



A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE HISTORY, PHENOMENA, PHILOSOPHY,
AND TEACHINGS OF

SPIRITUALISM.

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND ABROAD.]

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[PRICE 1½

1882.—AND FURTHER BACK.

It is usual at the end of the year to look back, take stock, realize present position, and prepare for the future. To do so satisfactorily in our case requires that the retrospect be extended to a longer period than the year just closing.

That Spiritualism is making rapid strides, and in a commendable direction, our readers have abundant testimony. It is not progress that we require to recount, for our columns contain much of that every week; but impediments in the way of progress need to be surveyed, their nature determined, and steps taken for their removal.

THE LIABILITIES.

Not a few correspondents have of late written, desiring that we would once again make a statement of the way in which our Liabilities came about, that a further incentive might be provided for their removal. New friends are constantly coming into the Movement, and not knowing its history, any such particulars might be useful to them.

But why particularly instance "our liabilities?" Are not liabilities a universal concomitant of reforms, moral, scientific, religious and spiritual purposes? Do not our churches, hospitals, missions, schools, scientific bodies, and societies of all sorts, continually appeal for funds, or systematically labour to obtain them? The Spiritual Institution embodies all the purposes just named, and in the most unpopular sense, so that it stands as needful of support as all of these efforts and institutions combined. It seems quite unnecessary to ask why we have liabilities. How could it be supposed that such a work could be carried on without?

LIABILITIES IN GENERAL.

But let us look at other departments of the Spiritual Movement. The smallest society or public meeting begins and ends in "Liabilities,"—the collection of money, and the stoppage of proceedings when it is all spent. A hall ministering to say fifty persons will turn over, at least, £50 per annum and be begging all the time. That is £1 per head for the congregation. The Spiritual Institution ministers to many thousands in the year at a fraction of expense per head, and yet halls do not

keep open long, because of the pressure of "Liabilities," and stranger still, those who are thus in the collecting line, profess not to be able to understand why the Spiritual Institution has any need of money!

Spiritual work is a matter of monetary sacrifice, outlay, from first to last. When it becomes a profitable trade, and is worked as such, it ceases to be a spiritual work altogether.

OTHER PEOPLE'S LIABILITIES.

When the good David Weatherhead and his co-workers commenced at Keighley, many years ago, they set up a printing press, as we have done at the Spiritual Institution, and toiled and worked and collected help without any idea of a commercial return. It was wholly a work of "liabilities" and a labour of love.

When the "Spiritual Magazine" was carried on, it was occasionally necessary to make a collection to cover the loss on it, and yet the proprietors were rich men, who could have put in their thousands, but they took good care to ask others to stand their share of the racket. The Spiritual Institution carried on the "Spiritual Magazine" for three years at a loss of £60; and, having passed through a course of treatment by Dr. Sexton, it died in the embrace of Mr. Enmore Jones. If the proprietors had respected the old steed, they would have let it rest its bones at the Spiritual Institution which did so much to maintain it.

Then there was Mr. Cooper, who started a weekly paper and a lyceum, and lost a fortune by it. His expenditure was great because he had to pay for all that was done. He could tell a tale of "liabilities."

Several adventures have been made later on, all to the effect of spending a considerable amount of money, causing divisions, and making it harder for the real permanent worker. The "liabilities" killed them all.

More recently two papers were started which yet exist. After much financial effort, companies were formed with shares and promises of dividend (or why "shares"). Large sums of money were raised. It is all gone. Both papers have been subsisting on charity for some time. One of them similar in size to the MEDIUM has been selling at double the price, viz., 3d., and has recently raised £200 as a guarantee for its continued existence. This looks as if "liabilities" were no respecters of persons.

The "Spiritualist" though sustained by contributions

and giving about half of the matter for the money, did not pay. The publisher sold his books at a high price and got a bonus with some, yet he gave up with liabilities of £300.

There is no one single effort which has been made in Spiritualism, but in which the question of "liabilities" has been more menacing than in our case. We require much less money to do much more work, than has ever been achieved in any other spiritual effort in this country.

HOW OUR LIABILITIES CAME ABOUT.

From what has been said the question need not be further entertained, as it has been shown that all spiritual work engenders expenditure.

First, we may say, that in opening the Spiritual Institution, at 15, Southampton Row, several hundreds of pounds of expenses were incurred which had to be repaid. Then the MEDIUM was started without any kind of guarantee fund. These two great undertakings would have been impossible, had it not been for the generosity of private individuals, as recent efforts in other quarters render self-evident.

Second, came the attack on Slade, Monck, and mediums generally. Our work was then at its height, Books were being multiplied and circulated, and everybody was busy sowing the seed. The defence of mediums altogether diverted people's efforts into another channel, and the work of promoting the Cause stood still. This was a sad blow to our publishing department. In a word, it meant ruin.

Third in order was the failure of a printer. Our bills were held by the Bank. The last could not be paid, and that was the cause of litigation, and all the horrors and expenses of executions, possession, &c., &c.

Fourth, was the persecution by the travelling speakers, led on by Thomas Walker, and aided by the societies and committees. Not content with the exercise of slanderous tongues, these assaiants printed their contradictory charges and assertions, and had them distributed as widely as possible. The publisher of the MEDIUM was represented in the most odious light, and care was taken that all who had any dealings with him should be supplied. This foul work was performed from the platform on Sundays, and in every way it was attempted to be shown that our Spiritual Worker was a very vile sort of an individual.

Fifth, grew out of fourth. One paper was started, then another. The slanderers and vilifiers eagerly aided in the establishment of these rival newspapers. The object was, first to destroy Burns, then there would be a clear field for other projects. Capital was raised, as has been above stated, "according to act of Parliament," and we suppose it has been lost "according to act of Parliament."

Sixth,—a loan was obtained from an assurance office to help meet the claims in the bankruptcy case and other expenses. This has led to an incessant persecution by the company, on account of the failure of a surety. When legal people get their hand in, they take care that for every £1 you must pay two.

Look, then, at the accumulation of disasters! In addition to keeping up a weekly paper, and other publications, with an Institution—which is, in fact, an association with more members than all the others in the kingdom put together,—there were all of these drawbacks, culminating in the ruin of the business department, the destruction of one's good name far and wide, the loss of credit, and burdens, annoyance, and labour indescribable.

Through it all we stuck firmly to the spiritual work, and let everything else go to the wall for the time. The turning-point was when the printer of the MEDIUM refused to work longer. From the Slade case till then, there was a deficiency of some £300 a year, do as we might. Then we commenced to print the MEDIUM, and saved that which formerly fell in arrears.

This is a short sketch, but the subject is so painful

to us that we cannot dwell on it. For be it remembered that in addition to earning our own living, we actually give services to the Cause worth hundreds of pounds per annum. It is this labour given that has enabled the Spiritual Institution and the MEDIUM to be carried on at all.

There is nothing for it but peg away. God's Truth stops at no impediment. We take credit for nothing but doing our duty as well as our weakness would permit; and that is nothing but what we ought to do. Others have stood by us, or all our efforts would have been futile, every little has helped, even as well as the larger aids.

