

THE
Gerald of Progress

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE PHILOSOPHY AND TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISM.

“IN ESSENTIALS—UNITY; IN NON-ESSENTIALS—LIBERTY; IN ALL THINGS—CHARITY.”

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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One Penny.

Historical Controls.

[COMMUNICATED.]

BY A. T. T. P.

The Recorder of those controls is the same A.T.T.P. whose writings appeared from time to time in the *Medium and Daybreak*. The sensitive, out of whose mouth the words recorded are uttered, is a working man, possessing the scanty education of his class. The words are taken down as uttered almost verbatim. The sensitive being in a state of thorough trance throughout.

SIR WM. FOLLETT,

In *Earth-life—Her Majesty's Attorney-General.*

DEC. 15TH, 1880.

The medium went into trance, and spoke as follows: “First, a kind of unconsciousness comes over me—an unconsciousness felt is the word; as if my mind were settling to rest by sleep; this is my feeling now; there is an unconsciousness prevailing; a loss of external objects, and a loss of bodily vision, and then dimly mirrored to me is another life; and this world, as it fades, brings the era of another world—of another people before me. How many do I hear whispering around me; soon I shall hear them distinctly; and later on I shall see them wholly or in part. There is no method to pursue towards this strange thought; at least none that I know of. I only feel, that I am more free of my body in the presence of some, than I am in the presence of others; I know that you constitute one of the few, that give me nearly absolute freedom. Now, I see them more plainly, and to me it is a question have they ever moved? for, see, the same groups are here, as they were when last my soul was in its present condition. They are joined by those, whom I have seen before; their theme is not on law now, but on politics; they are speaking of individual ministers in the present government, and they are also speaking of what they heard at the last cabinet council; they are speaking also of a great similarity of condition existing now, to what the state and condition of the country was when they journeyed on earth. The one whom I overheard, when my soul was released before, is coming closer to us, and those with whom he has been talking, are watching him. It was at first the intention of your guide—your loving guide—that this morning also should be devoted to the enquiring five; but he perceives the difficulty my soul would have to encounter in overhearing and repeating all. He, therefore, has evidently given permission for the advancing spirit to control, and has limited that control for a special purpose; that purpose being, that the spirit that always comes last at the close of every seance, should be left with a certain amount of power;

that power, which animal-magnetism rightly disposed, possesses; so that by manipulation, you may be kept safe from the sudden change of this season of the year. How strange it is; even as he touches me, a feeling of acknowledgment of his power, and of willingness of obedience to his will, instantly possesses me. I at once give in.” [Just as he was going under control, I had an impression that it was Sir Wm. Follett who would control, and I saw him, as it were, before me, with his sweet smile, and before he spoke a word, I said, I know it is you, Sir William, with your sweet smile. He then, under control, said], “Sir William Follett gives you a happy greeting; yes, were you to argue from now until to-morrow morning, that before the sensitive had opened his lips, you at once mentioned the name of the controlling spirit; recognising a *smile* known in earth-life, they would not believe you, nor give you credit for truth, but in all probability they would say, the wily sensitive at once adopted the name, and assumed the personality. But, stop; it might well be questioned from whence comes the power of this assumption? How is it that he can at once assume the personality of a chance name? Even a giant of intellectuality is not supposed to hold in his mind the lives of all eminent Englishmen that have passed away years, nay, in some cases, centuries ago. I seize on this recognition as a most happy incident to illustrate the uselessness of the cavil against the sacredness of the spiritual work, which is well performed by yourself and many others, and how it was at once arranged, that by the power of clairaudience, he might offer a test control to those, who are pursuing up to the present, their earnest enquiries. Now, were they here when this name fell from your lips, as being the name of the coming control, and on the admission of the control, or of the sensitive as they would suppose, they would instantly have seized on that admission as the basis to found their opposing arguments. Let us suppose then, that they are present; their words of address to you would, in reasonable probability, have been, ‘It is strange, sir, that that name should have passed your lips, and the only reason for that name being in your mind is in our opinion, because that name was the name of an alleged spirit in presence here yesterday morning; but we have also the remarkable fact, that that was not the only name mentioned; for the sensitive, as you believe, choose to designate, not only him but professed to overhear the conversation, not alone of Sir William Follett, the name you mentioned, but he also mentioned other names of men who were just as prominent; of men, whose station in society was equal in rank, and either or any of whom were as likely to have been named as the control this morning. But, now, and directly after your mentioning the name of the controlling spirit, and your recognising the peculiarity of the smile that came over the face of the sensitive; when the sensitive, or the alleged spirit controlling, at once admitted the personality, we will now, under favour, put him to the proof of

this personality.' I think I have judged their minds pretty reasonably, dear P. Such would have been their course of action, had they been present here this morning; such will be their wish when this communication reaches their hands. Here is given a chance name, or a name mentioned casually amongst many, followed by a ready admission: Well, gentlemen, I am but too happy by all the means that lie in my power now to prove that the same life or spirit controlling now was the same life spirit that had been known in earth-life amongst men as Sir William Follett, and who, like the Recorder, won distinction at the Bar. I may say, without egotism, that I gained the highest distinction at the Bar; being called from the ranks of Junior Counsel by that able minister Sir Robert Peel, to the honour of Knighthood, and also to the position of Solicitor-General; and I also can well remember every fact and incident from my boyish days to the end of my earthly career. That biographical sketches can furnish us with all these, will, 'gentlemen' undoubtedly be your thoughts. Therefore, I will neither refer to my boyhood nor my school, nor college days. All these are facts, that are on record; but, I shall at once attempt the description of my earthly life during my many public acts and those descriptions of feelings and thought, which are not embraced generally biographically. The reason why so many that have held worthy places in the Senate of this kingdom are present, is because work is to be performed in this present day; work, which has been too long delayed; work, in which the whole interest of our lives on earth was involved; I mean the right government of Ireland; to-day is not the first time in which that country has been in a state of lawlessness. Things have changed from our time on earth; for the present time witnesses no established church, although the present gives us a people divided still into sectarian parties; a question, that is termed by the Press of to-day, a burning question; the present question requiring immediate legislation; the time has arrived, when the government ought to be forgetful of all party differences existing, and at once by timely interference, restore law and order, and then, having proved her giant strength, let her follow her authority with that Act so much required and so long asked for. I again tell those five that will read this communication that I stood for Church Establishment firmly and unyieldingly when I was in the House; for I believed that the preservation of the liberty of the people was bound up in a State Church, and there are many of the active legislators of the present, who think, even now, that it would have been better to have maintained the Established Church; but the alarm bell was rung, and the church felt that its hour had come, and disguised Liberalism conquered. He, with whom I was present yesterday, fully coincided with my views respecting Church Establishment in Ireland, and considers now that authority is needed first, and earnest reform afterwards, and that no other counsel should prevail amongst England's rulers. The question is a momentous one. It is no trifling matter to have a nation in arms; the hopes of the country are on reform, and they know, that there are those in the house who will resist reform under every aspect, and in its every stage, and who will go unwillingly and reluctantly to work, even if compelled. This counsel is felt to be the only mode of operation. Then why this inactivity? why is lawlessness allowed so long to prevail? There is a reason; there are many reasons and arguments why no direct step shall be taken until the meeting of the House.

That which was shadowed forth by myself, in respect to disestablishment when on earth, is literally taking place to-day. The Protestant clergy, with the exception of those of the North, are now a power of the past, and Roman Catholic rule now prevails. There was certainly no cherishing, of the Roman Catholic faith, and consequently, men argue that Protestantism and Roman Catholicism stand on an equal basis, and had a fair start when Protestantism was rejected by the State. The evil did not consist in the non-adoption of Catholicism, but in the rejection of Protestantism; the consequence in the present day being endless feuds; endless dissensions; endless bloodshed. They may call all this by another name, and persist that their differences are not differences of creed, but differences about land; they may lay it to a mis-government, that, has lasted for years, and as O'Connell frequently reiterated when in the House, for over seven hundred years; they may cry that their religion and their priests have been insulted, and abused by those, who in the past, were Protestant Rectors, but who are now trainers of bands of Orangemen. But that which alone will restore peace and good-will, is the proclamation of a firm and determined

government. I tell you that the false hopes now held out throughout that unhappy land, are hopes not of land or future proprietorship, but ambitious hopes of the church, fostered and kept alive by the agents of the Roman Catholic Church. There is one fact, and that fact has always been noticeable, that wherever there is disturbance or uneasiness, and a certain amount of lawlessness, there is always some mind that will turn that feeling of lawlessness into the very chaos of disorder, and it is so far an important question, that on that very question, must Her Majesty's Ministers stand or fall. History proves one thing, that the affairs of Ireland have always been under some severe crisis; but the very crisis has come to-day; for Ireland, from the date of her subjection, was never more prepared for rebellion, than she is at this present moment. Her people are poor, and her middle classes are prepared with a stolid determination on reform, and they are armed. Now, the reform more greatly needed is that reform, which education can alone bestow; an education which would be the means of severing Ireland from the priestly rule exercised over her people. I do not say that her welfare depended on the continuance of her church establishment; but this, I do say, the Catholic priests, at the present time, are leaving their parishes and taking part in lawless meetings, and holding reprehensible opinions; this is proved by the many orations which fall with double power from a priest's lips on the ears of the people, in language, which proves that a great deal of the lawlessness prevailing, has religion for its basis. Let me repeat some of the sayings which I have heard: a priest, beloved by his people, is about to address them. He makes a dramatic pause ere he commences addressing them, and then, in all earnestness, he speaks with a pathetic air, addressing them thus: 'All my countrymen, all Ireland's sons that are before me, are descendants of an ancient and independent inoffensive race; overcome, robbed, and enslaved by a tyrannical government, who profane the Holy Scripture; who, by their acts, profane the temples erected to God, offering up thanksgiving for the success of murder and robbery, and who, if they could, would tear from history's page, the long account of Ireland's wrongs. All hope of direct help from their hands is useless, but a people knows not its strength by unity. These are perilous times; fellow-countrymen, by united effort, it is possible to weather the storm, to our great and lasting advantage, and to defend our country and protect our church; and my fellow-countrymen will act lawfully, if possible, but their rights have been rejected.'

