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AND TEACHINGS OF

SPIRITUALISM.

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HOPE AND CONSOLATION FOR THE BEREAVED.

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"The world hath felt a quick'ning breath
From Heaven's eternal shore,
And souls triumphant over death
Return to earth once more."

"If a man die shall he live again?"

"O glittering host! O golden line!
I would I had an angel's ken,
Your deepest secrets to divine,
And read your mysteries to men."

The loved one is gone! Whither, oh, whither? Who can answer me? Who can assure me that I ever shall rejoin the dear departed; shall look upon that dear face, and into those loving eyes, and clasp that warm hand again? Who can assure me this, and convince me that his assurance is anything more than the expression of his own hopes, anything more than a promise which may never be fulfilled? Oh, for that light and knowledge of the dread and unknown hereafter which alone can remove my doubts and fears, and dispel the awful hopelessness and gloom which now crush my spirit to the earth!

My pious, sympathizing friends, bid me trust in the Lord and His promises, and resign myself to His will, for He doeth all things well. But there is little consolation in this. This does not bind up the wounds in my soul, nor dry my tears, nor render less poignant the agony of separation from the dear one I have loved and lost. My soul cries out for knowledge. I must know where the loved one has gone; I must know that we again will meet and be reunited. The Church teaches this, but the Church does not know it. Without this knowledge I am hopeless and despairing; with it my entire being would become radiant with happiness and joy. Oh, for some one to guide me to the light, to dispel my doubts and fears, and bring to my despairing soul hope and peace!

Such is the state of mind, such the despondency, and darkness, and doubt, that pervade the souls of most people when their loved ones are removed from their sight by the hand of death. The consolations of

religion are but too commonly insufficient to alleviate the mental suffering of bereaved friends, and time alone may, perhaps, bring peace and resignation.

Such were my reflections—this was the state of my mind, O disconsolate reader, when, many years since, my only son closed his eyes to earthly things and surrendered his pure soul into the hands of his Maker. In my agony I arraigned the justice of God, and despairingly exclaimed: If there be a Supreme Being, He cannot be merciful and good! He must be remorseless and unpitiful! Why has He sent this undeserved affliction upon me? I have sinned, but oh, this punishment is only suitable for the vilest of mankind! It is more than I can bear!

Years rolled on, and the memory of my loss was keen and bitter, when, apparently by accident, I was induced, by the representations of a friend, to visit a spiritual medium. My motive in visiting him was curiosity alone. I was a confirmed disbeliever in the life hereafter, and even doubted the existence of God. With the writer in Ecclesiastes, I said: "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them, as one dieth so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast, for all is vanity." Previous to my visit I had prepared a number of questions written upon different strips of paper, and carefully folded these so that the writing could not be read without deliberately unfolding them. Upon seating myself at a small table with the medium—the room receiving light from two unshaded windows—I placed my questions on the table, and the medium taking one of these without my knowing which it was, said, "You will see the answer to this question appear on my hand." Soon there appeared three capital letters of a bright scarlet colour, which were plainly visible at the distance of three feet. They were E. W. C., and the correct initials of the name of my lost son, who had passed away more than twenty years previously. I then inquired of the medium whether he could give me the name in full, when he seized a pencil and wrote it without the omission of a letter. There were but two persons this side of the grave who had knowledge of the middle name, and these were the parents of the child.

With this answer came the dawning light of spiritual truth into my mind. For the first time I thought it possible that

"Mind sets not with the sun ;
Mind fails not with the day."

I realized the import of the answer, and I said to myself: it is impossible that this man, whom I have never before met, could have possessed this knowledge, and I asked: Whence came it? I then and there determined to leave no means untried in order to discover the truth, and I did discover it, as thousands of others have done, and found it to be, like all truth, beautiful and consistent.

Since then my researches have proved to me beyond doubt that my long-mourned, and, as I believed, long-lost son, lives and is supremely happy, and that during the many years since his departure from earth his love for his earthly friends has never changed; never for a moment been otherwise than warm and glowing. He then has since told me this many times through the same and other mediums. From his own lips, when in his visible presence, I have heard similar declarations, and for the past twelve years have been in frequent and familiar communication with him, and I know no difference in my feelings toward him and my other children in the flesh. We are united. He and his spirit sister and brothers, with the others in this life, constitute the family. We have children on that side and children on this. Naught but a shining river separates us. We hear them call, and we answer, and they daily cross it to visit us. We mingle as naturally and familiarly as if all were of the flesh, or all of the spirit. All our anxieties and cares are for those yet in this life. Those on that side tell us they are happy—O, so happy! and that in a little while we all will be with them on the other shore, and as happy as they. A few years since it was expected that one of us would pass to the other side. My angel children also expected it would be thus, and they could not refrain from privately expressing to me their joy at the prospect; and when it appeared that the transition would not then be accomplished, their disappointment was equally apparent. They are watching over us and impatiently awaiting our coming, and we rejoice in the knowledge that it will not be long before their desires will be gratified.

In the days of my unbelief, in my blindness of soul, I could perceive in the removal of my child naught but a needless infliction of misery. I viewed it as an unmitigated misfortune, while now I regard it as a blessing in disguise—a blessing not only to him, but to myself; and I now clearly perceive that the results flowing from it have been to me in the highest degree beneficial, and knowing that he has been far happier than he could have been here, I discern the hand of a merciful and wise God in removing him, and am only thankful for the dispensation.

"Through our lives' mysterious changes,
Through the sorrow-haunted years,
Runs a law of compensation
For our sufferings and our tears."

I have more than once been told by my spirit-friends that it is well a veil interposes between us and the ravishing scenes of heaven, for if we knew what there awaited all good and true souls, we would be unfitted for the duties of this life. A spirit once said to me: "Could you only see your spirit-friends around you at your home, so radiantly happy, so solicitous for your welfare, you would desire to burst the bonds and join them in praises to the loving Father who has so kindly provided for our happiness."

What a contrast is this picture to that which presents itself to the poor benighted parent, husband, wife, and child, who in agony of soul know not which way to turn; who can perceive no ray of light and hope to direct them in the present; no promise of the future; who, in vain endeavour to derive consolation from the cold, lifeless teachings of the religion of to-day, and who, when the minister of God proffers his sympathy and advice, feels that though he be sincere and well-intentioned, he lacks the necessary knowledge and that conviction which is born of knowledge. The mourner

feels that he, equally with him, or herself, is deficient in that faith which alone can sustain the sinking soul; strengthen it to bear its burden, and enable it to look beyond the traditional dark river and discern the glorious land to which it is the mission of death to conduct us.

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marble's play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!"

"All earth's boundless millions dead! dead! lost! gone! no one knows whither; never to return!—Why, the very air is full of them. Our streets are thronged with an unseen people who flit about us jostling us in thick crowds; and in our silent chambers, our secret closets, and our busiest haunts, their piercing eyes, invisible to us, are scanning all our ways. The universe is teeming with them. THERE ARE NO DEAD!"

Death has no power over the spirit. It simply changes the conditions of existence. It is truly the second birth, and only through it can any man enter the kingdom of heaven. The fear of death is the fruit of false teachings. Death is not the grim monster the world has been taught to believe, and to-day, thousands in the light of Spiritualism view it with calmness and hope. To the virtuous, death is but casting aside the old garments of flesh, to be arrayed in imperishable robes of light and beauty. For them "to die is gain," and such can truly exclaim: We bless Thee, O God, for life, but above all things we bless Thee for Thy crowning gifts—death and immortality!

"Oh! not by graves should tears be shed;
Nor there should cypress wave its gloom;
No—gratulations for the dead,
And roses for the tomb!"

O, stricken soul! "'tis death is dead," not your loved one. The one you mourn has not gone far. No boundless ocean of space separates you. You are within hailing distance of each other. Naught but a flimsy veil intervenes between you and the one you mourn, and, thank God, this veil is frequently drawn aside so as to enable us to view those who have gone before, and we know they live; they have never died; they have only cast off the fleshy garment, and are now living active and true and natural lives, in a true and natural and beautiful world, and are performing glorious parts in the drama of eternal life. They have reached that heavenly land where "there shall be no more death; neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain."

"Oh! call him not back to earth's weariness now,
For blossoms unfading encircle his brow."

There are invisible comforters, angels of light, ever present with those who mourn, and who strive, oh, how earnestly, to lighten their burdens, to dry their tears inspire them with hope, and impress their minds with views of brighter prospects and clearer skies! Soon, very soon, disconsolate mourner, you will follow the loved one to the land of rest and joy, and in a few years the family circle will again be complete. No one will be missing; no absent one to mourn; no anxiety for the present; no apprehensions of the future; the cares of life all fled; sickness, sorrow, pain and death forever banished; and while present happiness will inspire every soul, glowing hopes of an eternity of ever increasing enjoyment will fill your cup of bliss to overflowing,

"There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jewel'd crown,
They shine forever more,

"Born now in that undying life,
They leave us but to come again:
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

"And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life—There are no dead!"

FRAGRANCE AT A CHILD'S DEATH BED.

It is said that some flowers give forth their sweetest fragrance in death; I should like to tell you of a sweet little human flower, about whose passing away there was a circumstance that struck me at the time as very strange.

Nellie was the daughter of a dear friend of mine, in Russia, and at the time she left us was five years and a half old. I had been present at her birth, and during her brief earth life she had scarcely ever quitted me. She was a very delicate child, with a mind and affections far beyond her years, and towards her mother and myself she manifested such earnest thought, and deep love, as is rarely if ever met with in one so young.

In the autumn of 1874 she took cold, and her health began to be seriously affected, but although the little body was often sick and weary, the spirit seemed more active than ever; and she daily grew more thoughtful for others, and (if possible) more loving to us.

As is the custom at Christmas-tide in Russia we had a tree for the little ones, and our dear child was present. She came to me when she had received her gifts, and startled me by saying, "Auntie dear, this is the last Christmas tree." I replied, "you mean it is the last till next year dear." "No, Auntie," she answered, with her lovely earnest eyes fixed on mine—"No, it is the last." In a few days she was too unwell to rise from her bed, and I carried her to my own, which made her very happy. The best medical advice was given, but nothing could be done for dear Nellie, and in two weeks from the time I laid her on my bed, God took her to himself.

