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

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One Penn y

The Platform.

CENTENARY OF GEORGE STEPHENSON.

BY THE

GUIDES OF MR. J. C. WRIGHT.

[Specially recorded for the *Herald of Progress* by Mr J. Fowler.]

It is well that the names of great men be had in honourable remembrance, because of the services they have rendered to mankind in the various callings and departments of life to which they have devoted themselves. Warriors, statesmen, inventors, and artists have adorned and utilised human effort, and given advantages which otherwise could not have been had. Intellectual culture, political progress, and scientific attainments have been powerfully stimulated by these recurring anniversaries. These opportunities afford a stimulant to the young mind to excel by shewing what determination, coupled with abilities, has done in the past. The character of a successful man is pregnant with lessons to a young man. The qualities of punctuality, industry, frugality, and cautious effort cannot be over-estimated, and, when coupled with genius, are irresistible. Hence, they are lessons from real life to all time, to hold in esteem these virtues. And it is virtuous, and decidedly honourable, to revere intensely the great workers of the past, especially the peaceable worker—the man of real useful effort—whose life has given, and not taken away, the life of humanity. Their deeds can be emulated with wisdom. They are the captains of progress. Amongst this precious and honourable number is found the valuable and extraordinary life of George Stephenson—a Northumberland collier lad sent forth in 1781 to do the divine work of his Master, a work which will be visible and speak his true worth. His mechanical genius was second to none. Heaven gave him grand light and prevision of a marvellously useful sort. He was no preacher, he had no doctrines to teach, he had no parties to lead, but, as a member of nature's true aristocracy, he had a peaceable revolutionary work to do. He was marked out to be the changer of the pack horse for the steam locomotive—a most excellent swap. Milton said truly “that peace had her victories no less renowned than war.” George Stephenson, therefore, is entitled to be had in the people's remembrance—more so, even, than great generals or great kings. He was more than these put together. Therefore, the poems which will be sung on this occasion cannot be extravagant, because Stephenson merits the highest laudation. In every

sense, he is a most fertile lesson of real genius, overcoming the position of lowly birth, poor circumstances, and little education. He owed nothing to circumstances. It was the luminosity of heaven that made him what he was—a mechanical saviour of the highest value, and will probably ever retain a foremost rank. Unquestionably more honour is due to him because of the humble circumstances of his birth and parentage, and other formidable obstacles. Had he not been guided by the hand of genius, he could not have accomplished his magnificent work. A hundred years ago, our forefathers knew nothing of the luxuries of modern railway travelling. A journey from Scotland to London was attended with both danger and difficulty, and occupied many days—as many days as it takes hours at the present time. When the sum of these advantages are added together, the advantages resulting from his labours are inestimable. We have no hesitation in saying that the present position to which this country has attained in commercial and mechanical enterprises is due to the application of steam to locomotion. It has aided in the development of inaccessible and remote territories; has belted the world almost with an iron belt, and given facilities in communication and transit the world has never had before. Vast fields unsettled and uncultivated by man have been brought under subjugation. The useful soldier of industry has raised his homestead there, and the railway has carried his produce with the utmost despatch and economy to the distant markets of the world. The luxuries of natural production in our clime have been distributed in another, and the populations of different countries have been aided to remove to such localities where labour was demanded. England, of all countries in the world, has reaped the most solid advantages from this mode of applying steam to locomotion, and therefore this effort to do honour to George Stephenson should be unanimous and spontaneous. His was an extraordinary life, and his mind was the development of extraordinary conditions suitable to the common wants of the community: Inventive genius, the growth of national wealth and population should go hand in hand. When any cause or causes temporarily check the growth of wealth, and the population continued its ordinary ratio of progress, then there is sure to be much suffering amongst the lowest class for want of employment. Trades will suffer for want of remunerative conditions to restore the equilibrium. Inventive genius comes to man's aid by enlarging the capacity of production and cheapening the methods of the distribution of commodities. This will be illustrated by referring to the time when George Stephenson completed his first railway. The old methods of locomotion were slow and expensive. Commodities to the consumer were increased in value by their overland transit. The highways of the country were occupied by carriers and conveyances. Horse power was employed. The commercial con-

dition of the nation was anything but encouraging. But through direct and speedy communication between town and town and county and county, the productions of the country can be speedily and cheaply distributed over the world. This facility of distribution has increased production and wealth, and population has immensely increased. Nothing has done so much for the world as the railway. It has brought man into sympathy and relationship, and made it possible for the inhabitants of one country to have profitable intercourse with another. The spirit of trade has been largely increased. Nations have found it to be to their advantage to trade. The vast territories of the new world would have remained for ages undeveloped but for the railway. Progress in the interior states would have been slow. Tedious overland transit would have been too expensive. The vast wheat-growing districts of America would never have been brought into a state of cultivation. This country would have had to rely for its extra wants upon countries nearer home and more easily accessible. Prices of commodities would have ruled high, labour would have been poorly paid, and the population would not have grown at its present rate. The railway system has had a most important effect upon the social and political condition of this country. It is forcing the land question to a direct issue. The free land of America can produce more prolific crops, with less expense than land in this country. The farmer in America lives upon his own land, and superintends the cultivation of his own estates. The land owner in England is a gentleman—a nobleman. He lets his land for a certain rent per annum. In consequence of the rapid and easy transit of goods from America to this country, the English farmer is beaten in quality and quantity by the American farmer. The railway system has been the means—hence, it is forcing upon the attention of this country the importance of some social reform, and a general readjustment of its commercial relationships. As the railway has an important bearing on the development of trade, so it has equally on other departments of life, being the offspring of the progressive spirit of the age; all the institutions which do not partake of this spirit it antagonises and ultimately will destroy. A revolution of violence and blood destroyed the French nobility. But the steamship and the locomotive engine will be the means of peacefully eradicating the evil conditions which oppress the land of this country. Whilst the population is rapidly on the increase and agricultural pursuits at a dead-lock, some practical changes are necessary to make the national institutions harmonise with the spirit of progress. The railway system has also had important bearings in an intellectual sense. Knowledge and literature is more comfortable than formerly. Nations know each other better. There are fewer international prejudices, and more light. The steamboat and the railway will be the great reformers of the future. They will bind the world together by a chain of reciprocal associations and help to crush that terrible scourge—War, by teaching men that commercial activity and prosperity are the first duties of a people. Hence, we cannot name a more important subject than the railway that is identified with the name of George Stephenson. Let the nations rejoice at the universal success of this man's labours. As a mechanical genius he stands foremost. The actual results of his labours are untold and incalculable. When the names of kings, warriors, statesmen, and despots shall be forgotten, his name will be green in the memory of humanity. The majesty of his inventive genius will be adored, and the lowly born will rejoice that labour has been dignified by so worthy a son.

ON THE WAY.

*A Trance Discourse, delivered through the mediumship of
Mr J. C. Wright.*

[Specially recorded for the *Herald of Progress*
Mr John Fowler.]

Once more I stand in the precincts of earth and its sad fatalities and dreams. I bring with me a true blessing for the progress of humanity and the development of all good. I am right down in earnest, being full of the enthusiasm of a new conviction, that life is indestructible; personally conscious and

destined for all good. My earnestness springs from a sense of the All-good, and its divine accomplishment. I find in approaching this nethermost orb of sin and folly, that there are a great many men and women anxious to put off the sandals of ignorance, and put on the white robes of the God-like. These few are the salt of the earth, and they are right well salted. Braddaughism and Irelandism, for an example, there is a great amount of life in these sober aims put forth to realise the beautiful divinity as the angel of freedom and justice. She is now under way, approaching slowly the confines of God's earth. This beautiful divinity has been coming a long time, but has suffered many mishaps on the journey. The heroes of history have not always been her servants. She approaches nearer now than ever she has approached in the past. Her steady purpose of amelioration may come with freer thought and institutions. What I may call the feudalites of liberty are on the way. Yes, this lumbering machine we call the world requires herculean brains to move it. But it is moved surely. The lever and the fulcrum may be held by unseen power, nevertheless, it is effective, and its work complete. The divine order and purpose hidden, yet steadily under way, working out the manifold purposes of its divine author. Everything is fitted into everything else, and the highest declarations of law impose growth. Man is subject to this law and eternal purpose. He cannot shift nor take away the physical responsibilities in which he is placed. He must conform to the laws of the great "Autocrat" of creation. The colour of his hair, the length of his tongue, and the weight of his brain, are supreme matters registered and settled beforehand. The register in after days never to be tampered with. *Man is under way* subject to these laws, which in themselves are good, but sundry delinquencies and follies, with ignorance, bring man often into antagonism to them, which is unpardonable sin—the veritable sin against the Holy Ghost. There are very many who do thus woefully sin, who, in sore lamentations pray—but no deliverance. The "Autocrat" is obdurate. The merciless attribute of Law chaotically works and crushes until madness is crushed out of the soul. Man, then, by the illumination of knowledge, finds for himself the right under the law. The "Autocrat" commands implicit allegiance and obedience before he adds to his stock of happiness. To obey the rule of the Omnipotent Master is to be good, which is the highest, because the divinest purpose. But life does not lie extinct under a tombstone. That is not its anchorage. The ghost-man is arisen, and he is not here. He is still about his Master's business—a business which controls all businesses, and this field of active restless business—life, we call it—the soul's real living. His seeking out the true purpose of living guides, as the landmarks of history guide, human experience. The laws of the Eternal Autocrat guide the spiritual mind. Absolute freedom, as ghost-man, I have not. By possessing that I should lose it; therefore, it is better not to have it. The same laws of control—the same laws of consciousness—the same fire of ambition, are all controlled by the same divine force as when I was a student meditating in solitude on the moors of Dumfriesshire. I can sum those 86 years up, by saying they make up a tail of a journey somewhere too, but that somewhere too, is the terrible mystery still. I am sent on my course by some centrifugal force, I call it the divine Autocrat. I am like Dick Whillington sitting down to rest, with my wallet hung across the milestone of time. I sit—and am absorbed in Nature's eternal silence. My solitude is broken by the sound of the Bow Bells of destiny, telling me that I shall be a spiritual Lord Mayor without the ginger-bread, in the interior brilliancy of the celestial sphere. The chimes of earthly praises say—Come back! But the rhythmic glories of inspiration say—Advance! Advance to the highest spiritual citadel, radiant with gems and jewels of the Eternal Autocrat's brightest thoughts. I can thus look back from the highway of my spiritual pilgrimage. I see both Golgotha, Gethsemane and Eden on the one hand, and the illuminations of God on the other. The nethermost view brings me to the sordid caustic crust of life, whilst before I see the visor fall from the face of a smoked, begrimed, and beggarly-clad humanity, all under way, working out the eternal purpose of law. Each and every one has his sphere of dutiful mission, which cannot be delegated to another. Responsibility is personal. Every man has the fang of omnipotent power laid upon his soul, and he must work out his salvation by doing truthfully and manfully