It will be seen that the debt is not ours, we had either to incur it at all hazards or give in. That we could get so much credit is quite a testimonial in itself. The burden has been borne through the toilsome dark years. More years of struggle and worry, and we will be clear, but without a penny in our pocket. All that we want to do while on earth, is to work for Truth: we can carry none of earth's dross to another world. We have been sustained even in the midst of the organized plots of enemies. These have become weaker, while we have been getting stronger. We owe no man a grudge; all has been done in accordance with the will of heaven if not "act of parliament." It has shown the true basis of spiritual work. When the burden has lain so long as do its work, it will go, and then the willing back will be ready for other burdens, if it please God to honour it with use. So we are not a little gratified at our "Liabilities." They indicate a service and a stewardship which give strength to the soul.

And not ourselves alone, but all who have helped, stand with us in the glorious possession of having done heaven's work as best they could, in those days when doing so meant courage and self-sacrifice. The All-Father will not forget: never fear that!

PROPRIETY IN PROMOTING SPIRITUALISM IS RECOMMENDED.

A CONTROL BY "JOSEPH STURGE," WHO OBJECTS TO "CHARLES MATTHEWS'" PROPOSALS.

Recorded by A. T. T. P., November 25, 1882.

I asked the Sensitive, whether he had had any interviews with anyone since I saw him on the day previous. He said he had seen no one, but he had heard the name of "Charles Matthews," who seemed to be having a dispute with some other spirits. Among other names he said he distinctly heard the name of my ancestor, "John Michell."

He went under control and spoke as follows:—

Their main reasons were objected to on the part of "Charles Matthews." He claims for his particular branch of his profession, the rarest, and most choice opportunities of bringing into universal esteem, Spiritualism. This will meet, as assuredly as in the past, stern opposition. They argued there was a dislike, and disinclination on the part of your surroundings, to any effort likely to prove unsuccessful, and that, in order that the effort should be correct and vigorous, the best means must be employed to promote it, and that over this first effort, they would remain in an agony of suspense, until the success was assured.

They (your surroundings), are but poor dissemblers of their dislike, and although they have a thorough respect for the earnestness of "Charles Matthews," still they are "adversus malos in jucundos," and consequently are not over eager of immatured effort. They argue that your guide has reached a position of wonderful gravity and wisdom, and that he has within his grasp the whole science and mystery of spiritual law, and they await for his assent ere the unskillfulness of some well-meaning spirit should mar their past efforts.

He more thoroughly knows the temper, disposition, and genius of the times. He recognises, that souls are growing everyday more strong and inquisitive respecting the future, and this idea of "Charles Matthews" at the present moment fills only the place of an innovation, which may be successful; but which, on the other hand, might produce erroneous effects.

Dear Recorder, that some of us should be sharp-sighted on the consequence of any action is a necessity. There have

been too many mistakes in the past. There have been phenomena without wisdom or rule; there have been phenomena, which have only been worthy of ridicule; and it is necessary for the sake of unity to be courteous and affable to all classes of thinkers, so as to reconcile men of all degrees.

Of your honour and glory your surroundings are jealous. You have for years been adding to a natural curiosity, and, in matters relating to the future, have entertained thousands of minds with various and delightful views of the future state. You have given a true account of that which you have reasonably accepted, for the benefit and use of man. You have sought in spiritual knowledge a subject whereon to rest your uncertain and restless soul. It has given you a fair prospect of research; it has enabled you to take commanding ground amidst various and conflicting opinions, and in teaching others, Mr. Recorder, you have yourself learnt.

Briefly let me go over the advantages given and received. You have looked around and witnessed an evil and its remedy growing side by side. The evil has been but too apparent; whilst the remedy has remained unwitnessed by advanced intellects. The evil has not grown rapidly into strength; but, if of a gradual growth, it has been a sure one. Eighteen centuries have passed, and the end of the nineteenth is looming very near, and the ideas of men have grown with the times, and the immensity of the shadow would obscure entirely the truth, were it not for the eternal law of God, which imposes change and progress on all things, and the life and vigour which once belonged to the evil, will be gradually transferred to the remedy. Wrong has always had its protesting spiritual witnesses. Every great deed of wrong has been spiritually protested against; and knowing, that the remedy must be gradual in its growth, they look with serious import on any spirit whose reckless uncertain humour compels him to take a leading hand in the concerns of all around them. They admit the possibility of success; but they also admit the possibility of failure. On earth, "Charles Matthews," abounded in gaiety and good humour. His soul was at leisure to dwell on the gratification of others, and, consequently, was subject to flights of pleasantry, and bursts of laughter: but it is not by these premature attempts, that confirmed success is assured. It is a departure from the steady industrious working of the past. It has been said by one, who has controlled here, "Archimedes," that he could remove the world out of its place if he had but somewhere to set his foot. It takes a genius to create something out of nothing; but true genius consists in being enabled to straighten that portion of life which is divinely given.

The greatest philosophers have averred, that we, your guides, are contemplating, as possible, universal happiness. They but partly agree in this opinion of the past and present. They are not aiming, in the first place, at universal happiness, for that will be an after consequence to universal truth. They are aiming, then, first at universal truth; and they have realized that a period of learning is necessary for preparation, and, consequently, they removed from your soul all fear of the judgments of other men. Therefore, you are not seeking for flattery, nor fearing to fall into contempt: you claim the right of free liberty to tell the truth, touching spiritual matters that you have investigated for years; and the more freely you speak the better you will be liked. The more you make known the extension of God's great bounty to men, the greater will be your happiness hereafter. The world will never be different to you whilst ignorance predominates and reason is chained. You are not offering to the expectation of men a vulgar and obvious subject, but that which is sublime, abstruse, and intricate; a knowledge removed by circumstances from common observation and sense.

To realize the grounds of your argument, the best forces of mind must make their utmost endeavours. There are too many who are too ready with satire and ridicule, both of them capital weapons to laugh vice and folly out of the world; but, when they attack the solemn, the serious, the praiseworthy, no greater proof is given them of the ungenerous temper of the satirist.

I have entered on this explanation, that, you may the better realize that the same differences of opinions extend to our side as exist here on earth. There are but very few men living on earth that can define the nature of the understanding, and its power, and the busy soul must be cautious in meddling with things exceeding its power of comprehension, and must dread action beyond the reach of its capacity. All men, of whatever grade of mind, have cause enough to give praises to God for his individualized proportions and degrees of knowledge; for all men have this provision of knowledge, that, if they will, shall lead to a better life hereafter: so that although the time is near for great efforts,—although there is on our side as well as on the earth-side the desire of communicating spiritual knowledge, we do not want the tidings so publicly made to be ill-considered, and we consider more seriousness of soul should be used in this effort. A soul more phlegmatic, not one who with praise is rewarded, or who is listened to with impatience, would continue this spirit message with stern tranquility. There are many, who will be ready to volunteer for the task. He that successfully undertakes it will earn the title of man's greatest deliverer; but he who undertakes the task and

fails through instability, will then perpetuate a mischief, and instead of giving liberty, will make the masses worse and more disorderly.