I cannot write about that sad time, for she suffered very much indeed, and we never left her side. Before she became unconscious (the day before she passed), she assured us of her love, and said such sweet and touching things that her poor mother had to leave the room more than once to hide her grief from the searching eyes of her child. After many hours of agony the change came, and our darling lay transfigured, at rest. The bells were ringing for the commencement of the Sabbath; for the sun was setting, it was four o'clock on Saturday, January 18th, 1875. Bowed down with grief as we were, it was only after some moments that I remarked the peculiar odour of incense that filled the room, and which seemed to rise from the bed where the little one was lying. I stooped over her, and kissed her face and hands, both seemed impregnated with the same peculiar fragrance, and the air became heavy with the perfume of spices. It resembled the incense used in the Greek Church, which has, I think, a more pungent character, than that usually employed in Roman Catholic services; but there was something still more aromatic and delicate in the smell. The women who came to assist me in my sad offices perceived it, the elder children who came to sit by the little marble form also remarked it; and as far as I can recollect the odour remained in the room for two or three hours.

When the Doctor came next morning I mentioned the fact to him, asking if there could be any natural cause for the strange odour; he assured me there was none, and seemed very surprised and interested in my account of it. I knew too little of Spiritualism then to ascribe it to its true cause, which was doubtless the presence of celestial angels of the highest order. "You may call me angel now," said Nellie, on the Thursday before she left us, in reply to her mothers' caressing appellation; and surely if love be the law of heaven she was

made perfect in that law, even while her spirit was held in captivity.

So our sweet flower faded from earth, but the remembrance of her pretty loving ways and words lingers around our hearts, making sweet incense; for we know that our darling is blossoming into perfect beauty in the bright garden of our Lord in the fair Summerland; and the tiny hands still clasp our own, drawing us upwards, the pure eyes still look lovingly into ours, and the voice no longer faltering, nor faint from weakness, speaks in angelic whispers, telling of the blessed time when we shall once more behold the little one we love so well: Not as a child, but a fair maiden, not the bud, but the flower. So be it, Nellie, the child! the sweet spirit! the robed angel!—still all our own!

P.S.—I may remark that the dear child could only be kept in the house until the Monday, the body decomposed so rapidly.

VAIRA.

REMONSTRANCE

AGAINST THE PASSAGE OF A BILL TO PROTECT THE PEOPLE
OF MICHIGAN FROM EMPIRICISM AND QUACKERY;
OR ANY LIKE LEGISLATION.

To the Legislature of Michigan, in Senate and House assembled.

On behalf of many of the people, who request and authorize me to represent their views, I respectfully but earnestly remonstrate against the passage of "a bill to protect the people of Michigan from empiricism and quackery," now before you, holding said bill, or any legislation of that kind, to be unjust and unwise, and unconstitutional and unwarranted interference with the rights of the people. Its more fit title would be "a bill to protect licensed physicians in the exclusive privilege and monopoly of curing or killing scientifically, and to prohibit the people from choosing their own physicians or healers, and paying whom they please for their services." Such bills have been defeated again and again by your predecessors in former legislatures, and it is to be hoped you will follow their wise example. Doubtless there are skilled and good men amongst physicians of various schools. Let such have all due respect, and win fairly all success that skill and persistent effort may command, but let it be in a fair field, and with no favoured and unjust monopoly.

In this State, as elsewhere, I find the efforts for such legislation do not begin with the people, who are to be protected, as it is claimed, but with the professional class who suppose they are to be benefited. A copy of the "Michigan Medical News" for December, 1878, published in Detroit by a society of allopathic physicians is before me,—a professional magazine, circulating almost wholly among physicians. Its leading article is on medical legislation in Michigan, and I learn from it that such legislation had been previously urged, and it had been suggested "that physicians should exact a pledge from candidates for the Legislature, that they would support it," that physicians write them that "many members are so pledged." Is this true, gentlemen of the Legislature? If so, "we the people" would like to know it.

This article says no "schools" of medicine are to be distinguished, but it must be seen that "every practitioner is properly educated in the fundamentals of medicine." What are these "fundamentals?" A physician of large practice, who was a brigade surgeon in the army, and has good professional reputation in this country and in Europe, said to a reporter of a Chicago newspaper

"If we are to have a medical law, and the State intends to be consistent, it should select one mode of practice and suppress all others; but now there are opposing systems, one saying to the other, 'You let the patient die from depending on small pills and infinitesimal doses,' while these retort by accusing the other side of, killing the patient by

the empirical use of large doses of poison.' The State says, 'You are both right, gentlemen; go on and kill by law!'

"In a free country an attempt to build up an establishment of doctors, is opposed to the spirit of the country. It is simply establishing by law a 'trade union,' and protecting, at the expense of the people, a set of monopolists."

In 1831 a commission of the French Academy of Medicine, after six years examination, reported unanimously that the physiological and therapeutic phenomena of mesmerism were well established: and that one somnambule announced, months in advance, the day, the hour, and the minute when his epileptic fits would return: and another indicated the hour of his cure, in advance, both being correct. Yet I believe the academy did not even deign to publish the report of their own commission. I know a lady, the wife of a distinguished public man, who told me she was permanently cured of partial deafness and affection of the ear by magnetic treatment; and I could bring many cases of such cures. All this is outside the "fundamentals of medicine" to-day, and is even scoffed and ridiculed by professional gentlemen.

Jesus healed the sick by laying on of hands, and said of his disciples: "They shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall be healed." (Mark XVI). If Christ or Paul were in Michigan trying to do good to sick bodies and souls as of old, and this bill were a law, they would be fined or imprisoned, and probably, as they had no large salary, or regular doctor's fees, Jesus and the great apostle would be in prison, and the people protected from their imposition!

This is not a question of "schools" or methods, but of the right of all to heal as best they can, and the right of the people to employ whom they please. Pass this bill, or any one like it in idea, and it either becomes a dead letter, as such acts are partially elsewhere, or it opens the way for expensive and protracted trials in courts, where, at last, they will be ruled as void and unconstitutional. In Byron, Genesee county, New York, Mrs. Tuttle, an estimable lady, greatly respected, has practiced as a clairvoyant 30 years. When a medical law was passed in that State, a petition was got up, without her knowledge or suggestion, and signed by 1,200 people in that county, many of them influential persons, that she might be allowed to practice. An able lawyer said to her, "Let me take your case into the courts and we can break down the law." A very hornet's nest was broken over the heads of the doctors, but, fortunately for them, an eclectic society gave her a diploma, and all was quiet for a time. An intimate personal friend of mine in southern New York is an "old school" physician of 30 years honorable and large practice. I asked his opinion of their medical law, and if he would inform of infringements of it. He said: "The law is absurd. A certain margin of people will be gulled, law or no law, but the great body of the people must, and will, and ought to judge for themselves, and select their own healers. If a doctor of any school has brains, and character, and pluck, he will get practice; if he lack these he has no business to ask for laws to help him and his like. Such laws prop up weak men, and are unjust to the people. I would not stoop so low as to inform of violations of the law."

This bill proposes protection from "empiricism" and "quackery." "I am sick of learned quackery," said Dr. B. Waterhouse, medical professor in Harvard university 20 years. Dr. Hartmann of Vienna, says: "Most practitioners evince nothing but the rudest empiricism, under the name of science." Dr. Andrew Combe says: "As often practiced medicine is made so much a mystery, and is so nearly allied to quackery, that it would puzzle many rational looker-on to tell one from the other;" and Adam Smith, the illustrious author of "Wealth of Nations," declared that: "The great success of quacks in England has been altogether owing to the real quackery of regular physicians." If this bill is to be a law, we shall need another to

protect the people from "regular" empiricism and quackery, the great lights of the profession being witnesses.

"Opium increases the nerve force."—Prof. B. T. Barker, M.D.

"Opium diminishes the nerve force."—Prof. E. H. Davis, M.D.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

The eminent Professor Valentine Mott, M.D., testifies: "Our remedies are unreliable." Prof. Willard Parker, M.D., says: "of all sciences, medicine is the most uncertain." Dr. McClintock declares that "Mercury has made more cripples than all wars combined"; and James Johnson, M.D., F.R.S., Editor of the "Medico Chirurg. Review," writes: "I declare as my conscientious conviction, founded on long experience and reflection, that if there was not a single physician, surgeon, man-midwife, druggist, or apothecary on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality than now."

Such testimonies I might multiply ten-fold. They are not brought to show that all physicians are fools or knaves, and their services valueless, but to prove, by their own testimony, that they have no high claims to such exclusive skill and science, as to be fit to judge for all others. I may fitly close them by a word from Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia, pre-eminent for high reputation among the medical faculty. *He testifies emphatically against all such class legislation as this bill proposes.* "Conferring exclusive privileges upon bodies of physicians, and forbidding men of equal talents and knowledge, under severe penalties, from practising medicine within certain districts,—such institutions, however sanctioned by ancient characters and names, are the *bastilles* of our science."

Gentlemen of the legislature, on behalf of a multitude of the people, I ask that you build no such *bastilles* in our free State!

While this is not a question of schools or methods, it may be well to bear in mind that the main originators and supporters of the bill are of the allopathic class, who opposed and defied the voice and vote of the legislature for years in their desperate efforts to keep the homeopaths from any part in the medical department of the State university. Better abolish the medical and legal departments of that university, and enrich and enlarge its literary, and scientific, and industrial advantages, than educate physicians there at the cost of the people, who shall arrogantly claim the privilege of depriving their educators of their inalienable rights.

In Iowa a bill like this has been defeated. In Wisconsin, but a month ago, such a measure was indefinitely postponed in the assembly by a large vote. In Massachusetts a like effort of the medical profession has been twice defeated. In Illinois, where such a law was passed two years ago, a vigorous effort is now being made for its repeal. Will you pass a bill which the intelligence and sense of justice in the people will rebel against?

A protest against the Wisconsin medical law, laid on the tables of the legislators at Madison this winter, well says:

"An established medical monopoly would be like an established system of religion, without toleration to other faiths. It would be a step backward in this enlightened age of progress. . . . We want no monopoly in the business of healing the sick."

In the *Daily Madison Democrat*, Feb. 25, 1879, it was well asked:

"Is there a member of this legislature who could rise in his place and solemnly declare that he is wiser than the whole body of his constituents, numbering several thousand; that they are so besotted with ignorance, so totally unfit to select proper physicians for themselves and their families, that it becomes imperatively necessary for the legislature to enact, and the governor to approve, a stringent law, with its penalties of fines or imprisonment, for any, save a

favoured few,—and hence literally compelling all needing medical relief to apply to this favoured class?"