Those who are now rightfully proclaiming the protection of their countrymen—I am alluding to the Protestants—they are like sheep in a land of ravaging wolves. It is time that an active and firm determination be at once acted on; for there are leaders that are incapable of fear in this present party-movement; men who profess patriotism, but mistake religious fanaticism for patriotism, yet who, in nearly all their speeches, unwittingly betray themselves; for example, one of their leaders says, 'Men of Ireland, look around the platform, and before you are some of the leaders of your lodges, men, and fellow-leaders; you are led by leaders filled with determination and indomitable courage; men, who will lead you to a mastery over the galling ascendancy of England; and land reform is our first cry—and since that cry was heard, all the boundaries of our country have given back the echo. The attempt is well worth making, for if we fail, we fall back again only on the same galling state of things; but we may succeed, by lawful means, if possible; but let the men of the north look well to their action; let them, if they dare, counsel their many lodges to resist us; in that event, we may meet with a better success now than that which "ninety-eight" witnessed.' All this is illegal, seditious, actionable, criminal, and deserving of punishment; and, therefore, all those that were of my time on earth, and that are here present now, who, as then, take an interest now in all the affairs of our own country, see that there is but one course of action, 'Justice for Ireland, but not on compulsion.' The day will soon come when Ireland will parade her volunteers in thousands; loyal men, and true. The day is coming, when the Irish landlord will become the Irish resident esquire, and these affrightening perils and this terrific position of the present shall, in that day be forgotten. It depends on a few great minds does the welfare of a nation and of her people; and God grant that good counsel may prevail, and good resolves govern their actions. May God hasten that day when spurious religion shall be swept aside; when life shall be in the very spirit of genuineness; when, instead of menacing, there shall be forbearance;

and instead of retaliatory threats, there shall be forgiveness; until that day, and it is not a far distant one, there is an interval, not of inaction, but an interval on which is founded the standing or the falling of the present Government, and the welfare of her people. But the present ministers are to be trusted. They are not young, and guided by impetuous thoughts; they are fitted for the active labours of their station; their dispositions are studious; their perceptions are fine; they know that they must give their chief attention to this question before all others. Circumstances may alter their present decision; but he, who at the festive board could say, "law first, and justice afterwards, 'reform is needed, but next to order,'" he, now, as then, has conceived and perceived the evil, and now perceives the remedy; the most perfect talent of an intellectual mind is the power of perception, and also the power to conceive a remedy as well as to perceive the necessity; and the mind that can unite both these talents, is a perfect legislator. He, who now guides the helm of State does this, and more; in him, perception and conception are attended with decision and firmness; no two better qualities of mind to carry out the work of these united talents—Age. It is whispered abroad that age has impaired the firmness of that great statesman, else some marked repressive measure, ere this, would have taken place. To these whisperers, I answer, they have not yet reached the same stage as he in his enlightened and liberal mode of acting and thinking. He has a question before his council; a question, involving consequences of lasting and extensive influence; and he, for one, is best able to treat that question in the most comprehensive and liberal manner, and, as yet, amongst his co-workers, there is no distrust in his ability, and consequently, his words are potent in counselling any course of action compatible with his views. May God give him judgment, and may God bless the result." [I here asked, shall I send Mr Gladstone a copy of this and the control? and he answered], "let him see it in the ordinary way, when it is published in the HERALD OF PROGRESS, when, not only Mr Gladstone, but also the five learned ones, for whom it is specially given, will see it; and I ask them whether they can put this down to exaltation of the sensitive's brain by stimulants or impending apoplexy? May God in heaven bless you. Good morning."

And, now, my learned quintette of science, whoever you may be, and however much you may at present wish to keep your names in the back-ground, if you are really earnest in the search for truth, I tell you that truth will assuredly drop in on you before you expect it. Do not for one moment imagine that your sayings and doings, nay, your very thoughts in your supposed private assemblies, are known only to yourselves and kept sacred between yourselves. I tell you that they are all known, and many of them are from time to time told to me through the lips of the sensitive; and to account for such phenomena, you raise many ingenious hypotheses of a very untenable nature. I have very little doubt that when you read this (which you certainly will) that you will suggest that the artful sensitive, bribed the footman to listen at the keyhole, or something equally as far from the truth. I can assure you, there was no one listening at the keyhole, nor has anyone of you betrayed the secrets of your conferences. There was only a special correspondent sent by the HERALD OF PROGRESS, who was in your midst although not recognised or seen by any of you. He made the sixth. I beg you to restrain your laughter, and refrain from ridicule at this announcement; I will give you short notes and headings as to what another one of you said in addition to what was told in the control by Sir Isaac Newton, and which appeared in the HERALD of December the third. The special reporter was the sensitive himself, whose soul was detached from his body to take special notes for the benefit of the public as well as yourselves. He reported that, in addition to the objections made against the probability of the truth of these spiritual communications by the first speaker, another rose and started several additional hypotheses, as equally unsound as those of the first speaker. The heads of his different reasons I will give, I may state that the sensitive was truly grateful that the speaker, now referred to, did not charge him with fraud, but went far to find reasons to account for the wonderful words that were reported to come from his mouth. The speaker deplored the pain that spiritual manifestations inflated on the weak and ignorant, and he said "that within their own experience they had proof that the intellect and the reasoning soul of the sensitive became objects

that ought to excite commiseration." I ask you, whoever you may be, whether you did not say something to that effect; and also ask you what proof you have for such, your assertion? You are also reported to have said, "that the inherent belief of a future existence was the primal cause of the present doubtful success of spiritual manifestations," and that you asserted that as a reason why you should reject these spiritual manifestations, was because "the alleged Spiritualists arrogantly located heaven." I ask you, again, whence you derived that assertion? Then, again, you flew back to mental delusion and portrayed a most beautiful imaginary picture of the early youth of the sensitive; how he had been brought up amidst weird hags who rode on broomsticks, and that the memory of these hag and weird stories haunted his brain, but that the wants of an increasing family had robbed him of a little of this nonsense. I again ask you where you get your authority for that statement? You did not get it out of any Record that I ever published. I think I am entitled to say, if there is any delusion in the matter, your own brain affords a strong instance of it. But to proceed with what this special correspondent told me. He reported that you finished off with a splendid peroration, and that, holding in your hand a control, said to have been uttered by Sir Humphrey Davy, in spirit-life, treating on colliery and safety lamps, you entered into a long harangue on Sir Humphrey Davy's sensations on inhaling nitrous oxide gas, and spoke of false perceptions in his case, and also in the case of the sensitive. Now, let me ask you, in all earnestness, is not the above a tolerably accurate description of what you said? and, if you admit the truth of what is reported, let me ask where is the delusion or false perception in the sensitive repeating to me what you said in solemn conclave, with closed doors? I tell you, there is no delusion in the matter, except in yourselves. Your self-conceit leads you to treat everything as a delusion, that is not within the limit of your own range of realised thought. A friend of mine, great in the use of his microscope, and in the lines of his micrometer, even to the one hundred thousandth part of an inch, one who can discover the greatest beauties in the wing of a mite, asked me one day, "how it was, that he could never get any of these wonderful manifestations, similar to what I get?" I replied, by asking him the question, "How it was I could never see all or any of the minute objects that he saw so readily?" The reply I got, was, "perhaps you have not tried; or if you have tried, you have not tried long enough." I said, "Then, take for my answer, the answer you have given me. If you try, and try long enough, you will get nearly the same as I have got." To you, my learned five, one and all, I say, follow the advice given by the Hon. Robert Boyle, and reported in the HERALD OF PROGRESS on December the 10th. Make your own sensitive. Begin as I did, at the foundation—Mesmerism, and build up by degrees. Do not be in too great a hurry to get up to the garret. You will not work very long, before you will find something that will destroy your present ideas on the relation of body and soul; of force and matter. If you are in earnest to get at the truth, you will get it. If you go predetermined "that these things" cannot be, you will never get at the truth; be simply patient and passive. In conclusion, I have an offer to make to you. I have no wish to know your names, unless you wish me to know them. If you wish to know my name, and who I am, a letter, addressed A. T. P., to the care of the Editor, will be forwarded to me. If you do not wish to be known, I dare say, some mutual friend, known to both sides, will not object to act as an intermediate, and receive communications; one who will vouch for your integrity, as not being likely to make an improper use of any communications that pass. On these terms, I have no objection to lend you some of my recorded controls; some relating to yourselves, and some to others in the same state of mind. My object is to show that the ground covered is so immense that the only rational way of coming to any conclusion, is that each and every one of these controls are what they profess to be, that is—communications from the departed, made through the lips of the sensitive in my presence.

Please remember that the new serial, "Henry Tarleton; a tale of love and mystery," will commence in No. 1, Vol. 2, for the issue of January 7th, and see that your friends know of this fact, so that they may order it in time to avoid disappointment.

MAGGIE FLOWERS;

OR,

THE LOVE THAT REDEEMS.

By Mr. A. D. Wilson.

CHAPTER I.

"Angels ever bright and fair"—that was the title of a sacred song on the programme of a musical and literary entertainment, which was given in the spacious school-room of Brownley Parish Church, on Christmas Eve. Mr Wardle, the vicar of the parish, presided at the entertainment. His appearance, excepting his garb, did not savour much of the clerical style. He was a bright and genial gentleman, and just the one to prevent an entertainment, comprising songs, recitations, and glees, from becoming monotonous, by an appropriate interspersing of apposite and witty remarks.

