

The Two Worlds.

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The Hand of Fate.

INTOLERANT scepticism and intolerant belief are only the two extremes of the same thing. There is a fanaticism in unbelief not less absolute than the fanaticism which established the Inquisition or lighted the fires of Smithfield. La Harpe, the celebrated materialist, is said to have fought a duel with a friend who had asserted the existence of his own conscience. Such a sceptical fanatic was I at the date of the events I am about to relate. I was president of a society for the prevention of superstition. I believed in nothing beyond the ken of my five senses. I was a furious enemy of dreams, omens, presentiments, ghosts, and spirits. I was not likely, therefore, to have been misled by superstitious credulity or perverse imagination in regard to the circumstances.

I was living in bachelor lodgings in a quiet street in the upper part of the city. I went little into society and had few friends. I spent most of my evenings, consequently, in the seclusion of my room, with no company but my books.

One autumn evening I reached home at a late hour, but feeling no desire to sleep, I lighted my lamp and sat down by the table for the purpose of finishing a volume I had been reading. It was a dissertation on a favourite subject of mine—namely: The physical causes of dreams and apparitions, the author tracing all spectral apparitions to illusions brought about by disordered nervous functions. I was deeply interested and read on steadily until after midnight.

Suddenly, and without any warning, my light flickered and went out. For a moment the room was in intense darkness. I had drawn the curtain before the windows, and the fire in the grate had died down long before. Just as I was on the point of impatiently rising to re-light my lamp, I was nailed to my chair by a strange phenomenon. Against the opposite wall of my room a faint glow of light began to appear. In shape it was like the circular patch which is thrown by a camera upon a screen. It continued to increase in brilliancy until the whole room was in a glare of light equal to noon-day. It was as if a circular window had been cut in the wall, admitting the full power of the sun.

For an instant surprise held me dumb and motionless. Then I arose, and, going to the wall, placed my hand upon the patch of light. I observed that my hand cast no shadow, and that therefore the light could not come from behind me. Puzzled, but by no means alarmed, I went back to my chair and calmly resolved to watch the matter to its conclusion.

For a moment the light remained clear and steady; then a slight mist seemed to overspread it. Out of this mist, by slow degrees, a picture was evolved. There was a wide, deep river, crossed by a railroad bridge in the foreground. I could see here and there a vessel drifting idly with the tide, for it appeared to be a still, warm day. On the horizon the hills looked blue and hazy. There were white clouds in the sky, and at a distance the smoke from a town on the river bank rose lazily into the air.

I could note and memorise every detail—the colour of the wooden trestle of the railroad bridge; the shape and number of the signal-boards; the peculiar arrangement of the telegraph wires. In fact, I could have sworn that I sat before an open window looking upon a material landscape of real sky, earth, and water. I noted too, particularly, a weak spot near the centre of the bridge. The bed of the road seemed to have warped, and several sleepers were decayed and loosened. I even said, unconsciously, "There will be a terrible accident at that point some day."

While I was gazing at the apparition with sensations impossible to describe, I observed the smoke of an approaching train. It rushed swiftly around a curve and upon the bridge with unabated speed. I was conscious of a feeling of intense interest in it. I felt very much like a person witnessing a drama with high-wrought emotions, breathlessly watching the action which is drawing toward the tragic denouement.

On came the train. I counted the cars; there were sixteen—four of a yellowish colour and the remainder a deep red.

I saw upon their sides the words, "Northern New York and Canada Railroad." I saw that the engine's number was 12, and that the engineer, leaning out of the window toward me, had a large red face and a heavy black beard.

As the train came upon the bridge there seemed to be a sudden jar and stoppage. The engine leaped into the air like a frightened horse, and rolled off the bridge, followed by six of the cars. There was an intense movement of alarm and horror, a shower of fire and a cloud of steam which, for a moment, hid everything from sight.

A moment afterwards my attention was irresistibly drawn to two figures struggling in the water. One was a girl very young and beautiful, attired in a grey travelling suit. She had lost her bonnet, and her long, fair hair was floating upon the water.

The other figure was that of a man, whose appearance gave me a shock of strange surprise. I seemed to recognise him, though his face was turned away. At first he appeared to be making preparations to strike out vigorously towards the shore. Then he seemed to catch sight of the young girl, for he turned, and, swimming towards her, supported her on one arm, while with the other he kept both of them afloat.

At this moment I caught sight of his face. I started up and uttered a shout of absolute terror. It was my own face, white and stern with excitement and resolution, that I saw before me.

As if my voice had broken the spell, the light, the landscape, wrecked train, and struggling swimmers disappeared like a flash of lightning. I rubbed my eyes and looked around. The light was burning brightly as before. The book I had been reading had slipped from my hand to the floor. I perceived then that I had been merely dreaming a vivid dream.

To say that I was not startled would be untrue. I was very much moved, but it was neither with superstitious fear nor the slightest faith. Here, I thought, was a grand opportunity to put my favourite theories into practice. I had dreamed a dream of such distinctness and detail that it might readily be supposed to be a forewarning. That it would prove to be nothing of the sort I was perfectly convinced. I would write down the circumstances, and when the event had proven them wholly false, use the whole as a knockdown argument against all faith in any forewarning whatsoever.

On further investigation, I confessed that I was somewhat perplexed. I found that there was such a railroad as the Northern New York and Canada, and that the cars were of the colour seen in my dream. I found, furthermore, on conversation with a person who had travelled over the route, that the road crossed the Black River on the trestle bridge, and that, viewed up the river, the landscape would appear about as I had seen it.

I was by no means convinced, however. I might have heard of the railroad in question and forgotten the fact. The colour of the cars was such as is common in railroads. The landscape may have borne only a general resemblance to the Black River; moreover, my description of the one seen in my dream could at most have given only a few salient points, such as hills, water, a distant town, and trestle bridge, common to a hundred other regions in the country.

Moreover, I could imagine no reason why I should travel over the route. My parents lived in Northern New York, but in visiting them my course would be at least a hundred miles east of the Black River.

The winter passed by with no renewal of my strange dream and the occurrence of no circumstances bearing upon it, and the whole matter passed out of my memory.

One morning I received a telegram from home to the effect that my father had been taken dangerously ill, and that his physician despaired of his life.

Sceptic as I was, I was no infidel in the matter of family affections. I made my preparations in haste, and took the night train for my father's home. On arriving at Utica I learned that a freshet had washed out the track of the

regular line, and that I should be compelled to take a branch road a score of miles further west.

My dream now occurred to me. I was travelling near the region I had dreamed of. One accident had forced me nearer to it than I had any reason to anticipate. But I was not foolish enough to suppose that any set of circumstances would bring about the fulfilment of my vision.

During the night the train halted at a large town on the line, and the passengers were informed that another transfer would be necessary. The rains which had destroyed the track of the regular line had also thrown down a bridge on the branch.

As I alighted in the dark and made my way to the train in waiting, I admit that I was very much startled to read upon the side of the cars the words I had seen in my dream, "Northern New York and Canada Railroad." I counted the cars; there were sixteen—four yellow and twelve red.

My philosophy was considerably shaken. It seemed as if an irresistible hand was forcing me to the fulfilment of my dream. But I was still stubborn in my unbelief.

I resolved to investigate the matter still further and satisfy myself that I had simply met with a series of coincidences.

Freshets might occur on railroads without the special intervention of destiny. Cars might be of a certain colour and number without proving dreams to be true.

At the earliest peep of dawn I went through every car on the train, earnestly scanning the passengers' faces. I was looking for the young girl in the grey travelling suit. I was highly elated to discover that no such person was aboard. Here was one point in my favour.

But very shortly this one point was opposed by two others of a very startling kind.

During a halt in the forenoon I alighted and went forward to the engine. There upon the brass plate on its side was the number 12. And as the engineer leaned from the window I was stunned to recognise the man in the dream, the red face and black beard. I went back to my seat in a maze of wonder and dread. My incredulity was oozing out of my fingers' ends. Just as the train was about to start a carriage drove furiously up to the station, and a passenger was assisted aboard one of the forward cars as the wheels began to move. It was a woman, whose face I could not see, for she wore a veil, but her dress was of a light grey colour, and her figure was that of a young girl.

By this time I was thoroughly unnerved. I dared not go forward and endeavour to catch a glimpse of the girl's face. I feared to see the face of my dream. I threw myself back into the corner of my seat and fell into a moody reverie. But, meantime, I gathered from the conversation of two passengers in the seat before me that we were to cross the Black River before noon on a trestle bridge.

Presently, the landscape on either side began to look strangely familiar. I caught a glimpse of hills in the distance that seemed not new to me. A moment later, as the train passed through a cutting and came in sight of the river, I started up in terror. I beheld the landscape of my dream. The wide, deep current, the hazy hills, the trestle bridge, the pale blue sky with its motionless clouds, the drooping sails of the vessels, and the distant town with its dun vapours rising into the air—I had seen them all before.

I was now prepared for the full realisation of my dream. The last thread of unbelief had broken. I sprang out upon the platform as the train ran upon the trestles, and waited breathlessly for the crash I knew was coming.

The train ran on smoothly until it reached the centre of the bridge, then there was a hideous jar, an explosion, a chaos of shouts, shrieks, and crashes, and I found myself in the water, swimming for life.

In an instant I remembered the conclusion of my dream. I turned about, and there, within a dozen feet of me floated the figure in gray, with her long hair spread out upon the water and her beautiful eyes turned towards me in terrified appeal. My dream had not told me whether I was to escape or die in the attempt to rescue the girl. But I never thought of that. I swam towards her, and passing my arm about her, struck out towards the shore.

It was a long and desperate struggle. The river was wide and the current swift. I could make little progress with my inert burden. I struggled on, growing weaker and weaker with every stroke. Presently I saw a boat pulling toward us. I uttered a shout and was answered. In another moment my companion was drawn into the vessel, and, utterly overcome by my terrible efforts, I sank back into the water insensible.

When I awoke to consciousness I was lying in bed, and some one was bending over me. It was a woman, and she was weeping. I could feel her tears falling upon my forehead as she brushed back my damp hair. Presently the mist cleared away from my sight, and I recognised the young girl whom I had rescued—the girl I had seen in my dream.

She uttered a cry of joy when she saw that my eyes were open. She seized my hand and pressed it convulsively.

"Thank heaven!" she said, "you will live."

"Yes," said I, with a feeble smile, "since it is of importance to you."

"I should never be happy again," she sobbed, "if you were to die after what you have done for me."

Being still very ill, yet anxious to reach my father, I resolved to get on at once. Finding me determined to proceed, my young friend insisted upon accompanying me the short distance I had to go. It is needless to relate the details of the remainder of my journey; how, when I arrived, I found my father in a fair way of recovery; or how, in the natural course of events, I fell in love with my beautiful nurse. When I returned to the city with my young wife, my friends discovered that I had left my scepticism in the depths of the Black River. I dissolved my connection with the "Anti-Superstition Society," not without considerable jeering, which I could afford. I am now convinced that there are things in this world that our raw logic will not account for. My clearest proof is the dear wife whose life I was led to save for myself by the irresistible hand of fate.—*The Carrier Dove.*

In the Shadows.—A Christmas Story.

[From the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.]

"WHY rests a shadow on your brow to-day, my love?" And a gentle hand toyed fondly with the scanty locks intermingled with grey upon the bowed head of old Doctor Milford, as it rested upon his hand leaning on the table, upon which lay a small medicine case, old, like its owner, worn with long service, and filled with tiny phials that were half empty.

"Sunshine rests not on the brow of the old and poor," he replied. "Here we are in a strange city, with no friendly hand to grasp, or familiar face to greet us. My medicine case is almost empty, and not enough money in the house to buy a lead pencil to write an order for more, much less to buy the medicine if the order were written."

The face of the doctor's wife became in turn overcast with sadness; but she replied, "Perhaps you will not need any medicine. We have been in this city nearly two weeks, and not a call yet, and I am told the city is overrun with M.D.'s; but then, I love you," she continued, throwing her fair arms around his neck and kissing his forehead tenderly, as she saw the shade deepen upon it at her discouraging sentence.

Doctor Milford looked up at his young wife with a grim smile and said, "Love does not keep the pot boiling. Your love is indeed a precious boon to me, but it does not pay the rent, and they tell me no mercy is shown the 'moneyless man' here, and if the rent is not forthcoming at the first of each month in advance, out you go. Now in just two weeks from to-morrow our rent will be due, and you remember I told you at the start that the agent I rented this house from I did not exactly like. He will pitch our traps into the street at the close of the month, and as we cannot get another house, without the money in advance, what are we to do?"

And the doctor looked at his wife, who stood with her white hands clasped in front of her, and a puzzled look of despair which she seemed to only half realise clouding her sweet face.