The same writer gives a striking evidence of the bungling cruelty of medical practice and law in England:

"An instance of an arbitrary act compelling the people of England to vaccinate their children has just been announced. A worthy and observant man, who had lost two of his little ones by the impurities of vaccination, refused to run any further risk in that direction on his remaining children; and is now, in consequence, incarcerated in a loathsome prison, and languishing there for simply refusing to endanger the lives of his family by obeying an unjust and arbitrary law."

Able pleas were made before the committee of the Massachusetts legislature. Rev. C. W. Emerson, of Chelsea, a leading clergyman, said he

"Wished to speak for his parishioners, who would be cut off from privileges long enjoyed. He thought more cures had been performed outside the medical profession than within it, and believed that certain men had natural gifts, and could prescribe remedies which had succeeded when those of the regular school had failed. The bill grew out of the fact that the people were becoming too intelligent to suit certain physicians who wanted to get rich rapidly. The best diploma in the world was the diploma of success. It was an inhuman bill."

A. E. Giles of Boston, an able lawyer, said:

"Regular doctors of divinity and licensed preachers have as much legal right to an exclusive oversight of the souls of the people as regular doctors of medicine and certified practitioners to a control over their bodies. . . . I was myself given up by doctors 20 years ago to die of consumption, but regained my present health by treatment outside the profession."

Mrs. Crafts and Mrs. Ricker protested in behalf of wives and mothers.

Such arguments and statements decided the case in both these legislatures, and defeated the unjust measures proposed.

I trust they may have like effect with you—if indeed any argument be necessary to convince a body of intelligent legislators on so self-evident a matter.

Much more might be said, but this must suffice. For myself, and for those whom I represent, I respectfully, but earnestly protest against this bill, its details, and its principles, and against any like legislation, and hope and trust that it may share the fate of its predecessors in this State.

GILES B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich., March 7, 1878.

[As there is a continuous effort being made in this country to intensify the medical "trade union" methods, we print the foregoing protest with the remark that the Michigan legislature acted in accordance with the prayer of the above "Remonstrance." A powerful attempt has been since made by the medical trade unionists of Massachusetts to form a law for the benefit of their own class of healers, but it was defeated.—Ed. M.]

ARCHDEACON COLLEY ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF DEATH.

(Reprinted from the *Natal Witness* of August 26th, 1880.)

Archdeacon Colley preached a funeral sermon at St. Peter's Cathedral on Sunday evening last, taking for his text Job xiv, 10, "Man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" and said:—

Again death has been busy in our Cathedral congregation, and two, very recently, have gone over to the great majority. Heaven's arrangements seem, in both instances, to have been made irrespective of earth's convenience. We are puzzled why the useful are smitten, why those on whom hopes are built are suddenly removed. Here were those on whom much depended, whose meridian was scarcely attained, to whom life was but opening further important chapters, which here they were not permitted to read. The volume is closed. Aye! but a better new edition is begun yonder, and life's soiled page is glorified with richer illustrations than than mind, earth tramelled, can conceive. Still, though we cover our perplexity with similitudes, we are at a loss to understand God's dealings with us. We know we shall all go forward into the brighter and better beyond in God's good time! but, in the instances before us, the fruit has suddenly ripened; the spirit has outgrown its earth-clothes, and heaven had need of another soul to add to the muster-roll of the great majority. The young wife is taken away yesterday, the young husband to-day. We think we can ill spare them, but Heaven knows better. Heaven's will be

done! Heaven's kingdom come! 'Tis but life gone forward, out of the range of our poor perspective—Heaven's sudden summons responded to, the invitation accepted: "Friend, come up higher." Yet we had thought their time not yet. But he, whose earthly remains were reverently committed to the dust last Sunday afternoon, felt premonitions of the change awaiting him, and (though he could not with choking affection tell his loved partner so, striving, as he did, several times to prepare her for his departure) said that the time would not be long ere, with friendly assistance, he took his last journey down Commercial Road. He spoke after the accustomed manner, but he erred. He had gone Heavenly leagues forward on the better road—the King's highway—ere the empty shell and vac. at chrysalis was hearse-borne to God's-acre; and he has reached his celestial home. As we tarry pensive here, there are congratulations there. The single bell that knolled the passing bier, awoke vibrant tintinnabulations in the bells of the Golden City, resonant with joy-swinging at his arrival at the pearly gates of the jasper walls. Our loss—his gain—their gain. But think not that in either case the young wife is utterly forsaken, or the babes quite fatherless. Unto the end the influence of their presence will be felt. The husband's solicitude, and parents' care, survive the change called death; for human affections—copies of the Divine—are eternal, and know no diminution, suffer no loss, but have continual increment and perfection, with swelling power. Comfort ye, comfort ye the mourners with the wondrous truth. Let brooding doubt depart, and unbelief begone. Let melancholy quit her tears, and hope regain her smiles; for *Mors janua vite*—Death is the gate of Life. Yea, this is the Philosophy of Death. "To die! to sleep! To sleep? perchance to dream! for in that sleep of death what dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil?" says England's greatest writer. Life is a dream, and death the awakening out of sleep; for—

"This world I deem
But a beautiful dream,
Of shadows which are not what they seem.
Where visions rise,
Giving dim surmise,
Of things that shall meet our waking eyes."

For when souls from the world of souls are sent down here, they are swaddled in the flesh, and put to sleep; but in the reawaking to higher life we shall remember our state of pre-existence yonder, and perhaps also here. Pre-existence? Yes! Pythagoras affirmed that in a former life he had been Euphorbus, and that his soul recollected many exploits which had been done while it animated that Trojan's body. As a further proof of his assertion he showed, at first sight, the shield of Euphorbus that hung in the Temple of Juno. You, therefore, in remote ages, have been someone else; and I have been someone else, just as Pythagoras had been Euphorbus, and John the Baptist had been Elijah; for said Jesus, touching John the Baptist, "This is Elias, which was for to come." Strange as the idea is, therefore, it is not so absurd after all. The Divine Master has lifted the thought from the ridiculous to the sublime, and it is worthy of our meditation. And I reaffirm that in the awaking once more to the higher life we shall remember our state of pre-existence, and look back to earth as a child does to its cradle; and life above and life below will seem all of one piece, with but a seam, scarce visible, that separated, in our incarnation here, the infinite past from the infinite future. And do you know that dreamless sleep is really soul-wakefulness? and that in the hours of slumber the spirit is in the active operation of its other life? I sleep to-night, after the labour of to-day's hard doings, and my soul carries on with it the thread of things attempted, and but poorly done, and brings them to holy issues in the life that is mine when this is over. So that I, at what you call death, expect to see the results of soul labour deftly accomplished in the hours of sleep. I expect to meet spirit friends whose acquaintance has thus unconsciously been formed when the worn body has been deep entranced in slumber. I expect to see my eternal habitation built as I have been building it from the scaffolding of this earthly framework; yea, to see it furnished with the ornaments that subtle thought has fabricated, and human knowledge and experience have contributed. I expect to see all I desire to see, and I shall see all I am ficed to see, and know all I am prepared to know, and enjoy all I have the capacity to enjoy. Death to me, therefore, is simply the second volume in the romance of life; the re-issue of existence; a new edition of things, better bound, and more richly illustrated: it is an ascent in the scale of being; it is a matriculation to the University of the skies, after the lower form experienced in the school of affliction and discipline here. Death! What says Wesley? List how he sings.

"Ah, lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair?
The languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
The quiet immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more."

Yes, death is the gate of life and not the end of being; for if death were the end of conscious being, if nothing remains but the ashes of the burnt out taper of life, or a vapid, insubstantial, formless essence, like smoke from a candle blown out, that passes away and mingles with the elements, then man is the greatest enigma in the universe; but if death is only the completion of the first little round in life, the first short flight; if it marks the end only of his seed time; if his budding hopes, his lofty aspirations, and dawning consciousness of latent desires which no earthly good can fill, are but the swelling germs of faculties that are to blossom and

bear immortal fruit; if he leaves in the grave only the swaddling clothes of his spiritual infancy, and rises from the sleep of present death to future life, in a perfect human form, and not a shapeless myth or formless essence, or insubstantial ghost, then death is a grand step in life—it solves all its enigmas, and is the fulfilment of which this life is but the prophecy.

I fear many of us have gross conceptions of the resurrection of the life everlasting. Very Materialistic notions, and carnal views of diviner things. The material must ever be subservient to the spiritual. The material world is only the outbirth of the spiritual world, as matter is only the outgrowth of soul. And the material body is only the house I dwell in. It is no part of the real man; it is only the instrument of me—the tool with which I work out God's great purposes; and what we call death is only the vacating of this frail abode, which is the body, by the soul that was its tenant on life's short lease. Indeed, the words body and abode are the same, the one being but a shortened form of the other, for the body is only the abode of the soul. So death is simply the withdrawal of the inner man from his outer shell. This he casts aside, just as the butterfly does the chrysalis. He deserts it, and, by the act, steps out of this world into another. I am not at all surprised at the horror many people have of death, considering how they regard the body to the neglect of the soul. Practically, in this way, like the Sadducees of old, disbelieving in angel or spirit or eternal world, death can only be looked upon by them as annihilation rather than a simple change of state and real gate of life. Let it be understood that the spirit is the real man, and that the body profiteth nothing, and then the case is altered. Let it be known that the spirit of man is in the human form, with all the functions of a man, and that it gives shape to the body just as my hand does to a glove; that it dwells in every part of the body, and vitalizes every attribute, organ, or member, and the higher views of man and of his destiny, of life and death and eternity, will be the result. Instead of saying that man is a material being that has a spirit, let us come nearer to the truth, and say that he is a spirit that has a material body, and juster conceptions regarding mortal life and the life immortal will follow, and death will be robbed of its terrors; for the real man is no more affected by death than the visible man is affected by the wearing out of his clothes.