Calling upon Miss Flowers to favour the audience with her song, "Angels ever bright and fair," he remarked that "it was a very choice piece of music, composed by one of the great masters, and he felt sure that Miss Flowers would do justice to it." The young lady, simply, yet elegantly attired, stepped on the platform. Her appearance was the signal for a hearty burst of applause from the audience; for her fine abilities, as a singer, were well known and appreciated by the great bulk of those present. She was not a dazzling beauty. There was nothing particularly classical about her facial conformation. Yet there was something about her which arrested and struck the eye of the beholder. Her dark hazel and benign eyes, and her jet black wavy hair, together with her bright countenance, through which shone a winning, amiable, and generous heart and intelligent mind, all conspired to render her presence particularly attractive. The expression in her demeanour and features, as soon as she commenced to sing, powerfully impressed the audience with the fact that her soul was in her work; and her voice, rich, clear, and flexible, now with a sonorous ring, now like a musical ripple, held the listeners spell-bound. Oh! with what a delicious mingling of pathetic and impassioned utterance did she pour forth the strain "Angels ever bright and fair, take, oh, take me to your care," &c. And how her countenance seemed suffused with a pure spiritual radiance; and her eyes! how they flashed and glistened, as if illumined with the light of the better land. The fair vocalist entranced and "brought down" the house. She was recalled, when she sang "Mother would comfort me," with melting tenderness. Ah! what a deal could be said in regard to the salutary influence which the songs and the singer had upon the minds of the listeners; but we will confine the attention of the reader to the impression made upon the mind and heart of *one person* in the back seats. There sat Walter Town, a jovial but misguided young man, who had reached his twenty-sixth year. With the exception of the side and back portion of the brain, which was somewhat heavy, he displayed a fairly balanced head, and a lively and ruddy countenance, somewhat bloated by dissipation. Having hair and whiskers inclined to ginger, and an active and vital temperament, he was just the boy to be fond of a spree; that is, when brought entirely under the sway of vicious surroundings. Yet there was a latent current of nobility and manliness in the fellow, which only required the influence of a pure love magnetism to draw it to the surface, there to ramify, sweeten, and elevate his whole manhood. Walter was charmed by the person and singing of Maggie Flowers. When she had done singing, he exclaimed to himself in a voice quite audible to his neighbours, "What a sweet creature!" The singer's charming rendering of "Mother would comfort me," plunged his mind in a meditative mood. He thought of his own dear mother who had passed away a dozen years ago. He thought of the balm and comfort she would many a time have afforded him when beset with difficulties and trials, even though they were of his own making. Aye! perhaps if she had not gone away he might not have erred and strayed as he had done. Then, again, his mind reverted to the other song, "Angels ever bright and fair," and—yes, he dared to picture to himself, the bliss he would enjoy if he was only in the care of such an angel as the young lady who had, with such feeling and taste, sung that song. He wanted the gentle hand the winning heart, and the pleading voice of such an one to restrain him in his career. Oh, how he would like to break from his wild companions, and settle down in life with, yes, with Maggie

Flowers for his wife; and for the moment his mind became exalted with the picture he had drawn, only to be dashed down again by the thought that he was not *meet* for such a woman. How dare he, even in thought, make himself the recipient of the sweet and tender influences of such a seeming paragon of purity and goodness? "What audacity on my part to imagine that the woman would look on me with any favour, much less love," muttered Walter to himself; "would she have such a worthless fellow as me, a man that has squandered heaps of money away in betting on the race course, in the tap-room, and among loose giddy girls at low singing rooms? Will she have a man that has repeatedly insulted, without provocation his step-mother; borrowed lots of money from his innocent sisters to relieve him in his self-made dilemma, and never paid them back? Could she love me, one so depraved by revelries in the haunts of dissipation? Not likely! Surely a woman so pure, so winning and so pretty, will have been besieged before this by suitors infinitely more worthy of her than I am; ah, and probably she has accepted one!" Then, again, his thoughts took a fresh turn. The old saying flashed across his mind, "It is never too late to mend," and here his meditations culminated in resolves. He would mend his ways; he would live a purer and a nobler life; and then, if Maggie Flowers was not already clutched as a prize by some dashing young gent, he would win her! He would win her! that he would. Such was the nature of Walter Town's musings, while the remaining part of the evening's programme was being performed; hence, he was, in a great measure, oblivious of its character. He was deeply in love, and that delicious sensation, together with the songs and the singer which gave rise to the sensation, constituted the fundamental part of the programme.

CHAPTER II.

One night, in the sturdy month of March—sturdy and wintry too, this time—at least in the vicinity of Brownley, for the ground was covered with a thin mantle of snow, which had frozen hard and crisp, and fairly crackled again under the pressure of foot passengers—on the outskirts of the town a young couple trotted along together—sometimes for three or four minutes at a time, in mute silence. In imagination, we will go back in time, and draw near to them, and listen to their conversation. "Do I then plead in vain, Maggie, for a reciprocation of my love?" asked Walter Town in a tremulous tone—at the same time timidly seizing the hand of his fair partner. No answer was forthcoming from Maggie. She simply cast a furtive glance at the questioner—then gazed upon the ground—at the same time allowing her hand to be pressed fervently by her earnest lover. "Maggie! Maggie! if you do not wish to convey the impression to my mind that you utterly despise me, oh, break this cruel silence. Remember, dear, you promised me a week ago that you would give me an unequivocal answer in the course of a few days." "Yes, Walter," returned Maggie, almost in a whisper; "I did. And two days after that, I promised Herbert Fothergill that I would ease his mind in about a week." "Can it be true that I have so respectable and formidable a rival as Herbert Fothergill?" exclaimed Walter—his utterance half choked with turbulent emotion. "Yes," replied Maggie, with an assumed air of coolness; "he has been pleading his case for a much longer time than you have, and he is a young man very respectably connected and of unsullied integrity," and she emphasized the two words *unsullied integrity*, and cast an arch look at Walter. "But," continued she, and here her assumed coolness failed her—"somehow I cannot make use of the little word 'yes' to him; though I must say I admire him." "Forgive me, Maggie, for my audacity in thus daring to pit myself against the overtures of one so qualified to win your favour as Herbert Fothergill; especially as I cannot lay claim to a character of *unsullied integrity*. If it were possible for me to leave him in the field without a rival, I would willingly do so, and throw myself into the arms of giant despair. But, Maggie! believe me, I cannot. Ever since I saw you, and heard you sing in the Parish Church school-room, I felt a revelation within me which said that you were the angel "bright and fair," fitted to purify my life and nature. Yes, Maggie, and if you will believe me, ever since that night I have turned over a new leaf, for I have offended my companions by isolating myself from them. Filled and exalted with the thought of you, I have almost totally aban-

done my bad habits, and excepting when I have been musing and dreaming of you, I have spent my leisure time in the Mechanics' Library, or in the respectable company of the Temperance Hotel in Cobden Street. Surely, Maggie, this is a fair pledge of what I will do, if you will but utter the little word 'yes' to me." "And have you indeed done all that for me, Walter?" queried Maggie, in a tone of pleasant surprise, bordering on tenderness. "I have!" was the fervent ejaculation of Walter, and he seemed as if he could say no more just then, but he again squeezed her hand, and likewise ventured to imprint a kiss on it. "Then—then I will do something for you, Walter. I will no longer hide my true feelings. I return affection for affection, praying at the same time that heaven may give you strength to live a higher life; and if I can be instrumental, under heaven, in furnishing a pillar for your resolves, I will! Is that enough?" "Bless you, darling!" exclaimed Walter rapturously, at the same time impulsively drawing her close to him, and sealing their love with a passionate kiss. Who will refuse to endorse the opinion that these two lovers parted that night with their hearts charged to the brim with delicious joy.

CHAPTER III.

It is now quite time for our readers to be apprised of the fact that Miss Flowers was a Spiritualist, though a new-fledged one. She had been a regular attendant at the Parish Church; but when the light of spirit phenomena and of the spiritual philosophy fully dawned on her mind, the spiritual teachings vouchsafed at the church seemed to her, in a great measure like beggarly elements; hence, her visits to the church became less and less frequent, and ultimately she scarcely ever went excepting when the Vicar preached. She liked him because he was so broad and liberal in his views; yet even his spiritual expositions seemed at times to be little better than twaddle, compared with the teachings of the immortals. Yes, a few weeks before she figured so smartly at the entertainment, she and her mother had been induced to sit in a circle for the investigation of spirit phenomena, and they had not sat above three or four times before her mother realised that she was a good trance and test medium; and Maggie proved to be an excellent clairvoyant medium. They soon proved spirit communion to be a grand fact. Then, the truth by degrees flashed across their minds that many of the dogmas of the prevailing Christianity were simply wretched caricatures, or gross perversions of spiritual truth. Maggie, though but of the weaker sex, had more than an average mind; hence she was able, without many struggles, to imbibe and cherish the beautiful and precious truths of the spiritual philosophy, and—yes, let the old views go. She was led to look upon the Bible in a new and much more profitable light. The vexed problems of miracles, and of man's future destiny in the immortal life, were virtually solved through the revelations of Spiritualism; and the gift of spirit vision, which she had developed, she highly valued. Being, then, a pronounced Spiritualist, and thereby subject to the ridicule of would-be wise-acres, she felt it incumbent on her to divulge the fact to her lover. Now, she was puzzled as to how she could judiciously accomplish this object; however a favourable opportunity soon presented itself. One evening, while walking out with Walter, that individual happened to allude to the circumstance of Maggie's singing at the Parish Church school; in which allusion he remarked that while she sang "Angels ever bright and fair," her eyes and countenance seemed to evince a supernatural brilliance. "Well, and what will you say, Walter, when I inform you that I did at the time see the forms of spiritual beings?" "Come, Maggie, none of your jokes." "Indeed, Walter, I am not joking." At this juncture, it became necessary for Maggie to explain matters. She informed him of her conviction that departed spirits had, more or less, in all ages of the world's history, and to all peoples manifested their presence and interest in the affairs of those still in the flesh, and the prevalent fear and dread of spirits were downright superstition. She told him that spirits were simply human beings possessed of finer bodies than those in the flesh; and although they could not be seen by ordinary physical eyes; yet there had ever been those who, like herself, possessed the superior faculty of spirit vision. She maintained that intercommunion between the two worlds was natural, legitimate, and beneficial to the inhabitants of both worlds when properly conducted. Walter opened his

eyes to the full when he heard what Maggie imparted, but as he had no positive convictions of his own on spiritual matters to wrestle with, he evinced no prejudice. He remarked that for aught he knew to the contrary, all this might be true, but he would require to prove the truth of the thing before he could believe. Maggie, of course, begged of him to accompany her to a circle, where he could have facilities for investigation. But Walter somehow did not feel in a position—at least for three weeks to comply with her request; nor could he give an intelligible reason why he demurred. However, at last one day he unwittingly let it out that he was afraid that the spirits would reveal something unpalatable concerning his past life. Maggie managed to overrule this objection, or rather fear, and succeeded in getting him to a circle with her.