"We are indeed in the shadows," she sighed, "but couldn't we sell the furniture to a second-hand store and board awhile?"

"Those Jews on the corner? What would they give for the furniture? Nothing. Just a mere pittance. You remember when we came here we wanted to sell three bedsteads and a mattress, and the very best offer we could get was three dollars in trade for the lot. Pshaw! Everything we have, piano included, wouldn't pay a month's board."

Just then a tall girl, with a child-like piquant face, which was overcast with a scowl, entered. Her pretty face looked hot, tired, and vexed. Throwing her hat and parasol on the table, and herself into a chair, she said—

"Pa, I am sick and tired of this music teaching. Mrs. Emery says that her husband, who is a saloon-keeper up town, is 'kicking' because I charge Katie for practice on my piano,

and says he will not pay. Georgia, the banker's daughter, is so pampered up, and, as she bosses the whole family, she wants to boss me—to have her way as to what I shall or shall not do. And there is Emma Gilmore, who has not a spark of musical genius about her, and her parents think she is 'so talented,' and that it is all my fault that she does not learn. And besides that I have been the whole round to try to collect my quarter's wages, and have not succeeded in collecting a cent. Did you get any type-writing to do to-day, little mother?"

This last remark was addressed to her stepmother, of whom she was very fond.

"Not a line to-day, or this week," replied Mrs. Milford, sadly. And silence fell upon the despondent group.

The Milfords were a common kind of folk; in fact, uncommonly common. They were practical, put on no style, were not extravagant in dress or in anything else; rather literary in their tastes, fond of reading, and both doctor and Mrs. Milford wrote occasionally for the papers and magazines of the day. The doctor was a practitioner of the old school, with gynecology as a speciality, and gave fair satisfaction to his patrons when once employed, but was no hand to make acquaintances or to obtain practice by methods employed, or resorted to by younger men. This partially superannuated him and laid him on the shelf as it were, while others with more brass and less conscientious scruples took the practice right from under his nose.

The doctor had made money in his younger days, but his first wife dying with consumption, after a long protracted illness, together with the panic of '73, had broken him up. After his wife had been dead something over a year, he married one of his patients—the lady now standing at his side, her hand resting lovingly on his shoulder. The daughter Emma, a tall, beautiful girl of twenty, a teacher of piano and organ music, completed this group of sad faces.

"I'll tell you what I will do," said Doctor Milford, "I will go to the office of the *Western Ethical Review* and sell my temperance story for money enough to pay a month's rent. I will not ask any more than twenty dollars for it."

"You couldn't sell it for twenty cents," replied the wife, contemptuously. "Haven't we tried and tried nearly every printing house in America and not one will touch anything we write, be it ever so good? Half of them don't know a good thing when they see it; either that or they are too lazy to examine it, and the other half toady to greatness and will not accept anything, even if it is given them, unless the name of some popular author is appended thereto. Fatten a pig and offer it for sale and you can get a ready purchaser, but write, write, write your brains tired and your pockets empty, produce and send forth thoughts that if published would be of use to the world for generations to come, and you get nothing for your labour. I know that your story is a good one—a thought breeder, and, if published, would be read by thousands of people whose mental natures would be stimulated and made better by the reading; but where is the publishing house that will take it either by purchase or upon a royalty? Not in this country, I am afraid!"

"Well, I will try," said the doctor in a despairing voice, and he arose, put his hat on, took the manuscript of his story from the table and passed out.

As he went down the long brick walk to the gate and on up the street to the office of the *Review*, his wife and daughter looked after him until the intervening buildings hid him from their gaze.

"How disappointed he will be," said Emma, with a sigh. "Poor, dear papa! How sorry I am for him."

Mrs. Milford said nothing. She was still gazing down the walk with a far-away look in her eyes and a firm set look about the mouth, indicating that if she had had the power, the disposition would certainly not be lacking to bring some of those refractory publishers to a sense of their duty towards amateur writers in general and her "hubby" in particular. Emma went to the piano and began a low chant, as if consciously or unconsciously invoking the powers that be in favour of her poor distressed papa. And Mrs. Milford took her sewing, and seating herself by the window began to stitch away rapidly, jerking her thread with a quick motion of the arm and pressing the needle again into the cloth, as though she meant to cause pain, the expression of her usually pleasant face drawn more and more into a settled aspect of disappointment that was bordering on despair.

Mrs. Milford loved her husband dearly, although he was by no means handsome, was twenty years her senior, and possessed a fearful temper when roused. She felt that his

story was as good if not better than some for which authors of note had received round sums at the hands of these same publishers, while her own and her husband's productions were always or nearly always returned, with a "not available for our columns," or a "will be published if there are no charges." These stereotyped phrases being so oft repeated had become so hateful to her that she dreaded to open a letter from a publisher for fear that the one or the other would meet her gaze. So what was her astonishment when the doctor walked in, in less than an hour, and threw a new shining twenty dollar piece into her lap.

"There, they can't turn us out for a month, anyhow; and maybe in that time something will turn up to help us out."

Mrs. Milford took the coin up and turned, turned it over in her hand, feeling and pinching it to make sure that it was really what it seemed to be. Then she looked at her husband and said:

"The publisher of the *Review* did really deign to give you twenty dollars for the story, did he, or am I dreaming, or did you get the money from some other source?"

"He really bought the manuscript," replied the doctor, "but not until I had to tell him of our poverty, which I did not mean to do, and then I think it was more out of pity than anything else, and he reluctantly consented to take the story and pay me the twenty for it, and I was glad to get anything and to escape into the fresh air, for I felt that I was choking."

"And so he did give you the pitiful sum of twenty dollars for all your brain work; and to think I took the pains to type-write the story so carefully. Why the type-writing alone was worth more than that!" and she tossed the coin towards him with an impatient gesture, and he caught it and placed it in his pocket and an hour later paid the rent with it for another month, for fear that if he did not do so, their needs being so pressing, he would be tempted to spend it for something else.

Another two weeks passed by without a single call for Dr. Milford's medical services. Emma went the rounds of her pupils each day with variable success, and Mrs. Milford went to her office to find little, if anything, to do in her line, but between the three they managed to make enough to keep the traditional wolf from the door, and body and soul together.

The evening of the 24th of December had come and tomorrow would be Christmas, but there was not a cent of money in the house, and Emma was lamenting the fact that they would be compelled to forego the pleasure of Christmas turkey, when the whole family were startled almost out of their wits by a violent ring at the door-bell; it was the grocer's boy with a covered basket, which he deposited on the table with the remark, as he passed out of the door: "Read the label, it explains matters," and in a moment he was in his wagon and driving rapidly away.

Emma read the inscription on the label—"For Dr. Milford and family, with compliments of *Western Ethical Review*." Emma removed the cover and found the basket to contain a fine fat turkey, a can of oysters, a package of cranberries and one of raisins, and the corners filled with crackers. "Oh, papa," she cried in glee, "we will have our turkey at last; we will have a grand dinner after all," and she danced around the room for joy, hugging first her papa, of whom she was very fond, and then her "little mother" to whom she seemed equally as loving.

Mrs. Milford returned her caresses with a smile on her lips, but a feeling at her heart that she would rather have done without her part of the goodies than receive them from the man she felt had wronged them by taking their story for such a pittance, but she refrained from saying what she thought for fear of destroying the pleasure of the others.

Just then the sharp, shrill whistle of the mail-man sounded at the door and Emma opened it and received the mail. "Nothing but paper," she said, as she deposited the bundle on her papa's knee.

Dr. Milton laid down the ponderous book of medical lore he had been poring over, for he was a great student, old as he was, and lifted the first paper he got hold of. It proved to be the *Ethical Review*, and almost the first thing that greeted his eyes was the following: "A New Serial Story; 'The Drunkard's Daughter,' from the gifted pen of Dr. Milford, the great physician and gynecological surgeon, who has been prominent in Eastern medical circles for many years, and a large contributor to the medical literature of the day, and a writer on subjects involving advanced thought, for many papers and magazines. We are glad to

announce that Dr. Milford has taken up his residence among us, and is going to make our little Western city his future home, and think we are highly honoured by the advent among us of so skilled a physician and talented a literary writer as is Dr. Milford."

"Quite a puff," he said at the close of the reading, for he had read it aloud, with an amused expression at the corners of his mouth and in his eyes, while Mrs. Milford and Emma had stood and listened.

"Of course that extensive notice is not written for your sake, or for any benefit it may do you," replied Mrs. Milford. "It is only to give the story a better 'send off' and make the *Review* a wider circulation, and the story more popular, for which he only paid the pitiful sum of twenty dollars."

"Don't be so hard on Mr. Stanton, little mother," said Emma cheerfully; "you know papa said he only glanced over the story when he took it to him, and maybe he didn't really know how good a story it was, and remember he has been kind enough to send us all these good things for our Christmas dinner, so perhaps he is more kind-hearted than you think after all."

Mrs. Milford was about to reply, and from the hard lines about the usually smiling mouth was evidently going to say something not very complimentary to editors in general and the editor of the *Ethical Review* in particular, when the door-bell rang again, seemingly louder than before; in fact it never had seemed to ring as loud before, and who should step in but Mr. Stanton, the editor of the *Review* himself.

Dr. Milford arose, shook him by the hand, and then introduced his wife and daughter who had never met him before. He bowed and took the proffered chair; Emma took his hat, and he began the conversation by saying: "Doctor, I have just finishing reading your most excellent story, and have come to make you an offer for the entire copyright to it; I will run it through the *Review* as a serial, then have it published in book form, and also want you to dramatise it for me, as the story has excellent material in it for a drama of a very high order. I am a man that wants to do justice to all men, but we have so many manuscripts offered—in fact, almost thrust upon us that have little merit and some none at all—that we become weary and lose our patience, but after reviewing your story I discovered that I had got hold of something far above the ordinary; in fact, a story of real intrinsic merit, that was worth many times what I paid you for it. Now if you will sell me the exclusive right to it and dramatise it for me as I said, I would give you what I consider it is worth, namely, five thousand dollars."

It is needless to say that the bargain was closed that night, and the editor of the *Western Ethical Review* helped to eat the Christmas turkey he had so kindly sent Dr. Milford the day before; as he was a young man and appreciated good cooking, and the turkey was "done to a turn" and all the viands with which the table was covered were savory and appetising, and as the lovely Miss Emma, who had prepared the feast with her own fair hands, sat opposite and surveyed him, it goes without saying that he began to appreciate the fact that another prize was in sight, to which the story, for which he had given his check for five thousand dollars, was as nothing, if he could only secure it.

It was not long after the opening chapters of the doctor's story had appeared that the few acquaintances whom he had formed since coming to the city began to be pressed for introductions to the "famous physician and surgeon" as they were pleased to call him, and Dr. Milford, like another celebrated author once said in reference to himself, "awoke to find himself famous."

Before the story was half published as a serial, Mr. Stanton began to have so many calls for it in book form that he began the plates and ran off an edition of ten thousand copies, which were all sold by the time it had finished in the *Review*, and the Doctor had many calls for the productions of his pen and brain at living prices; even from publishers who had returned the same articles before as "not available for our columns." So money came in rapidly, and Dr. Milford and his family derived both fame and wealth from that first story which they were forced to sell for the meagre sum of twenty dollars in order to pay a month's rent to keep from being turned out of doors.

And the best of it was that on the next Christmas Day Mr. Stanton led the blushing Emma to the altar, and made her his bride, thus winning his second prize as a result of their extremity of a year before.

Mrs. Milford is now literary editor of the *Western Ethical Review*, and Emma is musical critic, and you could not offend Mrs. Milford more easily than to say something disparagingly of editors or publishers. But she says she can never write the words "we find your contributions unavailable for our columns" without recalling the memory of the feelings she indulged against editors and publishers the day their first story was sold for twenty dollars, or without contributing a tear of sorrow and regret for the poor, disappointed, and often destitute, author. S. T. SUDDICK.

My Experiences in Spiritualism.—Part xii.

BY EDINA.

DIFFICULTIES (Continued.)

III. *Difficulties of Communicating and Varieties of Spiritual Power.*—The difficulties in communication raise some vexing problems. A careful study of our experiences on this head has satisfied me that there are great diversities of spiritual gifts and in knowledge of phenomena on the other side as well as here. In my judgment only a limited number at present seem to know of the phenomena of Spiritualism after passing on; some who get to know do not care to come back or use the means of communication; others who do know, can only "speak" by means of the tiniest and most minute raps; while the larger portion of the personages who know, and have opened up communication, are able to do so by the speaking through trance mediums, or by the table, or by automatically written messages of varying length and coherency. Besides these communicators to us, there have been a great many personages who have been only able to come to the medium in her room, show themselves, slowly repeat their name, and then vanish from her sight. The power of communication undoubtedly varies. Again and again have we seen the table make feeble and futile efforts to move; and, even when movement takes place, the communicators cannot apparently make themselves understood—often, even, cannot spell out their names. Some, on the other hand, can spell messages fairly well by the Ouija; others can tilt the table and rap out messages promptly on the alphabet. Many, again, who know, have apparently no power to bring themselves *en rapport* with mediums on this side. Again and again we hear from our communicators that they have met so and so on the "other shore" who will communicate, and though we would like much to hear from these persons, we either get no message at all, or, what is about as unsatisfactory, get the name only spelt out on the Ouija or the table.