It is not the body that lives, but the soul in the body. Matter cannot observe, reflect, remember, reason, understand, or love. It has no power of itself. Refine it, organise it, fashion it as you will, it is still passive and in itself dead. Therefore the human body cannot perform one of its functions, after the man has left it. It is the spirit that quickeneth—the flesh profiteth nothing; and when this is cast off and disencumbered from the soul, when we have shuffled off this mortal coil, real living men, complete in the higher nature of immortality, we shall stand, and not as airy ghosts or phantom essences of unsubstantial nothingness. At the Transfiguration Moses and Elias appeared unto our Lord, and Peter, James, and John, and talked with them, and should not this be conclusive evidence that Moses and Elias were not mere appearances, or disembodied vapours, or holy mists, but real angelic men? In the parable of the rich man and Lazarus we read how they recognize each other, and speak concerning each other, not as if they were the popular conception of ghosts—thin clouds of impalpable ether—but living, breathing, substantial men—one indeed far too substantial, for he had a parched tongue, and withal (as a problem for you, O ye everlasting to everlasting burning credulists for the errors of a few mortal years), though in condemnation yet had he a feeling heart, for he wished to warn his brethren lest they also should come into like torment. But, as to the body, both Dives and Lazarus were dead and buried, and, in popular phraseology, there was an end of them. Really, however, it was only the house they lived in that had gone to decay. The tenant was still alive, and had simply changed his abode.

The natural body, void of the soul, loses the special power that gives it organization, and keeps it in repair, and gives it form, and enables it to resist the common forces of nature, and so, losing this vital force (which scientists begin to call psychic force), it yields to their solvent action; the dust returns to the earth as it was, and in this sense confirms what righteous Job declares when he says, "He that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more." The corruptible goes to corruption—becomes earth, chemical salts, gas, and mingles with the elements, while the real man, escaping from the prison-house of flesh, enters upon his new career, under new conditions, and with new results; for in the beautiful language of our burial service, "The souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity." So man is sown a natural body at birth; he is raised a spiritual body at death; for, as St. Paul says, "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body," and as there are bodies celestial and bodies terrestrial, so there are substances spiritual as well as substances material. Indeed, spirit is far more real and substantial than matter, for it is eternal. It was first, and will be last, because God is pure spirit, and is the Alpha and Omega of all things. The temporal and material, therefore, are only the shadow of the eternal and spiritual, as matter is but the sediment or residuum of spirit.

In answer, then, to the question of our text that says, "Man dieth and wasteth away, yea, man giveth up the ghost and where is he?" we reply: In a world far more real and substantial than this, which is only its temporal outcome, and with a body far more perfect than this poor pitcher of earth. It is the pious opinion of many that there are as many spiritual worlds as there are material worlds—that each planet is enveloped in its corre-

sponding heaven. Grand idea! That makes the immensity of God's spiritual kingdom infinite! St. Paul speaks of the third heaven, another of the seventh heaven, but these are only poor forms of speech that betray our imperfect and finite comprehension of the perfect, infinite, and incomprehensible; for numbers can never compass the creative love of omnipotence energy surging forth continually to sustain, recreate, and renew create incessantly new suns and systems, stars, and new other worlds that in course of formation trench upon the vastness of limitless immensity in the profound abyss of unfathomed space—each orb a solid thought dropped from the meditation of a God. And as the Eternal's creation from Himself as pure spirit, flowing forth, concretes itself to matter, which is the Eternal mind precipitated, so carnal man, as the gross of what has been refined, the human man, what is Divine, reverts to his first condition when the wheels of his being are no longer clogged with clay, and the inert clod of earth drops from his immortal soul. "The dust shall return to the earth as it was, but the spirit shall return to God who gave it."

But, touching the substantial and real nature of spirit. If we look at the mere body as the real man, as so many people practically do, the change which we call death may well be terrible. There lies the form we have loved, cold, motionless, dead. The light of affection no longer beams upon us from the eye. The ear is deaf to our imploring cries. The smile of love has faded from the lips. The arm hath lost its power, and fingers their cunning; and soon the very form disappears, and mingles with the elements, and is lost. How terrible the fate if that body were the man himself! How irreparable the loss if the friend, the child, the husband, the wife, were that form! But they are not. They have gone home, and this dead thing is only the relief they have left behind as worn-out, worthless impedimenta, or a cumbrous load that would hinder their progress to the realms of light. We see them no longer now, and we bury the dead out of our sight. The body we see through tears, but not them. We never saw them. We never see one another, only the masks we wear. They have thrown off theirs; and when we have thrown off ours, then we shall see them, and they see us, "not as through a glass darkly, but then face to face, and then shall we know even as also we are known."

Death, therefore, is not a mistake, nor an accident, nor a thing to recoil from, but to be welcomed, when our work is done, as grateful sleep, for the closing of the hard to-day, and the dawning of a glorious to-morrow. Life's fitful fever over, we sleep well if we sleep in Christ, and He who is "the Resurrection and the Life" awakes us.

"Mortals may cry, 'A man is dead!'
Angels will sing, 'A child is born.'"

Death is therefore an ordinary step in life. Man was never meant to live immortal here, but in the immortal hereafter; death, which is only change of existence, is a step in the right direction towards that end. Were this not so, the number of the inhabitants of this little planet must sooner or later have reached the limit of the earth's ability to support them, or capacity to contain them, and then the creation of human souls must have ceased. But can we believe for a moment, that all the human beings this little mote in the universe can sustain, would satisfy the demands of infinite love? What would the Almighty do through coming ages to all eternity? Could he contentedly rest satisfied with the endless prayers and praises from a few men and angels such as our poor earth could grow and bear? No! that would be contrary to his very nature, which is love. For love impels to action. It is a motive power. It is creative. Fill a human heart with a powerful affection, and it impels the whole man to action. He cannot rest idle. He must be energetic in the interest of his love. What, then think you, my brethren must be the effect of infinite love, guided by infinite wisdom? Why the tremendous energy of the eternal, that goes out in never-ending creative power! And if God's creative power were to cease, by the limitation of earth's capacity to support man's material wants, did not death afford scope and room for continual creation, the whole structure of society would be shaken. Many of its important elements would be wanting. There would be no infancy, no childhood, no age, no room for enterprise, no ground for enlarged hope. As it is, we are cabined, cribbed, confined by the material body; and what would be if we were doomed to bear the burden for ever? May you outlive all your friends, is a fearful curse. To die, then, in God's good time, and that is when our work is done, is our ready cheerful lot, and not our fearful fate, looked forward to in terror. The sparrow cannot fly in the summer air, and pour forth the fulness of its own delight in a song, until its organism has been effected in the shell. So neither can man enter into the full consciousness of the perfections of the spiritual world, until by Divine grace and power the proper spiritual organisation has been formed in the material body. And as the bird cannot enter into its new world until it breaks the shell and escapes from it, so neither can we rise into the spiritual world, till we have thrown off our corporeal part, and broken down the middle wall of partition that separates us from it. Death therefore is not a curse, but an orderly step in life; a blessing, and a sign of progress.

Man dieth and wasteth away, says the text, but as the outer

man wasteth the inner man developes. He giveth up the ghost, and where is he? We answer: in another world where assuredly he is no ghost according to the popular notion, but a real man, in a world of harmonics, where discords are unknown; in a world of spirit, where matter does not obtrude, and substance is purged of all dross; where the chaos of nature becomes the cosmos of grace; where the earthly is refined to the heavenly, and mortality is swallowed up of life, and death is known. Ah! brethren, let us live that, when we humanly die we shall spiritually live, and leaf out, and bud, and bloom in eternity, qualifying to join those who have gone before; whose place to-night in this Cathedral Church may be vacant to mortal eyes, unquickened with interior sight, but whose thronging presence some can feel by gracious permission of Heaven. For their bodily absence means spiritual presence, and we dominate in superior numbers on every loss to the Church here below, with glorious visitants from the Church of the Firstborn above, to whom we preach, and with whom (believing in the communion of saints) we worship, and by whom (believing in the ministry of angels) we are strengthened, for this congregation divinely grows in angelic seat-holders, crowding to the rafters of the groined cathedral roof, with every temporal removal and outward abstraction by death. But

"There is no death.
What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

Mors janua vite. Death the gate of Life. Ah, let us live that we may realise this, and the sooner being ready for the inevitable change, put these grand views to the proof.

HOME CIRCLES.

To the Editor.—Sir,—Mr. Heel, an engine driver, who lives in New England, Peterborough, went on a visit with his wife last summer to some friends who are Spiritualists. On their return they resolved to hold some seances at home. I have been present at two of their seances, and find they are progressing very rapidly. Last Sunday evening there were five sitters present; each one of the five put a single finger under the leaf of the table, without lifting any, when the table immediately sprang up as high as the gaselier; this was repeated three times, the gas burning brightly, and a good fire showing light at the same time. We then stood up and touched the upper surface of the table with the tips of our fingers, when the table was lifted clear off the carpet. The gas lights were turned out, but the fire showing bright. Under these conditions the table was turned round very rapidly, a movement that was new to me. After the fire burned down, and the room was in a state of semi-darkness, Mrs. Heel saw her father clairvoyantly. He unfolded a scroll and showed his daughter some poetry, which she read and copied. The poetry was of a fair quality, and contained some sound and good advice.

Mr. Heel furnished me with notes of a singular occurrence. On Sunday evening, October 24, Mrs. Heel's father appeared to her, and held up a silver chain. He appeared again on Sunday evening, 31st October, and held up a silver chain. At one o'clock in the morning, November 4th, Mrs. Heel said to her husband "There is my father again with the chain, and he is holding up some poetry." This she read to Mr. Heel, and on the afternoon of the same day she received a birthday present of a silver chain, accompanied with a piece of poetry, same as she had seen and read to her husband. I enclose the poetry herewith for publication, if you can spare space:—

Long may you live in joy sublime
To wear this little gift of mine,
And may you be as free from care
As the birds that breathe the air.

May your life as joyous be
As the sunshine, bright and free
May your birthday be one of bliss,
And each one happier than this.
Mrs. HEEL.

Mr. Sacker, a neighbour, who was present, is a strong physical medium and a clairvoyant. Several members of his family are good mediums. He told me some remarkable experiences during the last few months. I select the following:—One morning after getting home he sat down to make out his way-bill (he is an engine driver), but could not get on with it. He tried to smoke, but could not manage that either. He then tried sitting alone, when his spirit daughter came and sat on his knee, put arms around his neck, and whispered in his ear, "Dada, don't swear." I need scarcely add advice coming in this way has had the desired effect. So you see, Mr. Editor, whilst stupidly are denying, and conjurers playing "fantastic tricks" our spirit friends are busy working and successfully winning their way.