There—the realities of the unseen universe were opened out before his mental gaze. There—the thrilling and divine harmonies of the angel world were sounded through the lips of mortality, and a latent and precious chord within the recesses of his own being was touched, and that chord vibrated in unison with the supernal anthem, and for the time at least, he felt that he breathed the atmosphere of a real spiritual life. Mrs Flowers (Maggie's mother) was entranced, and while in that state, poured forth thrilling strains of eloquence, descriptive of the infinite love and goodness of God. She was made to demonstrate, under the influence of the spirits, how that humanity, though manifestly frail and erring, was capable of an infinite and progressive development, and how, in the furtherance of that grand object, the Divine Father had raised up from time to time, spiritual teachers, whose natures were fired with the inspiration of the celestial realm, that they might thereby become elevators and saviours of humanity. Zoroaster, Confucius, Socrates, Plato, Pythagoras, and last, but not least, Jesus, all these and others were referred to as grand examples in point and as monuments of God's beautiful and beneficent providence. They all came at the right time, to the right people, and with the desired mission. And, continued the inspired speaker, God was still the same kind and unchangeable Father. He was raising up spiritual teachers to-day. The noble and progressed spirits of the spiritual realms were doing the Divine Will, by drawing up to higher altitudes of being, the low and frail spirits of the lower spheres of spirit-life, or of the earth-life. The cardinal truths appertaining to man's spiritual nature, were being voiced by the spirits—even through untutored human beings; and—oh! the wondrous love of God! Every human soul would sooner or later be drawn up to the beauty, glory, and blessedness of the divine sphere. Such would be accomplished, because God was omnipotent as well as all-loving. Walter listened to such glowing strains with rapt attention, and he appeared to relish such teaching, for it was in harmony with the reason and best intuitions of humanity. The climax came to him, however, when his own mother, through the organism of the same medium, manifested to him, and proved her identity beyond all cavil; when she related, in tender and endearing language, how she loved him, and how she had watched him with intense interest in his ups and downs in life, and how she had striven with him in his hours of vicious pleasures, then the big tears coursed down his cheeks, and he sobbed under the influence of intense emotion; and when Maggie declared that she saw her, and likewise described her accurately, the young man in a broken but fervid voice, ejaculated, "It is! It is my mother. Oh, mother, such love is more than I have deserved; but, mother, I will gladden your life in heaven by living a better life on earth. God help me!"

CHAPTER IV.

"Dear me! how late it is," exclaimed Maggie—now Mrs Town,—as she looked up at the clock. "Nearly eleven o'clock, and Walter has not come yet. Surely the shop party will have broken up by this time." So said Maggie to herself, and she looked up at the clock again and again. The fact was, she had begun to entertain unpleasant apprehensions, as to the condition and safety of her husband. She went to the door several times, notwithstanding the fact, that a thunderstorm was expending its fury over the town. At last she resigned herself to her chair, rested her elbow on the table, and bent her head in a deep reverie. Ah, what a world of thought and feeling flitted across her excited brain in panoramic succession! She took a

retrospect view of the eight months of her married life. She congratulated herself, that but a very little of unpleasantness, had obtruded itself to mar their happiness. She had used every wise and loving endeavour to prevent Walter from backsliding into bad habits. Knowing his intense love of music, she had charmed him, by putting forth her best efforts in singing her songs to him in an effective manner, and her bosom warmed and heaved with the consciousness of the fact that she had delighted him, and drawn from him hearty enthusiasm. Knowing his vivacious and social nature, she had encouraged him to bring respectable friends now and again to their cozy home, to spend evenings with them in innocent, jovial, and musical recreation, and she had not begrudged him sundry outings now and again. She had done her best by kindness and forbearance, to restrain any unworthy inclinations in herself or in him, and with great success. She regretted, however, that she had not been able to persuade him to entirely abandon the use of stimulants. She could not convince him otherwise than that a little in moderation was good, and he had prided himself on his ability to control himself in the matter. Certainly, he had but once, in all the eight months, gone beyond the bounds of moderation. She had no occasion, however, to upbraid herself for venting any harshness towards him for the misdemeanour; for, instead of dubbing him a nasty brute, and so forth, she patted him gently, and exclaimed, "poor Walter, I am sorry you have been overseen this time; but I know you have many temptations to face; I know your shopmates taunt you betimes—but there!—giving him a kiss,—I am sure you will not get too much again, will you?" She had conducted herself thus, however, when he had become perfectly sober. Poor Walter felt undeserving of such angelic goodness. He cried like a child, and vowed he would guard himself better in the future. But now, she had some fearful forebodings, that, perhaps he had been overseen again. We will leave her in this fearful suspense, and tell the sad tale about Walter. Walter, was a cabinet-maker by trade, and that day the workmen celebrated the expiration of the apprenticeship of one of their number. Of course, there was the usual guzzling of intoxicants, and Walter not being an abstainer—though he resolved that he would not go too far—in the exuberance of the hour, got inebriated. The party broke up at closing time, and as a few of them—amongst whom was Walter, were wending their way home, an angry altercation ensued, in which Walter was worsted. He was knocked down, through a gap in the wall, with his head against some sharp stones, and there left to the mercy of the rain and the lightning's vivid dart. Poor fellow, for the moment he was rendered unconscious; but soon a hazy, and somewhat delirious consciousness dawned upon him. He tried to get up and walk, but found that he could scarcely raise his head—much less walk. Then he almost forgot his prostrate and dangerous physical position, and began to experience the agony of a lacerated mind. Oh, what would his precious Maggie say to him now, if he lived to behold her again in this world! Alas! he felt that he could not expect her forgiveness this time. Oh, the agony of the thought, that she would bitterly reprove him—expose him to her friends, and to the world. Surely now their marital happiness would be seriously blasted. Oh, how kind and good she had been to him in his weaknesses. Here, in frantic desperation, he called out, Maggie! Maggie!—then relapsed into a swoon-like state.

We will now revert to the dejected Maggie. She roused herself from her reverie, looked up at the clock, and perceived that it was nearly twelve o'clock. She rose from her chair and went to the door; that moment she opened it, a vivid flash of lightning flashed in her face, and a terrific clap of thunder shocked her already quivering nerves. She stood there, however, wondering with excruciating wonder, whether Walter had been struck by lightning. Then, again, she conjectured that he was probably intoxicated, and lying somewhere in the road helpless, and half-drowned by the rain. Oh, if such was the case! If Walter degenerated into a drunkard, what misery stared her in the face. How some of her reputed friends, who had called her a fool for rejecting good chances, and throwing herself away on a scapegrace, would chuckle and shake their heads with a knowing wag. Oh, how sad—Ah! what was that she heard? A cry—a frantic cry of "Maggie! Maggie!" and the voice so like that of Walter's; and yet it did not seem to appeal to her outward sense of bearing. It seemed to appeal to her spiritual senses. Just at that moment, she beheld, clairvoyantly, Walter's departed mother! She was sure of that,

The spirit, with an inspirative gesture, went towards the door and beckoned her to follow her. Maggie, possessing a fair amount of faith in the honesty of the spirit, hurriedly wrapped a massive shawl round her, and rushed out of the house. On, through the gloom she went—for dark and gloomy the night was, excepting when the lightning's terrific gleam flashed over head. The spirit led her on through street after street, till she arrived at a thinly populated part of the town. Up a long lonely road it went—at last the spirit halted over a gap in a wall—and then disappeared. Maggie peered through the gap, for their was no gas lamp near. She heard a low moan—and then a few articulate sounds—incoherently and imperfectly uttered. "Oh, my dear Maggie! Where is she? She's no love for her Walter, now! ah! look! she despises me! God bless her! Oh my poor head." Agonizingly, Maggie groped and stumbled about the stones till she found him—thoroughly drenched and bleeding. With a wail of despair, she exclaimed: "My poor Walter! My poor Walter! Walter, my lad," she sobbed—as she pillowed his head on her arm, "your Maggie is here." Walter gave a sudden start, and exclaimed wildly and deliriously, "oh Maggie! Maggie don't loathe me like that! Don't Maggie! Oh, if you buffet me like that you'll kill me! I'll tell you all about it, when—oh my poor head." "Walter, my darling, I'm not chiding you. I love you still"—Here Walter, for a moment, came quiet to himself, and whispered you'll not be cruel to me, Maggie! Kiss me! She pressed a fervid kiss on his forehead, and exclaimed fervently, "no, indeed! I'll not be cruel to you." Then, again, he relapsed into a swoon. Maggie then, with nervous alacrity, took off her apron—bound it round his head—then took off her shawl and made a pillow of it for his head. She then gently laid him down and rushed from the place, and ran about the streets crying, "help! help!" Soon she came across two policemen, unto whom she told her tale.

Walter was borne home by them; but he was in a very precarious condition.

* * * * *

For a about a week Walter's life was almost despaired of; but, by dint of skillful treatment, good nursing, and loving magnetism, he was restored, and if anyone had peeped into the bright cheerful home of Walter and Maggie Town, on an evening, a few months after the sad occurrence previously narrated, they would have found the couple happy and contented, and most probably they would have seen Walter dandling a bright curly-headed little boy on his knee. Yes, Walter and Maggie were happy—permanently happy. Maggie had no fear now of Walter becoming a drunkard, for under the persuasive influence of Maggie, he had taken a lesson from the sad episode of the workshop party, and had signed the pledge. He loved his precious wife more than ever—notwithstanding the fact that the little babe demanded and certainly got a good share of his affection, and he often declared that Maggie, in league with loving angels, had redeemed him. But Maggie would say "Thank God for it Walter—thank God!"

59, Baines Street, Battinson Road, Halifax.

—:O:—

SAINT CECILIA.

A TALE OF ANCIENT ROME.

By "The Cornish Exile."

"Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learnt to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre
Could swell the soul of rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother—wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down."

Dryden.

"A Happy New Year to you all!" cried a handsome young sailor, bursting into a comfortable-looking room in No. 9, Strada Nuova: "a happy new year to you all, and may God and the angels bless you!"

The little family group, thus surprised, sprang to their feet, and whilst the grey-haired mother held out her arms for an embrace, the two sisters ran towards him eager to be kissed, and in their hurry treading on the toes of poor old Fido, the greyhound.

"Welcome home, mio caro fanciullo!" whispered his mother, as she kissed his sunburnt cheeks.

"Welcome home! brother mine," cried the sisters, as they played with his curly locks.