Your guides, then, are in the position of counsellors, and they are the governing power: not wildly groping in darkness, but prepared by forethought at all points. They have trained the Sensitive more to earnestness in oratory, than to the light and versatile. Through him by your earnest endeavour many have lived that state of life which has prepared them for the great change. As you have been a relief to many, who have been mentally suffering, and have aroused souls, that had been given to apathy or irritation, misanthropical and visionary. You have touched such souls with the brightness of hope: you have given to their pigmy forms a giant growth; you have offered them new soul life, new energies, and your little world builds and confesses a metamorphosis which defies the comprehension of those outside your faith. Your wit has lashed unmercifully all the meanness of soul, lying and slandering. You have proved the Being of God, from the relation of soul here and hereafter; and this being so, your surroundings will not allow any offer which is likely to interfere with the personal work performed by yourself. The world of your guides is the world of reason; the world of "Charles Matthew" is the world of fancy. Reason is strength of sentiment: illustrations, following each other of degraded and debased souls is another passion over his aspirations. Reason is like the sun in the everlasting heavens—constant and lasting; whilst fancy is like a comet—a subject of wonder for a brief period. It has its day of bright and transitory lustre; but it is delusive in its actions, and in effects irresolute, and there are many chances that if fancy interferes, man may still remain the slave of fear and the fool of hope. whilst reason in its earnest effort may enable man to walk through the tumult of earth's life in such a manner that he may be preparing daily for the ever-advancing future.

I have referred to your surroundings as the governing parties. All men will admit that power should be reposed in such as are superior to others, in such as are nearest to the perfection of Him, who is emphatically styled the Eternal One. They should possess wisdom, power, and goodness. These are the natural foundations of good government; and knowing the importance of their work, they are jealous for their success. Their theme is the highest the soul can conceive, and its truth is unalterable. Nature endorses its every claim. The day dies into night, and is buried in silence and darkness, but it rises again from darkness to the light, and to the brightness of day; so shall the soul live hereafter. Such is the message of your surroundings. The summer dies into the darkness and blackness of winter; the snow covers the earth as with a garment, forming a grand and mighty sepulchre, where lies the mighty summer. But the plants and the flowers rise again; for winter has not annihilated them, and the returning summer revives their growth, and they flourish again in the sunlight. This is Nature's yearly resurrection; and so shall the soul of man rise again. Man's greatest necessity, the bread which he eats, has been derived from corruption and decay. Nature is offering continually for observation flowery types of that which awaits the immortal soul. Nature cries: "I preserve all things by perishing; all things only live again by dying. Oh, Soul, look and grasp the truth I offer you." In every day of your earth experience can you realize that you shall be detained alone in death, and never live again. Dare you to imagine that God, who restores all things through death, shall forget man, on whom He has set the seals of perfection in Creation? You have been labouring for years; you have waded through many stages. First, there was the self-comparing argument, disentangling your perplexities, and your intellectual activity was busy, whilst toiling with cautious steps up the narrow road of demonstration. How many in these first, or primal stages, find weariness follow their labour, and then abandonment follows; but you passed that stage to find yourself, according to that law of universal progression, still dissatisfied. Your soul said to self: "I believe I have collected so many proofs, that reason can no longer withhold acknowledgment; still there is the dissatisfaction of rest. I must be up and doing, inculcating this truth; recapitulating the facts collected, and assorting the tenets as taught by my surroundings."

But remember, that you must be patient with opposition, and although you may keenly realize the doubts as insolent, yet be patient, and rely on your surroundings, that your labours of the past will never be allowed to fail—at all events not by novel and dangerous experiments spiritually. There are plenty who will be ready to come forward in opposition. You think that you have received a fair amount of opposition in the past; prepare in the future for it to be repeated ten times ten. There are plenty who envy your deep researching, and whilst admitting the singularity of your judgment, will be only too ready to place their finger on any error or infirmity. But it is strange, that those who are the first to throw a blemish on another man's reputation, are those who lie open to the same censure in their own characters; consequently, as thinking cannot injure you, so their cavilling you can pass by.

(Continued on page 821.)

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF THE MEDIUM For the year 1883 in Great Britain.

As there will be 52 Numbers of the MEDIUM issued in 1883, the price will be—

One copy, post free, weekly	0 2	...	per annum	0 8 8
Two copies	0 4	...	"	0 17 4
Three "	0 5½	...	"	1 3 10
Four "	0 7½	...	"	1 12 6
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Six "	0 10½	...	"	2
Thirteen "	1 6	...	"	2 18
Additional copies, post free, 1½d. each per week, or 6s. 6d. per year.				

THE "MEDIUM" FOR 1882 POST FREE ABROAD.

One copy will be sent weekly to all parts of Europe, United States, and British North America, for 8s. 8d.

To India, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and nearly all other countries, for 10s. 10d.

Money Orders may now be sent from nearly every country and colony to London through the Post Office. In other cases a draft on London, or paper currency, may be remitted.

All orders for copies, and communications for the Editor, should be addressed to Mr. JAMES BURNS, Office of the MEDIUM, 15, Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

The MEDIUM is sold by all news-vendors, and supplied by the wholesale trade generally.

Advertisements inserted in the MEDIUM at 6d. per line. A series by contract.

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.
Tuesday.—Mr. Towns, Clairvoyance, at 8 o'clock.

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1882.

OUR INDEX.

The results of our Christmas Holiday we present to our readers yearly as a Christmas Box, in the shape of an Index to the current Volume. Of course the labour involved may enhance the value of this catalogue of items, in our eyes, but we feel persuaded that it is the most important part of the annual contents. Look through it, and see what a multiplicity of interests it represents, and what a wide expanse of subject-matter and territory it covers. There is really in every volume of the MEDIUM a considerable number of valuable books, if published separately, worth many times the cost of the paper itself.

We hope these facts will induce all true Spiritualists to make, each, all due effort to place the MEDIUM weekly in as many hands as possible. It is a mighty engine for spreading the most advanced teachings, and comes to its thousands of readers without the slightest effort on their part. Yet their efforts added to that put forth at the centre, would increase the power of usefulness manifold.

Those who are wise will be careful to preserve complete sets of the MEDIUM for future use. The time is coming when complete sets will be of great value. We wish to see in every Spiritualist home, a goodly row of MEDIUM volumes on a shelf, taken frequently down and perused, especially by those who are looking into the subject. It is with the view of usefulness in this form, that we toil to compile an Index.

We also provide nice cloth cases, for binding the volumes, which we can send to any address for 2s. 6d. each.

THE "MEDIUM" FOR 1883.

Next week opens a new volume. Between now and then, we hope all our subscribers will promptly send in their subscriptions for 1883, viz., 8s. 8d. per copy, post free. By so doing we will be saved great trouble and considerable expense. As it is, the work is carried on at a sacrifice, and any saving effected by promptitude will be equivalent to a gift.

We would respectfully solicit the best efforts of all, to add to the list of subscribers. On receipt of 1s. we will send on the MEDIUM to any address for six weeks, as a trial subscription. To save postage, our friends may hand in the names of fresh subscribers to newsagents who are in the habit of supplying the paper.