Peterborough, Nov. 8th, 1880. J. MCKINNEY.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

My song shall be of the heavenly land
Unto which so swiftly we haste:
Its people is numberless as the sand
That strews the desert waste;
From every country and clime they come,
And their gathering is the Harvest Home.
Is the happy land very far away,
Far beyond the sun, moon, and star?
Tell me, ye glad ones, ye who say
You've seen the gates ajar,
'Tis near, not far, but shaded by sin:
The heavenly kingdom is within.
What is it doth make that beautiful land?
Is it mountain, and stream, and vale,
And sunshine, and shower dealt with bounteous hand,
Refreshing hill and dale?
What makes the land is told in the Word:
The Light of the Lamb, the Blessed Lord.
The Light of the Lamb is both sun and moon,
And the Light is united with Love;
And where Light and Love dwell 'tis always noon:
They rule the land above,
And this is their law, that all must do
To all as they would be done unto.

W. D.

GOSWELL HALL, 290, GOSWELL ROAD.

On Sunday evening Mr. C. W. Pearce gave his second lecture on "The Great Pyramid" as representing the spiritual man. The lecture was very interesting, and a request was made that he deliver a third lecture on Sunday, Dec. 5.

On Sunday morning at 11 a.m. a gentleman who is an earnest worker will open the subject: "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

In the evening at 7 Mr. J. K. Lewis will deliver a lecture, with poetical readings, as advertised elsewhere.

W. Towns, Sec.

SYDENHAM.—Mr. Burns has refused to head the debate on Spiritualism at the Lecture Hall on the 16th instant; the "Ex Medium" having been deputed to lead the opposition. He would rather select his foe than have any one thrust on him.

SPIRITUALISM, THE BIBLE, AND TABERNACLE PREACHERS.

A Discourse by J. BURNS, of the Spiritual Institution, London,
Delivered at Doughty Hall, Bedford Row, London, on Sunday Evening,
April 18, 1875,

In reply to a Sermon entitled "THE RELIGION OF GHOSTS" by the Rev. DR
WITT TALMAGE, D.D., preached at the Tabernacle, Brooklyn, New York.

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Christianity Calumniated by its Priests.	Denunciations against Witchcraft, Sorcery, and Necromancy do not affect Spiritualism.
Spiritualism and the Religion of Jesus Identical.	Origin of Jewish Law, Religion, and Politics in Spirit Communion.
The Transfiguration of Jesus; What it Taught.	The Decalogue, the first example of "Direct Writing."
The Materialisation and Dematerialisation of Jesus after His Crucifixion.	Jealousy of the Jewish God.
The Permeability of Matter by Matter Illustrated by Jesus.	Degradation of the Jewish People and of their Spiritual Rulers.
True Nature of Jesus' Post-mortem Body.	Jewish Law inapplicable to Modern Society.
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Saul's interview with Samuel not an exact Type of Modern Spiritualism.	The "Rich Man and Lazarus," a Recognition of Spirit Communion.
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The Consolations of Spiritualism in Trouble.	The Efficacy of Prayer.
	Purity of Soul the Aim of Spiritualism.

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Mr. T. M. BROWN will remain in the north another week, but as his movements are uncertain his letters should be addressed, Myrtle House, Howden-le-Wear, R.S.O., Durham. Invitations for the southern trip should be received at once.

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Legacies on behalf of the Cause should be left in the name of "James Burns."

SEANCES AND MEETINGS DURING THE WEEK AT THE SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION, 15, SOUTHAMPTON ROW.

THURSDAY.—School of Spiritual Teachers at 8 o'clock.

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1880.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

DR. MACK, since his return to London, has been doing, as usual, good work in healing, having benefited in a special manner several cases that had defied medical treatment. He had expected to be called back to America before this time, but circumstances have taken a direction which enables him to attend to his London patients. As we have received many inquiries from various parts of the country, we may state, for the benefit of the public, that Dr. Mack's address is 37, Upper Baker-street, N.W. He has a spare room which he can place at the disposal of a patient who may desire to reside in London a few days.

The secession of the Rev. Stopford Brooke, whose statements we published two weeks ago, is causing much interest in various parts of the country. The *Manchester Guardian*, of November 1, contains an abstract of a sermon by the Rev. Silas Farrington, evidently a Unitarian minister, who contends that Mr. Brooke disbelieves in miracles—the miraculous portion of the Bible. We did not gather this from the declaration which we published; but rather that Mr. Brooke recognised a "vast spiritual communion," of which miracles are the expression in objective manner. Mr. Farrington is quite wrong when he assumes so complacently that the consensus of modern knowledge repudiates miracles. Spiritual manifestations—the modern name for miracles—are now recognised as scientific facts, and any man who denies the manifestation of spirit, either objectively or subjectively, to the senses or the intuitions, is alike ignorant of the nature of scriptural fact and modern incident. Mr. Brooke's "Sermons" are rather explicit on spiritual manifestations.

DR. CROWELL had the kindness to send us a copy of his Essay in tract form, and we have placed it on our first page. It is a useful little treatise, and should be made a permanent tract. The article that follows, from the pen of a lady, is a fitting pendant.

Mrs. Richmond had a large and most intelligent audience at Neumeyer Hall on Sunday evening, to hear her closing discourse. After answering questions the lecture was given, consisting of—First, a word of warning,—the troubles that are about to spread over civilisation, and which have commenced; secondly, a word of consolation,—

which must be derived from the interior or spiritual nature, as no power can shield man from physical suffering and personal inconvenience; thirdly, a word of promise,—the Comforter or New Messiah is to come and be the stay and upholder of all who can appreciate his merits.

Mrs. RICHMOND'S Farewell Concert takes place at Neumeyer Hall to-morrow evening, as per programme on another page. The Goswell Hall Happy Evening will take place on Thursday next. The programme we will publish this week.

ON account of his other engagements, Mr. Towns must discontinue his Tuesday evening sittings at the Spiritual Institution. The series has been the most prolonged and best sustained that ever has been held at the Spiritual Institution. Mr. Towns' friends may find him at his residence, 1, Albert Terrace, Barnsbury Road, N.

THERE is good harmony between the prognostications of "Dr. Kenealy" and those that came from Mrs. Richmond on Sunday evening. No system is advocated by either party, but a statement made of coming events. No advocacy can either hasten or restrain the immutable decrees of Providence; all we can do as mortals is to walk on the straight path. There are evidently great changes approaching, but they cannot be much more unpleasant than present trials.

IN reporting Mrs. Richmond's discourse in last issue the date was inadvertently given as October 10; it should have been printed, October 17. Next week we will give a discourse by Mrs. Richmond, delivered on Oct. 24; subject: "The Present and Future Practical and Probable Result of Spiritualism in the World."

CONFERENCES are good when held in the interests of Spiritualism, bad when they are convened in the interests of Spiritualists. An organisation of Spiritualists and a spiritual organisation are vastly different. Happy he, however, harassing his lot may be, who works for Spiritualism, and is spared the infliction of these political spiritualistic conferences, such as that just held at Manchester. The Spiritualists are becoming wise: few but the parties who had axes to grind attended.

By some misunderstanding certain parties have been led to expect that Mrs. Richmond would deliver a discourse on Sunday. She will not speak anywhere on that day. Mr. and Mrs. Richmond leave London, Euston Station, at 12 o'clock, on Monday, and sail from Liverpool on Tuesday.

QUEBEC HALL.—The Sunday evening meetings have proved a decided success. Last meeting was closely crowded, and from the attention to the speaker and number of questions asked afterwards it is evident all were fully interested. Mr. Iver MacDonnell is now the regular lecturer on that evening. His subject was "Baptism," and after defining apostolic baptism as a ceremony which made the person baptised the recipient of the Holy Ghost by which miracles were worked, and these miracles were promised by Jesus as the sign which should follow true believers, he called on the Orthodox Churches to produce the signs, else their baptism was a delusion. The theological views of Rome, England, and Scotland were criticised at length. Nearly a dozen persons spoke in reply, chiefly approving of the ideas advanced, and on some side issues there were warm moments, but in the very best spirit. "The Lord's Supper" was announced as next Sunday's subject.

THE NEW PRINTING OFFICE.

During the week we have received many little acts of encouragement in our new undertaking, and the work is getting into shape. We are particularly grateful for the good nature with which our faulty work and want of punctuality have been received.

"Luos" enclosing 5s., thus writes:

"I am very glad to see you are doing what I thought you ought to have done long ago, print your own paper.

"I wish you success in your new venture. You will no doubt have your difficulties, but your energy and perseverance will soon overcome them."

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Sir Charles Isham, Bart.	.	.	3 0 0

FREE DISTRIBUTION OF SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

Dear Mr. Burns,—Do you not think we ought to have a working fund in connection with "Woman's Work" for the free distribution of spiritual literature? If I might venture I would ask those who take an interest in our work to help us raise such a fund, and to those who send and wish for literature for distribution, to have it.

Sincerely hoping this will meet with my co-workers' approval, I remain, yours respectfully,

"BRENTFORD CENTRE."

P.S.—I beg to enclose 2s. 6d. towards the fund which I hope will be raised.

Such a free distribution work has been in operation ever since the establishment of the Spiritual Institution. Hundreds of thousands of copies of the MEDIUM and other publications have been circulated in this and other countries, and the ordinary funds of the Spiritual Institution have been drawn on to meet the expenses. During this year we have endeavoured to keep count of the periodicals and other forms of printed matter supplied, but many items have been omitted for want of time to enter them. No one is refused who applies for printed information or literature for distribution. We have also commenced to keep a separate fund for this purpose, as suggested by our Brentford correspondent. It consists chiefly of little balances in excess of accounts paid, and which we have been kindly desired to retain for the good of the Cause. Some of the contributions are special. The following is the statement of account at the present time:—

PUBLICATIONS CIRCULATED GRATUITOUSLY IN 1880.

	£	s.	d.
5,137 MEDIUMS at 6s. per 100	15	8	3
1,700 Seed Corn at 9d. per 100	0	12	9
Broadsheets at 3s. per 100	0	8	9
2 Volumes of the MEDIUM	1	0	0
Packages	0	6	8
150 Reply to Talmage	0	12	0
	18	8	5
Contributions as below	12	0	2
Balance due	6	0	2

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE FREE DISTRIBUTION FUND.