the real work. His real work consists in the exercise of his faculties according to their legitimate spirit. By the law of natural selection, the round man becomes fitted to the round hole, and harmonised man under the sway of the highest sphere, is not released from any of the responsibilities of life. As he improves in spiritual development, the soul can feel more music—the melody of life is more complete. Man is not hurried on. Progress is slow when permanent. You can best inhale the harmonies of sublime natural scenery when in calm repose you listen to the sighing of the woods and the soothing roar of the gentle waterfall, the chorus of birds and the ceaseless hoarse monotonous ocean. Peacefully and beautifully the mind enjoys such scenes. Hurry and speed would prevent the soul breathing the atmosphere of beauty, of repose, and of love. Hurry is folly in another character; there is no being happy in a hurry. Man must take to calm labour if he would be successful, as it is far easier to loose than to win; so heaven's prizes are open for all, but some check their own speed with going too fast to obtain them. It is far wiser, when under way, to work with an eye to the living present than to work with an eye directed to any absent future. Be industrious to-day and you will be ready for being industrious to-morrow. Obey the God of nature and law to-day, and you will obey him better to-morrow. Obey him not to-day, and you will hardly obey him to-morrow. It is better to begin well at the beginning, and do well all through the piece. It will be sad otherwise to look back upon the imperfections of the beginning, as you sit, Dick Whittington-like, with your wallet thrown over the milestone of immortality. I can talk and think of much that is regrettable—of the humanity which is under way. Mankind is the subject of gross delusions. Mere changes and revolutions are looked upon as progress, but these are not progress. They belong not to its spirit. They are born in darkness and the devil. They are heralded in madness; they are controlled by frenzy, and bottomless withal. Progress only comes with right, justice, and truth. They go hand-in-hand; they are born in the supreme mind of the divine immovable Autocrat. Error, despotism, and ignorance are Gods only invoked by the undeveloped and weak. Knowledge will give emancipation and clearer vision. To such the all-dutiful truth will be discernible by and bye, and God's heavenly kingdom comprehended. Being under way truly, involves a growing spirit of sincerity. The sham man soon comes to his haunches. The real man alone stands through the storm. The sincere man can stand the vicissitudes of a moral winter, but the sham man is buried—overwhelmed. A sincere spirit is almost omnipotent; real earnestness is equal to genius, and will accomplish much more than genius misapplied. Genius, without virtue or moral guidance, is trash—God's divine commission trampled under foot. Sincerity and goodness coupled, give grace and glory. This quality above all should not be forgotten when under way. There is another consideration equally useful, which should never be forgotten—that one man is as good as another—that all are made in the image of God. A recognition of the universal brotherhood of man is helpful and will relieve the spirit when oppressed with the anxieties and the cares of life. Happiness always comes from doing right—from doing wrong never. The spirit of man has no interior fountain flowing, only from the good and the true. From these reflections, I am led up to the fact that I am revolving in the infinite God. I am an expression of Him to the extent of my growth only. He is the all-light and the all-good. He is the sunlight of the spiritual universe. I partake of his light and warmth—his light is everywhere, he has a presence in the lowest soul. He will illuminate it in after days. Yes, he is the light of all thought, and the truth of all love, and as I accomplish my journey I come nearer to him and the perihelion of my orb's activity. As some astronomers dread the earth will be absorbed by the sun, so some fear that the spirit will be absorbed into the Infinite, but that can never be. The Infinite is already full. We cannot be absorbed by that from which we are. A man can never be lost in the atmosphere—it is natural to him. So God does not absorb, but he unfolds. He does not devour, but he infuses life. He does not absorb, but he unfolds from himself. We are in him, and we partake of his light and glory. The destruction of individuality would be the annihilation of reason, which is impossible. Therefore, I am under way, I am going on my eternal journey, impelled by an irresistible impulse. I can neither go to the right nor to the left without being re-

minded by irresistible force, of my eternal duties. Thus fixed and fitted, I have hope for myself and humanity, that the divine element of goodness will have a place in every mind, and that no one shall be left on the highway to perish under the hands of madness or the devil. The principles of progress will empty the hells of humanity, and send all forth from thence, to do higher and cleaner work, having this hope in humanity. the Divine Ruler will so enforce his law. The completion of felicity will never be possible, yet pain and sorrow will be eradicated from the world. Let humanity take these thoughts to heart, and profit. The portals of the heavenly land are wide, and love is gracious, willing to receive the humblest child seeking to enter. I now take up my spiritual wallet, and leave you. After awhile I may come again, and break to you of my bread as your stomachs can take it. I am thankful for the conditions you have given to me. Accept my blessing. May love and right—may truth and light—be your delight. My friends—Good night.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

A LECTURE ON MIND IN MAN AND ANIMALS.

BY WILLIAM HITCHMAN, M.R.C.S., &c., &c., &c.

The science of Anthropology has recently investigated the nature of Man, at home and abroad, in historic and pre-historic times, and that, too, in all his leading aspects, mentally and physically. Hindoo legislators, learned authors, in the Sanscrit language, of vast works in Law and Ethics, 1,200 years B.C., Menu, Moses, Mohammed, all were but different modifications of Protoplasm; as are, also, T. Gorilla, the Andaman Islander, even Caucasians themselves: an immemorial civilisation has failed utterly to Caucasianise either the Chinese or Japanese, they being as essentially Mongolian as the rudest nomad of the northern steppes. Form, Function, Colour, are the magic-spells that cause all difficulties in the physical history of mankind to vanish, like mists of darkness before the morning sun. Existence is but an endless battle of special adaptations of racial qualities to outward circumstances—Greek, Roman, Teuton, Assyrian, Saracen or Anglo-Saxon, whether Men, Animals or Plants, under domestication or in savage wildness; species is originated by means of natural selection, a struggle for Life and Mind, which begins and ends in Protoplasm, during which favoured races are alone preserved. Such is modern Science: strange, if true—withal, said to be true, if strange!

An exact prototype—at once singularly graceful and marvelously accurate—of the present teaching of distinguished savans in the British Association for the Advancement of Science, A.D. 1880, may yet be found in the writings of the elegant Latin Philosopher, born of the Epicurean Sect, almost a century anterior to the birth of "a Greater than Solomon":—

"Omnia mutantur: nihil interit. Erat et illinc,
Huc venit, hinc illinc."

The Physiology of the Intellect is thus described by Professor Tyndall (Mathematical and Physical Sciences, 1878):—"I hardly imagine that any profound scientific thinker exists, who would not admit (as an extremely probable hypothesis) that given the state of the brain, the corresponding thought, sense, or emotion might be inferred; or giving the thought, sense, or emotion, the corresponding state of the brain might be inferred. For every thought, sense, or emotion—yea, every fact of consciousness—a certain definite molecular condition is set up in the cerebral organisation;" in short, Materialism is true.

Let us inquire. Surely it is not the Brain that thinks, or originates all thought. Man is born: he eats and drinks, or drinks and eats, sleeps, arrives at maturity, propagates his species, and dies. In the performance of all these functions he is fully equalled, if not surpassed, by the most savage beast; thus far, in fact, Man is an Animal. But what if the functions of Protoplasm are not mere properties of its molecular constitution, and that in every different tissue there is a different initial term of the productive series? It is even so, as a matter of scientific observation and experience, known through its certain manifestations. In all the relations of Life the cerebral organisation, in the one case, results in a *psychical* principle, distinguished from the *spiritual* in Man by the immutability of its powers, co-ordinated with an exclusive sphere of action; the other outcome is a specia-

gift by the grace of God, and thought the Iliad of Homer and the Hamlet of Shakespeare.

Yes, in our consideration of the Anatomy of Intellect, sectarian prejudice, whether physical or metaphysical, must be wholly disregarded—otherwise, to each scientific prætor, some future Tiberius may again exclaim, with truth and justice,

Serus, O Bata, Experrectus es!

Above and beyond, yet higher, anterior, and deeper than all the molecular objects of our physical investigations, there is, assuredly, *something* which perceives not only them, but its own fleshly bond of temporary union. Mental Force, in fact, pre-exists, as certainly as Nervous Matter co-exists, in Human Organisation. Mind gives form and unity to the most complex organisms of the Animal Kingdom, as shown in Psychology, Zoology, and the Natural History of Man. Matter gives not primeval reality to Mind—in the process of phenomenal Evolution, it lacks the creative power of Supreme Will, and is but a means to an end. Even creations of human genius are not produced by physical causation alone. Aided by the Logic of Pure Reason, Man is raised from the region of the material, each moment of organic existence, by an active realisation of the immanent acts of Self—an ever changing cerebral organisation yet leaves an identical mind radically *continuous*—immaterial, and consequently not an object of bodily sense. Such an idea of the Human Soul, though incomplete, is perfectly true, and comprises no quality which is also a quality of Human Brain. This is the Protoplasm of Spirit!

To this complexion it comes at last: the most brilliant achievements of the Physical Sciences notwithstanding, with the resuscitated doctrine of spontaneous generation as their *present* complement, and every organ of the animal body,—once no more than an aggregation of such corpuscles as are concerned therein,—up the whole ascent, I say, the nettle-sting beginning already with "*modified*," protoplasm, and syntonin the chief constituent of flesh,—Nature is but a prophetic hymn, heralding the advent of an immortal soul. Cells themselves are only protoplasm yet differ "*scientifically*" some contain glycogen, some contain cholesterine, some protogon, some myosin, etc. At all events, Prof. Huxley's singularly clever analysis is an analysis of *dead* protoplasm, and is scientifically inconclusive for the spirit which *lives*.