IV. *Time of Communication.*—One marked peculiarity in the phenomena of automatic writing associated with our daughter's mediumship is, that the communicators, with hardly any exception, prefer to write their messages at night when the house is still. When in the country and away from the bustle of the town, we find that messages come with much greater facility, and power seems better sustained. For long the medium was able to get messages every afternoon and evening when she sat for them; but latterly the communicators fix the day and hour when they will write, and either fulfil their promise or write a line postponing the sitting to another day and hour. A common expression is, "I am to get power to write" on such and such a day and hour, or "I have arranged for power on that night," from which it appears to me that there is a spiritual confederacy engaged in the production of these messages, and that often they must be the product of the united efforts of several spiritual "factors" at work on the physical organisation of the medium at a given and pre-arranged moment. What this "power" is we are unable to specify; but the word pervades the whole series of messages in my possession. I may also note, that during the process of writing the right hand and arm of the medium, from the elbow downwards, are generally as cold as an icicle, and that she states that during the process of writing she is surrounded by a white vapoury film which renders it impossible for her to see what she is penning. Usually these messages are written by her with her back to the light, and on more than one occasion she has written in total darkness.

I have deemed it advisable, in view of the abnormal nature of this mode of communication between the two worlds, to state all the difficulties that occur to me, and am not without hope that some of your readers may be able to discuss and throw light on them. I have stated my own views frankly, but my mind is very open on the subject of these perplexing problems.

Our Bible Class.

A great light in the Established Church once said, "It is by the mercy of God we have the quietness of a moment; for, if the devil's chains were taken off, he would make our beds a terror, our tables to be a snare, our sleep fantastic, lustful, and illusive, and every sense should have an object of delight and danger." A Presbyterian minister, a Mr. Macrae, says, "The devil is utterly devoid of any holy sensibility. He is the very embodiment of all malignity. . . . There is not a sun shines that he would not quench; not a star that twinkles that he would not extinguish; not a flower that blooms that he would not blight. There is not a laugh that rings out upon the air that he would not turn into lamentation; not a song that is sung that he would not turn to wailing; not a happy being anywhere that he would not curse. It is his dark shadow that lends its horror to all transgression. He is the 'giant of hell,' who strides abroad over our earth. It is he 'who once dared to measure swords with Omnipotence,' who is engaged seeking the overthrow of poor weaklings like ourselves. He has his 'sentinels posted on innumerable watchtowers;' he therefore is informed of everything. He himself can travel 'with immense velocity,' and 'the human soul is like some poor bird on whom the eye of this soaring eagle is always resting.'"

Rev. White says his "study of Spiritualism had the effect of clearing the evidence and enforcing upon his mind the reality of the New Testament doctrine of the existence and activity of that great Murderer or Man-killer, the 'Devil and Satan,'" and asserts that "Spiritualism is the last direct supernatural device of Satan and his angels."

The devil and hell of my creed consist in that natural Nemesis which follows on broken laws and dogs the law-breaker, in spite of any belief of his that his sins and their inevitable results can be so cheaply sponged out, as he has been misled to think, through the shedding of innocent blood. Nature has no reward and punishments—nothing but causes and consequences. . . . The fact remains that the devil is a fundamental part of the Christian scheme. No devil, no Redeemer. And those who will yell at me and call me a blasphemer, know that well enough. I sympathise with them. They begin to see dimly what we see clearly, that orthodox Christianity is answerable with its life for the literal truth of these stories of the Devil, the Fall of Man, and the doctrine of a Dying Deity's Atonement. Its life is staked upon the stories being true; and its life must pay the forfeit of their being found to be false.—Gerald Massey.

NOTHING is more clear to our thinking than that the doctrines of the Devil, the Fall, the Atonement, the Messiahship of Jesus, Forgiveness of Sin, and Hell Torments form the real basis of Christianity. If those doctrines are not true Christianity is not "the Divine and only true religion."

Rev. E. White speaks of "the New Testament doctrine of the Devil" and the following are all New Testament names for him: The Angel of the Bottomless Pit, the Adversary, the Enemy, the Dragon, the Old Serpent, the Father of Lies, the Unclean Spirit, the Prince of this World, the Prince of Devils, Beelzebub, Murderer, Tempter, Liar, and Satan. In the Old Testament he is spoken of as the Evil Spirit, the Lying Spirit, the Crooked Serpent, among other choice epithets. Even Jesus admitted the existence of his Satanic Majesty, and declared that certain people were of their father, the Devil. Is it not set down that Jesus descended into Hell, the very abode and kingdom of the Prince of Darkness, and preached to the spirits who been imprisoned from before the time of Noah? Is it not further affirmed that "at the end of the world the angels shall come forth and separate the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire"? The Devil is clearly a Biblical personage, and Christianity without the Devil would be like Hamlet without the Ghost. No devil means no Fall. No Fall means no Flood. No fire of Sodom, no Incarnation. No blood of redemption, no tempter to sin. No rebellious race, no buying back a fallen people from the triumphant enemy who holds them in pawn. No hell torments to be saved from by faith in the shedding of blood. No placating the Devil, no appeasing an angry God.

According to the Bible, therefore, his Satanic Majesty is by far the most important personage in the universe. Just consider the following Biblical facts. He, as a serpent, tempted Eve to eat the forbidden fruit, and she and all humanity were cursed with suffering, sorrow, sin, and death by Jehovah. Surely the Devil ought to have been summarily disposed of rather than that such dire consequences should overtake the unborn innocents. Not only in this life are poor humanity to suffer, but, because of sin, "original" or otherwise, they are, by their Creator, handed over to the tender mercies of the ruler of the bottomless pit. In the poem called Job, for centuries regarded as "historical holy writ," Satan is represented as having "the freedom of heaven," and makes himself at home accordingly. Having, in Genesis, tempted Eve and made Jehovah angry, he proceeds in the book of Job to tempt Jehovah himself, and challenges him to a trial of Job's endurance.

The Bible story of the reaping of the earth from the old bad stock at the time of "the flood" indicates ignorance

of the dogma of total depravity and of the laws of heredity on the part of the writer, when he represents Noah as a just man and perfect, who walks with God, and is blessed by God, and commanded to "multiply and replenish the earth."

Then comes the third and last attempt, according to the Bible, to people the earth with a race of beings who would love and serve God. Thwarted at the creation by the Devil, failing at the Flood because Noah and his family were descended of those who were cursed, and, therefore, shared the penal consequences, Jehovah, we are led to believe, sent his Son to take away the sins of the world, to break the power of Satan, to redeem the race, and rescue those who had been in hell since before the days of Noah.

Apparently Satan was by no means daunted, for he appears to have again entered the lists with confidence, and endeavoured to tempt even the Son of God, offering him all the kingdoms of the world for his possessions if he would but worship him. He afterwards enters into Judas, and thus brings about the downfall of Jesus. In this proceeding he is represented as acting as Jehovah's agent. We are assured that it was necessary Jesus should die, that by his blood we might be purchased back from the Devil. In that case, seeing that Judas was obsessed by Satan, and in betraying Jesus was only furthering the plan of unconditional salvation, whereby "if I be lifted up I shall draw all men unto me," humanity is surely greatly indebted to him, for, had he failed, the purposes of Jehovah would have fallen through. The Devil was credited with the miracles of Jesus—"tis by Beelzebub he doeth these things," "he is mad, and hath a devil"—just as he has been credited with instigating every invention, every discovery in chemistry, and every liberal thought in theology and religion.

After the crucifixion the people appear to have gone on in the same old way, neither better nor worse; and as the anticipated general physical resurrection and establishment of a kingdom of heaven on earth, tenanted by perfect and undying human beings, did not take place, men have been sadly constrained to confess that the Devil has not been vanquished nor exorcised. Furthermore, as the Christian's hope of future bliss is made dependent upon and conditioned by his belief in the "Incarnation" and the "vicarious Atonement," and acceptance of Jesus as his "Saviour," a majority of the denizens of this earth are doomed, hopelessly so, not only to suffer, to sin, to sorrow, and to die, but to be maintained alive everlastingly in hell, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched, and thus the Devil, according to the Bible, triumphs all along the line; and, save for an inconsiderable portion of the race who are supposed to have "read their titles clear to a mansion in the skies" by "leaving it all to Jesus," he holds possession of the souls of men.

That we have not unfairly represented Bible teachings on this subject is, we contend, proved by the general trend of the book itself, and the passages we have cited. We know there are many texts which many people, whose hearts and heads are larger than their Bibles, quote to justify their humaner and more rational views, but their ideas were not born of the Bible; the old Christian theology was; that's the difference. Old theology was extracted from the book itself—the new rational and spiritual philosophy is read in by men of "larger heart and kindlier hand."

DARKNESS WAS, IS, AND WILL BE "the devil." Darkness enters into conflict with the Sun-God, and alternately sustains defeat and conquers his foes. The great dragon of the skies leads the sun up into the heavens to rule over the world, only to drag him down again into the hell of winter, that he may be born on Christmas Day, be crucified at the vernal equinox—Easter, ascend to judge the world at midsummer, descend again at the autumnal equinox, and repeat the wondrous process of bringing light, life, hope, and joy to the world, redeeming it from darkness, and mankind from fear of famine, transforming the bare earth and making it smile with beauty and plenty, changing water into wine, and blessing alike the just and the unjust with countless mercies and delights.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Our next issue, the New Year's Holiday Number, will contain a complete Story, entitled

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1893.

EDITOR AND GENERAL MANAGER,

E. W. WALLIS.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COMPANY'S REGISTERED OFFICE, AT 75A, CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER.

Christmas.

THE season is upon us once more for family reunions, friendly gatherings, kindly deeds, loving words and good will towards all mankind. Not a few of those who read our last Christmas greetings and good wishes have passed behind the veil. How many of those of us who remain will be able to bid each other a "Happy Christmas," in the form, a year hence? Life has too much trial, and pain, and loss for us to permit ourselves to cherish bitter, envious, or malicious thoughts. "Curses come home to roost," and hatred and wrong injure those who harbour them even more than those against whom they are directed.

It is sometimes said that Spiritualism has no hell and lets the sinner off too easily. Only those who have not thought clearly can entertain so erroneous a notion. No one can be let off easily in the court of consequences. Correction and discipline and reform are ever associated with pain.

Seen in the light of evolution, evil is no longer a mythological mystery, but a necessary concomitant of development; one of the conditions by means of which we grow into conscious human beings to attain the higher life.—*Mossey.*

The upward path from darkness to light is always one of difficulty. Many trials and tears mark the growth of the soul. Repentance ever precedes progress, because to err is human. We all of us have need of sympathy and succour rather than harsh judgments and severe condemnations.

This is the time-honoured season of the year for "peace and good-will," for good resolutions and re-consecration to the highest right and the supremest good; for the closing up of old accounts, the termination of feuds and enmities, and for the giving cordial greetings and hearty welcome to the angels of LOVE AND HARMONY.

To all our readers we extend fraternal greetings, and wish them most heartily a truly *Happy Christmas*.

Let the songs of gladness resound in celebration of the saving efficacy of the knowledge of conscious life beyond the grave. What comfort, what peace and joy have been experienced by those who have heard "the herald angels sing"! How many hearts would be filled with grief, heavy-laden and despairing, but for the "light" which Spiritualism has cast upon "life and immortality"? For thousands to-day, death has been robbed of its sting and terrors by the golden light of spirit-communion, which has revealed the real presence of the dear departed, who have truly saved their friends from suffering and wiped away the mourners' tears. Rénan spoke truly when he said:—

The day in which belief in an after life shall vanish from earth will witness a frightful moral, perhaps an utter spiritual, decadence. Some of us might perhaps do without religion, provided only that others hold fast to it. There is no known lever capable of raising a people which has lost faith in the immortality of the soul.