We thank those who have been so diligent in the past, and crave their kindly offices in the future.

Our neighbours, Holy Trinity Church, Little Queen Street, require to raise immediately, £300, "to pay liabilities and to carry on our work." The Spiritual Institution is not the only work in the district that has "liabilities" for which funds must be raised.

ZOLLNER'S PORTRAIT NEXT WEEK.

The engraving has arrived from Germany, just one week too late for the Christmas Number. It will be in good time for next week, and be a frontispiece to the volume for 1883. This will afford an excellent opportunity for our friends to give extra circulation to next week's issue. Let us have any special orders before Wednesday next.

A FRATERNAL ACT TOWARDS MISS LOTTIE FOWLER.

To the Editor.—Sir,—I was pleased to see in your columns a notice of Miss Lottie Fowler's mediumship, by Miss Corner. I have already given you a narrative of my visit to her some years ago—of her marvellous but truthful descriptions of the past, present, and somewhat of the future of my life. I had never seen her before, and I have not seen her since; but she has a niche in a warm corner of my better self, for the good that her revelations did me. Writing to a friend or two I find a similar idea with us, and that is, that an act of recognition of some kind should be made towards her early in the new year, to show our sympathy with her, as a servant of the spirit-world, and appreciation of herself, personally, and her mediumship, during the many years she has been with us in England.

I know, by experience, what sympathy and kindness is worth to a medium,—and how much all mediums need it; and Miss Fowler is one who richly deserves not only sympathy, but material support and acknowledgment. She must have had visitors of good means during the course of these ten years past, and if they feel as grateful as myself they would willingly subscribe according to their means towards a little present to her in this trying crisis of the Cause. Our American brothers are treating our mediums nobly. Let us, as English brothers and sisters, do something for a real honest genuine American medium, who so richly deserves it.

I am too far from the Great Metropolis to assist in the work, but surely there are Spiritualists who would take the matter into consideration. If some suitable hall were engaged in London, I have no doubt there are many able and kind friends who would give their services towards a good programme, for an evening's entertainment and instruction; the profits from which, and subscriptions freely and speedily given, would raise—at least—a small sum, that, united with kindly feeling, would, I have no doubt, gladden the heart of Miss Fowler and make the coming one a happy new year to her.—Yours truly,

T. DOWSON.
The Manse, Framlingham, Suffolk, December 18, 1882.

PSYCHOMETRY, SEERSHIP, PHRENOLOGY.

Some time ago, I wrote to Mr. A. Duguid for a delineation of myself, not saying a word, merely enclosing a lock of hair, and paper well magnetised.

I had a wonderful and true statement in reply, and strange to say, it tallied exactly with J. M. Spears' delineation of me, being similar in language and ideas. It agreed with Mr. Burns' Phrenological delineation of me, and there were points which Miss Lottie Fowler touched upon also. Altogether it clenched the previous examinations, with no contradictions. I wanted to publish a description of it at the time, but Mr. Duguid was not willing to appear as if pushing his gift on public notice.

J. F. YOUNG.
Llanely, Dec. 24, 1882.

We thank our friends for the generous manner in which our Christmas Number has been patronized. It has literally gone off in hundreds. And still there is a brisk demand for it. A few yet remain, which are at the disposal of those who can make a good use of them. Price 1s. 6d. per dozen, post free.

The Control published this week, is the last of a series of theatrical controls, comprising the two which appeared before last week, and this one. No doubt the time is at hand when a power of instructive eloquence will manifest itself abundantly. So that the present system of engaging "speakers" will be entirely superseded.

Our Christmas Box, this year, was a packet of cabinet portraits of the Ven. Archdeacon Colley, Natal, bearing the imprint, as photographer, of W. L. Caney, a name which we recognise as that of an old London friend. It is a splendid portrait and fine specimen of high-class photography. Mr. Colley's friends will be glad to secure copies, which we can send on receipt of 2s. for each, as they are much too good to give away for nothing.

On Sunday evening, the last day of 1882, J. Burns, O.S.T., will deliver a discourse at the Spiritual Institution, 15, Southampton Row, entitled: "Spiritualism, an Aristocratic Religion." To commence at 7 o'clock. Afterwards he will proceed to Quebec Hall, and take part in the meeting which terminates Mr. Dale's management there.

The Index has caused many communications to stand over till next week.

CONTROL BY "JOSEPH STURGE."

(Concluded from page 819.)

They are men alone with physical sense of the earth, without any, or with but few future aspirations. There are others who will apply your lesson to good ends; those who are invested with dispositions to conform to reason. It is to those we will make our strongest appeal; therefore, whatever may be settled by your surroundings, you may depend—First, that the effort is near; that the term of training is nearly past; that the effort will soon be made; and may God bless it that it will be made by whomsoever your surroundings may call on; whether it be with the oratory of a Demosthenes, the subtlety of a Lord Chancellor or the fancy of a "Charles Matthews."

What your surroundings require is this: that the attempt be well made, and that its effect be a successful one. It was originally intended that the first effort should be made by Demosthenes, or by some of his contemporaries, such as Hyprides, Democritus, Æschines, Men—ides,* men who chose the position of patriots; men who had a perfect knowledge of public oratory; men who had been chosen as ambassadors by their grateful countrymen, and who, when wars were raging, were the first to lay the foundation of their country's interest in Thebes. That idea has not been abandoned; only your surroundings feel they have a duty to take into consideration the claims of any of the liberal professions; and "Charles Matthews" speaks as if the stage afford such facilities both publicly and privately of aiming the greatest blow of modern times at Secularism: therefore, it is a matter under consideration. There is no doubt of its usefulness as an after leader; but whether your surroundings will permit him to assume the position of making the first move, is an open question.

I do not know that I have anything further to say about this matter; but you will be apprised from our side of the first opening effort, and from this side very soon after. "Joseph Sturge" wishes you good health and strength. I realize that your surroundings are giving you strength to prepare for this opening spring time. God grant, in his mercy, that you may receive the reward of his mercy, by witnessing the garnering of the harvest.

Thus it will be seen that our unseen friends, like many of our seen ones, are by no means unanimous as to the claims of the Stage to be the mightiest lever whereby doubt of spiritual communion might be removed. "Charles Matthews" and "Gustavus Brooke" are all for the "Leather" of their calling. The humane philanthropic "Joseph Sturge" who, I have no doubt, in earth life eschewed theatricals, and in all probability never entered a play-house, seems to think that a set speech from Demosthenes and some of his contemporaries would be better. I have had a hint that science will make its claim, through a Newton or a Herschel, to attract public opinion. My part is that of passivity. I feel as a mere machine whilst recording; whatever effect my platform of thought may have in attracting my surroundings. When they do come they are not fettered by any wish or thought of my own, but whether a "Matthews" or any master of light comedy, with playful fancy; or a Keene, a Macready, with tragic pathos; or a Newton, Herschel, or Darwin, uttering profound truths, speak through the body of a sensitive to a large audience, no sudden conversion to belief in spiritual communion will take place. The doubts as to the veracity of what I several times in each week hear and record, will be removed from my pair of shoulders on to many pairs, and those who can and will reason, may perhaps accept the facts from the multitude of witnesses, which they have refused to accord to me singly. But still there will be those doubting Thomases who will allow their eyes, their ears, their senses of touch, taste, and smell, to be deceiving them, sooner than abate one jot of what they call their "reason," which is founded on a narrowed unprogressive fixity of assumed fact. To them, spiritual communion is what the ice of the Dutch Skipper was to the King of Siam—"a Big Lie."