"Welcome once more to old Tiber's verdant shore," said the father, and do you girls Teresa and Cecilia close the balcony doors, and thus exclude the busy world with its selfishness and sins. Welcome home! dear Lorenzo, from your long trip in the East, and when you have finished the little supper of bread and fruit before you, I must claim an hour of your time to hear a description of your voyages."

"Two hours, if so be you wish it, father; and whilst I think of it let me tell you that I have on board, for your use, a cask of excellent Cyprus wine, much superior to this Sicilian vintage. And now for a chat.

"Well, Lorenzo, the last letter we had from you was written at Constantinople, and then you thought of making for Cyprus, calling at Smyrna on your way. You intended reaching Rome if possible before Christmas, as you particularly wished to meet some youthful friends in Florence on Christmas Day, but in this you have been disappointed. Now, Lorenzo, where have you been since then? Who have you seen? What dangers have you encountered and overcome? And has the voyage been a financially successful one?"

"If I answer these questions, Teresa, as lengthily as father would have me, I shall hear no other melody to-night than the music of my own voice, which, though mother still loves to hear, has battled too often with the elements to retain any of its former sweetness; and as I have been looking forward to this meeting for months, and am quite weary of myself and my rough and hearty sailors, I pray you, Cecilia, prepare yourself and your harp for a little music, for, by the blessed Virgin, I must hear the dear old songs once again. And now for a few minutes with you, father."

"I had been away six months when I wrote you last June from the City of Constantine, and, believe me, writing was somewhat difficult, considering the intense heat of the weather. Your pardon, dear mother, for cutting it so short, but a Captain of a Constantinople trader has but little time to take a pen in hand, and you know I always had a horror of writing."

"Proceed, my son, proceed," quietly observed Signor Bianco. "I am aware that at school you were rather more of a black-sheep than a white one, but to your cruise. Did you visit Smyrna?"

"I did, Signor: and, on my way, sheltered under the lee of Tenedos, to escape the fury of a white squall. After the storm had subsided, I sent the crew on shore for fresh provisions, and the only thing they could obtain was a boat load of tortoises, two of which I have brought home as presents to my sisters."

"At Smyrna, we discharged a portion of our cargo, and, having watered, proceeded on to Cyprus, making the port of Famagusta. Taking wine on board, we proceeded to Beyrout, from Beyrout to Alexandria—then to Malta, Messina, and lastly dear old Rome."

"Mother of mine, there is no place like home; for though I have visited nearly every port in the Mediterranean; though I have seen the manger in which the blessed child Jesus was laid at His birth, and the spot where He gave up His life; though I have visited Damascus, Antioch, Trieste, and the ports of France, and have seen their manifold treasures and pleasures, yet, believe me, my heart turns as naturally towards the green banks of Tiber as the needle turns toward the poles."

"Of that I am assured, my child," replied the mother softly, "and we always pray for thy safe return."

"And of the friends you have met," asked Signor Bianco.

"I have, of course, met many strange faces," replied Lorenzo, "but only one person who is likely to interest yourself. This man, a Greek, who took passage with me from Alexandria, is seemingly deeply versed in the lore of Greece, and would delight in your society."

"I often spoke to him of your love of philosophy, and how much your opinions were at variance with the commonly received opinions of the hour; but, as he will visit you, with your permission, in a few days, I must let him speak for himself."

"And now, Cecilia, please sing that beautiful ballad entitled '*Italia ever bright and fair*.'"

Cecilia, who had a wonderfully rich soprano voice, sang Lorenzo's favourite song, and so softened was his heart by the power of the young musician, and the magical influence of the love around him, that more than one bright tear-drop fell on the upturned face of faithful Fido.

"Aye! sister of mine, your voice is still as beautiful as an angel's, and 'tis no wonder that cousin Raphael from Urbino often visits you during my absence. When did you see him last, *Cara Mia*?"

Cecilia, replying somewhat shyly, said, "it was more than a month since they had seen him, but a note from him stated that he was exceedingly busy with his art, and hoped to finish a picture by the time of your arrival from the East. He wishes to give you a pleasant surprise, and is, I understand, engaged in transferring to canvas the lineaments of your graceful little frigate, my namesake. I hope, Lorenzo, we shall see you standing at the helm, looking the veritable nautical commander that you are."

"Softly, little flatterer! Do not let your sisterly affection cause you to view your rough sailor brother with qualities he may not possess. That I love the sea—the deep blue waters of these classic shores—is a fact; that I love my gallant barque second to yourselves is also a fact, and I shall feel under an obligation to Raphael if the surprise should turn out as you expect; but, little maiden, I am only an inexperienced navigator compared to some, although I have been at sea since I was twelve years of age."

"And now, Lorenzo, you are twenty-two," chimed in Signora Bianco; twenty-two years of age on the fifth of last month, and, by the same token, I am verging on my sixtieth birthday. How quickly the years speed on!"

"Yes," added Lorenzo, "you remind me of a quotation of Crito's, from one of his favourite authors. I think he said the passage was from Homer."

"It was on the occasion of my birthday, when we were midway between Alexandria and Malta. He had pledged my health in a beaker of Cyprus, and wished me the happiness that springs from a sense of well-doing, and then, as his thoughts reverted to his own youthful days, and to the many friends he had lost—for I have listened to some of his troubles,—I heard him breathe these words—words solemn as his presence:—

"Men, like the leaves, that flourish and decay,
Race after race, come forth and die away;
Autumnal gales here strew with leaves the plain,
There Spring's soft breath new robes the branch again.
Thus change the vital tides,—wave follows wave:
Here life: there death: the cradle, and the grave!"

"By the saints of Christendom," cried Signor Bianco, "if your Greek friend can quote thus, bring him to me without fail, for I love the companionship of a kindred mind. Surely I hear the voice of Virgil in those lines, soul-stirring, deep, and true. I shall be delighted to compare with him the great writers of the past, Greek and Roman."

"I will not forget," replied Lorenzo, "but you must be prepared to find in him something unusually solemn and mystical, for once, as we neared Malta during a heavy gale, and when I feared the ship would founder, he joined me on deck in the middle watch, and asked me how she—the vessel—behaved?"

"I frankly explained our position; the vessel was leaking so badly, that though the men stood cheerfully at the pumps, they could not keep the water under; if, therefore, we did not have an early change of wind and a calmer sea, the vessel could not, in my opinion, keep long afloat."

"At the time I was telling him this, the gale was at its height, and the vessel, under close-reefed topsail and storm staysail, was rising and falling among the great white-crosted waves that burst and foamed around us, as if furious for their prey."

"Clinging to the wheel to steady himself, as the vessel plunged and rolled in the trough of the sea, his face, by the light of the binnacle, gleamed tranquil as a god's, and bending towards me, I heard him say, 'Fear not for your vessel, Lorenzo! I have

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The Herald of Progress.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1880.

Retrospective.

THE parting of a year affords a theme so practical in its bearings, and so important in its general lessons, that we cannot allow the occasion to pass without offering a few words in allusion thereto. To profit by the past, we must first reflect upon the leading events that have transpired, endeavour to analyze the nature of their causes, and to form anew such resolutions that may not only enable us to overcome our weaknesses, but to excite within us that determination to excel in those virtues and graces which are the earnest of the soul.

There are none, we think, but who will favour the opinion that the year just closing has been of exceptional utility to the cause of Spiritualism. With all its severe lessons, the nature and bearing of the troubles encountered; the so-called exposures, with the significancy of their purposes; the wranglings and disputes about what in other walks would have passed over in silence; the efforts made to bring about a national unity in our ranks; and the success which has attended the diffusion of our principles, all tend to make the year departing, one of the most instructive years that have been experienced since the advent of modern Spiritualism.

To many minds the experiences of 1880 are anything but comfortable and agreeable. The idea of "evil spirits," and of "evil purposes and designs," have become so intimately associated with their lives, that on the slightest ground these absurd theories are resurrected and made to explain all that is unpleasant or apparently destructive to the welfare of the cause. But it does not require any excessive amount of penetrative power to prove the utter fallacy of such notions, for they are mutually destructive of each other. The opinion of the past must be uprooted, and a

higher degree of sentiency evolved before the Infinite purpose can fully reveal itself, but sufficient for general uses is disclosed to all who seek the light and the truth of the spirit. And when the correct view of "exposures," and seemingly inconsistent actions of both spirits and mediums are understood, and the laws and regulations which guide and control the unpleasant occurrences are fairly comprehended, we shall begin to take a more hopeful and agreeable view of the nature of circumstances, and to recognise instead of a burning evil and crying shame, a plan that is truly beneficent in its range, and the surest and best means to be employed in the attainment of the end sought.

To an intelligent mind there can be but one conclusion possible, and that is the experiences of the past have been intended for a wise and useful purpose; and that if these lessons are unheeded they have been presented in vain, and will surely be repeated with greater power in the days to come. The memories of the year stand before us, and in unmistakable accents they interrogate and demand of us whether or not we have been benefitted by the lessons of 1880. Have the so-called *exposures* taught us anything that tends to unfold a higher law? Do they not inculcate a law as superior to our ordinary principles of action, yet so reasonable in its operation, as the soul is superior to the body? Strive and think, and instead of recognizing the dominancy of evil or the rule of confusion, let us realise the supremacy of a law that is just, wise and fraught with the best possible results.

In a few hours, 1881 will have dawned. How shall it dawn? How shall it mature? And how shall it linger in our memories? Shall it be with recollections of things that neither minister to our happiness nor to the welfare of our fellow-men? Shall the end of 1881 find us on better than we are to-day? If we wish to attain higher heights of perfection; to live more virtuous lives; to be useful in our day and generation, we must begin by resolving with determination to leave no means untried to serve the purposes of our being, and with such a resolution that has conquered in the material world, depend upon it we shall see greater achievements in the realm of mind.

The world stands looking on, watching every movement of ours, and as we live so shall we merit approval or condemnation. Never let it be said of Spiritualists that they will wrangle for Spiritualism, preach for it, write for it, fight for it, and anything but live for it. Rather let our deeds confess the philosophy we hold. A Happy New Year to all.

"HARRY TARLETON."—THE NEW SERIAL.