But, thanks to Spiritualism, belief in an after life is not likely to vanish; on the contrary, it is more firmly fixed than ever before. It now rests on a basis of positive knowledge of man's spiritual nature and the presence of ex-carnate human beings such as humanity never before possessed. Even the Agnostic Ingersoll is fain to confess to a "hope," as thus:—

Life is a narrow vale between the cold
And barren peaks of two eternities.
We strive in vain to look beyond the heights,
We cry aloud; the only answer
Is the echo of our wailing cry.
From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead
There comes no word; but in the night of death
Hope sees a star, and listening love can hear
The rustle of a wing.

Spiritualism supplements that "hope" with the joyous assurance that "There is no death, what seems so is transi-tion," and the "hunger of the heart" is appeased by the companionship of spirits blest, whose ministry of love should fill us with fervent desires to increase the happiness this Christmastide of those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. We rejoice to think that many hundreds of people, probably thousands, have been enlightened, up-lifted, comforted and sustained since last Christmas by gaining knowledge of the reality of spirit intercourse, and we trust they may not only have a happy Christmas but help to make others happy by inviting them to share the blessings of the ministry of the angels, who have only gone on before a short space in the journey of life, and who will bid us welcome home "over there."

Was it a Dream?—A Christmas Story—A Fact.

WHEN Colonel Wyndham told himself a few days before Christmas that he wished he was dead, he was speaking from a very natural antagonism to his environment, and not because he really meant it. But when Mrs. Wyndham, in her heavy mourning robes, whispered the same thing she came much nearer the truth. Her only child, her boy, her idol, a manly little fellow ten years old, had been taken away by death, and she mourned as one without hope. Bobby was the apple of his father's eye also, but the wife was more than the child to him, and he had now reached a stage of resentment with this supreme sorrow which seriously threatened the peace of the home. He had bravely hidden his own heartache for the sake of helping his wife bear hers. He had been helpful, considerate, tender, but the shadow deepened, and each day was worse than the one that had preceded it. "Is there anything you would particularly like me to do for Christmas, or any person outside of those we generally remember that you would like to consider?" the colonel asked one evening after a silent, funereal dinner.

"I don't see how you can have the heart to even speak about Christmas," his wife replied. "What is Christmas to me now that Bobby is not here?"

There were several remarks that occurred to the colonel at this juncture, any one of which would have been eminently to the point, but he restrained himself, and said kindly—"Well, we must be sure not to forget any of Bobby's friends. I suppose the little stable-boy up the street doesn't expect anything under the changed circumstances; I saw the lad to-night, and he looked so pinched and chilly that I thought it would be nice for you to buy him a good warm overcoat. You know his size, Mary, and can pick out something much more suitable than I can."

"You have grown cruel, John," his companion responded, with a face as white as death. "Please don't talk to me any more about Christmas. I cannot die, but I can and will shut myself up with my sorrow and live through the time as best I can."

There was a minute's silence, and then Colonel Wyndham quietly left the room. But there was no quiet in his heart. He could not speak roughly to a woman, but he could seek other scenes and leave his wife alone in her selfish grief. A man would be a fool to stand more than three months of such indifference, he told himself. He'd pack his traps the next morning and start for Florida, or California, or Europe, it didn't matter much which place. He drew a chair before the cheery fire that crackled and blazed just as it used to when Bobby sat on his knee and listened to the stories he was never tired of telling. But there was no Bobby now, and worse than that, yes, infinitely worse, there was no wife. This was a hard hour in the life of this strong and kind-hearted man.

Mrs. Wyndham, absorbed in her misery, was scarcely conscious that her companion had left the room. For a half-hour or more she sat perfectly still, and then the weary lids closed, the drawn features relaxed, and a smile of wonderful sweetness hovered about the lips that had so long quivered with pain.

A restful moment had come to the colonel also, and when the door of his room opened and his wife slowly entered, he rose and stretched out his arms to receive her as he had always done before death robbed him of all his happiness.

"John, I have seen Bobby," were her first words, as she cuddled naturally into the embrace that was so fond and so true. "It must have been a dream, of course; but, John dear, this is what he said, and he told me to ask you if it

was not true. He said, 'Mamma dear, you are hurting papa's feelings, and he is going away to leave you because he thinks you don't love him any more. Go and kiss him and give him my love'—John," and now the wife lifted her head bravely, "is this the truth?"

"It is, Mary. I thought I had lost everything, and I could not endure it another day."

"Praise God, then! Bobby still lives and I have seen him," was the fervent response. "Forgive me, darling, for all I have made you suffer, but you will stay now and let me make it all up to you?"

"Stay?" said the colonel; "stay? What do you take me for, Mary?"

There were tears in the colonel's voice, and his arms were steadier than his articulation.

"The stable-boy shall have his overcoat and we will have a merry Christmas; but, John dear, tell me—was it a dream?"—*Eleanor Kirk's Idea.*

A Spiritualist on Spiritualism.

(Continued from page 590.)

BRAVE John Sterling, out of whose life Carlyle has made the model biography of the century, was for a time a Christian priest, but when the end of his earthly career was approaching, he wrote to his friend Carlyle: "I tread the common road that leads into the great darkness, with little of fear and very much of hope. *Certainty*, I have none. If I can lend you a helping hand when there, that shall not be wanting." But Carlyle, as I have already said, could not believe in the helping hand being held out. Many great passages in his writings bear the clearest evidences that he was a normal medium, the recipient of Titanic thoughts, and that he did receive the helping hand oftentimes. That wonderful book, "*Sartor Resartus*," as much sacred as anything ever penned by the Old Hebrews, contains higher wisdom than the writer was conscious of. Great souls gone found here an instrument to teach great truths, and though we may not get at personalities, I oftentimes feel as if the breath of Jean Paul Richter was there. And what can we make out of a Shakespeare? If we have no room for inspiration or the helping hand he is the greatest enigma the world has produced.

Those masterly addresses which were recently delivered in this place through Mr. Morse surely bear the evidence of the helping hand. If we see not with the physical eye the inspiring spirit, we know from the wondrous power that he is there. How would it be possible for timid simple-minded women, like Mrs. Green, and so many others, to go from village to town, oftentimes in the face of cold critical audiences, were it not that they have the fullest assurance that at all times is with them the helping hand that can be relied upon? If there were no helping hands stretched out from the spirit sphere to earth's struggling children, then, indeed, would there be darkness and gloom around. The world is as yet unconscious of the streams of hope and joy that are oftentimes poured down to soothe and cheer and bless. I know that it is said that in trance utterances we have little or no evidence of spirit control, but there is abundance of evidence that the personalities and characteristics of the inspirer are seen in these trance addresses. I have had more than once the same spirit, taking up a conversation through one medium almost at the point where it had been left when expressed through a different instrument; the same peculiarities of speech, the same distinct characteristics, making the identity undoubted.

Mrs. Richmond has given many addresses, said to be inspired by noble men and women gone on. I am not familiar with the writings of very many of these people, but in some controls ascribed to Theodore Parker, I seem to catch the breath and spirit of that great religious teacher, and as to those addresses which George Thompson, the great anti-slavery advocate, is credited with inspiring, we have the testimony of his daughter, Mrs. Nosworthy, a devoted Spiritualist (now passed on), who says:—

I felt that my father had led me to the place in which I then sat. Mrs. Richmond, speaking under his control, uses his actions, takes his attitudes, and deals, as he did, with questions on which I am assured she has no acquaintance, i.e., the recent legislation of this country, both at home and in our colonies. Of legislative reforms, and of the dates thereof in England, she has no knowledge, much less has she been able to follow all the various complications of the British rule and military power in India. Under the control of "George Thompson" she discourses glibly of these, and with his expressions and statistical confirmations.

How different must be the power for good of spiritual teachers in even the pulpit, who know inspiration for a truth, and have all manner of positive evidence regarding the reality of the Spiritual behind them. They know that this knowledge is bound to put a new soul into belief, that it will make religion more real, translating it from the domain of belief into life. Men like Minot Savage, John Page Hopps, and H. R. Haweis stand almost alone in declaring the grounds of their conviction, while so many others keep in their own breasts what they have found out by investigation. Many years since (over 20 now) I used to be startled and anon soothed for a time by some bold things Mr. Hopps used to say in the pulpit. I was living in the darkness then, without faith in the future life, because without knowledge. What help it would have been to me in those days to have known Mr. Hopps speak out boldly because of his knowledge; but he had gone from Glasgow before I heard his name associated with Spiritualism, and so I had to struggle on for some years without the light.

But people, though content with the humble manner in which Christianity first appeared, expect that truth should now appear with trumpets and banners, and at least be sent forth from University gates; the old fact is entirely lost sight of that it was from a small lake by the Sea of Galilee that God's most effectual ministers of salvation were called, that they were poor unlettered fishermen whose voices are now so reverently listened to in Christendom. The world rarely sees the good in the new. Carlyle, who regretted that Tacitus only saw in the Christians' religion a sink of abomination, thinks that the career of Christianity might have been different and brighter had this wise and penetrating man had a clearer vision, but Carlyle was the Tacitus of the nineteenth century, and he only saw in Spiritualism the religion of Dead Sea apes, in spite of the crowd of testimony as to its moral value from some of the best men of his time. The old story is ever repeated. Those who show to the world that which deeply concerns it, and of which it was hitherto ignorant, who would bestow the most precious gifts upon it, are treated with ridicule and disdain. One thing is quite clear, we can never go back again to the past. The old book which may have sustained our forefathers fails us in the part where most needed. As Mr. Stead says, we want a new Bible each century, to show forth ever new and higher views which men entertain of the mystery of life. The old book has ceased to be an inspirer and helper. It really gives no assurance that it is well with our dead. A funeral in its common form with the common ideas connected therewith seems to show the greatest want of faith in God. It is never taught that death is a blessing to the dead, that the grave is only the golden gate of immortality. Christianity may once have been a Bethlehem star, capable of going before and guiding men and nations; now we want demonstration, not bare and bald statements which came from a savage or semi-civilised period of man's history. What kind of God's world would it be where a man's word would stop the sun for twenty-four hours that a Hebrew soldier might butcher his enemies? New life and better conceptions have come with the ripened thought of to-day. God is love as well as power, who works by law and not mere caprice. The old withered straws need no longer threshing out; there are new and ripe harvest fields waiting for the sickle. But there is little use in getting out of one fog to wander into another; the world needs certain positive evidence that can be weighed and apprehended. A single well-established fact in psychometry or materialisation is worth more than all that has been written by the children of the mist. It is not loose statements and nebulous theories by speculative philosophy, but clear knowledge which is needed. A spirit rap proved would decompose much of the value of even a Herbert Spencer's writing. It is not the bottled moonshine of Theosophy that will give sweet peace and satisfaction to the unrestful of to-day. We know of soul though the dissecting knife has not found it out, and we are not going to give away our huge accumulation of well attested facts to either Theosophists or Psychical Researchers who offer not a scrap of evidence for their ingenious theories.

We are sure of our facts as far as it is possible to be sure of anything. The spirit world to many of us is as real as this natural world, we know many of the people who dwell there as surely as we know our wives and children. Our senses are not yet so fully developed that we can comprehend fully what the future may have to reveal, but we know now that in that realm there is progress for all. The

credentials we have to offer are not one isolated bit of testimony which has been attested by some single man of note in his laboratory, but from innumerable witnesses. Crowds of reliable and experienced men and women, bitterly opposed to the subject, have had evidence of the most convincing kind. Departed friends have presented themselves, and given undoubted evidence of their identity by a narration of experiences only known to themselves. Parents have met children and children have met parents, and have exchanged unmistakable proofs of a personal continuance of life. Their presence has been made known by the remarkable power of clairvoyance, they have been recognised in the phenomena of materialisation. What crowds of testimony are already accumulated in books written by people of note in every walk of life! What unwritten testimony could you not find from the many people that have interested themselves in the subject. The strongest case has been made out, which no theory as yet presented can explain away. We have been patient with all types of objectors, and have submitted the phenomena to all kinds of examination, from the Dialectical Society to that of the S.P.R. We have everything to gain by a candid and honest method of examination, but not a rough and ready mode of settlement, as so many people unfortunately for themselves have adopted. It is not a question for debate, this of Spiritualism; it is not a matter of theory, but experiment and standing on the side of our facts. We do not care to argue with those, who, standing on the other side, assert they cannot be true. Where is the use of arguing when his ignorance of the subject is to be the base of our opponent's reasoning, and his fundamental assumptions are false? I have been dealing only with the phenomena of Spiritualism, but there is behind all these a rich meaning. Spiritualism is more than a Gospel of dancing tables, as I once heard those wise people who convey such lofty teachings through the lips of Mr. Morse say. It is an elevating factor in the life of man, and brings out a whole crowd of rational conceptions which the world so sorely needs. It holds that every individual is directly responsible for the manner of his life, and must meet in the great hereafter the inevitable consequences of the deeds done in the body, be they good or be they ill; that there is no such thing as a moral scapegoat to bear away transgressions. When the change of death ensues, the spirit, relieved of its body, enters upon precisely such a state of existence, and finds itself encompassed with just such surroundings, as it has fitted itself for during its earthly pilgrimage. But it gives the possibility of advancement from first conditions, enables those who missed the chance here, to march forward and cultivate their Divine attributes there, and proves that the affectional emotions born in this life are still an imperishable element, and are often the inducement to come back and hold communion with those still on earth. "M. A. (Oxon)" wrote:—

Nothing ever really taught me so much, so tore up the waste ground of my mind and made it fertile, nothing ever was to me such an education as this thing that we call Spiritualism. And that not merely from what it revealed to me of man's destiny and of our future life, not from the moral instruction merely that I got from the intelligences with whom I was brought into contact, not from their elevated and ennobling views of duty, not even from the light shed on the possibility of the development and progress of the race—though all these form subjects for thankfulness—but quite as much, as I now see, from the revelation of the capacities of my own incarnated spirit. I am not likely to undervalue any of the advantages I have enumerated. I am very thankful for them.

