free trip to Lowmoor Park, and tea and buns, and had about the best half day's outing we have ever had, hoping to have better in the future. There were lots of people to watch us go through the calisthenics and marching, and they seemed highly satisfied. Before we came away the park-keepers would have us sing a hymn, and gave us a hearty invitation to come again. Sunday morning, another red letter session. We numbered 45 members and 6 visitors. We have put about ten new members on our roll book the last two Sundays. We trust this may be only an indication of future prosperity. Friends seem to be awakening to the necessity of our work and the advantages we offer to the children.—W. C.

HUDDERSFIELD. Brook Street.—A delightful session. Present, 25 scholars, 8 officers, 4 visitors. Chain recitations, marching, and calisthenics very well gone through. We have been in a very backward state lately, many members have left us, but we mean by banding together to win them and others to our side. The following officers were elected—conductors, Mr. H. Chappell. Mr. J. Briggs; secretary, G. H. Beeley; treasurer, Mr. J. Castle; guards, Messrs. France, Walker, J. T. Chappell, and Westerby; leaders of calisthenics, Messrs. Castle and France; musical director, T. B. Sykes; leaders, Messrs. Ibeson, Sykes, Leonard, Paske, Misses Sykes, Mallinson, and Castle.

LEEDS. Institute.—The following officers were elected last week—conductor, Mr. Craven; assistant conductor, Mr. Campion; secretary, Mr. Storrs; musical director, Miss L. Craven; guards, Masters W. Wilkinson and Campion. 24th: A pleasant session. Opened by Mr. Campion. Fairly good attendance. A gentleman visitor addressed encouraging words and good advice to young and old. He has our sincerest thanks. Miss L. Craven recited with much taste. Miss H. Ackroyd also favoured us. Friends, rally round by an *early arrival* of your little ones. All are heartily welcomed. Don't forget the time, 10-30 a.m.—E. J. B. S.

MANCHESTER. Collyhurst Road.—Marching and calisthenics well done. We introduced a new feature in our exercises, viz., bells on the hands, producing a grand effect.—A. H.

MANCHESTER. Moss Side Schoolroom (corner of Palmerston and Greame Streets).—July 24, 2-30: Meeting of Lyceum, with growing results, assisted by Mr. Hyde and family, Mr. Jones, and others, through whose sympathy we shall be indebted for our success. Mr. Jones gave a simple and most interesting reading; Miss Jane Hyde recited with success. Mr. Pearson, conductor. Friends, we earnestly ask you to come or send your children.—J. G. M.

OLDHAM. Temple.—The usual programme happily gone through. Friends, give an impetus to the Lyceum work; send your children. With the help of the spirit-world we will do them good.—J.P. [Please write on one side of the paper only.]

OLDHAM. Bartlam Place.—July 24: A splendid day among the Lyceum children, it being their open session. A large number came. Do help in the noble work. The usual programme was excellently gone through, and during the day nineteen recitations were given, one reading, one solo, one duet, one quartette, and two trios, which I think shows very brightly for the future. Morning conductor, Miss Halkyard; Afternoon, Mr. Wheeler; chairman at night, Mr. Savage. Very good attendance.—J. H.

OPENSHAW. Granville Hall, George Street.—Invocation by Mr. Boardman. Usual programme well done. Good recitation by A. Orme, and a solo by P. Hulme.—W. O.

ST. CRIPPTON.—The musical director being away recruiting his health, we were compelled to get through unaided by instrumental music. Familiar melodies sang in good time had much to do with the

excellence of the marching, &c. Mr. T. Halsall, while abroad, has kept his eyes open, and stored up information of which he gave us the benefit to-day.—T. E.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

PLAN OF SPEAKERS FOR AUGUST, 1892.