With the first issue in January, 1881, we intend commencing Vol. II., and with it the opening chapter of that intensely thrilling story, "Harry Tarleton: A Tale of Love and Mystery," by the author of "Where are the Dead?" "Life beyond the grave," &c., &c. The story abounds with the most choice thoughts, advocates all the progressive ideas of the day, and inculcates a deep-toned and practical Spiritualism. The abilities of the author, we feel sure, are of themselves sufficient to recommend this later production, and we ensure our readers of a rich, intellectual, and spiritual treat in the forthcoming tale. We have now to ask our friends everywhere to use their utmost endeavours for the more extended circulation of our journal; and the occasion to be thus presented of rendering the truth of reformatory measures, through the pleasing methods of a tale, ought to meet with universal acceptance by all well-wishers of our movement.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement respecting magnetical appliances, by Mr Robertson, of Lossiemouth, to be found on another page. Magnetism is the most powerful of all remedial agents, and sufferers would consult their own interests by wearing magnetic appliances.

(Continued from page 387.)

seen my guardian angel, and he assures me that the *Cecilia* will reach the Tiber in safety. So be of good cheer!"

"At any other time, I might have felt inclined to smile at such a remark, but in spite of my natural scepticism, I was awe-inspired by his manner and words; and, better still, perhaps, a new spirit seemed to take possession of me—a spirit of confidence, which I infused into the breasts of my men.

Thus we were enabled to hold our own until noon next day, when the wind changed, and a heavy rain beat down the sea. In twenty-four hours after this we were safely at anchor in the great harbour of Malta. Verily, Signor, I thought of St. Paul when in the storm, I looked at the grave bearded-face of the Greek philosopher. And, now, good night; I must to my ship again for a few hours."

"One kiss, mother! Thank you."

"One from you, Teresa, and another from my fragile sorella, *Cecilia*. Thank you, as well; but *Cecilia*, my darling, I would you were a little stronger. *Carissima mia*, you must take a trip with me to the Grecian islands, and imbibe some of the life-giving qualities of Old Neptune's realms: some saline nectar!"

"Good night, dear Lorenzo," said *Cecilia*, "but I think you are unnecessarily anxious. Neither mother nor Teresa have noticed any change in me, and so I must fancy you are deceived. At any rate, Lorenzo, after your description of the storm at sea, I shall certainly pause before accepting your invitation to the 'realms of Old Neptune,' as you call the ocean."

"And," remarked thoughtful Teresa, "please take care of yourself, Lorenzo; and though we do not expect you will be back to-morrow, please be at home again as early as you can, and do not forget your serious friend, the Greek physician."

"I certainly will not be a moment longer than I can help," replied Lorenzo, but "*Civita Vecchia*" is very busy at this moment, and I may be somewhat longer than I anticipate. But, Teresa, how, in the name of the Virgin, came you to know that my Greek passenger was a physician? I never mentioned the fact to my recollection."

"You certainly have not called him other than philosopher; and it was a mere slip of the tongue my calling him physician; howbeit, father always declares that every wise man is, from experience, his own doctor; therefore, your friend, Crito, should be transcendantly a healer of men. Bring him with you, dear Lorenzo, and ask him to exercise his skill on *Cecilia*, for," said she, whispering in his ear, "we are all afraid that she is too delicate to live to a great age."

In a thoughtful mood, the youthful captain turned from his father's house to join his vessel lying at "*Civita Vecchia*." *Cecilia* had ever been his favourite, and often had her sweet voice and skill on the regal (a relic of former wealthier days), tamed his fiery spirit, when nought else could control him; and, in his mind, he secretly wondered whether the Greek could benefit one, who, like his sister, pined away without any apparent organic disease. However, striving to dismiss unpleasant thoughts, the handsome sailor flung himself into a boat, directed the boatmen where to pull, and settled down to the luxury of a row on the Tiber by moonlight.

A few days after this, our sailor was once more in the city of the Cæsars, and by his side walked the tall dignified form of the philosopher Crito.

"Enter, friend," said Lorenzo, "enter, and welcome to my humble abode; there is but little luxury here, but we have a store of content that far transcends in value the treasures of the Queen of Sheba."

They all arose, and cheerfully greeted the new comer, and so gentle and unassuming was his demeanour, that all sense of timidity soon departed, and *Cecilia* and he were soon engaged in an animated conversation on the behaviour of her namesake the "*Cecilia*."

"By-the-by!" observed the Greek, "is not *Cecilia* a somewhat uncommon name in Rome? Is it a family name, may I ask?"

"Perhaps, father will reply," remarked Teresa, smilingly; "the name was chosen by him, and for a particular reason."

Thus appealed to, Signor Bianco crossed one leg over the other, and having expressed the hope that Signor would not tire of a tale of Ancient Rome, he proceeded as follows:

"Know, then, Signor, that I have, through life, been a book-worm, and something of a dreamer. The busy scheming world

has had but few charms for me; and thus I have reduced my patrimony to an extent I sometimes grieve about, when I consider my children's future; but I am forgetting myself.

"In the year 1492, a few months before *Cecilia* was born, I was told the legend of St. *Cecilia*, by my old friend Padre Giovanni, of Florence, and for some time after I could rest night nor day, through thinking of the terrible sufferings of the poor lady. At last, I dreamed a dream, and saw the vision of a lady, robed in white, playing an organ and singing praises to God. By her side stood one whom she seemed to regard as a protector and guide, and as the liquid notes of her voice rose and fell on the ambient air, the tune seemed caught up by the voices of unseen cherubs. Then louder grew the strains, as if a sphere of angels added their voices to the melody of earth; and louder yet, and louder still pealed forth the glad anthem of thanksgiving, the sounds in perfect harmony, ranging from the cherubs' voices at hand to the deep rolling thunders of the seraphim on high! And then the great volume of praise slowly fell, like unto billows of the ocean settling to the repose of a calm. And all was still!

"From that day I had peace; and, hence, the name of *Cecilia*."

"And a sweetly pretty name it is," added Signor Crito, "and the dream must have been prophetic of the young lady's genius; for I have often heard her brother speak enthusiastically of Signorina's perfection in the musical art. But, what of the legend, Signor Bianco!"

"Wait, one moment, Signor, until the letter-carrier has passed. Ah! a letter from Raphael Sanzio, my wife's sister's son, who has achieved a great reputation as a painter, and now, at the request of a great ecclesiastic, has settled down at Rome. Truly, Raphael is a genius. What says the youth, Teresa? Your eyes are sharper than mine."

Thus appealed to, Teresa took the letter from her father's hand, and read that Raphael presented his compliments to the family, and hoped they could favour him with a visit on the morrow, as he was anxious to unveil in their presence a portrait of the *Cecilia*. He was aware that Lorenzo had arrived, and was anxious thus to welcome him.

"Thank you, Teresa," said the father. "A tender-hearted young man is Raphael, and as generous as he is handsome. Perhaps you, Signor, would not object to paying a visit to his chambers to inspect, with us, the *Cecilia* under full sail."

"I shall be delighted," observed the other.

"Well, Signor, the legend runs thus:—'*Cecilia* was born of noble parents, in the year 295 A.D. Rome was, at that time, an insecure abode for those professing a belief in the doctrines of Christianity. *Cecilia* who, from extreme youth, was subject to spiritual experiences, was early converted to Christianity, and was devotedly fond of sacred music.'"

"Her parents, wishing to maintain the honour of a long line of ancestry, and anxious to withdraw their daughter from a contemplation of what they thought mystical and debasing, urged her to accept the hand of a young Pagan nobleman, named Valerianus. Unable long to resist their importunities, she at last consented, and asked that an interview should be arranged for them on the morrow.

"Next evening, arrayed in bridal robes, she received Valerianus in her chamber, and there confessed to him her belief in and love for Christianity, and further declared that she was nightly visited by an angel who would destroy him if he attempted to approach her. She was wedded to the Lord.

"Valerianus, somewhat troubled at these words, asked her to declare what this Christianity was, and demanded permission to see the angel."

"Christianity," said she, "is this; to love God with all thy strength and love thy neighbour as thyself. This, and a belief in the resurrection of the spiritual body at the decease of the natural body, and in the communion of saints is all that the angels teach me, and if you are willing to subscribe to these opinions, I will promise you the interview you solicit." The interview was granted, and now, seated near his beautiful wife in her dim-lighted chamber, behold an angel, in the shape of a young man, appeared standing by her side. As soon as her prayer was over and she had risen from her knees, the angel—who gave his name as Timotheus—entered into conversation with Valerianus, and predicted that both he and his brother Tiburtius,

would become Christians, and receive the crown of martyrdom. Then he vanished.

Before long, the brothers were beheaded for their belief, and Cecilia was offered her life upon condition that she would sacrifice to the deities of the Romans, but she refused. Upon this, she was thrown into a caldron of boiling water, and scalded to death. "This, Signor," remarked the narrator, "is a brief account of the Legend of St. Cecilia. I hope I have not wearied you?"

"On the contrary," replied the Greek, "I have been intensely interested in your brief account of the life and death of one honoured in Europe with the title of 'Patroness of Music.' But what, pray, was the cause of your restlessness after hearing this legend for the first time?"

"I can scarcely answer you this accurately," replied Signor Bianco, "inasmuch as I found it difficult to analyse my feelings. The picture of the angel robed in garments of dazzling white, appearing nightly to a mortal, affected me strongly; for I could not help wondering whether it was not possible for my own dear mother to appear to me, and if possible, how great my joy, Signor! But the mode of her death and the fearful sufferings attending it, caused me great anguish of mind, and hence it was a conflict of ideas, and emotions which made me so restless."

"The fact is, Signor, replied the Greek Physician, "you are, by natural endowment, a poet, therefore, too well able to conjure in your mind the hopes and fears and penalties and pains of others. This is the poet's doom. He has his moments of ecstasy, in which thoughts, high and mighty, bright and glorious, swell and burn within; but the inexorable laws of nature avenge the slight thus offered to mediocre humanity; and he must, perforce, feel again the martyr's pains as the jaws of the hungry lion close on the mangled limbs of his victim in the arena of Ancient Rome; and in this way, Signor, you felt the horrors of the martyr's death. Not, however, that Cecilia did suffer the pangs you so vividly conceived."

"You are not in error in ascribing to me a power of realising scenes and actors of long ago, but, Signor, I wish you to explain the meaning of the observation, that Cecilia did not suffer when thrown into the caldron of boiling water."