The fruits of Spiritualism are a certain assurance of a future life, the consolation of the bereaved, the removal of the gloomy pall that hung over the grave, the acquisition of rational and cheerful views of the hereafter, the knowledge of Spiritual laws, forces and relations; the emancipation of thoughts and awakening of aspiration for larger knowledge and higher Spiritual attainments, the opening of the Spiritual faculties and the exercise of Spiritual gifts. These are amongst the earliest fruits and are good. Wisdom is manifested in use of knowledge, and many of us might keep asking ourselves, "Have I made the best use of the truths that have come to me? Am I better for their influence? Is my life in harmony with the pure and lofty morality which is taught? Are my motives and thoughts such as I need not blush for? Has Spiritualism made me more loving, more thoughtful, more patient, more considerate and sympathetic?" If it has done this, then we live under a rich and blessed influence. Conviction is worthless till it expresses itself in conduct. A long experience enables me to boldly say that Spiritualism has never made people

immoral, but has tended to bring out into blossom and seed the germs of goodness which had been oftentimes hid. Now some will say, "What is the good of all this speech if I have not yet grasped the first rung of the ladder, if I have no knowledge of Spiritual communion? Is it possible to get the satisfaction you speak about with such confidence?" All Spiritualists once occupied this position, and it is their duty to point out the method by which conviction can be reached. When a very young man, I used to listen to the appeals "Come to Jesus," and I eagerly desired to obtain the mysterious something—Salvation by Magic—which was spoken about, and which many said they had got. But somehow, with all my prayers and strivings, I could not get hold of this change of heart, this conversion, this being "born again" which was necessary for salvation. The idea was valueless to me, but with Spiritualism it is a different matter. Any honest investigator who would only give one half the devotion to know whether true or not that they would give to the learning of a language would certainly find satisfaction. Personally I had no bias in favour of Spiritualism, but light came in floods, which has been sustained and strengthened as the years roll on.

The advice how to begin your investigations is circulated freely in Spiritual journals. Study these; there is no difficult task on the way, and you do not require to take anything on trust. Spiritualists have gained conviction by simply sitting in a cheerful frame of mind and waiting for the advent of the unseen ones. You will be astonished what a world you have shut out that has been close to your hand all the time. You will soon recognise that there are forces in the world and avenues of knowledge that you have not tapped. On such a question it is worth being patient; if you cannot get at the first or second sitting evidence that would warrant the strong statements you have heard, don't run away and think they are non-existent. Keep in mind that thousands of hard-headed Materialists have had the future life made palpable and clear—that Alfred Russel Wallace found in this way that more than matter and force was in the universe—that brave Robert Owen found here the brightest consolation of his life—that Robert Chambers and Robert Dale Owen reversed in later years their whole current of thought—that Gerald Massey was able to say that he had the proof palpable that we do persist after the blind of darkness had been drawn down in death. Why, to obtain such positive assurance is worth a world of trouble. The cry of the ages has been, "O God, give us some proof of the future life!" And to-day the gates of the spirit-world are being flung open, and the so-called dead come back in answer to the prayer of the ages to prove there is no death.

The Children Come Back.

THEY sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The grey-haired dame and the aged sire,
Dreaming of days gone by.
The tear drops fell from each aged cheek,
And they both had thoughts that they could not speak.
And each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes descried
Three little chairs placed side by side,
Against the sitting-room wall.
Old fashioned enough as there they stood,
Their seats of flag and their frames of wood,
With their backs so straight and tall.

The aged sire shook his silvery head,
And with trembling voice he gently said:
"Mother, those empty chairs
They bring us sad, sad, thoughts to-night,
We will put them for ever out of sight,
In the small dark room upstairs.

But she answered, "Father, no, not yet,
For I look at them and I forget
That the children went away.
The boys come back, and our Mary, too,
With her apron on of chequered blue,
And sit here every day.

"Johnny still whittles a ship's tall masts,
And Willie his leaden bullets casts,
While Mary her patchwork sews.
At eventide three childish prayers
Go up to God from those little chairs—
I hear them, the good God knows.

"Johnny comes back from the billowy deep,
Willie wakes from his battlefield sleep,
To say a good night to me.
Mary's a wife and a mother no more,
But a tired child when playtime is o'er,
And comes and sits on my knee."

—Dora Singleton Moss.

The Rev. Stopford Brooke on the Glory of Death.

To part from life for those we loved at home, for friends who were as dear to us as light and air, was noble enough to move the heart of man. It was better still to die for our country, since that was less personal. It was better yet to die for great causes, ideas which were of vital importance to the progress of mankind—to die for thoughts and feelings without which the soul of humanity would starve, to die for moral truths, for justice, for faith, for honour, for purity. To die thus was to reach the highest glory and the highest beauty that could be known on earth. When a true man died, when a great sacrificing hero of the race passed away, we were apt to say, "Alas! alas! He is lost to us. Why did God take away all that goodness, love, and truth from us? No more his character will strengthen us, no more his fire will lighten and kindle us." So desperately pagan, so much less noble than higher pagan spirits were we, that we were lost in the vile thought that this material life was all. The vital and actual fact was altogether different. This noble human being multiplied his power tenfold by his death, and that which we called the end of his influence was but the true everlasting beginning of his influence. There was nothing less to be regretted than the death of a great lover of the race. Death was the soul's expansion. Nor was this all. If death were to be a loss of interest in humanity, loss of power to exercise one's love upon our fellow-men, loss of personal influence on our friends whom we loved, on all who in the long ages were to follow us, then indeed there was in such a separation an element of sadness and isolation that seemed too full of pain for the human heart to contemplate. But that was not the faith of Jesus, nor should the thought be ours. There was a vast world of living, spiritual human beings who had been once on earth, who were in vital connection with us, of spirit with spirit, heart with heart, thought with thought, and love with love, whose personal influence, multiplied a thousand-fold since their death, was incessantly playing on us. The thought that we should have infinitely delightful power and the infinite interest of it glorified into amazing beauty and splendour the thought and the fact of death.

A Remarkable Incident.

A FEW years ago, while calling upon one of the Supreme Court of Justices in this city at his home, after some preliminary conversation regarding my own experiences and observations, he stated the following, as a remarkable incident in his own life.

He said he was on one of the Hudson River steamers, coming from Albany to his home in Brooklyn. He had retired to his state-room and was lying in his bed perfectly awake, when he was startled by the presence of a lady standing near him. She was in her night-robe, her hair fell loosely over her shoulders, her features were pale, and her eyes were fixed intently upon him. He recognised her at once as Mrs. S., a very dear friend, to whom he was under great obligations for attendance when he had been very ill. "I come," she said, "to tell you that I have just died." With these words she disappeared from his sight. He immediately arose, noted the time by his watch, and returned to his bed. On arriving home he told his family that Mrs. S. was dead, giving the hour of her demise. When asked how he knew, he related the occurrence, and was, of course, laughed at, and told he was dreaming. That he was not was made evident a few hours later, by the reception of a telegram announcing her decease, while he was on the steamer, at the hour he had noted. Here is a fact, which can easily be established by the testimony of as respectable a man as can be found. He is still on the bench, and is widely known as a jurist and scholar, as well as a soldier who did noble service for his country in the Union army. I write this without his permission, hence I do not make use of his name. I will, however, give it to those desiring to test the matter further. As current news in this connection permit me to mention the very satisfactory service which Mrs. Tillie Reynolds, of Troy, N.Y., has rendered at Conservatory Hall, in this city. Mrs. Reynolds is a lady. Her discourses are clear and instructive and I predict for her a career of great usefulness. Her readings and platform tests were very good, and in many instances quite remarkable. She has been followed by Mrs. Ada Foye who has crowded houses evenings, when she gives tests to the audiences, and fair audiences when she does not.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

A. H. DAILEY.

Spirits Prevent Suicide.

MANY years ago, spending an evening with some friends, while talking I clairvoyantly saw two little lads walk into the room hand in hand. They went round from one mortal to another, scanning each face until they came to me; their little faces seemed to light up with recognition, although I felt certain they were absolute strangers to me. The younger of the two put out his hand to take mine, and, of course, my responding to his action attracted the attention of my friends, who asked, "What is it? What do you see?"

I answered, "There are two little boys here; they tell me they are waiting for their mother."

My hostess looked puzzled, and said they could not be for any one present. The little ones seemed to read from my face what was being said, and the elder one said, "No, mother is coming. 'Goodness' sent us here to see her, and you are to help us."

I told aloud what he said, and I had scarcely spoken when Mrs. Evans was announced, and a lady, a stranger to me, entered the room, dressed in deep mourning. I saw my host and hostess look meaningly at each other, and the spirit children clung lovingly to her dress. The poor creature looked the picture of sadness, and I knew we were to go through a trying scene. Mrs. Perks, my hostess, I perceived, felt likewise, and a sort of ominous silence fell round us. The children seemed wild with delight, caressing their mother, seemingly unconscious of her not returning their demonstrations of affection for some time. At last it dawned upon them, and the elder one turned to me and said—

"Isn't mother still? Why doesn't she speak? It's like as if she was blind, and can't see us."

I said, "My dear, she cannot see you; you are little angels now, and she is still on earth. Tell me your name, and I will tell her you are here."

"My name is Johnny and my brother is Willie. Tell her quickly."

After a little conversation I led her to the subject of her mourning dress. With tears she told me she had had a severe loss.

"Have you ever heard of Spiritualism?" I asked quietly.

"Oh, yes; and I have thought of going to see a medium, but do not know how to set about it. And then, again, I am afraid it is wicked to disturb the dead."

I saw the poor soul was full of the usual ideas, that her dead darlings were lying in their cold grave, waiting there for the last trump to quicken them into life; and that if she sought communion they would have to come from their graves to her.

I said, "Are you a Christian?"

"Of course I am."

"Then," I said, "what about your belief in the communion of saints? They were only mortals, you know, and must lie in their graves if that be true, and what about communion with them? What does it mean when we are told that we all have our good and bad angels near us, and that we are to try the spirits, holding only to those whom we prove to be good and true?"

In this way I led her on until she seemed easier in her mind, and then holding her hand tightly, I said—

"I constantly see spirits; I hear them speak; I have seen some here to-night."

She said, "Is it possible? Oh, tell me, can you see any one here to-night for me?"

"Yes; there are two little boys."

The poor woman looked like a lunatic. She seized my shoulder, and holding me tightly, said—

"Tell me what they are like. Tell me their names."

"Their names are John and Willie Evans. Their ages are seven and five. They passed away nearly two years ago of smallpox."

Never shall I forget that woman's face. She threw herself into my arms, literally screaming "Thank God! Oh, thank God for this mercy! My children have saved me, for this night I had intended to kill myself, and came here to say good-bye."

She drew from her handbag a bottle of laudanum. This woman's life had been saved by the spirits, and no other means. She lives to this day, and holds communion with her angel sons, Johnny and Willie.

Will any one kindly here explain where the wickedness of holding spirit communion comes in? I shall be much obliged if they can.

—From "The Clairvoyance of Bessie Williams."

The Little Spirit's Mission.