Two facts are sufficient to refute the gratuitous hypothesis of Professor Tyndall. The one is, that Animals low in the scale of organisation, as Planaria, Polypt, and Annelida—for instance the Naides and Nereides—propagate their species by spontaneous division; and moreover, each portion of the Animal may be divided, and yet evince a separate will and special desires, without any definite molecular condition of brain at all. Some Animals, therefore, generate new individuals, each endowed with a separate mind, merely by spontaneous division of their own bodies. The mental and physical phenomena presented to our observation by animals and by man agree in several important points, viz., passions, reflection, comparison, rational and instinctive acts, organs of digestion, assimilation, locomotion, highly developed senses, and so forth; but in others they differ absolutely. For example: in the cerebral organs of both, it is clear that mental perceptions form ideas, or subsequent concepts—and this, too, without reference to any structural approximation in external organization—from outward impressions on the senses; whereas, with a psychological difference utterly disproportionate to the physiological difference, the human mind is adequate to the conception of purely abstract ideas; to form, I mean, a complete general notion from the contemplation of several distinct psychical phenomena, which does not itself correspond to any one of the single impressions on the sensorium, yet represents the essential properties of all; the cause is present, or the effects would hardly follow. If there be Free-will, scientifically speaking, there must be Spirituality in Man.

The difference, I conceive, between the human and the brute mind, may be explained in this wise: however much the brains of each may anatomically resemble each other, the main-spring of action is demonstrated in the fact that the latter is functionally devoid—it has, therefore, no *faculty*, either of Religiosity or Speech. It is, surely, the end and aim of all sound Philosophy to inculcate true knowledge of our faculties; of what we may and what we may not hope to accomplish from the study of external Nature; of the laws and limits of Physical Science, and by inexorable consequence the just claims of pure Reason. The mental operations of the most man-like Animals do not consist

of more than the conception of simple ideas, the manifestation of desire, and the association of those ideas which result *immediately* from impressions on the senses.

In a recent series of "LECTURES ON INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY," I have sought to prove, scientifically, that the Mind of Man and Animals is a simple substance, without parts, without extension, and without any complexity *in itself*; and that Matter consists of simple active molecular substances which belong to time and space, having a *continuum* in cerebral organisation for the purposes of its kindred material Planet, by virtue of the laws of attraction and repulsion, but impenetrable only with respect to those atoms which are not adequate to the production of a *change* in its existing equilibrium. In other words, an organic body is a system of molecular machinery, under Divine rule; molecules themselves the subjects of a system of internal states, or conditions, arising from the reciprocal action and re-action of the molecules on each other; the peculiar combination, in each case, being determined by the providence of God, the invariable and supreme *cause* of the particular *form* of each organism.

On the present occasion I am desirous to re-consider, as far as opportunity affords, the Relations of Intellect to Anatomy; the mutual reaction of the Mind and Organism, as it were: believing, as I do from overwhelming evidences only—derived from a lengthened investigation of Ridicule, Examination, Acceptance, analytically and synthetically, on the nature of spiritual existence—that Mind is *not* wholly restricted to cerebral organisation, either in Man or Animals; neither is it, in my opinion, always dependent upon a physical arrangement of nervous ganglions. Mental Phenomena, I submit, cannot be scientifically explained by our *recent* knowledge of Cellular Pathology, or Physiological Histology. Mind, in short, refuses to yield up its independent existence at the shrine of nervous matter. The existence of the thinking principle in Man does not, I know, depend in every instance upon an *uninjured* condition of the whole cerebral organisation; and since the mental principle, again, whatever may be its precise nature or constitution, is assuredly present—although in a latent state—in the germ separated from the parent organism, it is clear, at all events—reasoning from a scientific basis of pure Materialism of acknowledged reputation—that a morbid change in the minute structure of the human brain cannot produce a radical change in the Thinking Principle itself, *suigeneris* but can only modify, from time to time, its peculiar organic action. Mind, physiologically speaking, is, to some indefinite extent, dependent for its normal healthy activity upon the material integrity of fibrous tissue, and chemical composition of Brain-Protoplasm; but the spiritual essence, as it were, of whatever it may consist—in the Will of God to Man, the latent mental force of nervous matter—is occasionally, even in this Life, independent of material changes in the anatomical and physiological constitutions of the cerebro-spinal nervous system. The power of the soul over the body, throughout the *natural* history of Racial diversity, has evidently given rise to an immense number of physical phenomena, to which I cannot now advert; which, however, at first sight seem to belong to the inexplicable category of scientific marvels.

The Moral Constitution of Man has, indeed an important bearing not only upon the Intellect, but the causes and effects of disease generally, and scarcely less upon its successful treatment in all varieties of our species. As an illustration of such "molecular" phenomena in regard to the Physiology of the Intellect, I may adduce very briefly the case of Miss B—, a young lady in vigorous health, mentally and physically, who wished to inspire nitrous oxide gas; but in order to test the power concerned in the mutual reaction of Mind and Brain, common atmospheric air was given to her instead of the intoxicating agent: she had scarcely taken two inspirations of it, when she fell into a state of profound comatose syncope. Now, were human senses so expanded, refined and illuminated, as to enable us to see the very molecules of cerebral organisation, and have made us capable of following all their motions, and witnessing the electrical explosion, if such there were, in this case we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem by the materialistic science of Professor Tyndall—that for every fact of self-consciousness, whether in the domain of sense, thought or emotion, a "*definite*" molecular condition is set up in the brain as mechanical exegesis; for "*all* thought, as exercised by Man," he assures us, "has its correlative in the physics of the Brain, a position the materialist will be able, finally, to maintain against

all attacks." Rather I venture to think, Mind dominates not only degrees of cerebral development, but the whole bodily organisation; so the spiritual language of the human soul is not only to be seen in brachycephalic or dolicocephalic crania, with or without prognathism, limited to the upper jaw, but in every line of the facial angle, influencing, it may be, the lines of the hand, and governing every limb.

Reciprocation may sometimes be explained by the fact that any state of organ, or function, which is powerfully conceived to be certainly approaching, is very likely to ensue as the ultimate result of that persistent idea; provided, of course, it lie within the bounds of physical possibility. There can be no doubt that the influence of an idea—which, however, is not persistent—if molecular in origin, or kind, extends in all directions; affecting the bodily senses—emotions, secretions, excretions; producing, it may be, lasting as well as beneficial effects. Indeed, it has been already proved that the active states of bodily organs excite particular ideas, and, conversely, the special ideas produce that peculiar condition of the organs generally.

(To be continued).

ON PRAYER.

(By Frances Power Cobbe.)

"Is there any use in prayer at all? Is not the attempt at direct intercourse between the poor feeble soul of man on earth, and the awful, incomprehensible power behind the veil of creation, a presumption and a delusion? Is not prayer one of the many errors of the past which it behoves the disciples of an enlightened philosophy to relinquish? Controversy of any kind is very far from being the purport of this paper; but on this point, which concerns its own rational meaning, I must needs speak as fully and as strongly as I am able. I shall do so the more earnestly because, as I understand it, the whole character of our religion turns on this hinge; and if I were asked to describe what I considered the only important difference between the numberless minds whose mental latitude now lies between Atheism and authoritative Christianity, I should say that it was defined by the deep line between Theists who pray and Theists who do not pray. To the former, Theism is a religion—as I deem it, the truest, purest, happiest of all the religions of earth. To the latter it is a philosophy,—a refined, liberal, ennobling philosophy; but not a religion, and tending, I fear, to recede even further from all that constitutes a religion.

Prayer is, in its highest form, literally the 'communion' of the Divine and human spirit; and for communion to exist, it must needs be that two concomitant wills be exerted—the will of him who speaks, and that of him who listens, of him who asks, and him who grants; and again, in converse shape, of him who inspires, and him who reflects inspiration, him who bestows grace, and him who receives it. To forget this truth, and speak, on the one hand, as if religious 'exercises' (as they are called) were all our own self-acting, self-reflecting spiritual gymnastics, or, on the other hand, to expect that God will bestow his best gifts on our souls without our being at the pains to ask for them, and will always open for us a door at which we never knock—is, in either case, a grievous mistake. No man can pray, believing prayer to be merely self-acting; and albeit God in his mercy does often seek us when we wander from him, yet the very heaven-sent impulse then given seems always to be an impulse to pray; to return to our Father's house, and say, 'I have sinned.' If we neglect such inspirations, and draw near to God because of them, he does nothing more. He does not force us into his arms, as he forces the planets round the sun.

I have just said that no man can pray believing prayer to be merely self-acting. It is needful to believe that we can move another Will than our own by our supplications before it is possible to put forth the earnest appeal of real prayer. It will be replied, perhaps, that this statement is untrue; and that solemn premeditated acts of resolution and aspiration are properly prayers; even when they who use them—bow alone.

Each before the judgment throne
Of his own aweless soul;

or of an image of Buddha, or a picture of Clotilde de Vaux. But it seems to me that to give such emotions and resolutions the name of prayers, is simply to confound two different things,

just as it would be to confound a soliloquy with a dialogue or address. The soliloquy may, indeed, run on the same topic as the address, and may readily be made to borrow its forms; but it is not the same thing, and to give it the same name is merely to cheat ourselves by misuse of words. To pray, as we understand the word, is to address a person, human or divine, who is understood by him who prays actually to exist and to hear his address. To extemporize before an abstraction, *consciously recognised as such*, is not to pray, even to address, after the Buddhist fashion, a being who, albeit he once lived upon earth, is now supposed to be unconscious of the act of his worshipper, is so far different from what we Westerners mean by 'prayer,' that the intelligent races who maintain such a practice see no absurdity in constructing their self-acting windmills with prayers written on their sails to perform the barren ceremony in their stead. If there be no conscious person to hear prayer, there may just as well be no conscious person to pray. A machine will answer all the purposes of the case, when the Church of Rome adds a new saint to her pantheon, the first assumption of the masses (with whom all hagiolatry begins) is, that the departed worthy has somehow come to share in the omnipresence of Deity, and can hear equally well all his worshippers scattered from China to Peru. No one would invoke a saint who could not bend from heaven to hear the invocation.

While thus denying that moral soliloquies—made by those who believe that no God hears them, are properly prayers, I am far from denying that they may be very sacred to him who pronounces them, or that their results on his character may be excellent. Virtue, honour, truth, charity, are such blessed things, that we cannot even think of them without being the better for it, nor brush past them on our way through life without carrying on our "garments" the smell of the field 'which the Lord hath loved.' Nay, he who truly loves these attributes of God necessarily loves him better far assuredly than he who believes in their divine origin, but seeks not to imitate them. But with fullest admission of all this, it must remain incredible that it can be the same thing to contemplate a never-impersonated Perfection, striving unaided to approach it; and to contemplate that Perfection as embodied in a Being who hears and answers our call for help to be made holy as he is holy.