The Spiritual Society at Dudley Colliery, have commenced the formation of a library, and beg to thank Mr. W. Oxley, Manchester, for a present of books. They will be glad to receive surplus volumes from friends who may have them to dispose of. THOMAS FOGGON, Secretary, Dudley Colliery, Northumberland.

* I could not catch this name.—A.T.T.P.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE; OR, LEAVES FROM A CLAIRVOYANT'S NOTE-BOOK.

No. 2.—ANGEL'S WORK.

(Concluded—Commenced in No. 655.)

[This is the history of a husband and wife, who were very wicked worldly people when on earth, and, now that they are in the spirit-world, have to occupy their time with self-improvement, and the elevation of others. They have already overcome many evil habits, and take a pleasure in the duties of existence.]

Now came a time of severe trial to Randolph; Adelaide became so absorbed in her efforts to console and improve the poor soul whom she was sheltering, that he was left much to himself, for the wretched Mary still shrank from him, and yet clung so tenaciously to Adelaide, that she, remembering how dependent she had once been upon Hester, put aside her own wishes, and spent most of her time sitting in the tent, telling her of all the marvels which had happened to herself and Randolph.

One day, as Randolph was coming out of the temple, whither he had gone to ask for strength to bear this new form of trial, with which God had seen fit to let him be troubled, a large brown and white dog, similar to one he had possessed on earth, and which he had very often ill-used, in his not infrequent fits of ungovernable fury, came up to him, and after gazing at him for some moments frisked and barked as though in glad recognition of a friend, and, leaping up, tried to lick his hands and face.

At first Randolph was much startled, but in a very few seconds he recovered himself, and, sitting down upon the ground, called the dog by name, and patted and fondled him. It was thus that Adelaide found him, when, a little later, she came to seek him, saying, as she approached,

"I have just sung that unhappy Mary to sleep, so now we can have a nice time together. Why, what is this?" she exclaimed; "A dog! I have never seen one before since I left the earth. Oh, how nice! and he seems quite friendly. Why, husband dearest, what is the matter? your eyes are full of tears. Are you unhappy? I fear I have neglected you the last few days, but poor Mary was so wretched, and clung to me so."

"I was a selfish wretch to mind it, but you have grown so into my heart I could scarcely bear you away from me a minute, and this woman seemed to come between us; but I know such thoughts were wrong. I went up to the temple to pray against them, and when I came out, this dear doggie came up to me and seemed to recognise me, and so the tears would start; but I think, dearest, they were more of pleasure than of pain."

Soon the voice of Mary was heard calling Adelaide, who, rising slowly, said,

"I must go, she is so exacting, and gets so fretful if I leave her alone for a few minutes, but you know my heart is with you always."

He sank back upon the bank against which they had been standing, murmuring in grateful tones,

"She does love me fondly, and what a beast I still am, to grudge her doing such angel's work, as it must be, to comfort that wretched woman! Pray God, make me less selfish! Thou hast taken away the jealous demon from my life; take out of it, I beseech Thee, every selfish and grudging desire, and make me more and more what Thou desirest me to become."

Then, raising his head, he called,

"Come, Rover, come! we will go and see if we cannot find something useful to employ ourselves about," and the dog leaped, and barked, and scampered backwards and forwards, as though he highly approved of the proposition.

Every morning and evening both Randolph and Mr. Snow went to the top of the tower, anxiously seeking for some sign of Hester's return, while Adelaide constantly prayed for the same event, finding her task of comforting the unhappy Mary become more and more difficult, as her conscience grew more awakened and sensitive.

One day, as Mary was listening to something Mr. Snow was telling her, Adelaide stole away to the temple, to ask for strength and patience. She found Randolph there, and quietly kneeling by his side, joined in his prayer for strength and comfort.

When they arose from their knees they went forth, hand in hand, soothed and comforted.

"How happy I feel," said Adelaide, "after I have taken anything which troubles me to God! Dear Mr. Snow says, it is just the same on the earth, but, unhappily, I did not know it then."

"Nor I," said Randolph. "Is it not good of the gracious Lord to give us, as He has done, such innumerable opportunities of correcting and amending the follies and mistakes of a previous existence? And so rich a reward for the very feeble efforts one is able to make to amend and purify our lives. It is a blessed thing for us, that God looks more at the intent than at the results."

"Come with me," continued Randolph, "I am going up to look if there is any sign of our dear Hester's return. I miss Allen so much."

"And I do, too," said Adelaide, "for, indeed, I love him dearly, and will be not be pleased with the doggie? He has often said to me he wished he had grown up on the earth, for then he might have had as many dogs and horses as he liked."

"And been as cruel to them as I used to be," replied Randolph, sadly.

"That he could never have been; he inherits too much of his mother's tenderness for that, dear Randolph," she said, softly. "I have learned to thank God from the bottom of my heart, that He gave us no offspring, to inherit the vile and imperfect natures which we then possessed."

"And do you no longer regret being childless, dearest?" said Randolph, eagerly.

"No, indeed," replied Adelaide, with a fond reassuring smile, "for is not my husband's love more precious than fifty children?"

After looking from the top of the tower for some time, they were about to descend, when their attention was arrested by seeing a white dove flying straight towards them, and, on its near approach, they perceived it had a piece of blue ribbon round its neck. When it reached them it fluttered for a few moments from one to the other, and then settled on Adelaide's shoulder, cooing gently.

"Thank God, she is coming home! Our darlings are coming back to us!"

And they hurried down to tell the glad tidings to Mr. Snow and the rest, and soon all was bustle and excitement, and everyone was pleased but poor Mary, who looked and felt most miserable.

"What makes you so certain they are coming?" she asked of Adelaide, when two days had passed, and no one had arrived.

"Because Hessie sent the dove she promised, and my dear Allen put the blue ribbon round its neck. He said he would, to show he had not forgotten me."

"Well," said Mary, crossly, "if the place you say they are gone to is as beautiful as you describe it, I should have thought they would have remained there. I am sure I wish they would, and send for Kerne, then I could stay here content enough."

"But I could not," replied Adelaide.

Soon they all arrived, Hester and Claude bright and gracious as ever, and Allen wild with delight, to be, as he said, at home once more; and when the beautiful dog came bounding towards him, licking him and nearly knocking him over in its excitement, his raptures knew no bounds.

"And so the little dove has remained contentedly with you?"

"Yes, dear Hester, it scarcely ever leaves me, unless to nestle itself in Randolph's bosom; and we both feel," said Adelaide, in an awed whisper, "as though a new joy and heavenly peace settled upon our souls, whenever it does so."