Mrs. Hennings	1	0	0
Rev. Guy Bryan	0	5	0
Mr. James Lewis	0	2	6
Mr. J. G. Stormont	0	5	0
Mr. Ashton	0	10	0
Mrs. Racburn	1	0	0
Mr. G. E. Triggs	0	4	0
Mr. J. B. Tetlow	0	3	1
Dr. W. Brown	0	3	0
A Jersey Spiritualist	0	5	3
Dr. Hitchman	1	0	0
Mr. R. A. Wainwright	0	12	2
Mr. Rowe	0	3	1
Mrs. Nosworthy	0	2	6
Mr. Truscott	0	6	0
Mr. John Rouse	0	10	6
Mr. John Hatch	0	1	6
Mr. Robert Atkinson	0	3	0
Mr. Scaton Walker	0	1	2
Miss Samuel	0	1	0
C. A. L.	1	0	0
Mr. C. P. B. Alsop	1	0	0
Mrs. M. E. G. Nichols	0	3	0
Miss Pawley's Box	1	0	0
Miss Bessie Williams	0	2	0
Mr. C. Cooke	0	3	0
An Old Subscriber	0	5	0
Mr. T. Thelwall	0	2	0
Mr. J. Campion	0	15	0
Mr. James Smyth	0	9	0
Brentford Centre	0	2	6
	12	0	3

A very large number of packages of "Information for Investigators" has been sent out, of which no account has been kept. Many copies of the MEDIUM have also been circulated, which have not been entered down in the list.

Mr. BASTIAN has had very successful seances at Hamburg. He was to have proceeded to Paris, but at the close of his seance on Sunday evening his guides announced that they would withdraw his mediumship till February 7, 1881. This cessation of the power upsets all plans, but Mr. Bastian expects to arrive in London in a few days.

INSTITUTION WEEK, 1880: ARRANGEMENTS.

FROM SUNDAY, DEC. 5, TO SUNDAY, DEC. 12.

The following meetings will be held at the Spiritual Institution, 15, Southampton Row, London, W.C.:

On Monday evening, Dec. 6, Miss Samuel will attend a meeting of ladies interested in "Woman's Work for the Extension of Spiritual Truth," and deliver an address under the influence of her spirit-guides, after which there will be a conference. The collection will go towards the fund for the distribution of spiritual literature.

On Tuesday evening, December 7, Mr. Towns will give a seance. Collection towards Institution Week fund.

On Wednesday evening J. Burns, O.S.T., will give a lecture on "Spiritual Polity and Mutual Aid in Spiritual Work." Collection towards Institution Week fund.

On Thursday evening, December 9, the School of Spiritual Teachers will be glad to see friends present interested in educational Spiritualism.

On Friday evening, Dec. 10, J. Burns, O.S.T., will give a phrenological soiree. The collection towards Institution Week fund.

Other arrangements will be duly announced. Spiritualists in all parts are desired to hold Institution Week meetings, consult as to how best all Spiritualists may be associated by one spirit of wisdom and goodness, and make a small contribution from everyone towards our central work. Thus in sentiment and act many will be united, and give strength to the work.

MEDIUMS AND SPIRIT-CATCHERS BEWARE!

MEDIUMS BEWARE, because a handful of cynical, atheistic, hungry, or crapulous individuals, taking advantage of the prejudice against Spiritualism and Spiritualists, in order to ventilate their insignificant selves, have entered into a conspiracy to persecute the mediums. Therefore admit only those who are regularly introduced to you by respectable Spiritualists.

SPIRIT-CATCHERS BEWARE! for all Spiritualists are not meek and soft, and some of them have strong nerves and muscles, and if it ever happens that I, the undersigned, chance to be present at one of these seances into which squirts are imported, I'll promise that I will wrench the squirt from the hand of the uncouth boor, whether it be butcher or mad-doctor, and, after besmearing him well from head to foot with his own pigment, I will use as much force as may be necessary to expel him from the society of honest men. And if a police case be the result, the magistrate shall hear from Spiritualists what we think of the infamous persecution organised against serious men, who, defying the opposition and ridicule of an ignorant and money-grubbing world, are serving the cause of humanity. I give my word of honour as a gentleman to keep my promise.

G. DAMIANI.

London, Nov. 9.

REFLECTIONS ON THE ESPERANCE CASE.

A large space has been occupied in several numbers of *Mind and Matter* with a discussion of Mrs. Esperance's case. The Editor defends her valiantly, and his language in respect to her accusers is of the most vehement description: sharper verbal missiles could not be found in any vocabulary. In allusion to one remark we would say that "Resurgam," an entire stranger to us, was in the first instance introduced to us by Mr. Fidler, one or more of the articles being elaborated from notes supplied by that gentleman, as is stated in Mrs. Fidler's letter of evidence which we published a few weeks ago. We have always had the fullest confidence in Mr. Fidler and also Mrs. Esperance—which confidence has not been in the least shaken by recent events. In printing the letters of "Resurgam" we acted with every precaution, based upon the recommendation of Mr. Fidler, who appears to have acted in open friendship and good faith towards his new friend. The intuitions of the women, as expressed in Mrs. Fidler's letter, saw deeper than Mr. Fidler's polite desire to act in a gentlemanly manner towards an insinuating stranger.

It is an error to be too easy with all who desire to rush into the front rank. "You are harsh"—"be charitable" is the cant of those who are good for nothing but to uncharitably and harshly criticise those who have to take on heavy responsibilities. There is certainly no call for vile language, yet a spade must be called a spade, and in the interests of truth, spiritual publicists must use cognisable language in dealing with the most deadly enemies that assail the Movement.

We can state facts about men and their acts without censure or vindictiveness. The worst enemies of our Cause and of ourselves personally we have sincerely pitied, while for the guidance of the public we felt it to be our painful duty to make a truthful statement of their conduct. It would be better indeed, all round, if we could recognise facts

without blame. We are not sorry, after all, that such an episode as the Esperance case has occurred, and that we have been made use of to chronicle the event in its various aspects. The history of Spiritualism would not have been complete without just such a record of the methods and influences that have been at work in it. Like vice, they have only to be seen to be abhorred, and that we have brought them into the light we do not regret.

Mrs. Esperance has had a time of great suffering, in which she has won the sympathies of every right-minded person. Through these sufferings and sacrifice the Cause has been served in a way that could not have been attained otherwise. Never again will Mrs. Esperance use her mediumship in the same manner, and allow herself to become the victim of so much treachery and base ingratitude, and if she should not do as hitherto, then other mediums should also reform their methods. Her fate is a warning to all. The instrument, "Resurgam," the "Resurrectionist," the "Body Snatcher" (apt name), has also suffered. Can such a man be happy? Any man hopelessly looking for an "affinity" must have a "felt want," and be *minus* happiness. Blame him not. He has had to play his part in the drama. According to the Christian system there could have been no salvation without the Cross. Shall we, then, revile the officers who acted as instruments of the nether power, which by its own triumph was vanquished? Again and again in the history of the world, and personally in the experience of every one of us, the evil principle which has held us in thrall at last inflicts its final sting; but, like the bee, it loses its weapon in the act of using it, tears out its vitals, and perishes! So all our slanderers, expositors, vilifiers, and selfish plotters, the better they succeed in their dark mission, the sooner they do for themselves. We have seen crop after crop of these spring up in our Movement from year to year. They vainly thought they would vanquish everything and everybody, and place themselves in state on the ruins, like Nero fiddling amidst the ashes of Rome. But no sooner did they begin to succeed than they perished, and, like spiders and vermin generally, were swept away with the webs and dust which formed their home and food.

The righteous man or woman is the victim of them all,—they never assail one of their own order. He or she stands firm and permanent like the rock, while the angry spray of vicious fury, like the waves, is broken to fragments against its invulnerable sides.

MEDIUMSHIP OF NON-SPIRITUALISTS.

It seems to be a singular thing that Spiritualism and the belief in ghosts should be sneered at by one half of the community, whilst the other half believe in ghosts. I often have conversations with different people on the subject of the belief in ghosts. A German friend of mine does not believe in immortality, ghosts, and the significance of dreams; but his wife has told me that when a child of hers died a few years ago, she saw a white figure flitting across the room. A short time ago an Irishwoman told me she had seen a woman on her bedside. Where I live now there is a woman who declares she heard somebody coming up the stairs one evening, and thinking it was her husband, she opened the door, when she saw the spirit of the late landlord of the house. I myself, being in the yard this morning, saw a woman standing at a window which gives light to the stairs leading to the cellars. I had no sooner seen her face from the yard than I went inside and saw and heard nobody near the window. I had been clairvoyant several times before.

H. WALTER.

London, Oct. 25, 1880.

[It is a curious fact that certain persons will hear "noises" about a house such as footsteps, which are not heard by the other inmates, and in connection with the sounds see spirits and describe them accurately. There are also certain times, or moods of the perceiver, which favour the occurrence of these experiences. A large proportion of mankind are mediums of this kind, but on account of the general ignorance of spiritual matters, in which they themselves participate, this fountain of knowledge flows on without due appreciation.—Ed. M.]

A VEGETARIAN *Soiree*, including supper will be given at the Food of Health Restaurant, Farringdon Road, on Monday evening, Nov. 29. Chair to be taken at 7.45. Tickets, 1s. each, may be had at this office.

SOCIAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

COMMUNICATION FROM DR. KENEALY, SUNDAY AFTERNOON,
SEPTEMBER 26TH, 1880.

(Written through J. G. R., South London Spiritual Society,
8, Bournemouth-road, Peckham, London.)

LAND.

The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods, nor anything that is his.

One word stands forth at head of this discourse,
Yet much within those letters four doth lie;
The streams of vigorous life that ever roll
Within this sea-girt England do demand
The channell'd grooves, in which to easy flow,
And 'biding place to find.
Down from the heights of Spirit vision high,
Life is mapped out before our silent gaze;
From pinnacles of rest so lofty in the spheres,
We downward cast our thoughts upon the sons of men!
The soul-engaging themes that do our time employ,
Yourselves do much concern—an exercise of thought
For you is oft-time ours. The gentle waves of death,
That bore us from an earthly shore of time
Into a vaster ocean of eternal life,
But landed us upon the rocky crags,
And mountainous defiles of Spirit-land,
All clothed with verdure fading not,
And beauty e'er adorned; so from this vantage ground
We look—survey the lower scenes—
The world wherein we walked, and converse held
With many yet left there, who tread
The busy streets, and part do take
In active purposes, pursuits in life,
Tending to good or ill!