THE drunkard dreamed of his old retreat,
Of his cosy place on the tap-room seat,
And the liquor gleamed upon his eye
Till his lips to the sparkling glass drew nigh.
He lifted it up with an eager glance,
And sang as he saw the bubbles dance:
"Aha! I am myself again,
Here's a truce to care, an adieu to pain.
Welcome the cup with its creamy foam,
Farewell to work and a mopey home,
With a jolly crew and a flowing bowl,
In bar-room pleasures I love to roll."
Like a flash there came to the drunkard's side
His angel child who that night had died;
With a look so gentle, and sweet, and fond,
She touched his glass with her little wand,
And oft as he raised it up to drink,
She silently tapped on its trembling brink,
Till the drunkard shook from foot to crown,
And set the untasted goblet down.
"Hey, man!" cried the host, "what meaneth this?
Is the covey sick, or the dram amiss?
Cheer up, my lad, quick the bumper quaff."
And he glared around with a fiendish laugh.
The drunkard raised his glass once more,
And looked at its depth as so oft before,
But started to see on its pictured foam
The face of his dead little child at home.
Then again the landlord at him sneered,
And the swaggering crowd of drunkards jeered;
But still, as he tried that glass to drink,
The hand of his dead one tapped the brink.
The landlord gasped, "I swear, my man,
Thou shalt take every drop of the flowing can."
The drunkard bowed to the quivering brim,
Though his heart beat fast and his eye grew dim,
But the wand struck him harder than before,
The glass was flung on the bar-room floor;
All round the room the fragments lay,
And the poisonous currents rolled away.
The drunkard awoke. His dream was gone,
His bed was bathed in the light of morn,
But he saw, as he shook with pale, cold fear,
A beautiful angel hovering near.
He rose and that seraph was by him still—
It checked his passion, it stayed his will,
It dashed from his lips the maddening bowl,
And victory gave to his ransomed soul.
Since ever that midnight hour he dreamed,
Our hero has been a man redeemed,
And this is the prayer that he prays away,
And this is the prayer let us help him pray:
That spirits may come in every land,
To dash the cup from the drunkard's hand.

—Contributed by Dora Singleton Moss.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

ACCINGTON. Bridge Street.—Tea Party on New Year's Day. Friends, rally round.

ASHINGTON.—Tea Party, 25th, and Mr. Clare will lecture on "Shakespeare."

BACUP.—Tea and Entertainment, Dec. 30. Mrs. Stansfield, of Oldham, expected. Dec. 31: Mrs. Stansfield. Jan. 1: Circle (public) Mrs. Stansfield, medium.

BATLEY CARR SOCIETY.—Annual Public Tea on Christmas-Day. Old friends and new heartily welcome to another social re-union. Tea on the tables at 5 o'clock prompt. Tickets, 6d. and 4d.

BIRMINGHAM. Masonic Hall.—A social gathering, Thursday, Jan. 4, at Middle Class Schools, Frederick Street. Vocal concert, social games, dancing, etc. Refreshments free. Tickets 1/6. Friends, make it a splendid success.

BLACKBURN. Northgate.—First annual tea meeting on New Year's Day. A good programme provided. Tea at 4-30. Tickets, adults, 1s., under 12, 8d. A hearty invitation to all.

BRADFORD. Boynton Street.—Tuesday, Dec. 26, a social tea and meeting. Tickets 6d., tea at 5 p.m. Addresses will be delivered by Mr. Ewam, Mr. and Mrs. G. Galley, Mr. Hilton, and others.

BRADFORD. Harker Street.—On Jan. 6th we intend having a meat tea, at 4-30. 9d. each, children 4d. After tea various speakers.

BRADFORD. Lower Temperance Hall, Leeds Road.—Tea and entertainment on New Year's Day. Tickets, 9d.

BRADFORD. Walton Street Spiritual Church.—Tea and entertainment, Saturday, December 23. A hearty invitation to all. We hope for a great success and a substantial result towards necessary repairs. Tickets, adults, 9d. Children, 4d.—T. J. P., cor. sec.

BRIGHOUSE. Martin Street.—Dec. 23: A public Tea and Social. Tea at 4-30. Tickets, 6d.; social, 4d. Dec. 25: A Sale of Work, Christmas Tree, and Social. Doors open at 2-30. Admission 3d.

BURNLEY. Hammerton Street.—A Grand Christmas Tree and Sale of Work, Saturday, December 23. The Sale will be opened at 3-30, by Mr. W. Mason. A choice selection of toys and useful articles of clothing will be on sale at reasonable prices. Refreshments served at reasonable rates. A Gipsy in her tent will delineate. A Phrenologist will examine heads. At intervals a Ventriloquist will enliven the meeting by his exhibitions. Songs, comic and otherwise, will be given. Admission: Adults 6d.; Children 3d.

BURNLEY. Robinson Street.—Annual tea party, and meeting Christmas-Day. Tea 4-30. Tickets, 9d. Children, 6d. We hope to make this the best entertainment we have ever had. Friends, rally round and give us your hearty support. 17: Mr. Geo. Featherstone. Subjects, afternoon, "Misfits and Patchwork." Evening, "The Origin and Destiny of Man."

BURNLEY. Robinson Street.—Dec. 24: Mrs. M. H. Wallis. Afternoon, "Christmas, its Influence"; evening, "The Religion of the Future." 25th: Tea Party, at 4-30, and Entertainment. Tickets 9d., children 6d.—W. Harrison, sec.

BURY.—Christmas-Day. Tea party at 4-30 and entertainment, 1s. Friends cordially invited.

CLECKHEATON.—Christmas-Day: Tea party at 4 p.m., and entertainment at 7-30 of phrenology, psychometry, clairvoyance, and recitations. Tickets, 9d. each; under 12, half-price. Entertainment only, 3d.

DARWEN.—Dec. 23 and 25. "At home." Most enjoyable evening expected. Refreshments provided. Admission, 6d. Friends, attend in large numbers. Dec. 25: Tea party at 4-30. Tickets for tea and entertainment, 9d.; children, 6d. Entertainment (to commence at seven o'clock) only, 3d.—W. M.

FARLEY BECK BOTTOM, near Leeds, having opened the Liberal Clubroom, we shall be glad to engage speakers who will come for 2s. 6d. and expenses within 20 miles. Dec. 24th, Mrs. Levitt. 31st, Open. Address John Farrar, 5, Arthur Street, Town Street, Stanningley, near Leeds, Sec.

FELING.—Dec. 23: Our annual tea and concert. Tea at 5 p.m. Adults, 9d., children, half-price.

HALIFAX.—Dec. 26: A grand tea and social evening, in aid of the new church. Tea at 4-30. Tickets, for tea and social, 1/-; under 12, 6d. Social, 6d. and 3d. The Lyceum String Band will play for dancing. Members' half-yearly meeting and election of officers and committees, Saturday, January 6th. All members are requested to be present to deal with matters of importance.—F. A. M.

HUDDERSFIELD.—Brook Street Society are in want of speakers for December 24 and 31. Apply stating terms to J. Briggs, 50, Lockwood Road, Huddersfield.

HULL. Friendly Societies' Hall.—Jan. 7 and 8: Mrs. Berry. Jan. 28 to Feb. 4 inclusive, Mr. Rowling. We trust members and friends will muster in full force to welcome these speakers.

HUNSLY. Institute.—26: Tea meeting at 5 p.m., social afterwards. Tickets 6d. Friends, give us a helping hand.

HYDE. Grammar School, Edna Street.—Mediums having open dates for 1894, please write to Mr. William France, The Cottage, opposite Station, Hyde, Cheshire.

HOLLINWOOD.—Christmas-Day: Sandwich tea. Tickets, 1s.; under 12, 6d.

LEEDS. Psychological Hall.—Dec. 26: Grand Christmas Tea at 4-30, and social evening. Adults 6d. Under twelve 4d.

LEICESTER. Liberal Club.—Dec. 26: An old Spiritualist is going to celebrate his silver-wedding by giving a tea to the members and friends, for the benefit of the society by a voluntary collection. 31st: Mr. J. J. Morse; also on New Year's Day.

LEIGH. Newton Street.—New-Year's Day. Sandwich Tea party and entertainment of songs, recitations, and dialogues. Tickets, males, 1s.; females 9d.; children, 6d.

LIVERPOOL. Psychic Church.—Brother Alexander (Mr. A. W. Clavis). 24, "The Altar"; 31, a grand midnight service at the church to celebrate the second anniversary of its foundation. A special sermon and a solemn procession of the brothers, with public renewal of ordination vows. Commence at 11 p.m.

LIVERPOOL. Daulby Hall.—Dec. 24: Mr. E. W. Wallis at 11, "Mediumship; its Problems and Perplexities." 6-30, "Salvation or Progression. Which?"

LIVERPOOL LYCEUM. Daulby Hall.—Friday, Dec. 29, at 7-30, Optical Lantern Entertainment.

LONDON. Forest Hill, 23, Devonshire Road.—Sunday, 24: Experience meeting. Speakers, Mrs. Gunn, Mr. Bertram, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Elphick, and others, 7 o'clock. Thursday at 8, séance; medium, Miss L. Gambriel. Dec. 31, 7 o'clock, a floral and spiritual christening, the first held in the above society's rooms. Friends are asked to bring offerings of flowers. Speakers, Mrs. Bliss and Mr. J. J. Vango. Tea at 5-30. Tickets, 6d., at the above address.

LONDON. Islington, Wellington Hall. Annual social gathering. T. Everitt, Esq. chairman. Jan. 4, speeches, music, songs, recitals, readings of character, musical, magneto-gymnastics, Cinderella dance. Country friends visiting London will have complimentary tickets of admission sent them on application by letter to J. Brooks, 72, St. Thomas's Road, N. Commence at 7-30; admission, 1s.

LONDON. Marylebone, 86, High Street, W.—Dec. 24: Mr. J. J. Morse, 7 p.m., subject—"Past Failures and Future Hopes." Early in January a special night with Mr. Morse's control, "The Strolling Player." Particulars later.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALIST MISSION. 311, Camberwell New Road, S.E.—Special Watch Night Séance at 10-30 p.m., on New Year's Eve. New Year's Social Gathering, on Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 8 p.m. The rooms will be tastefully decorated, and refreshments supplied. Tickets 1/- must be obtained by Dec. 31st. Half-yearly general meeting on Jan. 14, at 8-30. All members should attend. Important business.

MACCLESFIELD.—Dec. 24th: Miss Janet Bailey. 31st: Mr. Swindlehurst. Annual Tea Party on New Year's Tuesday. Chairman, Mr. Wallis. Full particulars later.

MANCHESTER. Openshaw.—Tea party, entertainment, and ball on New Year's Day. Tea at 4-30; entertainment at six o'clock; dancing at 8 p.m. Tickets, 1s. Mrs. Dixon, of Burnley, on Dec. 31, and she will stay for the party.

MANCHESTER SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS.—The Annual Tea Party and Ball on Monday, January 1st, in the Large Co-operative Hall, Downing Street, Ardwick. Tea on the tables at 5 p.m. Dancing to commence at 8, until 2 a.m. An efficient band will be in attendance. Tickets: Gent's, 1s. 3d.; lady's, 1s.—R. D. L.

MANCHESTER. Tipping Street Band of Hope.—Monday, Jan. 8, Mr. Weaver will speak and sing temperance songs of his own composing. He is guaranteed to keep the audience merry. Miss Maslin, Messrs. Braham and Leigh will also give songs, duets, recitations, &c. Admission, adults, 2d., children under 14, 1d. Friends, help us along.

MANCHESTER. Collyhurst.—Grand Entertainments, Jan. 8 and 9. Particulars next week.

NELSON. Bradley Fold.—Dec. 23: Public tea at 4-30, and entertainment. Tickets 9d. and 6d.; meeting only 3d.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. Spiritual Evidence Society.—24: At 6-30, Mr. C. Thompson, of Sunderland, will give the second portion of his lecture, "Whence come we, and whither are we going?" Sat. 30: at 7-30, clairvoyant séance, Mrs. Wallis. 31: Short addresses and clairvoyance. Monday, Jan. 1, annual tea meeting followed by music and dancing.

NEWPORT (MON.)—An entertainment in the Spiritual Temple, Thursday, Jan. 4, to defray expenses of the hall. Shall be pleased to see Cardiff friends.—W. H. Jones.

NOTICE TO AGENTS.—Should your parcel of *Two Worlds* not arrive, kindly send us word immediately, so that we can send a second supply in time for Sunday.

NOTICE.—Mr. Timson has a few vacant dates for 1894. Address Leicester Phrenological Institute.

OLDHAM. Temple.—Dec. 23, at 7-30, a splendid comical entertainment, illustrated by about 60 limelight lantern slides. Children, up to 12 years, 1d.; adults, 2d.; a few front seats, 3d. Sunday, 2-30, P.S.A. 6-30: Service of Song, "Dick's Fairy," illustrated by 49 lantern slides. Reader, Mr. Lindley; soloist, Miss Lizzie Emery. Christmas day: tea party, 4-45. Tickets, 6d.

ROCHDALE. Penn Street.—Mr. G. F. Manning, Inspirationalist, Clairvoyant, and Medical Psychometrist. At 2-30: "Our Sainted Dead." At 6 p.m.: "Bethlehem's Babe, God's Mercy to Man." Will also sing, "Those gates ajar, and "Dear Heavenly Home." Special hymns.