ASHINGTON.—7, Mr. T. Wright; 14, Mr. J. Wilkinson; 21, Mr. R. Grice; 28, Mrs. Peters.
 ASHTON.—7, Mrs. Horrocks; 14, Mr. Sutcliffe; 21, Mr. Taylor; 28, Mrs. Hyde.
 BACUP.—7, Miss Garside; 14, Mrs. Johnston; 21, Mr. W. Johnson; 28, Public circle.
 BLACKBURN.—7, Mrs. Best; 14, Mr. W. Johnson; 21, Mr. C. Minshall; 28, Mr. J. B. Tetlow.
 BOLTON. Bradford Street.—7, Mrs. Crossley; 14, Mr. R. White; 21, Mr. Pilkington and Miss Murray; 28, Mr. Swindlehurst.
 BRADFORD. Harker Street.—7, Mr. Firth; 14 (Anniversary), Mr. Armitage; 21, Mr. Bedford; 28, Mrs. Place.
 BRADFORD. 448, Manchester Road.—7, Mrs. Rushton; 14, Mr. Marsden; 21, Mrs. Thornton; 28, Miss Firth.
 BRADFORD. Walton Street.—7, Mrs. Bentley; 14, Mrs. Craven; 21, Mr. Pawson; 28, Mrs. Carr.
 BURNLEY. Guy Street.—7, Mr. H. Golding; 14, Mr. G. Long; 21, Mrs. Johnstone; 28, Miss Janet Bailey.
 COWMS.—7, Mrs. Summersgill; 14, Mr. Swindlehurst (in the Board School); 21, Mr. J. Metcalf; 28, Mr. Hoyle.
 COLNE.—7, Mrs. Johnstone; 14, Holidays; 21, Mr. Milner; 28, Open.
 FELLING.—7, Mr. G. Forrester; 14, Mr. J. Clare; 21, Mr. J. Murray; 28, Mr. M. Mouat.
 GATESHEAD. Team Valley.—7, Mr. G. Gardener; 21, Mr. Graham; 28, Mr. J. Stevenson.
 HECKMONDWIKE. Blanket Hall Street.—7, Mrs. Fleming; 14, Mrs. Beardshall; 21, Mr. Wm. Galley; 28, Miss Myers.
 KEIGHLEY. Assembly Rooms.—7, Mr. Hepworth; 14, Mrs. J. M. Smith; 21, Mrs. Sagar; 28, Mr. Lund.
 KEIGHLEY. East Parade.—7, Mrs. Whiteoak; 14, Spanish Friend; 21, Mrs. Bentley; 28, Mr. Galley.
 LONDON. Stratford.—7, Mr. J. A. Butcher; 14, Mr. C. D. Wyndo; 21, Mr. Horatio Hunt; 28, Dr. Reynolds. The committee tender their thanks to the speakers who gave their services during July.
 MANCHESTER. Tipping Street.—7, Mr. Swindlehurst; 14, Mrs. F. Taylor; 21, Mr. R. A. Brown; 28, Mr. Ormrod.
 NORTH SHIELDS.—7, Mr. R. Rutherford; 14, Mr. J. Grey; 21, Mr. R. Roston; 28, Mr. J. Graham.
 PENDLETON.—7, Mrs. Britten; 14, Open; 21, Mr. E. W. Wallis; 28, Mrs. Gregg.
 ROXTON.—7, Miss S. E. Cotterill; 14, Madam Henry; 21, Mrs. Frank Taylor; 28, Mr. Hesketh.
 TYNE DOCK.—7, Mr. J. Clare; 14, Mr. J. Hall; 21, Mr. R. Rutherford; 28, Mr. J. Wilson.

A LYCEUM FIELD DAY FOR 1893.—Plans were considered at a meeting at Batley last Saturday week. After various suggestions, the meeting adjourned to August 13, when all delegates from Yorkshire Lyceums will be made welcome, in the Spiritualists' Meeting Room, Cross Church Street, Morley, at 6 p.m.

BACUP. Mechanics' Institute.—July 31, Mr. J. J. Morse, of London. Afternoon, "Religious Spiritualism." Evening, "The Holy Bible of Humanity."

BOLTON. Knowsley Street.—Anniversary sermons on July 31. Speaker, Miss Jones, of Liverpool, who will also conduct a public circle at 7-30 on Monday, August 1. All are welcome.—H. H.

BRADFORD. Milton Rooms.—July 31, Mr. E. W. Wallis, at 2-30, "Social and Spiritual Progress." At 6, "Are all men equal in their birth?"

BRADFORD. Bentley Yard, Bankfoot.—July 31 and August 3, annual flower services. Mrs. Russell will give suitable addresses and clairvoyance at both services. August 3, at 7-30 prompt, the flowers to be distributed. Special hymns will be sung by the choir and friends. A cordial welcome to all. Collections at the door in aid of funds.—G. G.

FELLING-ON-TYNE.—On Saturday, July 30, second anniversary. Tea at 5 p.m., adults 9d., children half-price; concert after tea, songs, solos, addresses, and magic. Hoping our friends will honour us on that occasion. July 31, at 2-30, Mr. Clare, and at 6-30 Mr. Forrester will deliver an address, and Mrs. Peters give clairvoyant tests. We expect a goodly gathering.