LAND! In far dim and shadowy past,
When thou, my country, wert unknown,
And had no place in nations of the world—
Barbarian hosts thy sons—thy daughters fierce and wild—
In these faint-visioned days they took by force,
By sword, by spear, what each desires craved.
Scarce doth a spot exist within thine isle,
But hath a scene of battle been,
And blood—the crimson tide,
The purchase money paid. As inch
By inch changed hands, and new possessors strove
Each in their turn to hold the tiny scrap
Of earth on which to build a home,
A shelter from the lawless storm and wind,
That oft so fiercely burst and threatened to destroy
The life that hotly pulsed within their exposed frames!

A little longer on—the scene doth change,
And kings and queens, and glittering knights and squires
Come now within the view—archbishops,
Priests, and monks, with haughty mien and form,
Bedeck'd in armour bright, or costly vestment draped,
Have now a part to play;
They parcel out, divide—do take unto themselves,
The varied soils of earth—the king desires
His vassal to retain, and firm allegiance keep
Unto the regnant power; a little "parcel" neat*
Unto that one conveyed is.

A deed of darksome guilt is done,
A conscience sore perturbed—unquiet is;
And ghostly absolution must be asked—
The Church demands a guerdon for such work;
A gift of land and "messuages" thereon;
She cannot pardons *give away*, oh, no!
This would not do! and so another lotment goes,
A monastery to found, or nunnery to build,
Or house of charity erect, *intended* for the poor.

But strange reversals do occur—the poor
Somehow do *outside* stand—the rich
Can work their own within, and reap
The benefit that pious founders meant
The poor, but true to shade!
Base is the work that hath been done
For years by hundreds past—
The craving deep within the soul
To wrest by dealings foul
The hoardings up of kindly men—
And women fair and good, who in their deathly hours
Desired help to leave to these
Who should hard suffering know, or else
To found a school, a place
For learning *free*, the children of the poor
Its occupants to be!
Shame! shame! we say, that at this hour
Are charities abused—hospital gates
More truly opened are,—but how of these
Vast legacies and gifts accumulating still—
Are they dispensed—distributed as skilful

* See form of legal phraseology in deeds, &c., "pieces" or *parcels* of land, "messuages," tenements, &c.

By those who left the trust, a solemn charge
 In hands that have betrayers been?
 Shame! shame! the public schools, the spots
 To knowledge dedicate—to learnings given—
 Are all these filled by those who should
 Of right be found therein? Reply to this ye men—
 Trustees and Governors, and Board who hold
 The keepings of such sacred trusts
 Within your loathsome grasp. The shades
 Of those who dowered, and who left
 The earthly help to cherish and to keep
 These holy works sustained for good,
 An answer do demand! What have ye done?
 Are poor within these walls or rich?
 Is "Christ's great house" ²inhabited by those
 Its kingly founder contemplated, or do they
 Who ought to have no place therein abide?
 And "Alleyne's House,"† how fares it, doth it hold
 The sons of poor alone—and are the funds
 Distributed to such as ought the gifts to share?
 These are but two—we might go on till night‡
 Had fallen quite around my Medium's room,
 With catalogues of ills, and acts of shame
 Performed by men—the men who sit
 As guardians of the poor, dispensers of the wealth
 That Christian souls, in times long past,
 Committed to your charge, ye who are now
 Descendants of the first betrayers of the trust
 In them reposed! Men think that when we die
 And "shuffle off the mortal coil," that then
 They are quite safe;—the wrongful acts—
 The dealings dark—the cries of suffering poor,
 Of orphan and of widow will ne'er then be heard,
 Or peculative dealing ne'er be seen or known.
 'Tis false! they are *all* known and judgment strict
 Awaits the dealer in such devilish work!
 It is of hell—and hell upon the earth
 Is formed by acts that hideous are;
 And hell of conscience doth await
 The doer of a wrong, the actor of an ill
 That suffering deep and dire may bring
 To multitudes unborn!

I have digressed—turned from the path
 Of straight and forward speech;
 But fired with the power of those
 Who are with me conjoined in thought,
 I vent do give to feelings of deep pain,
 That rise from them and from myself
 In contemplation of perverted good,
 And evil caused by trust abused
 And confidence betrayed! And it doth seem to us
 That questions as to charities and gifts
 Connected are with "*Land*," and so
 We think it not amiss to introduce
 Them in our theme, and so to interblend
 Along with threads of other thoughts!

A few more years roll on, and battles fierce,
 And tide of civil war sweep madly on;
 With desolative force they batter down
 Creations of the past. Lands change again
 To newer owners' hands; a king doth rise
 Who knew not those of former time;
 He favorites hath—desires them to endow—
 Enrich his lov'd—and so a little slice
 Of some choice land doth pass
 From regal fingers to more rich
 One who perchance hath highly favoured been
 In worldly things; so thus, and thus,
 In modes much similar, doth come to pass
 That dukes, and earls, and marquises possess
 The land, and hold within their hated grasp
 As lordings of the soil the major part
 Of English land this day! To trace
 Each separate dealing dark—to dig them
 Out from 'neath the buried mass of shameful work
 The past doth hide—is quite beyond my power
 At present time to do; I must now content
 Me with a few remarks upon the state—
 Position of the land, and of the many lords
 Who hold it as of right! The legislative horde
 Who in St. Stephen's sit will one day have to fight
 This battle out; and fierce will be the din
 Of party feeling; strong will be the force
 To fight at every step against a change
 That soon must be; hereditary rights
 Like walls of steel will rise, and every art
 And skill be used; resistance fierce
 Be made against plebeian assaults
 On antique forms; and heraldry and arms
 And rights of "patent" and of "gift,"
 In former time dragged forth to bolster up—
 Sustain positions that will surely fall

* The Blue Coat School. * Dulwich College.

‡ This part was written in the morning, and is a portion of the
 additions spoken of at the end.—J. G. K.

And crumble to decay!
 The change must come! The land so long
 Possessed—held by the few, the many yet must have!
 A great and silent work—a mighty strain
 Of thought is rising now—and it doth gather strength
 From hour to hour, and day to day, like an overwhelming flood,
 Destroying in its tide; it will, it shall be heard!
 "*Vox populi!*"—the People's voice,—
 Spreading from end to end of Islet form,
 Where'er they do reside! A struggle sharp must come!
 We trust not one of blood—but one of words
 So bitter, harsh, and strong, that walls
 Shall shake, and men must quake
 Who live by sin and wrong!
 The despot actions of the darker past,
 Creating lordly ones who drain
 A vital element from out the British heart,
 And swell themselves with lordly pride of mien,
 And fatten on the hardy toiler's strength,
 And from their pockets take away the coin
 That they by honest sweat have earned—
 These long past acts we say must now
 Enquired into be; stern justice doth demand
 The land for *all* who labour hard,
 And *should* its owners be!
 We blame them not in every case
 Who now possessors are; they are results
 Of causes in the past, are born
 Hereditary holders of the soil,—
 Entitled from the hour of earthly birth
 To hold you down, to tread
 Upon the necks of brother men;—withhold
 From them the right to call their own
 What God hath freely given
 Unto the rich, the poor alike!
 The right must yet be done!
 The hideous law, that loads and piles
 All things upon *one* man, and leaves
 His brother bare—that must be swept
 From statute books away! We think that this
 A stepping stone will be to lead
 Unto the greater work of right
 Performed yet to be!
 Parks, pleasure grounds, vast acres stand
 Alone, forsook, untrod, but by the pretty birds
 Who chirp and fly from tree to tree,—
 Or by the herds of shy and soft-eyed deer—
 Wastes, dreary wastes, for miles outspread,
 Unused, oh, man, by thee—untilled, forlorn
 These tracts of land appear—they owners have
 'Tis true,—and yet what use or profit e'er can be,
 To man from ye! The workers hard
 In cities great scarce breathe for want of air;
 Packed in vile dens—crowded in like birds
 Cooped up—to sell, or die!
 The balmy air sweeps o'er these tracts
 In vision seen before—why should they stand
 These pleasant spots—why should they thus be shown?
 Fair little hamlets might be seen,
 Bright smiling faces there—and homes
 Of industry serene, rise forth on every side,
 If right hadsway, could wiu the day
 From pomp and power and pride,
 That rule and hold the hearts of men
 By their dark hateful spell.
The Masses! do ye think of them
 Ye who sit high on thrones?
 On these they place you, like to Gods,
 To adulated be!
The Masses! do ye think of them,
 Ye who inhabit homes that wrested are
 From those who have a greater right than ye?
 Ye lordly and ye pompous ones,
 Ye are the chosen few,
 To hold dominion o'er the men
 Who work—who toil for you
 Without their aid the brilliant tints
 That life doth ware for you
 Would fade and dull become; the sweets
 Of earthly life turn sour.—Beware!
 Convulsions yet may shake the ground,
 Your palaces may sway in that
 Upheaving hour, 'twill usher in a day
 Of change; the places held by you
 To other men may pass.—If you resist, we fear
 For consequence dire, and for ills
 That will your country shake
 To her foundation base—the form
 Society now wears will pass—the high
 To low give place—the Throne
 All vacant stand—Imperialism end—
 A Monarchy depart, and in its place
 Rise Governmental power, Republican
 In form! The dynasties of Kings,
 For centuries thy pride, no more be thine.—The hour
 Of change approacheth! As the faint,
 Slight lifting of the leaves a herald is

Of coming stormy time; so we
Discern faint murmurings of a voice
That will still louder grow!
"Voe Peppi!"—and in that voice
"Voe Dei" we discern! Of God
The People are, His sons, His daughters, too.
The cry is for the Right! The cry
Is for the Truth! The cry is for a just,
An equitable law—the Law of Right!
That all alike should share
The beauties of your lower life,
And in so far as fair,
More equal stand; and in the place
Of what is held by might, that all
The Earth should share by right!

Millennial dawn, we look for thee!
Of thee have poets sung;
When will the night of darkness flee,
That o'er the world hath hung?
Oh, Father Infinite, we pray
For that long looked for hour—
The birth of Peace—the dawn of day
To change earth to a bowser.
A blissful paradise of joy,
O'er which no cloud shall lour.
May we, may all their time employ,
Who dwell in spheres above—
To bring this bliss without alloy
To those on earth who rove
And the harsh discordant scene,

That oft hides heaven bright;
Change sorrow deep to joy serene,
Lend peace from realms of light!