ROYTON.—Dec. 24: Afternoon, Sacred Concert. Evening, Miss Thwaite, of Royton. Tea Party and entertainment on Saturday, 23rd.

SOUTH SHIELDS. 89, John Clay Street, Westoe.—Tea and Social on New Year's Day. Tickets 9d. Sunday, Dec. 23: Mr. McKellar.

STOCKPORT.—Dec. 25: Social Party and Entertainment. Operetta farce, recitations, readings, solos and duets, choruses, and action song by the Lyceum children. Tea at 4-30 with entertainment: Adults 9d., children 6d. and 4d. Entertainment only, 3d.—T. E.

WINDHILL.—31, Mrs. Ingham.

THE YORKSHIRE SPIRITUALISTS' UNION, at their next Conference Day, desire representatives of societies to prepare a five minutes' address (oral or written), giving the present conditions and prospects of their local organisations, so that steps may be taken to render assistance where it is most needed. The afternoon will be devoted to this object, and it is hoped every affiliated society will muster in strong force at Little Horton (Spicer Street) rooms on the 7th January. Special notice next week with plan.—Wm. Stansfield.

SOME RATHER REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCES, says the *Birmingham Daily Mail*, are related in connection with the accident to the West Bromwich Fire Brigade men, who were injured by the overturning of the "tender." A few days ago, the Borough Surveyor (Mr. Eayes) had rather a remarkable dream, in which he witnessed the overturning of the West Bromwich Fire Brigade. This he related to Captain Wayte, but no notice was taken of it. It is a very singular coincidence that the number of men injured in the accident last night is exactly the same as were supposed to be hurt in the Borough Surveyor's dream. The colour of the horses was the same as that described by Mr. Eayes. It is also stated that a tradesman in West Bromwich, within the last few days, had a similar dream, and spoke to Captain Wayte about it. The driver before he started on the journey was warned to be careful in consequence of these dreams having been related to members of the fire brigade.

PASSING EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

INDEX NEXT WEEK.

NO REPORTS NEXT WEEK.

MONTHLY PLANS NEXT WEEK.

"LOVE-LINKS," a complete story, by Mrs. Wallis, next week.

"AFTER MANY DAYS," by Alfred Kitson, a new story, will commence in our first issue for 1894.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO YOU, with all sorts of temporal and spiritual blessings.

LUTON AND STAMFORD seem to be waking up. We are anxious to see a Spiritualist society in every town in the kingdom. Why not?

EDINA'S EXPERIENCES.—We shall be pleased to supply the back numbers containing the valuable articles by Edina post free for 1s. 3d.

"THE COMING DAY" for December is very interesting. "The Pleasantest Place in the World," "A Christmas Fancy for Children," and "The Trivial and the Vital Things," are extremely valuable articles.

MR. D. YOUNGER'S "MAGNETIC AND BOTANIC JOURNAL" for December contains a continuation of his addresses, and other valuable matter well worth perusal by all who are interested in safe botanic medical practice.

"HEADS AND HEARTS," by Jas. Riding, and sold by John Heywood, is an interesting and instructive penny pamphlet of phrenological advice on "Courtship and Marriage, and how to tell character."

"SPIRIT TEACHINGS," by "M.A. (Oxon.)," The new memorial edition of this valuable work is now ready, price 4/6, and can be had at 73a, Corporation Street, Manchester.

OWD JONATHAN, of 83, Chapel Street, Salford, notices with regret that many speakers and mediums are suffering from ill-health, and proffers his services to fill a gap in cases of disappointment. He used to be an active worker years ago, and should be called upon now.

"AN INVESTIGATIVE STUDY OF SPIRITUALISM," by Mrs. Duffey, author of "Heaven Revised," is the title of a new penny pamphlet, forming No. 3 of *The Two Worlds* series. It is of exceptional merit and interest, and just the thing to put in the hands of enquirers.

THE LIVING WAGE is an opportune pamphlet by "Nunquam." It deals with this vital question of the times in a clear and trenchant manner which should assist readers whose minds are not already made up. It is only 1d. and should have a wide sale.

MRS. HYDE wishes to express her thanks to numerous friends for their kind expression of sympathy, both by calls and through the post. She is improving very nicely and is now able to leave her bed, and hopes to be able in a short time to resume her work.

MR. S. HAYES says that he became acquainted with Mr. S. Laycock by hearing him defending Spiritualism in conversation with a gentleman on the sands at Blackpool. Mr. Laycock was an earnest advocate of spirit-communion and a true people's poet.

AS ANNOUNCED in our last issue no reports are inserted this week, neither shall we be able to find room for reports next week, as the Index will take up two of the pages usually devoted to them. "Plans" intended for the number dated December 29th should be sent in immediately, as they ought to be in type on Saturday, the 23rd.

"IF CHRISTIANITY were to be judged by Church life in this country to-day, it must be admitted that it was a huge fraud and a huge failure," said Mr. Keir Hardie at Bolton. He declared that man worshipped Mammon instead of God, and that England was on the down grade for the same reasons that destroyed greater nations in bygone days.

OUR CAUSE IN LEICESTER is decidedly improving, as you know we have three societies, and each one, I believe, is doing fairly well. We have just taken a room in Grafton Street (late High Street Society). It will seat from 150 to 200 people, and have nicely fitted it up for the spiritual work.

MRS. BUTTERFIELD sends us a kindly and appreciative letter *re* our reply to Simeon Twigg in the *Clarion*. She has been very ill for three weeks, so has her husband, but both are getting better again now, we are glad to say. Pleased to hear from you, friend; there is, indeed, plenty of work to do.

MR. AND MRS. ALBERT AND IDA ELLIS send us specimens of their books—The Phrenological Review—Phrenology and Musical Talent—The Temperaments—The Population Question—How to Measure Human Crania—and The Simplex Delineator and Self-Instructor in Phrenology. They are all good, and contain useful information. (See advt.)

DEATH OF A GERMAN PHILOSOPHER, viz, Professor Michelet. Michelet's philosophical standpoint may be described as a new Christian Spiritualism, and is best shown in his lectures on the "Personality of God," "The Immortality of the Soul," and "The Eternal Personality of the Spirit," "The Historical Christ," and the "New Christianity and the Future of Man."

THERE is not a public hall open in South London for the spread of our cause, but this want will be supplied by March, when a permanent public head-quarters will be opened for the advocacy of Spiritualism, for private and public sances, reading-room, and public lectures. We hope to lay full details before a conference of South London Spiritualists at the Anniversary Services, at 311, Camberwell New Road, on January 28th.—W. E. L.

A DYING DEAF AND DUMB WOMAN SPEAKS.—I have a cousin who died yesterday morning, aged 50 years and 4 months, who had been deaf and dumb since birth. An hour before she died, much to the surprise of the watchers, she spoke as you or I would, and said, "Happy, happy, going to Jesus. I can see father, mother, brother, and sister; they are all come to fetch me away," and then her speech was gone. I am sorry we have so few Spiritualists here.—W. de Gruchy, Eureka Cottage, 6, Lewis Street, Jersey.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Norman Latham: Many thanks for the portrait of Mrs. Latham. It is a life-like reminder of our old friend. D. Ward, Wisbech: Heartly thanks for your kindly gift of apples. They are real "golden pills of health." A. Smedley: Many thanks. Very sorry you have all been ill. Hope the improvement will continue.—R. Judd: Many thanks for your congratulations. The reply to "Simeon" has given general satisfaction. Our final reply will we trust be published in this week's *Clarion*. We hope "Simeon" will quietly and patiently investigate in search of the truth, and we have no fear for the result.

A COUPLE OF GIPSY women have been prosecuted at Leeds for fortune-telling and getting £10 out of the prosecutor, a credulous old woman, who is reported to be a Spiritualist, which we very much doubt. If people will be so foolish they deserve to lose their money. Spiritualists, we should think, have more sense.

THE VEIL LIFTED.—Modern Developments of Spirit Photography, with twelve illustrations. Cloth boards, 2s. nett. Will be ready next week. Orders for advance copies may be sent to the office of *The Two Worlds*. The volume contains papers by Mr. J. Traill Taylor, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A., Mr. James Robertson, and Mr. Andrew Glendinning.

THE SMITHWICK SPIRITUALISTS have decided to have 5,000 leaflets of "Mrs. Groom, a Medium, Interviewed" reprinted in tract form for distribution amongst investigators. They can be forwarded at once, and are just the thing for giving to sceptical friends. Price 6d. per 100, or 4s. per 1,000, post free. Orders to be sent to R. Crichton, 43, Hume Street, Smithwick, Birmingham.

RE THE ART OF FINDING WATER WITH THE DIVINING ROD.—Mr. J. F. Young, of Llanelly, South Wales, writes:—"I have practised and studied Hydroscoy in company with a friend, who is also an adept at it, for 25 years, and so far I can see but one conclusion, viz, that it is purely a psychological phenomenon. I have, at times in particular, when in 'power,' passed through the same symptoms, the same extatic exaltation as when I have been controlled at sances. At such times I can tell step by step whether water is beneath or no water as well as I can tell darkness from light, and I know of nothing so interesting as to walk abroad and note the network of streams or otherwise. Many estates that were barren of water have to thank the rod for the springs they now use."

INEXPRESSIBLY PATHETIC.—Commenting on the recent debate as to the Absolute Inerrancy of the Bible, the *Christian Commonwealth* said: "Would it not have been better for the Westbourne Park Bible-class to have calmly and reverently talked over the matter under the lead of Mr. Urquhart and Dr. Clifford, without advertisement or invitation to outsiders? It was inexpressibly pathetic last Wednesday evening to see elderly ladies clasping their well-worn Bibles with tremulous fingers, whilst they appeared to regard Dr. Clifford—their own pastor—with griefed, reproachful eyes as though he were desecrating a sacred shrine, or seeking to rob them of that which is their consolation in this world and hope for the next." It must have been "pathetic" indeed to see those ladies holding their Bible idol as if it were a fetish. Consolation for this world and hope for the next does not depend on the inerrancy of the Bible, and the sooner people know it the better. But no, it should be talked over privately. That's the resort of cowards—hush it up.AND THIS IN CHRISTIAN ENGLAND.—The London *Daily Chronicle* reports that "a man who had been down with smallpox and forced to seek refuge in 'the house' with his wife and children, is at last able to go to work at the Deptford Victualling Yard, where he has been promised a job as soon as the doctor will pass him. By the kindness of neighbours he is enabled to tide over the first week. But when payday comes and he goes to draw his 17s. he is told that the first week's wages must be kept back in conformity with the Admiralty's regulations, whereupon he and his wife, whose confinement is approaching, and their five children, are forced to camp on Blackbeath for five nights. There comes a night of drenching rain, which soaks the mother to the skin, while the little ones shelter themselves as best they may under her skirts. When a room is at length obtained the mother and her new-born child die from the effects of exposure. What a story! In any private concern the workman who wants an advance on his wages can get it, but the State must needs exact a fortnight's labour before it will give a week's wages. To protect itself against larceny the State has in this instance been guilty of murder."GRANT RICHARDS, writing in *Great Thoughts* says: "Oh, these Spiritualists! A certain Mr. Horatio Hunt has sent me—me, of all people in the world—a sort of folio pamphlet containing the first Book of a fearsome 'poem' entitled 'Nero; or, The Trials, Battles, and Adventures of the Sixth Emperor of Rome, during a period of nearly Two Thousand Years, in Darkest Hades!' These 'travels' have been composed 'in the dead of night,' which may account for something of their character. Nero, says the introduction, 'is universally regarded as the greatest monster of antiquity,' and for years Mr. Hunt has been haunted with a desire to present to the world the terrible consequences of his crimes—his punishment after death." I don't know whether we have any authentic account of Dante's sensations when he was writing his account of Purgatory, but we shall, in the future at least, have Mr. Hunt's. His feelings were so intense that he 'hesitated to proceed further,' fearing that he 'might possibly encounter things too dreadful for human endurance.' 'I resolved to press forward, however,' he says, 'because I felt that I could play the devil myself if necessary.' I feel too great a diffidence to give my own sensations while reading it. I will give no opinion, and, as a recompense to Mr. Hunt, will give him a free advertisement; he is "prepared to give drawing-room recitals or public readings in character from 'Nero.' For terms address, 6, Ladbroke Crescent, Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill, W."