GLASGOW.—August 7, Mr. E. W. Wallis will speak morning and evening, and will be happy to meet old friends and new. Subjects, "Man the Interpreter" and "Spiritual Culture."

HALIFAX.—The choir will run their annual excursion on Bank Holiday (August 1) to Bolton Woods, by waggonettes, visiting various places of interest *en route*. Fare 4s. 6d. Tickets can be had of any member of the choir.—J. A. M.

HUDDERSFIELD.—Hydropathic Business for Sale, as a going concern, in full working order, with accommodation for 20 boarders, doing a large bathing business daily, with non-boarding visitors. Beautifully situated. Population 90,000. Good tram service from railway station to the doors. Satisfactory reasons for selling. Valuation £600. Two months' instruction given free. Head bathman will remain. A first-rate opening for a mesmerist or herbalist. No previous knowledge required. Medical man attends daily. Further particulars from D. Roberts, Hydro, Huddersfield.—Advt.

LEEDS. Psychological Hall, Grove House Lane.—Members' private circle, Tuesdays, at 8 p.m. Public circle every Saturday at 7 p.m. Friends are cordially invited. Sunday, August 28: We shall hold three mass meetings on Woodhouse Moor (weather permitting), at 11 a.m., 2-30 and 6-30 p.m. Mr. J. C. Macdonald, of Patricroft, is our appointed speaker, but we hope to have Mr. Campion and others to assist him. Names, &c., later on. We intend these to be the largest and most enthusiastic gatherings of Yorkshire Spiritualists that have ever yet been held. We hope to see friends from far and near. Tea will be provided in the Hall, at 4-30, for those requiring it. Adults, 6d.; children, 4d. Collections at each service in aid of the society.

LONDON.—Mrs. Spring's benefit séance will be held at 86, High Street, Marylebone, on Thursday, August 4, at 8 o'clock.

LONDON.—Open-air "Field Days." The following have been arranged, and all Spiritualists are earnestly invited to co-operate: Meetings at 3-30 and at 6-30. Various speakers will take part. Epping Forest, Sunday, Aug. 7; Victoria Park, Sunday, Aug. 21; Battersea Park, Sunday, Sept. 4; Manor Park (Essex), Sunday, Sept. 18; Regent's Park, Sunday, Oct. 2; Peckham Rye, Sunday, Oct. 9.—Percy Smyth, organiser to London Federation.

LONDON. Marylebone.—August 7: 7 p.m., Mr. J. J. Morse, the well-known trance speaker, will lecture on "Human Destiny Spiritually Considered." Admission free. Silver collection.—C. H.

LONDON. Forest Hill. 23, Devonshire Road.—Thursday, Aug. 4, Mrs. Bliss will kindly give a special séance towards raising the much-needed funds for this branch of the society. Cordial invitation to all, an enjoyable evening anticipated. Friends who have not yet joined the branch, are asked, in furtherance of the cause of true Spiritualism, to give not less than one shilling; members, what they can. Spiritualism must advance! Help, therefore, the workers in eternity.—E. L. Collins.

LONDON.—The Annual Outing of London Spiritualists will take place on Sunday, August 7 (weather permitting), to Epping Forest, and the "field day" will be combined with it, a meeting being held at High Beach, at 4 o'clock; short speeches will be delivered, and tea at 5 o'clock in Riggs' Retreat. Spiritualists from all parts are expected, and the only open-air meeting will be held at 4 o'clock, to allow all to have a good ramble in the forest. (If the weather is unfit, it will take place a week later.) Particulars as to trains next week.—Percy Smyth, organiser.

MIDDLESBROUGH. Spiritual Hall.—July 31: 2-30 and 6-30, Mrs. J. Stansfield, of Oldham; also August 7. August 14: Mr. J. Eales, of Bishop Auckland.

MORLEY.—Flower service, July 31. Speaker, Mr. Campion, at 2 and 6. A cordial invitation to all. Flowers thankfully received.

MISS PARKER has removed to 802, Manchester Road, Bradford.

MR. TOWNS will be in Yarmouth on July 29 until August 10. All letters should be addressed to him at the Post Office, Yarmouth.

MR. G. NEWTON has removed to 22, Forster Street, Hunslet Road, Leeds, and is booking dates for 1893.

MR. V. WYLDEN, July 31, Bolton; Aug. 7, Darwen; 14, Birmingham; 21st, vacant; 28, Nottingham.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—July 31, Mr. J. B. Tetlow, sec. of National Federation, at 10-45, and at 6-30, "Human Brotherhood."