"Most likely," said Hester, "for the dove is the emblem of the Spirit of God, and a Divine Peace must for ever reign when such a visitor is present."

"Oh, dear Hessie, pray God it may, then, for ever stay with us."

"Amen," responded Hester, fervently.

As Hester drew near the tent she heard the sound of loud weeping, and, on looking in, saw Mary crouching on the ground, sobbing violently, while Adelaide knelt beside her, vainly essaying to comfort her.

"Come here," said Adelaide, as soon as she perceived her, "I can do nothing for her, all I say only seems to make her worse."

"What is it, my poor sister?" said Hester, gently.

"Oh, don't! don't!" cried Mary. "I cannot bear it. I am no one's sister. I am a wretch, a vile abandoned wretch, accursed of man and God."

"Hush!" said Hester, kindly. "God curses no man: He hates and abhors the sin, but He loves the sinner, and only entreats his return to the paths of innocence; because there alone is to be found happiness and peace."

"But I have been so vile," sobbed Mary. "If you only knew half the evils of my earth-life alone, you would spurn me from you as a thing too loathsome to be touched, and, since I have been here, I have been far worse,—the worst devil in all the devilish crew from whom Randolph's wife rescued me, was not half so bad as I."

"Poor thing," said Adelaide, sobbing also, "do not despair. If you only knew from what depths of iniquity the loving God rescued my husband and myself, you would not do so. Would she, Hessie?"

"No, indeed," replied Hester.

"We know it all," said Claude, who had joined them, "all the sin and the remorse which have been agonizing your soul, ever since you have been here."

"How can you know? You are not God," she almost shrieked, while a terrified look came into her eyes, and she hid her face against Adelaide's shoulder.

"The Loving Father revealed it to me," replied Claude, reverently, "in order that I might help and comfort you."

"I do not quite understand," said Mary. "It is all so strange, but if you know all you tell me,—what became of my babe after I deserted it?"

"When you sent it to the wife of its father, telling her the whole shameful story, in order to be revenged upon him, because he had repented of the wrong he had done, and wished to sin no more."

"The child! I want to know about it," cried Mary, impatiently.

"The poor wife was, of course, both grieved and shocked, but she was truly a good woman, and grieved more for the sin her husband had committed against God, than for the wrong done to herself; and when she saw how truly penitent the unhappy man was, she freely forgave him, and intended to bring the child up as her own, and be good to it, but God was kinder still, and took it to Himself, to dwell amongst the angels."

"Oh, dear! unhappy me! It seems as though everybody was good but me, and I can never see that poor little thing again! It wrung my heart to part with it, indeed, it did, but spite was stronger than love, just then; No, I can never see it again, if it is with the angels, for I can never go near them."

"Do not despair," said Hester, gently. "Only pray earnestly for help, and strive bravely against temptations whenever they occur, and in time you will become as much of an angel as any in the heavens. Remember what the gentle Jesus said, when he was upon the earth: 'There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.'"

"Would I could believe this," said Mary. "Oh, good friends, help me to a true knowledge of God's truth, and pray to His for me, that I may soon realize His love."

"We will, dear friend," said they all fervently.

And for some time Mary stayed, patiently trying to grasp the new ideas that were presented to her.

At length Claude said to Hester—

"I think we had better find some other home for poor Mary. It is hardly fair to Randolph and Adelaide, to let her spoil their lives as she is doing, by keeping them so much apart. It quite goes to my heart, to see the wistful look in Randolph's eyes sometimes, when Adelaide goes off to obey the exacting woman's call."

"It has grieved me, also," replied Hester, "but it has also given me so much pleasure to watch those two, once so selfish and jealous, willingly renouncing self, in order to be of use to one whom neither of them can care much about, that I did not like suggesting sending her away."

"That is true," replied Claude, "but I think her presence here has now accomplished its end, by testing the self-love of these two to its utmost. Oh, Hessie! little did I dream when you first asked me to aid you in the work of rescuing Randolph and Adelaide, how complete and glorious would be their regeneration."

So it was settled that on the arrival of some angels, who were shortly expected to bring to them a young girl, the counterpart of Allen, and who had been educated with him in the heavens, they should be asked to take Mary with them, and place her where she might be happy, and, at the same time, learn all it was necessary for her to know, as well as put in practice what she had already learned.

When Hester explained all this to Mary, the latter replied:—

"It sounds ungrateful, when everyone has been so kind to me, especially Adelaide, but I shall be glad to go, since you promise to place me where I may still learn to control my rebellious will, for I cannot get over my dread of Randolph, while his very pity is like a reproach to me. Do you think," she asked, wistfully, "Hester would let me kiss her boy, just for once, before I go? I think if he would press his sweet pure lips to mine it would give me courage, and be an earnest that, by and bye, my own poor child would be restored to me?"

"Most certainly," replied Claude. "Come here, Allen, and kiss our good friend, and wish her God speed."

And Allen kissed Mary heartily, and said with a rapt, far away look in his eyes—

"The Lord God of Hosts have you ever in His keeping, and grant you your heart's desire!"

So Mary went with the angels, and Randolph and Adelaide wandered about like reunited lovers; content and happy only to gaze into each other's eyes, or touch each other's hands; while the merry laughter and the glad voices of blithe glad-some Allen, and the sweet tender Amy, made the air resound with bright and gleeful melody.

And then, another joy was given to Adelaide and Randolph. A band of angels came from a bright city in the heavenly Spheres, inviting them to come up thither and dwell with them. But they declined the offer, saying they felt themselves still too unfit for such society.

"Besides," said Randolph, "there are still so many in the city down below the hills there, whom I feel I still may help, and so many in the cave whom I think may yet be rescued, that I feel I would rather remain in this dear place, which the good God has made so beautiful for me."

The angels smiled benignly, and replied—

"Be it as you wish, but remember our city's gates are ever open to you."

When they departed, they gave rich gifts to all the dwellers on Randolph's land: to Adelaide, a robe of white, bordered with roses, worked in various coloured silks; to Randolph, one of tender blue, bordered with rose-coloured bands, and clasped with gold.

"They are too grand for us," said both husband and wife at once.

"No," said the angel, smiling; "they are not much better than those you now are wearing."

Then both Adelaide and Randolph perceived how their clothes had changed since last they had looked at them.

"Do not look so startled," said Claude. "Hessie and I have seen for some time how fast your clothes were changing, and also how radically beautiful you both have grown."

"Oh, don't!" said Randolph, sinking on his knees and sobbing bitterly, while Adelaide, though weeping also, tried to comfort him,

"Do not weep, my dear ones," said Hester, fondly taking a hand of each.

"Let their tears have vent," said Claude. "They are tears of joy and gratitude to God for all His mercies to them."

"Yes, indeed, dear friend," said Randolph. "Gratitude to God, and also to our dear Hessie, and to you, my more than brother."

When the angels were leaving, they offered to take Allen and Amy with them, but Allen refused, saying, he would not leave his father, while Amy, covered with rosy blushes, said she meant to stay with Allen always, as heaven would be no heaven to her, if Allen were not there.