ASHCROFT'S NORTHERN TOUR.—Geographically speaking Cramlington lies eight miles nearer the Arctic circle than Newcastle. The district contains an interspersed population, owing to an influx of Cornishmen in 1863, during the great Northumbrian coal strike. Thus the sturdy rationalism of the brave border men was overwhelmed by the irrepressible Methodist. These simple unsuspects seem to see in Ashcroft a second Saviour. The "rush," headed by the resident parsons who fill the chair, has created a red-lettered epoch in the Showman's life, hence this luck will somewhat balance this city's deficit, where "Empires and People's Palaces" outvalled his paltry show. After his earlier performance, and in the face of Mr. J. J. Morse's eloquent reply, Ashcroft, in his simpering fashion, pleaded to "Come back," and he did come back with a vengeance. He came back to stay, as he holds forth in the pulpit to-day (Sunday). He frolics in clover, too. The countless numbers of Midland trucks waiting supplies has made a coal Eldorado in Northumbria. I guess he has been starved out of Lancashire. (Query: How much have the poor received?) According to the Blyth prints Ashcroft has uttered an awful revelation, namely, that all the "spirit mediums are obsessed by low criminal spirits," but not

a word anent his own familiars (are they angels or demons?). A very little discretion at the present moment would look more in fashion. The recent autumn assizes have thrown a police search light upon the doings of sundry prominent Methodists in the North. Some of them are holding a love feast upon the treadmills in Her Majesty's hotels. Another preached his farewell sermons a few days ago, previous to robbing his hard-working friends to the tune of thousands, and crowned his triumphs by purloining his neighbour's young wife. So common in the North have such scandals become that the popular query is "How is it that these clever and frequent swindles are done by prominent church officials?" Considering Ashworth's glass-house shelter he ought to guess the rest.—W. H. Robinson.

RE THE SYMBOL.—I have had a considerable number of the symbols made in solid silver in the several forms of brooches, pins, pendants, and badges, and have supplied all orders which have been sent in. To meet the wishes of many friends, I have thus incurred a heavy financial responsibility, and shall be glad if those who approve the wearing of a symbol will send in their orders. See advertisement on "Sunday Services" page. One lady writes that "she has received the brooch, and thinks it will answer well the purpose for which it is intended." Another correspondent writes: "The symbol, with the design of which I am delighted, is what I have been looking forward to for years, and I must thank Mr. E. W. Wallis for his energies in bringing it to such a successful issue." I trust friends will send in orders. I have done my best to meet their wishes.—E. W. Wallis.

STOCKPORT FRIENDS have found it imperative to speak out plainly, to stop disorder and interruption at their meetings, and advertised a special notice "that their meeting place is registered under the Public Worship Act. If necessary to ensure decorum and decency in the worship of Our Father, they will not hesitate to put the law in force against offenders." The *Stockport Express* thus comments: "The hobbled boys who, by their horse-play, persist in annoying the worshippers at the Spiritualistic meetings held in Wellington Road North, will possibly be less aggressive when they know that it is decided to bring the next offender before the magistrates. Whatever may be thought of the theological views of the Spiritualists in some quarters, it is a fact that—so far as Stockport is concerned, at any rate—the body includes many persons who are invariably courteous, and most tolerant-minded. It is nothing less than a disgrace that worship should be interrupted by gangs of rough youths, some of them near manhood—at any rate, so far as age is concerned."

Mrs. GROOM kindly thanks us for our remarks, re home circles, and writes: "I am most pleased to see you advise all persons to sit at home. It has been through our home circle that we have received the best and most blessed comfort for ourselves and others also, and although I am as much as ever interested in our public work, yet there are times when 'an hour's communion' with my husband and child and other good souls at home gives me comfort and strength to meet the dark clouds of this material and intellectual cold world. Some folks seem to think the spirit people should do all their thinking, and be ever very willing, nay, extremely thankful, to be remembered at all. Sometimes I have thought with what gentle patience and deep love the spirit world showers blessings upon us mortals. It should make us more than willing to give unto others as we receive, and the very best condition for proof of spirit individuality and communion is in the homes of the mediums, where the spiritual magnetism abounds and constitutes a centre of power which the spirit can use to give us the truth."

NOW THAT THE reading season is on, you should read "Spirit Guided," a Spiritualistic story written by E. W. Wallis. It has received high praise, and is very suitable as a gift-book or a prize, and in the hands of enquirers will form a good introduction to Spiritualism, and Spiritualists will find much to interest and help them. Post free 1s. Other good books are: "The Use of Spiritualism," by S. C. Hall, post free, cloth, 1s. 8s.; "Rational Faith," by Hugh Junor Browne, post free 1s.; "Spiritualism a New Basis of Belief," by J. S. Farmer, post free, 1s. 2d.; "Modern Spiritualism an I Modern Christianity," by Arcanus, 1s., post free; "Death a Delusion," by John Page Hopps, post free 1s. 2d.; "A Scientific Basis for Belief in a Future Life," by J. P. Hopps, post free 7d.; "The Future Life," by J. P. Hopps, post free 1s. 2d.; "The Use an Abuse of the Bible," 6d., and "Did Jesus Die on the Cross?" 3d., by E. W. Wallis; "Plain Truth about the Bible," 6d., and "Alleged Prophecies Concerning Jesus Christ," 6d., by J. P. Hopps; "An Angel in Disguise," by Mrs. Wallis, 4d.

THE PIONEERS OF SPIRITUALISM IN BARROW. Honour to whom honour is due.—Mr. E. Foster, of 50, Friargate, Preston, writes: "Let it be remembered that before either Mr. and Mrs. Crellen or Mr. Procter were heard of, sittings had been held and a medium developed in the house of Doctor Dobson, to whom I was successful in introducing Spiritualism, and from whom I received a highly complimentary letter on the success that had resulted from my literary efforts. Soon after this introduction of Modern Spiritualism in Barrow, the movement was assailed—as is usual—by the local press; and who was it that hastened to the rescue? Certainly not the so-called 'Founders' of the society, as the writer of the report knows from previous correspondence. I am, therefore, very much surprised that he, more especially, should allow Doctor Dobson to be so completely ignored, and that neither he, Mr. Walmaley, nor any of the real 'Founders' should ever once be mentioned. That those who 'have borne the burden and heat of the day' should be treated in this way, shows that Spiritualists—at least in Barrow—can be guilty of 'ingratitude,' which, as L'Estrange says, 'is abhorrent both to God and man.' However, had it not been for the introduction of Spiritualism into Barrow, in all probability there would have been no society in Lancaster, for it was from the former locality that the movement originated in the latter, to say nothing of many other places to which Spiritualism spread from Preston as the centre, about twenty-three years ago."

SPEAKING IN FOREIGN TONGUES. A TESTIMONIAL.—This is to certify that on Sunday, Nov. 12, 1893, I heard Mr. Jas. Lomax, of Darwen, under what was alleged to be spirit control, recite a poem and also pray in the Chinese language. To still further test the powers of the alleged control, I accepted an invitation from Mr. F. Ogle, 8, Newhall Lane, Preston, to Mr. Lomax, at Mr. Ogle's house, and while there Mr. Lomax went under control, and I conversed with the control in the Chinese language, and I was thoroughly satisfied that whether Mr.

Lomax was controlled or not, one thing I do know, that he (Mr. Lomax) while in the alleged controlled state, could and did reply to me in the language of the Chinese. I may here state part of the language was what is known as Ha-ka, or what is known as the coast fishers around Hong Kong. The other portions were in another dialect entirely. The alleged control, through the organism of Mr. Lomax, also read and sung some Chinese writing or figures I marked down, and I may also state I have been twenty years in China, and seven years of that I was in command of the revenue cruisers, Canton, and it is the first time I have seen or heard Mr. Jas. Lomax, of Darwen. He is a perfect stranger to me. I may also state I am not a Spiritualist, as I am what is called one of the old faith, or, in other words, orthodox.—(Signed) W. H. Legg, Witnesses, F. Ogle, 8, Newhall Lane, Preston; Thos. Banks, 286, Newhall Lane, Preston. November 14, 1893.

A LIBRARY FOR SALE.—The following books are for sale in good condition: "Art Magic," "Modern American Spiritualism," "Nineteenth Century Miracles" (first edition), "Crookes's Researches into Spiritual Phenomena," "Dialectical Report," Wallace's "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," "Ancient Pagan Mysteries and Christian Symbolism" (by Inman), "Ethics of Spiritualism" (by Tuttle), "Career of Religious Ideas" (Tuttle), "Faiths, Facts, and Frauds," "Leaves from My Life" (J. J. Morse), several of Swedenborg's works, "The Unwelcome Child," "Jesus of Nazareth" (by Clodd), "Beard's Confessional," Dodd's "Mesmerism," Poe's poems, "M.A., Oxon's" "Psychography," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" (12 vols.), "Hafed, Prince of Persia" (first edition, illustrated), "Old Truths in a New Light" (Countess of Caithness), Macaulay's "History of England" (2 vols.), and "Essays and Lays of Ancient Rome," "Apocryphal New Testament," "The Alpha," Farmer's "New Basis of Belief" (cloth, large type, 5s. edition), Ennemoser's "History of Magic" (2 vols.), Autobiography of J. B. Gough, Paley's "Evidences," Paine's Political Works, Lillie's "Popular Life of Buddha," and Booth's "Darkest England." No reasonable offer refused.—Address F., c/o Editor *Two Worlds*.

MECHANICAL CHRISTIANITY.

A COPY of a quaint bill appeared a short time ago in one of the papers. It read as follows:—

"Jacques Vasquir, a painter of the 17th century, having worked in the Church of the Monastery of G—, had demanded seventy-eight florins, ten sous, of Brabant money. The Abbot, thinking the bill exorbitant, required a detailed bill of particulars, giving each item. The same was rendered as follows:—

	F.	S.
Corrected and Varnished the Ten Commandments.....	15	12
Embellished Pontius Pilate, and put a new ribbon in his hat.....	3	6
Put a new tail to St. Peter's cock and mended his crest.....	2	8
Refixed the good thief on the cross and gave him a new finger.....	1	7
Refathered and gilt the left wing of the angel Gabriel.....	14	18
Washed the servant maid of the High Priest, and put colour in her cheeks.....	5	12
Renewing the sky, adding the stars, gilt the sun and cleaned the moon.....	7	14
Renewing the flames of Purgatory and restored seven souls....	6	6
Revived the fires of hell, put a new tail on Lucifer, mended his left claw, and did several things to the damned.....	4	10
Put a new border to Herod's robes, gave him new teeth and re-adjusted his wig.....	2	2
Pnt a piece on Haman's leather breeches, and put two buttons on his waistcoat.....	2	3
Put garters on Tobias's son travelling with the angel, and put a new sling in his travelling bag.....	2	5
Cleaned the ears of Balaam's ass, and shod him.....	3	7
Put earrings on Sarah.....	2	0
Put a stone in David's sling, shaved the head of Goliath and bent his left leg.....	3	1
Put teeth in the jaw bone of Samson's ass.....	1	5
Pitched Noah's ark and gave him a pair of herons.....	6	10
Put a piece on the shirt of the Prodigal Son, washed the pigs, and put water in the troughs.....	3	4
Put a handle on the Samaritan's pot of oil.....	1	5

78s. 10s.

IN MEMORIAM.

In affectionate remembrance of my dear father, Mr. E. Townsend, of Dewsbury, who passed on to the higher life on Christmas Day, Dec. 25th, 1891. He still lives in the memory of those whom he has left at home.

THE REMAINS of the late Samuel Laycock, the Lancashire poet, were interred at Blackpool Cemetery on Monday last. The funeral cortege left the deceased's residence, Foxhall Road, shortly after two o'clock. There were present deputations from the Manchester and Burnley Literary Societies and other institutions. Hundreds turned out en route and blinds were drawn, while many business establishments were closed. The afternoon was very wet. [Mr. Laycock was a Spiritualist.]

PASSED to the higher life, on Friday, Dec. 8, through an injury to the spine, Annie Grace Davy, the beloved wife of Mr. George Davy, a well-known South London Spiritualist and worker. The mortal remains were committed to the earth at Plaistow Cemetery, on Dec. 15. A number of Spiritualists participated in a service opened by Mr. J. Allen (of Stratford) with a fervent aspiration; and, after our song of victory over death, Mr. Long spoke of the abiding joy and consolation our brother Davy felt when he was to-day comforted and sustained by the presence and sympathy of the spirit who had so recently passed on, and dwelt upon the fact that we had not come to leave our sister in the grave, but, as seen by several clairvoyants, she was present in the spirit, rejoicing that she was released from the pain-racked body, which she had left in the sure and certain knowledge of the grand reality of life. It was good to be there. The friends lingered, feeling the hallowed presence of angel friends all round. At an "In Memoriam" Service, at 311, Camberwell New Road, on Sunday, a crowded sympathetic gathering was addressed by Messrs. Long, Butcher, and Davy, on "The greater issues of life and death, and the knowledge and consolation of spirit communion."