And yet, again, it may be said: If we may thus believe in the efficacy of prayer to the Almighty, why not ask him still, as did our fathers, to change the course of physical events; to cure sickness and stop epidemics, and send rain and sunshine and favourable winds at our option? To this, I answer, that the arguments which justify prayer for spiritual help do not apply to such cases at all; and that it seems to me incredible that God desires our spiritual good; that "his will is our salvation;" and that he has made prayer the "means" of an immeasurable "grace;" these conclusions follow naturally and simply from the premises of the existence of such beings as God and Man. But that God either desires, or ever actually effects, any change whatever in the order of his disposal of the forces of nature, or that he would permit the entreaties of a thousand worlds of fallible creatures to stir him from the course which his love and wisdom would otherwise pursue—this is not to be believed. Thus to one who regards the subject of prayer from the point I have tried to indicate, petitions for change of weather or restoration of health, are not so much acts of piety as (if properly understood) acts of childish presumption.

But turning from all these discussions, if we restrict ourselves solely to the conception of prayer for God's inner action on the hearts he has made, for his help to overcome our weakness, his forgiveness to restore us after our sins, his love to fire our cold natures with love divine and human, how inexpressibly beautiful and simple does it become! Looking at it from this point of view, we see at a glance how false and degrading are many of the common doctrines concerning it, as if it were a sort of priestly sorcery on one hand, or a commercial transaction to settle our accounts with heaven on the other. Prayer is no artificial process invented by wise men of old to obtain a desired object from God. It is not a piece of spiritual machinery destined to bring down certain electric agencies from heaven. It is, on the contrary, a natural act, which the creator of the human organism must himself have planned, and which is essentially simple, and half involuntary like the drawing of the breath. It is, in its broad sense, merely *thinking to God*—thinking to our invisible Divine

Friend, as we all of us continually think to our dearest human friend. Our theology is our thought of God; our religion is our thought to Him. The difference between praying to God and thinking to an absent friend is only this, that we are aware the human friends know nothing of our thoughts, while we believe that God sees them all. Thus believing, the thoughts, which commonly remain vague and formless when addressed to our absent friend (though even in his case sometimes taking the shape of audible words and imaginary letters) becomes naturally, when addressed to the ever-present God, more serious and definite. They are then usually embodied in language, not because anyone dreams that God needs our words to know our thoughts, or imagines that prayer can be more acceptable in such crystallized shape, but because it is our instinct always to clothe our more fervent and lucid thoughts in language as soon as they are born; and that to repress that instinct in the case of prayer to God would be to do violence to ourselves, and to lose the benefit of the definiteness and durability given to thought by such clothing.

Shall we then, suppress this natural tendency to think to God because we have outgrown the creeds of the past, and because we can no longer ask God for physical benefits? But *not* to think to God, *not* to speak to Him in the heart, means (so far as I can apprehend it) not to love Him, not to feel in any direct relation to Him, as our present God and Father and Master, but only to honour Him as we do some great character in history. It is almost a contradiction in terms to say we love a living God, and yet never need to express to Him anything we are feeling, whether gratitude, or veneration, or penitence, or joy in his works. Either the Theist who refrains from prayer does so with an effort over himself, as if he refrained from any expression of love to his nearest and dearest earthly friend, or, feeling no impulse in his heart to pray, he seems to betray that he has found nothing loveable in the character of God. In the latter case, his creed, if not the atheism of the intellect, is the atheism of the heart. In the former, he places a constraint upon himself, not indeed unnatural in the earlier stages of the religious life, when awe is yet stronger than love, but which assuredly ought sooner to give way (and rarely fails to do so) under the first flood-tide of gratitude or penitence.

It is frequently asked by some of the best minds of the day, can we preserve the spirit of religion, while relinquishing the forms in which it has hitherto been embodied? Can we keep the ennobling and purifying influence which inspires the saints and martyrs of old, while abandoning the fountain from whence they drew them? The fear that this is impossible, and that with the disappearance of the old supernatural creed we must also witness the disappearance of all vivid personal piety, is, beyond a doubt, the mighty threat by which thousands of men and women are now scourging back their thoughts from every wandering from the fold of orthodoxy. Why is it that so many cling with the strength of desperation to dogmas against which reason and sense revolt? Why is it that others throw themselves with fanatic ardour into ritualistic practices and sacramental mysteries utterly foreign to the spirit of our age? Is it that they prefer darkness to light, difficult dogmas to obvious truths, or that they genuinely feel in the nineteenth century the reliance on religious sorcery which belongs to the Dark Ages? It were idle and unjust to think anything of the kind. They put such constraints on themselves because they consider piety as irretrievably bound up with such beliefs and practices; and because they estimate the value of a life of personal religion as so ineffably dear, that, for its sake, no sacrifice can be too great, and they are ready to sell all they have earned or inherited of freedom and of reason, to buy this pearl of great price. The boast of the church of Rome that she alone is the "saint-making church," is the one which, of all others, holds out the bribe most alluring to the purest minds of the age. They wish to be "saints." They long to preserve still and for ever the infinite treasure of a sense of personal relation to a personal God, and they cry, "Better lose reason itself than lose this life of life! Better accept all the monstrous doctrines of the creeds, and bow to all the authoritative assumptions of priests, than sink into the Secularism, the Comtism, the Atheism, which we see on all sides closing around us. Better kneel before a crucifix than bow before nothing in heaven or earth."

And which of us shall condemn these much tried souls? Have not we also been torn asunder by our divided longings to keep close to God, and to follow that path of truth which seemed

to lead us away from Him so far? Have we not alternately stifled the cries of our intellects and our hearts, and said one hour, "Give me truth, if it lead to the abyss!" and the next, "Sooner rob me of reason than suffer me to doubt Thee again?" We have all known somewhat of these awful strivings, at least all such amongst us who were not born heritors of liberty, but can only boast, "with a great sum—a sum of countless prayers and tears—obtained I this freedom." Need we marvel that, amid those solemn alterations, our brothers have held to the choice which seemed to be the choice of religion itself?

Blessed be God, who has taught us at last that there are no contradictory alternations in the service of Him and of his truth! For ever dear and sacred to us be the hour in which we learned that that path which we had followed in darkness and anguish, brought us back to the very foot of his throne! It is possible to preserve love and hope, and the sense of personal relation to God all that has glorified this world and made the next seem near, after we have relinquished the creeds founded on authority. It is possible. We Theists know that it is so, and need none ever-more to tell us whether we are "reconciled" with our Father on high. But if it be asked how is it that the joy and glory and hallowing influence of religion can be sustained outside the temples of old, we are compelled to answer. By means similar to those which have always sustained them *within* the churches.

It is utterly vain to imagine that if we lose hold of faith in a Supreme Living Will, and resolve Deity into an unmoral unintelligent Force, we can at the same time retain that sentiment for "It which we have given to Him," and obtain from our ideas of such a Force the moral influence we have received from our conception of a personal God. Least of all can it suffice (as some have fondly suggested) that we should for the future hold our religious tenets provisionally, not only as regards their form, but their substance; and remain content to suppose that the knowledge of next year, or of next century, may prove them to be altogether delusive. Rational Faith, indeed, for all coming time must be more modest than it has been in the days of authoritative revelations. It can never again say that it has reached final truth, or read the last words of God on the last leaf of his never-ended revelations. But to be Faith at all, and not uttermost infidelity, it must yet say, "we shall learn more of God, but we shall never learn less of Him. There must be a Reality somewhere in the universe which more than fulfils all our hopes, and corresponds to all our purest aspirations. When we know it, or know somewhat more of it, we shall not find it fall short of what we have believed, but infinitely surpass our highest thoughts." This alone is the faith which can ennoble humanity. To be content to suppose that when we know more, we shall believe less, or love less, or perchance discover that no reality at all answers to our idea of God, is to hold our creed on terms so degrading that no elevating influence can possibly be derived from it. Better have no religion, than a religion which we are willing to think may one day prove a gigantic delusion.

And, lastly, if Religion is still to be to mankind in the future what it has been in the past, it must still be a religion of prayer. Nothing is changed in human nature because it has out-grown some of the errors of the past. The spiritual experience of the saintly souls of old was true and real experience, even when their intellectual creeds were full of mistakes. By the gate through which they entered the paradise of love and peace, even by that same narrow portal of prayer, must we pass into it. No present or future discoveries in science will ever transmute the moral dross in human nature into the pure gold of virtue. No spectrum analysis of the light of the nebulae will enable us to find God. If we are to be made holy, we must ask the Holy One to sanctify us. If we are to know the infinite joy of Divine Love, we must seek it in Divine Communion.

HEALING MEDIUMSHIP.

On referring to our columns, our readers will observe attention is drawn to the curative power of "Psychology," a feature in the healing art at present little known, and certainly less understood. Without attempting to define the precise range of this wonderful agency, either as to what diseases it most successfully removes, or to what extent its curative properties reach, we feel bound to claim for it, especially from those who may be the victims of painful and obstinate disease, a candid and impartial investigation, if not a trial. The results of this mode of treatment in our own observation and experience com-

pel us to feel anxious that it should reach many who may either be unacquainted with its valuable agency, or fearful to trust themselves to its influence. To the unacquainted we would say, in your own town, and among your own neighbours, are many who have found relief in cases of nervous affection, epileptic fits, St. Vitus' dance, tic dolooureux, neuralgia, paralysis, and various other ailments to which flesh is commonly subject. Well authenticated statements are also furnished of hearing having been restored, which seemed for ever to have fled; speech to return, which from some cause or other had either ceased or was partially disabled; cases of consumption which appeared to baffle all the skill of ordinary medical treatment, have given way, and a variety of ailments have, in a multitude of cases, yielded to its benignant power. To the fearful we would say, *take heart*. We are astonished ourselves at the simplicity of the agency, while both witnessing, as well as feeling its effects. The power employed is the gift of the same divine benevolence which has charged earth, air, and sky with charms for human woe. The instrument employed marks the presence of the same benevolence. No angel contact is required, but bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh is made the channel of the precious communication, and while working in many cases wondrous cures, in no case injures or impairs.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST.

The wondrous science that he strives to bring to life and light,
Is softly, faintly breaking from the misty shades of night;
And vulgar *preju lice* upbraids the pure and genial ray,
Because it doth not burst at once to bright and beaming day.

He tells the healing benefits that through this power arise;
How sweet and soothing sleep may seal the weary mourner's
eyes;
How raging madness may be checked; how sufferers may obtain
The boon of deep oblivion from the keenest throbs of pain.

Now I ask ye if your cherished one's sharp anguish should endure
Which the stated arts of medicine had in vain essayed to cure;
Would it not grieve ye to reflect ye might those pangs allay,
But that jestingly, and mockingly, ye cast the means away?