E. V. K.

Revised and largely added to by myself and others, through
the MEDIUM (J. G. R.), Tuesday Morning, November 2nd,
1880.

E. V. K.

QUEBEC HALL, 25, GREAT QUEBEC STREET.

On Sunday next Mr. MacDonnell will discourse on "The
Lord's Supper." Doors open at 6.15; service at 7 prompt.
On Monday Mr. Wilson at 8.30 on "Comprehension."
Tuesday at 8.30 Mr. Dunnige on "Some of the Peculiarities
of Christianity." Discussion to follow.
The usual seance on Saturday at 8. Mr. Hancock half an
hour previous to speak with strangers.
Mr. Burns will give a phrenological soiree on Tuesday even-
ing, November 30.
Mrs. Richmond will be unable to give the discourse as an-
nounced at Quebec Hall last Sunday.

BLACKHILL.—Mr. T. M. Brown commenced his public work
since his return from South Africa, on Sunday at Mrs Walton's
rooms. The place was crowded, and he met with a most
hearty reception: very different from the attitude of stangers.
Amongst these warm-hearted people he felt once more at
home. He was filled with gratitude as well as power to work,
and the meeting, though effective, was not at all exhausting.
Good conditions make good mediums and satisfied sitters.

NEUMEYER HALL

BLOOMSBURY MANSIONS.

PROGRAMME

OF THE

FAREWELL CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN TO
MR. AND MRS. RICHMOND,

ON

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 13th, 1880,

To Commence at Eight o'clock.

CONDUCTOR MR. JOHN C. WARD.

TICKETS, 3s. RESERVED, 5s. May be obtained at the office of the
"Medium and Daybreak," 15, Southampton-row; 33, Great
Russell-street, and at the Hall.

PART I.

Overture	"Der Calif von Bagdad"	Boieldieu
	The Misses Ward.	
Song	"The bend of the river"	Blumenthal
	Miss Clementina Ward.	
Song	"When in the early morning"	Gounod
	Mr. E. Tietkens.	
Solo (Concertina)	"Rigardon" (A.D. 1683)	Arranged by H. Roe
	Mr. John C. Ward	
Song	"The Guardian Angel"	Gounod
	Miss Ada Earee.	
Song	"The Message" (by request)	Blumenthal
	Mr. John C. Ward.	
Duett	"Una sera d'amore"	Campana
	Miss Ada Earee and Mr. E. Tietkens.	
Song	"The old street lamp."	Molloy.
	Miss Kathleen Hunt.	
Duett	"Tell me where is fancy bred"	Sir John Stevenson
	The Misses Ward.	
A SHORT ADDRESS BY THE CHAIRMAN, WEBSTER GLYNES, ESQ.		

PART II.

Glee	"Sleep, gentle lady."	Bishop.
	The Misses Ward	
	Mr. E. Tietkens and Mr. John C. Ward.	
Solo (Pianoforte)	"Polonaise in A"	Chopin
	Miss Clementina Ward.	
Song	"The old house at home"	Loder
	Mr. John C. Ward.	
Song	"Apprenticed"	M. Lindsay
	Miss Kathleen Hunt.	
Song	"Good night, beloved"	Balfe
	Mr. E. Tietkens.	
Song	"The beating of my own heart"	Macfarren
	Miss Evelyn Ward.	
Solo (Concertina)	"Serenade"	G. Regondi
	Mr. John C. Ward.	
Song	"The Kerry Dance"	Molloy
	Miss Ada Earee.	
FINAL	"The star-spangled banner"	America.
	CARRIAGES AT TEN.	

HAPPY EVENING

AT THE GOSWELL HALL,

(290, GOSWELL ROAD, near the ANGEL, ISLINGTON)
THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 18, 1880.

Tickets 1s. each, may be had of Mr. Towns, 1, Albert Terrace,
Barnsbury Road, N., Mr. Swindin, 34, Pancras Road, King's
Cross, Mr. King, and Mr. Burns, 15, Southampton Row.

JOSEPH FREEMAN, Esq., will preside.

Doors open at 6.30 p.m., to commence at 7 p.m. promptly.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.		
Pianoforte Solo	"Battle March"	J. Pridham
	Miss A. SPAREY.	
Song	"Never Again"	F. H. Cowen.
	Miss FLORA HAMILTON.	
Solo	"Sweethearts"	Sullivan.
	Mr. K. SMITH.	
Duet	"To the Woods"	
	The Misses GILLIAM.	
Song	"The Anchor's Weighed"	Braham.
	Mr. L. G. FREEMAN.	
Song	"The Ballad Singer"	Lindley.
	Miss M. A. SPAREY.	
Song	"Tom Tough"	Dibben
	Mr. Fred. Evans.	
Recitation	"Candle's visit to Greenwich Fair"	
	Mr. E. FURSE.	
Song	"Let me Dream Again"	Sulli.
	Miss BESSIE FREEMAN.	
Song	"I Fear no Foe"	Pinsuti.
	Mr. PRESLEY	
Reading	"Mary, Queen of Scots."	
	Mr. J. N. Greenwell.	
PART II.		
Pianoforte Duet	"Husarenitt"	F. Spindler.
	The Misses Everitt.	
Song	"Darby and Joan"	Molloy.
	Miss FLORA HAMILTON.	
Song	"Tell me Mary, how to Woo Thee"	Hodson.
	Mr. K. SMITH.	
Duet	"When the Wind Bloweth in from the Sea"	
	The Misses GILLIAM.	
Song	"Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye"	Hatton.
	Mr. MING.	
Song	"Waiting"	Millard.
	Miss M. A. SPAREY.	
Song	"If doughty deeds"	Sullivan
	Mr. Fred. Evans.	
Recitation	"The Schoolmaster and his Apples"	
	Mr. E. FURSE.	
Duet	"Love and War"	T. Cooke.
	Messrs. L. G. FREEMAN and PRESLEY.	
Character Song	Sir J. Porter, K.C.B. (H.M.S. Pinafore)	Sullivan.
	Mr. F. GUY.	

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M.C.—Mr. D. McKELLAR.

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- 21.—Mr. Tetlow, Heywood.
- 28.—Mr. Brown, Manchester.

Mr. Wallace, President; R. A. Brown, Secretary, 33, Downing Street, Manchester.

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Temperance Hall, Grosvenor Street.

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- 14.—Mr. Cross, Macclesfield.
- 21.—Mr. Tetlow and Mr. Harper.
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All men are equal in their birth Angels, bright angels, are ever around Angels bright are drawing near Arayed in clouds of golden light Assembled at the closing hour As we part our prayer ascendeth Author of good, we rest on thee [right Be firm and be faithful: desert not the Calm on the bosom of thy God Clay to clay, and dust to dust Come they, when the shades of evening Cherish faith in one another Death is the fading of a cloud Earth is waking, day is breaking Eternal Source of light and life Far from mortal cares retreating Father, breathe an evening blessing Father of all, in every age Floating on the breath of evening For all thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord Forever wakefully the air is turning Forward! the day is breaking Friends never leave us, those who call From realms supernal, fair and bright From the recesses of a lowly spirit God is Love: his mercy brightens God that madest earth and heaven Gracious Source of every blessing Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah Hail! the heavenly scenes of peace Hand in hand with angels Hark! hark! from grove and fountain Hark! the songs of angels swell Hath not thy heart within thee burned? Heaven is here; its hymns of gladness He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower Here at thy grave we stand	Here we meet with joy together How cheering the thought How pure in heart and sound in head How sweet, how heavenly is the sight Holy Spirit, kindly bless us How shall I know Thee in the sphere If 'tis sweet to mingle where Immortal praise to God be given In the broad fields of heaven In the lone and silent midnight In the sky that is above us Is it not sweet to think, hereafter Is heaven a place where pearly streams It is a faith sublime and sure Joy and pain to all are given Let monumental pillars rise Let one loud song of praise arise Life is onward,—use it Life is the hour that lies between Lo, in the golden sky Lo! the day of rest declineth Lord! subdue our selfish will Lord! what a fecting breath Love all! there is no living thing Love never sleeps! the mother's eye May the grace of guardian angels Mortal, the Angels say My God, my Father, while I stray Nearer, my God, to thee No bitter tears for thee be shed No human eye thy face may see Now the shades of night are gone Now to heaven our prayer ascending Ocean and land the globe divide O give thanks to him who made O God of ages, by whose hand O land of bliss, my heart now turns	One sweet flower has dropped and faded Our blest Exemplar, ere he breathed Our God is love: and would he doom O Thou unknown, almighty Cause O Thou, to whom in ancient time O Thou who driest the mourner's tear Part in peace! is day before us? Peace be thine, and angels greet thee Praise for the glorious night Praise God, from whom all blessings flow Praise to thee, though great Creator Prayer is the soul's sincere desire Sail its above hold sweet communion Shall we gather at the river She passed in beauty! like a rose Should sorrow o'er thy brow Sleep on your pillow Slowly by God's hand unfurled Soon shall the trump of freedom Sow in the morn thy seed Speak gently, it is better far Spirits bright are ever nigh Star of Progress, guide us onward Supreme o'er all Jehovah reigns Sweet are the ties that bind in one Tell me not in mournful numbers The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall The mourners came, at break of day The morning light is breaking The morn of peace is beaming The dead are like the stars by day The mystery of the Spirit's birth The outward world is dark and drear The perfect world by Adam trod The Sabbath sun was setting slow The Sage his cup of hemlock quaffed The spacious firmament on high	The voice of an angel The world has much of beautiful The world may change from old to new There is a calm for those who weep There is a land my eye hath seen There is a land of pure delight There is a pure, a peaceful wave, There is a state, unknown, unseen There is no death—'tis but a shade They are passing, upward passing They are winging, they are winging Thou art, O God, the light and life Thou art the first and thou the last Thou who art enthroned above Though wandering in a stranger-land Thy name be hallowed evermore To thee the Lord Almighty To the father's love we trust To the world of spirit gladness True prayer is not th' imposing sound Your souls, like shadows on the ground We come at morn and dewy eve We gladly come to-day We do not die—we cannot die We will not fear the beautiful angel Welcome angels, pure and bright Whatever clouds may dim the day When fortune beams around you When I survey life's varied scene When in the busy haunts of men With silence only as their benedicta When sorrow on the spirit feeds When the hours of day are numbered When the evening star is stealing When troubles overlow the soul Wilt thou not visit me With sunshine always on his face
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