"We are so glad," said Randolph and Adelaide, kissing her, "for now we shall have two children instead of one."

"And I," added Adelaide, "shall never feel lonely when Allen and his father are away doing some good work."

So long years went by, and the place, once so drear and desolate, grew bright and populous, and full of earnest workers, and the cave was almost emptied of its wretched inmates. And angel bands oft took with them to brighter spheres, those whom the dwellers in Hope Lodge had rescued, and taught to long for better things.

And the iron chest in which the ashes of the Root of Self-Will had been laid, was enclosed in a pyramid of stone, surmounted by a large cross of black marble.

And when people asked the meaning, they told them all their story; and how the Loving God had rescued them, and made them fit to join with Claude and Hester, who had never sinned in doing ANGEL'S WORK.

"VIOLA."

EXETER.—ODDFELLOWS' HALL, BAMFYLDE STREET.

Circles were held during last week as usual, and the results of spirit influence were varied and interesting. The principal feature, however, has been the giving in nightly instalments of the "Address to Spiritualists; by Judge Edmonds." Each evening the control has resumed the thread of discourse from where he left off on the preceding one; there being a perfect connection of thought. Each evening, also, the control has seemed to acquire increased power, until now the medium is made to walk the room with uplifted hand, and with voice of great power and earnestness; or to lean over the table in familiar appeal to those addressed; the whole affording encouraging promise as to what the controlling powers will be able to do through him when they can use him in public; and should nothing prevent the medium continuing in this work.

On Thursday evening, the medium arrived in great distress of mind, arising from his deep perplexity respecting this mysterious power, and the uncertainty of his hopes in regard to the foreign mission work which he has set his heart upon.

"Judge Edmonds" wrote that "the spirits were deeply grieved because their medium was thinking to go back." For an hour they kept writing, making known the medium's most secret and sacred feelings and troubles, and their own anxieties and misgivings respecting him. "His whole soul," they wrote, "is bent upon foreign mission work; everything else is as naught; he would rather die than give it up."

They wrote that they were greatly concerned, for they found in him their highest ideal of a medium, and they could not bear to think now of losing him.

Although they could do nothing more that evening than thus express their regrets, it struck me as being a convincing demonstration to the medium, that he was being used by those who thoroughly knew and sympathized with his experiences.

On Friday evening, Mr. H. had somewhat recovered his equanimity, and on that and subsequent evenings, his guides have seemed to use him with greatly increased power.

As to the character of the intelligence by which he is being influenced—purporting to be "Judge Edmonds," the address which—subject to the judgment and convenience of the Editor—will be published next week, must speak.

On Sunday evening, at the Hall, a large number of names and particulars of persons deceased, were written through the medium; several of whom were recognised. The control stated that there were a vast multitude pressing forward to announce themselves.

Amongst the names written was that of "Dr. Chalmers,"

the prince of Scottish preachers; who on my recognising the name, shook me warmly by the hand, and then uttered a brief but eloquent address. The following are just a few jottings thereof.

"Everything has life. The insect crawling on the ground; the trees, the flowers, with their varied hues; the birds soaring above; the little child, the old man.

"There is no stop to life, no end; there is no death to life; when once begun it continues to eternity."

I am exceedingly thankful to be able to report in this, the last MEDIUM of the year, that one's sincere and self-denying efforts in the Cause, in co-operation with the spirit world, have culminated in such a result as is realized in this friend's mediumship; and I need scarcely remark that I say this with a thorough appreciation and love of mediums of every class and order.

With the greatest goodwill, "Omega" wishes all his co-workers "A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

OMEGA.

PLYMOUTH, RICHMOND HALL, RICHMOND STREET.

The service on Sunday evening last, was wholly conducted by Mr. C. W. Dymond. Mr. Pine being still severely indisposed, the writer had arranged to fill his place, but an attack in the throat rendered rest a necessity, and hence Mr. Dymond was called upon to occupy the rostrum, which he did most efficiently. In consequence of this alteration the congregation, which was not large, heard one of Mrs. Tappan's orations from the MEDIUM (No. 276, July 16th, 1875), entitled "The New Messiah."

The plan of occasionally reading lectures from the spiritual journals is a good one, and of great assistance to normal speakers, who at times, after a hard week's work feel incapable of preparing anything original. ROBERT S. CLARKE, HON. SEC. 4, Athenæum Terrace, Plymouth.

LEICESTER—SILVER STREET LECTURE HALL.

On Sunday evening Mr. Bent delivered a trance address to a fair audience. The guides took for their subject: "Peace on Earth, Good will to Men." The treatment given it was most appropriate.

56, Cranbourne Street, Leicester. R. WIGHTMAN, Sec.

HEARTY CO-WORKERS: AN INVITATION.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Burns,—We feel it our duty, and think it a great privilege, that we can in any way help on this great and glorious Movement. We, the few who form a Circle at the Boyne, Langley Moor, do heartily congratulate you on the present occasion, under existing circumstances, for your outspoken and honest manner; also your firmness, in protecting the principles of true Spiritualism. You have had a great amount of hardships and suffering to contend with, and we can heartily sympathize with you; but take courage: God and the spirit-world will bring you through. We do not intend to give you flattering words only, but we intend to do what we can to help you. Our means are limited, but we will do our best to help on the great, grand, and glorious Movement, called Spiritualism. It has been a blessing to us, and we wish to bless others as well as we can, by trying to bring them to truth and righteousness, so that they may see Light in God's Light and Liberty also. Our motto is: to worship God in spirit and truth, seeking the salvation of our own souls, and the elevation of humanity around us.

We found a kind and generous soul—Mr. Thompson, Boyne, Langley Moor. Soon as he heard that we had no place to meet in, he kindly proffered us a room to meet in which we gladly accepted; and he made one with us. So you see, we meet at the house of Mr. Thompson, Boyne, Langley Moor, near Durham. We meet on Thursday nights, every other Saturday night, and every Sunday night, trying to develop our spiritual nature, and hold communication with the spirit-world. So far we have had good results, expecting greater things to take place, praying that we be kept faithful. This is the sentiment of our circle: strangers still coming in.

We will have a Tea Party on December 31st, last day in the present year, and as we have no medium of our own, we expect Mr. Thompson, from Hunwick, to come and help us. We give a kind invitation to all Spiritualists to come and give us a helping hand.

Wm. Newton, President, Brandon.
J. W. Hodgson, Vice-President, New Brancepeth Colliery.
G. Lumsden, Secretary, 285, School Street, Boyne.
J. Thompson, Treasurer, 122, Boyne, Langley Moor.
J. Jones, New Brancepeth Colliery.
Arthur Bainbridge, Primrose Lawn.

A tea meeting and watch-night service will be held at Quebec Hall, 25, Great Quebec Street, on Sunday, December 31. Tea at 5 p.m., punctually. A prolonged musical service, with speeches and social intercourse will occupy the evening till the dawn of 1883. As that evening will close Mr. Dale's long service as manager of the meetings, a warm and brotherly feeling of appreciation may be expected to prevail. Friends are cordially invited.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE REALM OF THOUGHT; or, God and a Future Life demonstrated. By W. L. T. Newcastle: Walter Scott, Felling. Price threepence.