Mistake me not—I prize not aught, however great or wise,
If held not in subjection to the God who rules the skies;
To me all knowledge would be poor, all splendour would be dim,
All boons unsafe, all joys untrue, unless derived from him.

And if eagerly this wondrous power I witness and approve,
It is because I know no bounds to heaven's amazing love.
And I cannot, by the pedant rules of critic caution, scan
The depths of those exhaustless gifts his mercy pours on man.

NEW ERA.

A SEANCE AT WEIR'S COURT, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

MONDAY, MAY 23RD, 1881.

Through the kindness of Miss Wood and the friends at Newcastle, Mr Edge, of Llandudno, and myself were enabled to attend a seance at the Spiritual Evidence Society's rooms. The cabinet, which is a square one, is formed on two sides by the solid walls of the building. I examined the interior with a light and found that a small patch of the mortar had been broken off the wall, doubtless by some one determined to see for himself whether the wall was solid as the committee says it is. The other two sides of the cabinet are formed by upright pillars of wood, securely fastened to the walls and covered with muslin. On one side is a door, the framework of which is made of wood and covered with muslin. All the screws and fastenings are outside and out of the reach of the medium inside. After Miss Wood had taken her seat in the cabinet, I closed the door and fastened it with two three-inch screws. The outside of the cabinet is draped with green curtains from the top of the room to the floor. The space between the curtains and the cabinet is about half-a-yard, and in this space the spirits are supposed to build themselves a temporary body. After having fastened the cabinet door, I took my seat and joined in the singing for a few minutes, when we saw a form clothed in white standing at the opening of the curtain, and then she walked into the room. Her method of answering questions was, she nodded her head three times for yes, and shook from left to right for no. We were thus enabled to find out that she claimed to be the mother of Mr Edge, and, going to him, she gave him a kiss. I got her to stand upon a

weighing machine, so that we might have an idea of the amount of matter taken up. I had seen some weighed on the Sunday but was not at all satisfied, as the drapery always hung loosely about the machine. In this case, I asked the form to lift her drapery up so that we could see the machine. This she did; and, taking her hands off the front bar of the machine, stood clearly upon it. Her weight registered was 26 pounds. I saw her lift both feet on the machine; and, as I was close to the machine, I distinctly saw her stride off, one foot following the other in the most natural manner. She retired behind the curtains, and instantly "Pocha" stepped out and asked me to go and inspect the cabinet. This I did, and found the door closed and the screws just as I had left them. Every one was then invited to inspect the screws and expressed themselves satisfied. After "Pocha" came a spirit known by the name of "Bob," quite a muscular fellow, who came and shook hands with me. I asked him to go to Mr Edge and shake his hand, and to be sure and let him feel how very material he was. This he did, and very soon made Mr Edge cry, "Hold, enough." As I intended writing an account of the seance, I wished to be certain about everything I saw; and to be sure about the height of this male form, I asked him to stand shoulder to shoulder with Mr Thompson, a gentleman present at the seance. This he did, and, from being a few inches shorter than Mr Thompson, he gradually grew at my request until he stood some two inches taller than Mr Thompson. A female form tried to dematerialize outside the cabinet, but failed; in making the attempt, she lost so much power that she could not get back behind the curtain, and Mr Hare had to assist her. Thus ended a most successful seance, at the close of which I unscrewed the cabinet door, and found Miss Wood just as I left her at the beginning of the seance.

I cannot close this account without thanking Miss Wood and the Newcastle friends for the kindness shewn to Mr Edge and myself during our stay in Newcastle. Their seances are not conducted like a freemason's lodge, where you have to give the sign and countersign before you can be admitted, but where they hold out the right hand of fellowship to all seeking the truth.

Mr Haydock informs me that there are thousands in Newcastle and all over the country who have attended these seances, and have satisfied themselves of the reality of spirit communion.

Yours, &c.,

R. WOLSTENHOLME.

4, Preston New Road, Blackburn.

To the Editor of the Herald of Progress.

Mr Wolstenholme, of Blackburn, has sent me a copy of his report of seance held at Weir's Court, Newcastle-on-Tyne, May 23rd, at which I was present, and I hereby certify to its truthfulness.

(Signed) J. EDGE.

Llandudno, 31st May, 1881.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. A. West Pelton.—We regret to have to record the cessation of your meetings for the summer. You will gather strength, for men's minds will be active, and spirits are ever at work when we little think it. The movement we love is not of this world—far, very far from it. Do not fear nor doubt; the words are still ours—"Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Your other points will claim attention.

W.K.—Your request shall have our care. Your list of meetings arrived too late for insertion last week. We shall have some old copies of *Herald* to distribute as soon as our first year of publication closes.

J. J.—The present Editor of *Herald* is merely honorary, and proffered his services for three months only, which were duly accepted, with many thanks, by the gentlemen who were deputed by the Board of Consultation to devise means to carry it on. What may happen after the three months we cannot say, but if all pull together, the paper may be brought to a paying point during that period of time.

MARIE.—The fund of £130 mentioned in last week's *Herald* as invested in the names of trustees for the Newcastle Spiritual Evidence Society (especially for the building of a new hall), being the proceeds of a bazaar inaugurated by the ladies of that Society. We hope to repeat this success bye and bye. It is better to get the money before spending it, if possible. The sum named is realising 5 per cent. Thus, they are working for the world's better future.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS may be ordered of all booksellers.

Secretaries of Societies and others are requested to furnish full particulars of meetings, plans of speakers, and arrangements. Records of seances, phenomena, and general news, are respectfully solicited for insertion in THE HERALD OF PROGRESS. To ensure insertion, reports must reach us not later than Tuesday Evening's post, and be properly authenticated.

Post Office Orders, Cheques, and all business communications to be made payable, and addressed, Mr W. C. ROBSON, 29, Blackett Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

All literary communications to be addressed "The Editor," 29, Blackett Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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The Herald of Progress.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1881.

JOTTINGS.

Our good friend, Mr Swanson, mentioned a fact when in the chair last week at Mr Wright's lecture in Newcastle as follows:—A gentleman, who is an artist, was desirous to investigate Spiritualism, but his friends were all opposed to it. The spirits said they would bring him into contact with it, and, sure enough they did, for he presented himself for admission to a circle in a state of entrancement. This is a very interesting fact, and shows conclusively the power of spirit control. Condensed reports of Mr Wright's lecture will appear next week.

The world hangs on love and our spiritual philosophy is no exception. Little children begin to love as soon as they begin to breathe. When mere helpless babes, their tiny faces mantle with smiles—ah! so full of love and tenderness—in their sleep. The first use they make of their arms is to clasp them round the neck of those they love. They love all things. The parrot though he bites them; the cat though she scratches; the great bushy blundering house-dog; the poultry in the yard; the wooden-legged, one-eyed negro who brings the beer; the country lout with clouted shoon, who smells so terribly of the stable; the red-faced cook, the grubby little knife-boy, the foolish fat scullion, and the cross nurse. They love all these; together with horses, trees, gardens, and toys, and break their little hearts (easily mended again, thank Heaven) if they are obliged to part with them. And, chiefest still, they love that large man with the gruff voice, the rough chin, the large eyes, whose knees comprise such an inexhaustible supply of cock-horses always standing at livery, yet always ready to ride post-haste to Coventry: they love papa. And, chiefest of all, they love her of the soft voice, the smiles, the tears, the hope, the care, the tenderness—who is all in all, the first, the last to them in their tender, fragile happy childhood.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business," says Solomon; "he shall stand before kings." We have a striking illustration of this aphorism in the life of Dr. Franklin, who, quoting the

sentence himself, adds, "This is true; I have stood in the presence of five kings, and once had the honour of dining with one." All in consequence of his having been "diligent in business" from his earliest years. What a lesson is this for our youth, and for us all!

Spiritualists, by their teachings received from the spirit world, should feel missioned to oppose all abuses and abolish them by showing a more excellent way. War is a great evil, and a standing army is only less. It costs more to support the army and navy than any gain that can possibly be derived therefrom. When people are wise, they will live as brothers, and not slay each other to further the ambition of a few. Let one half the money now expended in war be devoted to the arts of peace, and a rich blessing to all the world would result.

THE BRITISH NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

As this association claims to be the representative association of the Spiritualists of England, we ought certainly to interest ourselves in its labours, and, whatever of worth we may find, retain, and reject what may be of no value. Besides, the Association—because of its claims—endows us with the duty and privilege of discussing its methods of management, which we shall do without fear or favour.

We have had considerable experience in aiding in the development of "co-operative effort," and are tolerably well conversant with the countless practical difficulties which lie in the way of obtaining a combination of the most suitable men and means to attain any common end, even though the question be a burning one.

To focus the variety of views and opinions of men of different temperaments and degrees of culture, and actuated by various motives, requires such an amount of tact and patience, which so few people possess, we dare not, if we had the inclination, be hypercritical in our comments of the printed report of the B.N.A.S.

Like any other association, its members are drawn from all classes. Doubtless, there are many associated with it from a pure love of, and a strong and earnest desire for, the promulgation of Spiritualism in our midst, as there are others, as sure to be, for the "loaves and fishes." Nor is it at all unlikely some will use it as a platform whereon to air their own oddities and idiosyncracies, and it is not at all improbable some may be found within its pale who are anxious to pose as philanthropists before the spiritual public—blindly supposing it to be the readiest road to reach the object of their ambition. We certainly believe the association has many members—frank and candid spirits—who love to work in the daylight, as there are sordid souls, who will use subtle means and devices to obstruct and overthrow, under the mask of workers for the truth.

From an association composed of such heterogeneous elements, it would be ungenerous (even if it were desirable) to expect such work, either in quality or quantity, as would only please the stern discipline of a drill sergeant or a dragoon officer, but we as certainly disclaim being thought exacting in our expectations if—as we do—demand that the Representative Society of the movement should show us work, *which other societies in the country may safely emulate.* Does it do so? In the printed report of the B.N.A.S., the paragraph under the head of "Work of the Association," reads as follows:—"The chief feature in the work of

the Association during the past year has been the discussion meetings which have been kept up through the season with interest and success." And when we further ascertain, through an examination of the accounts, that the "twelve discussion meetings, and a few soirees and converzationes," which form the "chief feature" of the work, have cost the Association £372 12s, we candidly confess we are unable to commend the methods of the B.N.A.S.