"In order to lucidly explain myself, it would require a series of addresses leading up to this; for, remember, there are millions of laws of nature in operation, which have never yet been conceived of by the mind of man, and whose should declare the truths known to me, and known to my countrymen, Thales and Pythagoras, 2,000 years ago, would be placed upon the rack to-morrow for blasphemy and infidelity. There are laws—forces—unseen and silent in their operation, more potent than the winds and waves when in the height and fury of a tempest; and these are subject to the control of angels.

"The spirits of men, not yet purged from their sins—spirits, who, your church declares, exist in a place called 'purgatory'; these are unacquainted with the more subtle laws of the spiritual universe. When they shall have become bright and beautiful, by a spirit-life of benevolent activity and prayer, they too, having outlived the punishment that God, by inviolable law, inflicts, become angels themselves, and are then, (and not till then) able to control and guide the forces of which I have spoken.

"Know this, Signor, that the angels of heaven frequently take upon themselves, voluntarily, the pangs of mortals whom they love. This is a fact disputed by many, but known to those who have progressed from purgatory to a higher state; and when my great and beloved countryman, Socrates, drained the fatal bowl of hemlock, he requested an ancestor of mine to sacrifice a cock to Esculapius, the reason being, that not one pang was felt by him. The angel, who had guided him through life, was by his side in death, and bore, in his stead, the pains which accompanied the severance of the spiritual and natural bodies. So with St. Cecilia; so with the martyrs of early Christendom; so with many thousands of suffering women to-day, when bringing into the world a new generation. Angel friends—self-sacrificing women, who, themselves, knew not when on earth, the agony of child-birth—stand by the couches of the sufferers, and absorb into their own spiritual bodies much of the pain of their mortal loved ones; and the greater the suffering of the angel, the less the agony of the mortal. But I see your mind is not quite prepared for this. As I said, at first, to be comprehended and believed, I should have to give a series of addresses on human physiology, and the laws governing the workings of the mind. But, I must away; whilst I am absent, however, ponder well on these

facts, and declare whether or not they are in accordance with the teachings of your church, and if not, are they unworthy?"

"The love of angels prompts them to seek the bedsides of the suffering, to share their pains and griefs; whilst love's negative condition—selfishness—impels the lowest of the spirits in purgatory to seek after, in the halls of rovelry and haunts of immorality, those sensual pleasures which keep them bound to earth by bonds stronger than iron chains. Addio!"

Next day, at noon, behold the little party approaching the handsome house, where lived the genius Raphael. They were ushered into a spacious apartment, and welcomed in a most paternal manner by Ariosto, a poet friend of Raphael's, and a favourite of Signor Bianco's. After a few minutes conversation, Cecilia's quick eyes perceived the graceful form of the young artist approaching, and greeted him in with the remark, "Lorenzo is so thankful for your great kindness, dear cousin, for know that, next to our parents, Teresa, and myself, he loves his fast sailing frigate, and such is his belief in your genius, that he declares that you will render the Cecilia immortal."

"I hope I shall please him and not offend yourself," replied Raphael, smiling; "and now, whilst Ariosto unveils the picture, do you, sweet cousin, remain here with me; and tell me, have you practised the latest song of our mutual friend the poet?"

Whilst the rest of the party, led by Ariosto, approached the picture, now hidden by a screen, Raphael and Cecilia gazed out of the window into the garden below, and seemed for a time lost in reverie. Suddenly Cecilia was aroused by hearing the deep voice of the Greek exclaim, "As beautiful as an angel! and perfect in every respect. Surely he is inspired by Phidias!"

"By all the saints of Christendom," cried Lorenzo, "Raphael has indeed taken me by surprise, and I scarcely know how to express my gratitude to him. I have seen many beautiful clippers in my time, but none to approach the beauty and symmetry of this!"

"This is so kind and so like Raphael," muttered Signora Bianco, with tears in her eyes, "and I am so glad that Lorenzo is not disappointed, seeing that, sailor-like, he admires his vessel so much."

"There is but one want that I can observe in this beautiful portrait," said the Greek, as Raphael and Cecilia approached.

"And what may that be?" inquired Raphael, as Cecilia, blushing scarlet, gazed in utter astonishment at the portrait of herself.

"Immortality!" replied the philosopher; "it is beautiful enough to be preserved for ever!"

General News.

Mr T. M. Brown will be at home next week; after which he will proceed on his journey south. All letters to be addressed Myrtle House, Howden-le-Wear, R. S. O., Durham.

BIRTH.—Mrs E. W. Wallis, at 338, St. Ann's Well Road, Nottingham, of a son, on Tuesday, 21st inst. Both mother and child progressing favourably.

GOSWELL HALL.—Miss Samuels will speak in the above Hall, on Sunday evenings, January 2, 9, and 16. Services commence as usual, at 6.30.

Mr Howell will deliver a discourse on Sunday next, in the Temperance Hall, Grosvenor Street, Manchester. Service to commence at 2.30.

T. P. Barkas, Esq., F.G.S., will lecture in the Society's Hall, Weir's Court, Newcastle, on Sunday evening next. A report of the address will appear in our next.

Owing to the pressure caused by the appearance of the tales in the present issue, we regret the non-appearance of the excellent articles on "The Philosophy of Spirit." They will be resumed in our next. Many excellent articles also stand over.

BLACKHILL.—On Sunday last, Mr T. Dawson, of Newcastle, delivered two instructive discourses in the Central Hall. Mr H. Burton presided. The audiences were about the average number, and manifested their appreciation of the thoughts of the speaker.

BINGLEY.—The Bingley Society have arranged to hold a tea and entertainment on Saturday evening, January 8th, in their hall, Russell Street. Tickets, 9d each. On the 9th of January, at 6 p.m., Mr Howell will deliver an address in the same place, subject "The End of the World." Friends in the district are kindly invited to both meetings.

QUEBEC HALL.—On Sunday, Jan. 2nd, the New Year will be inaugurated by a tea, at 5.30. Tickets 8d. each. After which, several friends have promised short addresses, with sacred music, songs, &c. Hopes are entertained that Mr J. J. Morse will be present and give an address; Mr MacDonnell will also be present.

WEST PELTON.—Mr William Westgarth, of Sheriff Hill, will deliver two trance discourses, on Sunday first, January 2nd, 1881. Meetings to commence at 2 and 5.30 p.m. Subjects: afternoon, "Why did God create evil;" evening, "The educational aspects of Modern Spiritualism." A collection to defray expenses.

BRADFORD.—A Public Tea and Entertainment will be held in the Spiritualist Church, Charlotte Street, Manchester Road, on New Year's Day. Tea on the table at 4.30. Entertainment 6.30. Tickets for tea and entertainment 9d. each. Mr Wallis will attend and sing some of his popular songs, with recitations, assisted by other friends. Mr R. Jarvis, Phrenologist, will also give some delineations from the audience. Friends from the district are respectfully invited to join us in commencing a Happy New Year.

GOSWELL HALL.—On Sunday evening last, Mr J. J. Morse occupied this platform, and "Tien" delivered a most interesting discourse on "Spiritualism: its three essentials," which he enumerated as follows:—1st—Recognition of God; 2nd—Knowledge of Immortality; 3rd—Progression in the next life; which, I hardly need say, were expounded in a most eloquent and forcible style to an appreciative audience. Mr Knight Smith sang a most charming solo, "Unto Death," from Mendelssohn.—J. N. G.

HOWDEN-LE-WEAR.—On Christmas Day, a few friends assembled at the house of Mr W. Alderson, Howden-le-Wear, to partake of tea and participate in the enjoyment of an evening's entertainment. An excellent tea was provided by the kind hostess, who spared no pains to contribute to the comfort of her visitors, and to establish that harmony conducive to spiritual well-being. After tea, the evening was spent in singing, speech-making, reciting, and reading, in which Messrs DeMain, Alderson, and Oyston assiduously exercised their powers. Kindly expressions of encouragement, coupled with serious injunctions and friendly counsel, were received from the invisible condition, and congratulations being exchanged, which forcibly displayed the existence of a bond of sympathy between the two worlds, resulting in "a feast of reason and flow of soul."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—On Monday evening last, the Society's Hall of this town presented quite a cheerful and pleasant aspect, the occasion being a tea and entertainment, voluntarily given to aid the funds of the Society. The hall has recently undergone a remodelling and decoration, which has been most tastefully executed by Mr Pickup, of that town, and reflects much credit upon his artistic abilities, and is now one of the neatest and most comfortable halls set apart for spiritual purposes. The efforts of the Committee to bring the best speaking talent of the country, has been widely appreciated, and has added very considerably to the success of the meetings, but has involved a debt on the Society. To remove the burden and enable the Committee to still continue their duty appreciated labours, some ladies and gentlemen came nobly forward, and most generously provided a substantial tea and an excellent programme of music afterwards. This is the second tea party on the same generous basis, the previous one being held on Nov. 24th. Considering the fact that Monday was a holiday, and following so closely after the other, the attendance was most gratifying, and says much for the enthusiasm of the members of the Society. At 5 o'clock the friends numbering 131 sat down to tea, presided over by Mrs Robson, Mrs Scedly, and Mrs Wilson, assisted by numerous other ladies and gentlemen. Full justice having been done to the provisions, and the seats rearranged, an excellent musical programme was gone through, the chair being occupied by the President of the Society. Space forbids an enumeration of the songs rendered; suffice it to say, that each singer received well-merited applause for their efforts to entertain. The singers were Miss Scarlief and Mrs Collinson; Messrs Sced, Robson, Holland, Philips, Veitch, Pickup, and Mr F. Young. Mr Stephenson presided most efficiently at the piano, and Mr Bristol rendered two solos on the violin. After the usual votes of thanks to the ladies for the tea, and the entertainers for the music, a most pleasant and agreeable evening was brought to a close.

HALIFAX.—The Society of this town held their annual Tea Meeting on Christmas Day, when the members and friends to the number of 80 sat down to a substantial tea. After tea an excellent Entertainment consisting of songs, glees and recitations was given, and presided over by Mr Armitage. The choir of the Sowerby Bridge Lyceum rendered efficient services. The meeting concluded with the usual votes of thanks.