OPENSHAW. Granville Hall.—The Lyceum intend having their annual trip to Mottram on Bank Holiday.

TO SOCIETIES.—Prof. Timson has only a limited number of dates for 1893. Having included the professional work of Prof. Morrell, who has been appointed to a ministry in New York, the pressure of business in consequence demands most of his attention at home. To avoid disappointment write early. See advertisement on back page.

PASSING EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

OUR PRIZE FOR MEDIUMS, for the best essay on "Is mediumship injurious to health or demoralising in its tendency?" is open till August 2. All essays should be in our hands on that date. See last week's paper, page 354, for conditions.

MR. THOS. GELDAR, of 15, Spicer Street, Bradford, writes to testify to the benefit he has received through the mediumship of Miss Parker. He suffered from indigestion and other troubles, but in the course of a few weeks was restored to health.

WE WERE GLAD to receive a letter which Brother Venables had written with his own hand. He is rapidly regaining flesh and strength. He desires to acknowledge and thank all the kind friends who sympathised with him during his late sickness. He gives us a cordial invitation to join him at Bournemouth. We only wish it were possible. Thanks, friend, all the same.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—P. J. Ormerod: The National Federation has undertaken to prepare a new hymn book, but it cannot be ready this year for certain.—J. B. Tetlow, G. A. Wright, T. Timson: Many thanks; next week.—Walter Woods: Your letter was welcome and cheering. Watch the new story; we think its developments will interest you.

THE HINDOO LOGOGRAPH (literally "word writer") has now arrived. It is a pretty and substantial telegraph board, suitable for spirit communication or messages. A great improvement on other methods. In unpolished mahogany, brass mounted, and ball bearings. Price 4s. 6d. each, or carriage free 5s. E. W. Wallis, 73a, Corporation Street, Manchester.

MR. J. J. MORSE writes re their new hotel: "All will be in readiness by Friday p.m. Everything is beautifully clean, bed rooms excellently fitted, and once known, I am certain the house will be always liked. Bus from Paddington 1d., tram to Charing Cross 3d., same to King's Cross, to Gower Street 2d., to Blackfriars or Moorgate 4d. Well, we will do our best to succeed, the rest we leave."

MRS. GREEN writes from Wisbech: "Will you allow me, through your paper, to thank my many friends for their kind inquiries concerning my health? I am glad to say that I am a little better, and hope to be quite well soon. Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Weaver, I have spent over a week at Leverington, and the change and rest has done me much good. Mrs. Yeeles is the speaker here today, and I hope to have the pleasure of hearing her. I hear *The Two Worlds* spoken of everywhere as an excellent paper. With best wishes to yourself and dear Mrs. Wallis." [We are very pleased that our good friend is regaining health and strength, and hope she will soon be fully recovered. We know she is in good hands at Wisbech.]

MR. W. E. LONG, of South London, writes: "Must write a word of praise for 'our' paper, which re-echoes the feelings of all those who are interested (and work) for the spread of our cause. After nearly six years of secretary's duties, Mr. Coote now takes my place, and I occupy the position of chairman of our society and conduct the services. Let me thank you for your aid and courtesy since the establishment of *The Two Worlds* in all the many branches of a secretary's duties.—Yours, in the cause, W. E. Long."

APPARENTLY the Secularists do not pay and support their lecturers as liberally as they should do. Mr. Foote is on the rocks, and a sustentation fund for his *Freethinker* is being started, otherwise he will have to double its price. Christians appear to be more generous than liberalists.

TRACTS FOR OPEN AIR WORK.—There seems every probability of a great increase of activity this summer in open air work. *The Two Worlds Leaflets and Hymns*; Leaves at 4s. 6d. per thousand are admirably adapted for free distribution. Also the new four page tract, "IS SPIRITUALISM BIBLICAL?" Post free for 6s. 6d. per thousand. Mr. R. Cooper's *Religio Liberal Tracts* (see advertisements page iii.) should also be widely distributed. Send two penny stamps for samples.

PROGRESS.—A correspondent writes: "At a séance with Mrs. Bliss, 23, Devonshire Road, Forest Hill, a spirit giving the name of 'Phoebe,' controlled and gave some grand advice and encouragement to all, but more especially to a stranger present, who had never heard of Spiritualism or its teachings. Her mother, who had passed away when she was quite a child, was minutely described, and that she was standing in the sphere of love with arms outstretched towards her child, watching over and praying for her. She was much affected, and is convinced that mysterious influences surround us, of which we understand so little, and it has given her (and some others) an incentive to more fully investigate and understand this truth. Mrs. Bliss's guides have lately given some very marvellous tests, especially to strangers, some of whom, going from curiosity only, have 'seen and believed.' Spiritualism is spreading rapidly through these guides and their teachings.—Daphne."