We are quite aware that a large amount of necessary work is done in connection with all societies, which cannot be set forth or embodied in a report. Results are easily recorded, but the processes by which the results have been reached, are not so easily described, even if it were allowed in a brief report—the forethought, the brooding over, the anxious care, and the countless quiet and unostentatious, but highly necessary painstaking efforts of the more zealous workers to reach the end aimed at, we know full well can never be sufficiently detailed in any report of an Association's work, to impress the public generally with its value or importance. But, after making all these allowances, as well as others, such as the ordinary difficulties which are continually arising in all societies, there are, however, such flagrant faults, organic defects in the methods of the B.N.A.S., which we cannot close our eyes to, nor will we either, as we wish to see it grow and prosper.

To maintain a Spiritual Society in good working order, the distribution of its income, compatible with the aim of the society, is highly necessary. Now, we have always thought that the distinguishing feature of Spiritualism was its physical and psychical phenomena, and that under the new management the Association would have continued their investigations; but what does an examination of the accounts unfold?

Out of an income of £239 5s. 3d., only £4 14s., or about 1s. 9½d. per week has been expended over the investigation of the phenomena—phenomena transcending the highest human wisdom and skill to explain or perform. Why the Newcastle Society, with a limited income, never spends less than £50 and sometimes £100 a year for Research and Inquirers' circles, and as much more for its public meetings, which are held weekly, and not only once a month, while we fail, to find the outlay of a single shilling over the trance lecturer, who is an equally essential factor in the promulgation of Spiritualism.

Doubtless, house accommodation is much dearer in London than in the provinces; and even assuming a Central Society be a necessity, is it judicious, we would ask, viewed from the man of the world's practical standpoint (often an element to induce or deter him entering into the enquiry) for any Society to expend in rent and taxes alone the excessively large sum of £142 a year, out of the small income of £239.

Is it to be wondered at that the B.N.A.S. should have sustained a loss of £133 6s. 9d. during the year, when, in addition to the excessive sum they expend in rent, they spend the balance of £97 in printing, postage, and advertising, an outlay quite out of proportion to a judicious regard for ways and means.

Such apparent reckless extravagance of money may be thought a wise policy, in the judgment of the council of the B.N.A.S., to lay the foundations for better facilities than we now possess for propagating Spiritualism; and it may even be so, but our duty is none the less diminished to watch with due vigilance the development of this apparently erratic course of the B.N.A.S. In the meantime provincial societies generally will see that the B.N.A.S. have not managed their own affairs in such a way as to warrant any other society to emulate them, or to follow the example they have shown.

Financial deficits, however, are the best factors to bestir the better minds of an association, to move for a reformation, and we trust they will see to bring it about, by ceasing to do their duty by deputy.

It appears to us that the B.N.A.S. is, by its attentions to studied formalities, developing a dreary and dull routine, and is strangling itself with red tapeism.

In its workings, it lacks that kind of elasticity which imparts life and vigour in other societies.

It seems to be attempting the impossible task of improving Spiritualism, in place of rectifying its own notions regarding it.

—o—

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HARRY TARLETON:

A TALE OF LOVE AND MYSTERY.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

(Continued from page 340.)

Let any one imagine for a moment what would be the effect of legalising gambling and opening lotteries in every street. Would not all classes become fearfully demoralised? And yet the prohibition of lotteries by the Legislature is just as great an interference with the liberty of the subject, and the betting man's "right of property," as is the prohibition of drunkenness. People would find lotteries too great a temptation. They would not be able to resist this temptation, and then the rich lottery housekeepers would say—"Oh, it is not our fault, the public will gamble, and if we did not supply the demand some one else would," and the result would be ruin and pauperism for thousands. Why, I should like to know, cannot the same principles be applied to the drink traffic? Simply because those who fatten on the vices of the people in the matter of drink have become so numerous and so powerful that they actually control and fetter the power of statesmen, and when men equally self-seeking are to be found in the Legislature, who—for the sake of power—will sell the true interests of their country to the publican and the brewer, of course it is hopeless to expect anything to be done to stop a traffic which is rapidly demoralizing our people and pauperising the country.

Harry had now pretty well blown off his steam, so I said nothing more to encourage him to begin again. When he had got on to one of his hobbies, I knew it was useless to try and stop him; so I invariably allowed him to exhaust his indignation in one grand burst. After that he would drop philanthropy for a day or two, and went in for enjoying life and scenery with as much gusto as he did the discussion of Spiritualism or social reforms.

We were getting near to our destination, and presently we caught sight of the sea, and drove along the front of a row of white cottages, facing a sort of common, across which were a few more houses and an inn, besides a miniature haven or creek. This was Bude Haven, a tiny little fishing village on a wild rocky coast, with a rather flat bare country inland, but a high sea wall towards the ocean. After making ourselves comfortable at the inn, we took a stroll along a lane leading past a row of pretty cottages towards the sea, whither most of the few visitors which the place contained seemed to be also wending their way. Here we found a rough pier of stones, extending in the direction of a pile of rugged rocks, within a stone's throw of the shore, which formed a favourite place of resort for visitors who liked to see a wild surf beating against a stony barrier. Behind us, as we perched ourselves on the rocks, we were overshadowed by a high rocky coast, whose cliffs here opened abruptly into this tiny haven, where a stream found an outlet into the ocean, and the fishers availed themselves of the little valley thus formed to build their hamlet of cottages. The summit of the cliffs was beautifully carpeted with a soft and velvety grass most pleasant to walk on and enjoy the fresh breeze and the distant views of rock and sea.

We found the evening setting in and the harvest moon already up. The sky was clear and starry, and the air fresh and

breezy, with a fine roaring surf beating perpetually against the rocks on which we sat. Near us was a large party of ladies—also visitors at this quiet little place where no bands of music or noisy excursionists had yet dreamt of intruding. They looked very interesting and romantic in the moonlight as they sat all huddled together for shelter from the spray, enveloped in plaids and waterproofs, and attended by their brothers and cousins, who smoked and threw stones for the dogs to chase. Their merry laughter and pretty little screams when a wave of unusual size came tumbling and splashing over the rocks to the imminent danger of their dainty boots, formed by no means the least attractive sounds which reached the ears of our two sentimental bachelors. The cold observances of modern etiquette compelled us unfortunately to sit apart by ourselves lest our proximity should be deemed intrusive; but we would have given much to have joined the gay party of fair mermaids who posed so tantalizingly in the foreground; and who, perhaps, might have themselves regarded such proximity in no unfriendly spirit had they dared to confess the truth. One dark-eyed beauty was at least nothing loth to cast an occasional glance of pity, if not of interest towards our lonely selves, and, although the one she favoured felt a warmer interest in that sweet face than mere admiration for an expressive eye, a rosy mouth and cheek, with a beautiful wealth of flowing hair, yet stern duty compelled us at length to rise up and leave behind us the fair object of so much attraction.

"That girl looked at you as if she were quite smitten," said Harry playfully. "What a pity it is we dare not make their acquaintance. In this little place it is impossible for people to speak to any one who is not stopping at the inn, and there they all dine in separate rooms, and keep as far aloof from their neighbours as they can. To-morrow we must start North, as it is no use losing your heart here. You might gaze at one another until doomsday, and it would only make you more unhappy."

I was pensive and sad. It seemed to me we were losing so much happiness which might have made our stay at Bude a red letter day in our journey, but I saw the advisability of suppressing my feelings, and, finding what consolation I could from the old adage, which tells us that "what can't be cured must be endured."

Next morning, after a hearty breakfast, we were once more a-foot, and set off towards the coast Northwards towards Hartland Point, sixteen miles off, along a fine rocky shore, with high jagged cliffs all the way. As we mounted the cliff overlooking the village, we had a fine view over the whole expanse of sea right below us, and the white sands dotted over with rugged rocks just in front. A party of girls, evidently some of the lady visitors, were wending their way over the rocky shore towards a tent which was pitched on the beach away out at the water's edge—for the tide was now out. Their long hair floated in the breeze, and they skipped laughingly over the boulders which bestrewed the shore.

"I do declare," said I, "there's my fair charmer of last night. How I do wish I might see her again."

But we were not destined to get any more bewitching glances. There was a fresh breeze from the sea, and, what with the noise of the wind, the distant roar of the waves, and their pre-occupation in the objects before them, the merry party of girls passed on unheedingly, evidently quite unaware of our presence, so we gave our knapsacks an extra hitch up by way of expressing our desperate resolve never more to be beguiled by a pair of bright eyes, and set off briskly forward.

(To be continued.)

[This tale was commenced in No. 1 Vol. II. (Jan. 7th, 1881). Back numbers can always be had.]

General News.

On Sunday next, June 12th, Mr W. Hills will address meetings at Byer's Green, at 2:30 and 6 p.m.

The platform of the Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa, will be occupied by the guides of Mr Wm. Hopwood, at six p.m. on Sunday next.

The West Pelton Spiritualists' Association intimate that they have closed their Hall for the summer season, but they will meet at the house of Mr Stewart.

Mr Charles Lupton will speak at Land's Bank, Cockfield, on Sunday first, in the afternoon at half-past Two and in the evening at Six o'clock.

Owing to press of matter, the report of Mr Gallagher's mediumistic gifts, referred to in the article on healing mediumship, is deferred till next issue.

An experience meeting will be held on Sunday evening first, at 6:30, by the Manchester and Salford Society, 268, Chapel Street, Salford.

A tea and entertainment will be held at Wade's meeting room, Bowling, on Tuesday, June 14th. Tickets for tea, 6d each. After tea, 2d. each. A class of hand-bell ringers will attend, and play choice pieces of music.

MANCHESTER ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.—On Sunday, June 19th, Mr Lithgow will occupy the platform of the Temperance Hall, Grosvenor Street, and Mr Tetlow on the 26th. Members belonging the Home Circles will kindly bear in mind that no strangers can be admitted except by ticket bearing the introducer's name, and on no consideration can they be admitted after Eight p.m.

Many of the announcements received from Societies will be too late for insertion this week, owing to our publishing a day earlier in consequence of the occurrence of the George Stephenson Centenary, but we shall insert all that we possibly can. Friends will kindly bear with us in this matter; and we take this opportunity to request the earliest possible contribution of matter requiring immediate publication.

BARROW-IN-FURNESS.—On Sunday, 26th inst., the guides of Mr E. W. Wallis will lecture at 2:30, subject—"Three Curses, and how to remove them;" evening at 6:30, subject—"Salvation by Grace or Growth." As this will be Mr Wallis's last visit before his departure to the United States, friends are expected to rally round him on his farewell addresses, and show their kind appreciation of so noble and willing an instrument in our thriving cause.