NEWCASTLE.—A concert (with coffee supper) will be held in the Lecture Hall, Weir's Court, on Friday evening first (New Year's Eve); various members and friends of the society have kindly volunteered to render an excellent programme of songs, duets, recitations, &c. An interval will take place during the evening, when a coffee supper will be served to all present. The concert will commence at 7.30 p.m. Admission 9d. each. The proceeds will be in aid of the Society's Funds. All are earnestly invited, and as this has become an annual gathering, every endeavour will be made to make it as enjoyable as its predecessors.

SOUTH DURHAM DISTRICT ASSOCIATION.—(On Sunday next, the arrangements are as follows:—New Shildon, (Redworth Road,) Messrs J. Dunn and J. Wilson; West Auckland, (Mr Lupton's), Messrs Eales and Mensforth; (124, Gurney Villas), Mr Hills; Auckland Park, (William Street), Mr Hopwood; Byers Green, (Church Street,) Messrs Mansfield and Gill; Spennymoor, (Villiers Street,) Mr Robson. On the 16th a Conference will be held in the Temperance Hall, Bishop Auckland, at 2 p.m., and an address in the evening by Mr Lambelle. Meetings commence at 2.30 and 6.

MANCHESTER ASSOCIATION.—The Annual Soiree will be held in the Temperance Hall, Grosvenor Street, on New Year's Day. Tea on the tables at 5 o'clock, after which, the evening will be spent in the enjoyment of songs, glees, recitations, readings, and a comedy in three acts, got up for the occasion by Mrs Braham and a few friends; and, judging from the success of the last performance of this kind, the coming event will also be very acceptable. Tickets 1s., after tea 6d. each, for all without tickets. After 9 o'clock, dancing will be the order of the evening.

MANCHESTER.—Temperance Hall, Grosvenor Street. A special meeting was held for the purpose of hearing the report and progress of the Propaganda Committee, appointed by the late conference in Manchester; at the close of the ordinary meeting on Sunday last, December 26th. Tea was provided, after which Mr Brown, Secretary of the Committee, read the report, and Messrs Shaw and Thompson described the whole of the work done by the Committee which met the entire approval of the members and friends present. The spirit guides of Mr Tetlow also expressed entire satisfaction, adding at the same time a few useful suggestions. A resolution was then passed unanimously, pledging to adopt the formula propounded by the above Committee.—W. T. BRAHAM, Sec.

OLDHAM.—On Sunday evening, December 19th, we had two short discourses given us, on the subject of organization, by Messrs Brown and Shaw of Manchester. (The Secretary and one of the Committee appointed at the late Conference in Manchester.) Mr Shaw spoke first, showing the advantages of a "national organization." He said it was our first duty to organize ourselves and to examine ourselves, and see if we were acting up to the teachings of Spiritualism. He also stated, that every "Circle" in a town, should be connected with the Society in the town, and then the Society, as a body, could give every Circle its sympathy, and thus help them to a certain extent. He also spoke about the want of "brotherly love" amongst us, as Spiritualists and said, that a little love and sympathy shown to him, when he was first investigating, would have been very acceptable. Mr Brown, then followed in the same strain, and said that they had not come to thrust "national organization" upon us, but to show the advantages of it, and then leave us to please ourselves whether we joined it or not. After they had done speaking, the chairman asked the meeting if they had any remarks to make about what had been put forth by the Speakers, to which several friends responded. I believe Messrs Brown and Shaw are going to the different towns round about, to place their ideas before the different Societies. I wish them every success in their efforts to benefit the cause, and my sympathy goes with them. If each of us will only organize ourselves, and act up to the teachings of the Spirit World, then we shall be in every sense of the word, Spiritualists.

LIVERPOOL PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

On Sunday last, Mr J. C. Wright delivered two addresses. In the morning, at 11—Mr John Lamont presided—the control was of a most excellent character. He dealt with the true nature of perception, and said that it was the source of all knowledge; the beginning of all science; and that upon it man and the animal Kingdom adapted themselves to the wants and pleasures of life. Perception, he said, was an attribute of consciousness. Consciousness knew itself as existing independent of phenomena, yet phenomena, developed consciousness, and made the "I am" a distinct possibility in experience. The faculty of conception that dealt with complex ideas and causation,—the inferential power of the understanding, might be defined to be interior perception of universal mind phenomena. He eulogized the metaphysics of Spinoza, and defended his definitions of matter, and ridiculed those scientific savants who pretended to sit in judgment upon the great German Jew. The control held phenomena to be sensation—substance, the one eternal existence, of which spirit and matter are modes; and enlarged upon "innate ideas" and the universal harmony of mathematical conception. The existence of God was beyond proof. Man could not sense the infinite. A knowledge of God is impossible. God is out of the domain of sensation.

The control further dwelt upon interior illumination and recognized a world, or sphere of intelligence in sympathy with consciousness, made up of the souls of humanity of all time, which sphere of intelligence was the source of all inspiration—the end of all moral effort and the strength of all genius. The lecture was most profound, logical, and manifested a rare condensation of thought.

In the evening, Mr John Lamont again occupied the chair, and there was a respectable audience. The control took for the subject "1880: a Retrospect;" and for an hour and a-half kept the audience intensely interested.

He took a rapid glance at the political experiences of the year, and said, twelve months ago, the genius of "Vivian Grey" presided over the destinies of this great empire. The spirit of democracy had called upon Mr W. E. Gladstone to steer the bark of state to a haven of safety. He said, 1880 would be remarkable for the action taken by the hereditary House of Peers, vetoing the will of the Commons. The House of Lords cannot be held sacred by the people when it becomes despotic. The control, in passing, glanced at the state of Ireland, and claimed for that country a generous justice at the hands of England.

The control rapidly reviewed the religious questions which had been under consideration during the closing year. The whole sphere of religious controversy was far from being in a healthy and satisfactory state. The control criticised the Ritualistic difficulty of the Church of England, and made some pertinent remarks about disestablishment. Nonconformity came in for a share of attention; and doctrinal difficulties and contradictions were reviewed. Conditional immortality came in to be the butt of the speaker's ridicule. Scientific and philosophical thought, too, were mustered up for inspection. The control eulogised the intellectual powers of the late Professor Clifford, and praised the experimental method against the inferential in philosophy. The God question was submitted to analysis, and modern Spiritualism declared to be the great want of the age; and proclaimed it to be never so strong and healthy in this country before. The control was repeatedly greeted with applause. A gentleman, in the audience, took exception to some of the remarks made by the speaker, in reference to Ritualism and the state of Ireland. Mr Wright came again, in a tremendous burst of eloquence, most unusual, that lashed the audience into the wildest enthusiasm. The Irish question was dealt with by a master; and the old hands said they never heard anything like it. The control purported to be "D'Arcy M'Gee." "George Thompson" was said to be the control who delivered the address; a Mr Hughes, a non-Spiritualist, said that he had heard George Thompson, 40 years ago, and the control to-night was like him. He never was so convinced before.

LEICESTER.—Silver Street, Lecture Hall. On New Year's Eve, there will be a Tea and Entertainment for the benefit of Harmonium Fund. Tea on the table at 6 o'clock; entertainment to commence at 8 o'clock. Tea and entertainment 1s. To the entertainment 3d.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE WORLD.

I'll sing, how God, the world's almighty soul,
Fills heaven, and earth, and seas, and sways the whole;
Each part disposes with an equal hand,
While subject nature bends to his command.
How all by reason moves; because one mind
Does all pervade, and all together bind.
For did not all the friendly parts conspire
To make one whole, and keep the frame entire;
And did not wisdom's constant laws control
That vast stupendous machine of the whole,
The earth would lose its place, the skies would fall,
And want of motion prove the bane of all.
No more the stars would roll; nor day, nor night,
By turns, each other fly, and put to flight,—
Rain would not cheer the earth, nor winds supply
Nor seas would fill the springs; nor springs return
A grateful tribute from their flowing urn;
Nor would they all, unless contriv'd by art,
So justly be proportioned in each part,
That neither seas, nor skies, nor stars exceed
Our wants, nor are too scanty for our needs.
Thus stands the frame, and one almighty soul
Thro' all diffus'd so turns and guides the whole,
That nothing from its settled station swerves,
Motion not alters, but the world preserves.
The stars still keep one course; they still pursue
Their constant track, nor vary in a new;
From one first point they start; their course maintain
Repeat their whirl, and visit it again.
A most convincing reason drawn from sense,
That this vast frame is rul'd by providence,
Which, like the soul, does every whirl advance,
It must be God, nor was it made by chance,
As Epicurus dream'd; who madly thought
This beauteous frame of senseless atoms wrought;
That seas, and earth, the stars, and spacious air,
What forms new worlds, or does the old repair,
First rose from these, by these suppli'd remain;
And all must be when chance shall break the chain,
Dissolv'd to these wild principles again.—
Absurd, and nonsense! Atheist, use thine eyes,
And having view'd the order of the skies,
Think, if thou canst, that matter blindly hurl'd,
Without a guide should frame this wondrous world.

MANILIC

How puerile and senseless are the modern conceptions of deity, compared with the lofty ideas of this noble mind of the past.

Yours,

R. FITTON.

THE NEW-BORN YEAR.

Within the twilight glimmer of each New Year's dawn we see,
Dreams, which are only realized with immortality;
Yet, tho' so often parted from them, as the years grow hoar,
Again, and yet again, we paint them brighter than before.
Surely the world all brightness nears us, for its light to shine
Into the dusky depths of thought, where rests the soul divine;
Rousing it, and illumining its earthly pathway here.
For to herald and crown the coming of the new-born year.

Refreshing us, with resting us, ere with our staff in hand,
It may be in the darkness, we must journey thro' the land;
Or thro' the mists of sorrow, or the hurricane of pain,
Before we view the tree-tops of the land of rest again.
Thus, we have need of pausing, for altho' we cannot see,
We feel, if we are manacled, or have our liberty;
To soar with thought contemplative—our earliest form of prayer,
To wait the coming of the advent of the new-born year.

More surely as we comprehend, joy rests with sacrifice,
And that in each created thing a hidden purpose lies;
Must we devour the import of this yearly felt desire,
To leave what's low and sordid, and try and mount up higher.
When, as the living spring of life grows to adorn the earth,
If we but bid it, what is good and beautiful comes forth;
And weaves for us eternal flowers, having the perfumed air
Stirred by the inrush of the coming of the new-born year.

S. M.

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