CREDULITY, SUPERSTITION, AND FOLLY.—The *New York Independent* says: We have had during the last week a bit of veritable mediævalism dropped down upon us in New York, in the exhibition of a miracle-working relic. An Italian church has long possessed what is said to be the dried-up, mummified arm of our Lord's grandmother (St. Ann), and a piece of it was sawn off not long ago and given to the French church of St. Ann of Beaupré, on the St. Lawrence river. It has just reached this city on the way to its resting place. There is in this city a French Catholic church—St. Jean Baptiste—and the relic has been put on exhibition there. Thousands have been to see it, and some miracles are reported as having been performed by its means. Mgr. Marquis has charge of the treasure, and shows it to visitors, telling them that it is "part of the forearm of her who clasped to her maternal bosom the Virgin Mary. Can we doubt that that arm also held the infant Jesus?" "Think of it," said Monsignor O'Reilly in his address at the crowded service, to which admission was allowed at a dollar a ticket, "think of it. We have here part of the body of the grandmother of God! Flesh of His flesh and bone of His bone!" The exhibition is reported to have netted five thousand dollars one Sunday! Comment is superfluous.

RE BINGLEY CAMP MEETINGS.—I beg to tender my heartiest thanks to all those friends from far and near who helped by their voice and presence in attaining such a grand success at these meetings. Many strangers being present a grand opportunity was afforded of dropping a word in season, and also for the distribution of literature, generously provided by Mr. J. Whitehead, of Bradford; Mr. Arran, of Dewsbury; and other friends. There is no doubt that seeds were disseminated that will bear their fruit in due season. Will the speakers and representatives of societies please note that the photograph taken by Mr. Smith, on the spot, has been unfortunately spoiled, and will not, therefore, be ready for issue as anticipated? I am arranging for two more camp meetings for either the first or second Sunday in September, on the popular resort, Shipley Glen. Will speakers desirous of helping in this open-air propagandism kindly drop me a line as early as possible, so that I may make all arrangements necessary? With gratitude for the past and hopes for the future, I remain, fraternally yours, Wm. Stansfield.

NEW HALL AT NOTTING HILL.—Arrangements are being completed for the opening on Sunday, August 7, under the auspices of the London Spiritualist Federation. Several speakers will be present, and it is intended that the all important ideas connected with sustaining a Hall here, with a free platform, will be considered. Truth ever confirms Spiritualism, and therefore full free thought leads to truth. We intend to make a departure from the orthodoxy and bigotry which is fast becoming rampant among Spiritualist societies in London. The meetings will be properly controlled and regulated, questions or discussion allowed at all meetings. No honest views crushed, and freedom and liberty in the struggle for truth. The meetings will be carried on under the name of the "Kensington and Notting Hill Spiritualist Association," and Spiritualist speakers for August will be supplied by the London Spiritualist Federation. This work in previous years has proved itself practical at the (old) Progressive Hall, when no other society in the whole of London was so advanced. The hall is most accessible by bus and train from all parts of London and suburbs.—Victoria Hall, Archer Street, Bayswater. Percy Smyth, for the promoters.

MRS. DORA SINGLETON MOSS WRITES: "We maintain 3,600 missionaries in India, at an expenditure of nearly £800,000. The conversions recorded were about one native to every million inhabitants! Many of the Hindoos would blush to acknowledge the deeds which some Bible-believing and church-going Englishmen do almost every day, and treat as a jest. If the missionaries have been slow in teaching the natives religion, they have been more successful with the drink habits. In some parts of India, natives spit at the name of a Christian, and if they see a drunken man, exclaim, 'He has left Mohammed and gone to Jesus.' A west African mission station has debited to it, £4,430. The missionary has a grand house, a salaried assistant, and more servants than many a West End family. He lives luxuriously and grows fat, spending about one fifth of his handsome salary mainly on European luxuries. There is the large attendance of 8 or 9 in the native school, and about a score in church. The converts are returned, during 6 years, at 34, of whom 8 have lapsed, and 5 are doubtful. Thus 21 African converts cost about £110 each during six years, and during the same time, at home, 21,000 poor souls have lapsed or sunk altogether for want of a helping hand. When will society be wise, and support those earnest men and women who are working for the elevation of the suffering poor at home?"