NEWCASTLE.—On Sunday, June 12th, the morning meeting at 10:30 will be conducted as usual, and the speakers will be various. In the evening, at 6:30, the platform will be occupied by a lady, who will lecture on "Plant Life." We hope the attendance will be large, as the fair lecturer has poetic and artistic talent, and generously comes forward to assist our cause. The least that Spiritualists can do is to respond by a good muster. We also bespeak a hearty reception for Mr E. W. Wallis, who will occupy the lecture room on Sunday, the 19th, and the Monday evening following. Our friend is about to visit America, and the parting meetings are sure to be interesting and instructive.

WALSALL SPIRITUAL SOCIETY.—We, the members of the above having struggled hard for two years to establish a society of progressive Spiritualists, and having been rewarded with intelligent audiences, and many having received the truth for themselves, and are now holding seances in various parts of the town, are, with this encouragement, stirred to make further effort to overcome the debts we have incurred. We intend holding a Sale of Work in September next in aid of the above object; several friends have promised to help us, and we now appeal to you and all friends of the cause for help. Contributions towards the same, either in money or goods for sale, will be most thankfully received by the committee.—J. TIBBETS, Secretary, Junction Street,

LECTURE HALL, WEIR'S COURT.

At the morning meeting on Sunday last, Mr Armstrong gave a very interesting account of some of his experiences, and in the evening he made an excellent speech. Mr Ogle gave his statement of facts, which were listened to with great attention. He has offered to give an address for the benefit of the cause, with experiments in clairvoyance. A full report of his remarks will appear, if possible, next week, many interesting articles being crowded out this week.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

"Spiritualism versus the Press and Outside Public" will form the topic of discussion on Monday evening next, 13th inst., at the fortnightly meeting of the British National Association of Spiritualists, 38, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, corner of Woburn Street, London, W. C. As this will be the closing

discussion meeting for the season, and considerable interest is manifested in the subject, members and visitors are requested to be in attendance by 8 o'clock, when the proceedings will be opened by Mr Desmond G. Fitz-Gerald, M. T. Tel. E. Mr T. Shorter and others will take part in the discussion.

HISTORICAL CONTROLS.

Disturbances, spiritual and temporal (to use a vulgar expression), have taken the "gas" out of me. I feel honoured by the notice of my friend, the Bermondsey Tanner, in the *Boot and Shoe Journal*. He has not finished with me, nor have I finished with him. He is as anxious to do good, as I am of being the means through him of bringing good about. I got a message from him, written, as I believe, by Benvenuto Cellini, *alias* Freeholder, to proceed to Northampton by train, in the company of the Sensitive, which I did on Thursday last. In the journey from Blisworth to Northampton, being alone with the Sensitive in the carriage, he went under the control of my trusty friend—the Bermondsey Tanner; and, had I been talking to a thorough man of business, deep in the mystery of "cutting, clicking, forwarding, and finishing," and other technical terms of trade, I could not have been better instructed; I was told to keep quite passive whilst dealing, and that my quicksilver would be transferred to the Sensitive. On my arrival at Northampton, I had to kill an hour or two, which I did in wandering about, and looking in at the window at men working at their trade of shoe-making; I will say nothing as to the padding with pasteboard which I saw in more than one place. Suffice it to say, when we came to work out our errand, Business was in every action and gesture of the Sensitive. He detected *splits*; bad work; bad material, and all the little tricks of trade which pass current with the uninitiated. I was passive; but the Sensitive was impatient. I thought it was the Recorder transformed into the Sensitive; the dreamer into the wakeful. I could not have believed either my eyes or my ears. The wholesaler was fighting a hard battle with the would-be purchaser for retail purposes. It was the weak transformed into the strong. He (the Sensitive) brushed away all the cobwebs and did business; all this time I felt the "gas" taken out of me and put into the Sensitive. I returned to London, and in my chambers I willed my Bermondsey Tanner to give me his story. He went over the whole of what had happened, and said—"This is the best day's work the Sensitive has ever done; he has established the best relations in business in more ways than one. I had a hard matter to keep your passivity, but I thought at one time the Sensitive had become the Recorder, and I had a hard job to keep him in." Much more passed of importance to the Sensitive, but uninteresting to the reader. The genial Bermondsey Tanner—his fairy guide—has his work to do, and do it he will in spite of all as long as he can get the Sensitive to aid the Recorder, who cares neither for sneer or jeer. My friendly Tanner was truly earnest when in Time. Now that he is in Eternity, he is as earnest, but with more power. Our friends in eternity are unseen; but they can make themselves felt; they can aid those who are striving to aid themselves; they find the power, which proves the old proverb *aidez toi et ciel t'aidera*. They are the connecting link between man's higher and his earthly nature. But man must first aid himself; Jupiter will not aid in lifting the bundle of sticks, unless man himself first does his utmost to lift them for himself. Man must do his part, ere angels can help him; when he does his part, they will help him. The sceptic may sneer, but the true Spiritualist knows, that life in eternity is close to the life in time. I can only send you this short article for this week. I hope for the next and many weeks after that my recorded controls will appear regularly; but wing to disturbances of various sorts, I have scarcely been able to put pen to paper. I am deep in the study of a shilling work titled "Life," by Platt. A more interesting work I have never read. There is a high spiritual impression in every line of the book. It is one of the best Bibles I have ever read. It points out to man the necessity of learning to know himself; to help himself, and for all beyond to pray to God to help him.

THE RECORDER.

Open Council.

Full scope is given in this column for the discussion of all questions conducive to the welfare and happiness of humanity. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions herein expressed.

ORTHODOX SPIRITUALISM—WHAT IS IT?

To the Editor of the Herald of Progress.

Mr Thelwall has avoided giving an answer, but has given your readers about a column and a half of declamation against what he states to be Orthodox Christianity. He boldly tells us—"the result of the unanimity amongst Christians, is but the result of their *own darkness and ignorance*." Think of that—Gladstone, Prime Minister of the British Empire—Cairns, Lord Chancellor,—and others in the cabinet; earnest men, cultured men, studious men, men who often officiate as *lesson* readers in the Churches. Think of that, members of the late cabinet, Lord Hathaway; Lord Chancellor of Great Britain: one a Sunday school teacher up to old age, the other, a hymn compiler; and others I could name. Think of that—numbers of noble minds in and out of Parliament, whose incomes have allowed you the leisure to pursue science, history and ethics with steady continuity, to be *branded* by T. T. as incompetent—dark—ignorant. Oh! the frog and the ox fable repeats itself.

Christianity, perfect or imperfect, as a creed or declaration of principles, is the basis of union for millions of persons. The human mind ever soaring into ethics like the sparrow, the lark, or the eagle; has to come down and rest on the solid—theories as its power. There cannot be union of the many, without a set of laws or principles: we have it in politics, astronomy, botany, geology, electricity, and the other divisional energies of nature in and around us.

It so happens, that my experiences of phenomena and persons, lead to the decision, that one half of the Spiritualists of England are Christians attending Churches and Chapels; and it has only been the outrageous utterances of a few through the press, and by so-called platform trance speakers, boasting of being Spiritualists, that have blighted the cause, by Non-spiritualists taking it for true, that the ignorance of the few was the belief or rather the principles that guided the many.

Spiritualism—Orthodox Spiritualism—cannot combine without a creed or code of principles to cluster round it, as iron and round a magnet. Therefore it was, that knowing the cause of the non-progress of Spiritualism, I sounded the note of interrogation—Orthodox Spiritualism! What is it? Let us have, as a body of people, the sense of the lark. Let us have mother facts to nestle on and in, and fearlessly call them creed.

Kindly, I advise T. T. to get rid of his irritation. LYSANDER in his article, bends in the right direction. I have letters from old workers to say, that my question has startled them—that the more they pondered over it, the more difficult it was to answer. That being so, how can we answer the plain question so often put by enquiring Non-Spiritualists—What is Spiritualism? As to the expression he has of "Scientific Knowledge is the only basis upon which to build," I would alter the structure of the sentence for the sake of the many, and say, knowledge arranged divisionally, is science: Those divisions develop each a creed, and they are printed in the manuals of sciences and knowledge.

In all religious and scientific beliefs, the adherents can turn to the printed principles, and accurately give a straightforward answer: at present, theory manufacturers having no manual to instruct them,—to guide them, play the disintegrating game recommended by T. T., "Let Spirits and Spiritualists air their peculiar views," (ignorances) with the perpetual result of commencing Spiritual associations with a staff of officials going to do; but breaking up—breaking up—breaking up—whilst around them, is religious energy, shown by churches, chapels, hospitals, benevolent institutions—giving practical evidence of their desire to do unto others as you would they do to you.

If Spiritualist writers would all energetically study history and science, and so obtain a conviction that they had really cut their knowledge tooth; then we, as a body would not be disgraced by any man or coterie of men, branding our Prime Minister, Lord Chancellor and others—being Christians—as the result of their own darkness and ignorance. Again, I ask the

question; and this time, from men who in the cause are writers or Sunday Lecturers, known to Spiritualists:—Orthodox Spiritualism: What is it? J. ENMORE JONES.
Enmore Park, S. E.

WHAT IS ORTHODOX SPIRITUALISM?

To the Editor of *The Herald of Progress*.

The question is difficult to answer suddenly. We are not entitled to speak for all Spiritualists. We look upon God as the Divine Author of Nature; we look upon Nature as an expression of infinite power—controlled by infinite law—infinite law being the methodical sequence of phenomena, but the force imminent in phenomena, as the outgoing manifestation of the absolute active and conscious principle of the universe. We know his power through natural phenomena. Inspiration is the outward flowing thought of a spiritual world. Inspiration contains the wisdom of the particular mind from which it emanates, and that is its appraised worth. There is no infallibility. The spirit world is made up of men and women taken out of earth-life by the ordinary effect of law. Mankind is subject to the perpetual influence of inspiration, that inspiration flowing through the subjective side of consciousness. Progress is a law of consciousness. The activity of consciousness implies growth from two sources—growth from sensation and growth from intuition. The moral duties of man we base upon this principle of progress, coupled with the conception of the greatest good to the greatest number. Morality and moral perception are states—changeable and progressive. Harmony in all things in relation to sentiment which consists of justice, benevolence, and love—love being the highest state of harmony. Uniformity in dogma is neither desirable nor possible. Acts of uniformity, creeds, and systems of belief retard and enfeeble the strength of the human intellect. Reason, to the individual, is his guide; inspiration, his prompter; nature, his instructor. Man enters every state of personal consciousness in the same condition as he leaves the previous one—the cause of the present is found in the past. The process of death is a process of change in the expression of personal consciousness, and every man reaps that which he soweth. Sin is punished in the order of natural law. Natural law operates upon all the states of consciousness. Our definition of Nature comprises the material and the spiritual worlds. The accepted testimony of ancient records we revere, as far as they educate. All great thinkers are great interpreters—Jesus, Socrates, Plato, Bacon, and Mill, were natural saviours of humanity because they brought man in his experiences, in his justice, in his benevolence, and in his hope, more in harmony with nature. All men participate in the divine nature, and express, under the modification of pre-natal conditions, so much of that divine nature. The past is the source of instruction to the present, in fact, in inference, and in sentiment. Prayer is the natural voice of the sentiment of veneration. When addressed to the divine being, as the principle of nature, it can only be useful in modifying the state of the worshipper. Immortality is the possession of every man, that immortality being a continuous unfolding of a universal principle of life. We dispense with external ceremonies, ritual, and formula, believing that the widest freedom is the most useful sphere in which to destroy the imperfect, and cultivate the needful and the useful. The duties of private life, we hold, to be clear, and comprised in the doing unto others as you would that others should do to you. And, further, we hold to the present firmly, but hoping, and ever willing to help on, the improvements of the future. Social duty involves the application of universal love and justice, and that is the best law, and the best policy, which is most conducive to universal happiness. As all are capable of this progress in the development of the spiritual power, all will advance into states of felicity—developing the expression of the infinite love principle and the absorption of all the higher qualities of mind to the entire overthrow of ignorance and disunion. Every man is held in his own nature responsible for the exercise of his faculties—physical abuse is physical death—spiritual abuse is disharmony and pain. This is our Spiritualism, briefly expressed.

[We have no wish in any way to involve, in this declaration of opinion, any spiritual teacher or professed spiritual organization responsible. It is the enunciation of a platform for which we alone are responsible.]

CONTROLS OF J. C. WOODHUT.

ORTHODOX SPIRITUALISM—WHAT IS IT?

To the Editor of *The Herald of Progress*.

Dear Sir,—Mr J. Enmore Jones, in *Herald of 6th ult.*, asks the above question. Before replying to it, I would desire, first, to define what I understand Spiritualism to be. Spiritualism is that which relates to the spiritual, and, as the spiritual is the real factor, all else are but conditions thereto. Consequently, Spiritualism is the endeavour to attain a full knowledge of all truths, the relationships of life to the external and internal universe, and a thorough understanding of the laws which govern the same, and so apply this knowledge, when attained, to the highest and best results for the general welfare of humanity. But a complete knowledge being impossible to the individual, it renders Spiritualism an ever progressive unfolding in the constant endeavour to add to truth, and thus make man an ever-growing entity; but as organizations and conditions differ, we cannot all acquire the same knowledge, and, if we did so, we would not all see alike, and not seeing alike, we cannot, consequently, all think or believe alike.

It cannot be right that the masses of mankind should follow the opinions of others, like sheep following their shepherd, without thinking for themselves, and allowing one of the highest attributes given by an All-wise Power to lie dormant, and to be so cramped and blunted as to imagine when doubt does come, it is the temptation of the evil one.

Can Mr Jones shew anything that will produce higher, holier, and happier results than knowledge and its proper application. It is in accordance with the teachings of Jesus—"Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." The truths of science are as much divine truth as any other.

Mr Jones seems to desire that Spiritualism should write down its creed. It appears from the teachings of the past that the failure of Christianity was due to writing authoritative creeds, for from that arose the rack, the thumb-screw, the inquisition, &c., &c. Then why write down the creed of Spiritualism, when we have such a strong warning against it in the past.

We might, as a creed, give the Sermon on the Mount and several of the teachings of Jesus, but these alone are not all that is necessary to produce perfect happiness. We want our houses properly constructed, the dwellings of the poor better planned and arranged. We want our large cities thoroughly cleansed; we want food and clothing for all. Our knowledge is not yet sufficient to bring about these results. We want further knowledge in chemistry, construction, and a knowledge how to apply them, to bring about the required result.

It would, therefore, be a very troublesome matter to collect all our beliefs and creeds, and to write them down as an authoritative guide, and the added knowledge of to-morrow would alter them. Then why write down a creed if it is not complete? It would be no use. Making a half-and-half affair, like the Apostle's creed, which only contains a portion of the beliefs of Christianity, and also contains that which orthodox churches do not believe—viz., the communion of saints, which, as soon as a man believes in, he is considered a Spiritualist, and as no longer belonging to the former body. And, besides, most all new discoveries are written in books. What further creed do we want than the ability of reference when we desire it, to see those books and choose what we require?

I will now conclude, by stating that Orthodox Spiritualism is the endeavour to obtain truth from all and every source, and to so apply it that the highest, holiest, and happiest results will follow. And that each individual can only do this according to his own capacity. Therefore, every Spiritualist is only answerable to the extent of his ability to attain and perform them. If he does this, he is an Orthodox Spiritualist. Allow me to conclude with the following stanzas from Pope:—

"For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best;
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
On faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity.
All must be false that thwart this one great end;
And all of God's that bless mankind or men,

W. C. ROBSON

June 2, 1881.

LIST OF SOCIETIES.

Newcastle-on-Tyne Spiritual Evidence Society,
3, WEIR'S COURT, NEWGATE STREET.
President: MR. JOHN MOULD, 12, St. Thomas' Crescent, Newcastle.
Hon. Cor. Sec.: MR. W. C. ROBSON, 8, Brandling Place, Newcastle.

LECTURES.
Sunday, June 12..... Local Speakers..... at 10-30.
..... A Lady..... at 6-30 p.m.
Sunday, June 19..... E. W. Wallis, at 10-30 a.m.
..... "..... at 6-30 p.m.
Monday, June 20..... "..... at 8 " "
Admission free. A collection to defray expenses.

WEEKLY SEANCES AND MEETINGS.
Sunday, Seance, 2-30 p.m.... "Form Manifestations," Miss C. E. Wood
Tuesday, Seance, 8 p.m.... "Physical Manifestations," Miss C. E. Wood
Thursday, Seance, 8 p.m.... "Form Manifestations," ...Miss C. E. Wood
Saturday, 8 p.m.... Developing Circles for Members and Friends (free)

NOTE.—No strangers are admitted without an introduction by a member. Spiritualists from a distance are requested to write to the Secretary before coming, and arrange for so doing.
The Library of the Society is open every Wednesday evening from 8 to 9 p.m. for the issue of Books to Members. [Advt.]

Gateshead Spiritual Society.
Sec., Mrs Brewis, 27, Greensfield Terrace, Gateshead.
Sunday Services closed during summer months.

Ashington Spiritual Society.
Secretary, Mr. G. Scott, Ashington Colliery, Northumberland. Circles for Physical Phenomena, Trance Speaking and Clairvoyance meet regularly. Improvement Class meets on Sunday Evenings, at 6-30.

Excelsior Society of Spiritualists.
Scotland Gate, near Morpeth. Sec., Mr G. Hall, Choppington Colliery

West Pelton Spiritualists' Association.
President, Mr F. Walker. Vice-President, Mr W. Dodds. Secretary, Mr T. Alderson, 20, Edward-street, West Pelton.

Cardiff Spiritualist Society.
No. 3, Angel Street, Cardiff. Sec., Mr W. Paynter, 10, Bute Crescent.
Sundays, Public meetings, at 6-30 p.m. Wednesdays, Developing Circle and Physical Manifestations (For Members only) 7-30 p.m.

Birmingham Society of Spiritualists.
Pres., Mr R. Harper. Sec., Mr R. Groom. 200, St. Vincent Ladywood.
Meetings every Sunday evening at 6-30 in the Board Schools, Oozells St.

Birmingham Christian Spiritualist Society.
812, Bridge-street West. Sec. Mr John Colley.

Leicester Spiritualists' Society.
Spiritualists' Lecture Hall, Silver Street, Leicester. Sundays, Public Services, 11 a.m. and 6-30 p.m. Thursday, 8 p.m., Members only.
Pres., Mr. E. Larrad, 10, Edwyn Street. Sec., Mr. R. Wightman, 56, Cranbourne Street.

Manchester and Salford Spiritualists' Society.
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Islington Spiritual Society.
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(Wade's Meeting Room, Bowling, at 2-30 and 6 p.m.)
Sec. Mr. Smith, 7, Parsonage-road, West Bowling.

12..... Miss Harrison, Shipley | 19..... Mr Oliffe, Ossett
(Spiritual Lyceum, Top of Heap Lane, Tennyson Place, at 2-30 & 6 p.m.)
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12..... Miss Hance, Shipley | 19..... Mr Blackburn, Salterkebble

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12..... Mr. Wright, Kethgley | 19..... Mrs Dobson, Batley Carr

BATLEY CARR.—Batley Carr Association, Town Street, at 6-30 p.m.
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12..... Mrs. Dobson, Batley Carr | 19..... Mrs Armitage, Batley Carr

MORLEY.—Spiritual Mission Room, Church Street, at 6 p.m.
Sec., Mr John Hinchliff, Providence Buildings, Britannia Road, Morley, near Leeds.

12..... Mr Oliffe, Ossett | 19..... Mrs Butler, Bingley
BINGLEY.—Intelligence Hall, Russell Street, at 2-30 and 6 p.m.
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LONDON, June 12 and 26
 KEIGHLEY, June 19th.

STAMFORD, July 24th
 BELPER to follow

MR. E. W. WALLIS'S APPOINTMENTS.

(Farewell Visit.)

GLASGOW, June 12th, 164, Tron-gate, at 6:30. Subject, "What will the Harvest be?" Monday, 13th, Farewell Soiree at 8 p.m.
 NEWCASTLE, June 19th, at 10:30 a.m., "Idols of to-day: their worshippers;" at 6:30 p.m., "Spirits: their nature, powers, and state of existence." June 20th, at 8 p.m., "The Three Fs of Spiritualism."

DARLINGTON, June 22
 LIVERSTON, June 23
 BARROW-IN-FURNESS, June 25th, Pie-Nie; 26th, at 2:30 p.m., "Three Curses: how to remove them," at 6:30, "Salvation by Grace or Growth."
 BELPER, July 3
 KEIGHLEY, July 10 (probably)
 NOTTINGHAM, July 17th and 18th

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