This exceedingly neat little work is a pleasing indication of the progress of spiritual thought. Those who would otherwise be rationalists of the materialistic type, are, because of spiritual phenomena, rationalists of the spiritual type. The subject is tremendously difficult, and each mind must derive more satisfaction from processes within itself than from anything which can set down in black and white. All such efforts are, however, welcome aids.

PRETTY NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

A Number of very pretty Flowering Plants in bloom will be sold at cost price, some encased in unique jardinières, at J. M. Dale's Business Premises, 50, Crawford Street, Bryanston Square: the above having been lent by him for decorating Quebec Hall, on Dec. 31. will be sold on Monday, January 1, and Tuesday, the 2nd, at what they cost, forming very suitable New Year's Gifts. They will be exceedingly cheap; all marked in plain figures. Observe the address, 50, Crawford Street, Bryanston Square, W.

AN ASTROLOGICAL NEW YEAR'S OFFERING.

Neptune, 24, Wallgrave Road, Earl's Court, London, S.W., makes the following offer: "As a help to the Spiritual Institution, during the first week in January I am willing to forward a map of the Heavens, or natal figure, with a short note of advice as to me may seem most fit, or answer two questions, to all Spiritualists or readers of the MEDIUM, who may forward to you or Mrs. Burns only, one shilling or more towards the above object, stating the day of the month, month, year, sex, birthplace, and the hour of birth as near as possible, and a stamped addressed envelope for the reply. Hoping that others may make similar offers to provide you with a "New Year's" offering, to be the beginning of to you and the Institution, a new dispensation of spiritual things and the passing away of the old (liabilities.)"

APHORISMS.

What does it matter? say weak parents of their children's faults. It matters a great deal, it develops itself.

Where would be the might of the women if the vanity of men did not exist?

The thought of the perishableness of all temporal things is a source of endless pain, and also a source of infinite consolation.

We enter the past with our parents; we enter the future with our children.

Pardon others often, thyself seldom.

Great talkers are like broken pitchers, everything runs out of them. J. L. HANAU.

—"Jersey Express."

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD SOCIETY.—On Sunday last, our platform was occupied both morning and evening by our friend, Mr. R. A. Brown. In the morning he spoke for some time upon the subject (chosen by the audience) "The Birth of Jesus." He combated the principle which is commonly held by the churches, that "Jesus" and the "Christ" were one and the same; whilst he readily admitted the "Christ" was the "divine principle" operating through this noble soul, who has left a grand heritage for all who are willing to be guided by his blameless life. In the evening, his guidos spoke upon the subject, "What good has Spiritualism done?" Upon which he passed in review the varied phases and methods of spirit communion, from the simple tilting of the table to the communings with the spirit-world in the direct voice, and the materializing of spirit-forms before the eyes of the sitters, who may have assembled in a spirit of earnestness and truth, to seek those higher developments of life which the scientific world of to-day tried to hunt down, by lending their presence and patronage upon the platforms of conjuring entertainments. On Sunday next, our platform in the morning will be supplied by Mr. Brown; in the evening, at 6.30, by Mr. Garner, of Oldham; whilst another and a new feature will subsequently become introduced amongst us, by the holding a special service, at 10.30 p.m., which will be devoted to "Experiences" of those amongst us, and brought to a termination shortly after midnight, ushering in the New Year by a resumé of the past. We are holding a Public Tea Meeting on New Year's Day, at the Mechanics' Institution, Tickets, 1s. each. Tea on tables at 4.30 p.m., after tea, 3d., to which we invite all our friends who may have a spare evening to come amongst us, and help to make the first day of 1883 one to be looked back upon with pleasure. J. E. LIGHTBOWN, Sec.

MR. J. J. MORSE'S APPOINTMENTS.

January 7th, St. Andrew's Hall, Newman Street, W.

Mr. Morse accepts engagements for Sunday Lectures in London, or the provinces. For terms and dates, direct him at 53, Sigdon Road, Dalston, London, E.

4, TALBOT GR., LADBROKE GR. RD., NOTTING HILL.

Meetings Sunday mornings, at 11 o'clock prompt; evening at 7 o'clock prompt.

Tuesday evenings, developing circle for members and friends Thursday evenings, Mrs. Troadwell, trance and test. At 8. Subscriptions, sixpence per week, admits to all meetings, Spirit-mediums and friends are invited to assist in the work. All information may be obtained of

W. LANG, Sec. West London Spiritual Evidence Society.

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A PERSONAL STATEMENT.

By B. F. LARRABEE, 94, Southampton Row, London, W.C.
TO THE ENGLISH PUBLIC.

IT IS said by the Poet, that "a pebble in the streamlet's bed has changed the course of many a river," and it is certain that the little incidents and accidents of life very materially determine one's future, and happy is the man who fully comprehends the meaning of his life-experiences, and understands how to make them put money into his purse and contribute to his well-being. Previous to 1870, my life had been active and energetic, all my zeal being devoted to business pursuits. From my ancestors I had inherited a vigorous constitution, and I stopped at no undertaking out of physical considerations. I was one of those of whom Virgil observes, "*Post-sunt quia posse videtur.*"

In 1862, during the great Civil War in America, I contracted malaria, which is so prevalent in the hot latitudes of the Southern States. This troublesome ailment, as all know, is a favourable basis for the worst of chronic diseases, and from the first it took a firm hold upon my usually vigorous constitution, and, do what I might, I could not shake it off. In 1870 it was more mischievous than in 1862, and seemed to settle in my head, producing the most distressing giddiness and headache, and when I needed most the fullest command of my faculties, it completely unfitted me for the extensive business I was pursuing, so much so, that, having acquired a competency, in 1871 I retired from active commercial life, and exhausted all known resources for the restoration of my health. In 1873 I made a trip to England and the Continent, on the advice of my physician, but the change of climate seemed to intensify my disorder, whatever it was, and when I got aboard the steamer *Siberia*, at Liverpool, *en route* home, I was prostrated with a severe attack of typhoid fever, and only the utmost care kept me alive.

When I reached my home in Boston, I was overcome by a relapse, and nothing but the natural vigour of my constitution brought me through such a serious crisis. For several years I was unfit for active life. In 1878, when travelling in Pennsylvania, I was prostrated in a railway carriage, and for two hours was unable to move. Eventually recovering, I returned to Boston, but one day in September, 1879, while walking along Washington Street, on the way to the head-quarters of the New York and Boston Dispatch Express Company, which I organized, and of which I was principal shareholder and a director, I was a second time prostrated, and carried to my home in an almost unconscious state.

During all these years I was attended by the most faithful physicians, but they did not seem to understand the secret of these frequent prostrations, bilious and typhoid fevers, nervousness, "blues," irregularity of appetite, shortness of breath, extreme pain in my heart, periodic headaches, exhausting cough, chills, fevers, numbness of limbs, night sweats, etc., all of which symptoms indicated, I now see, the terrible disease of which I was then unconsciously a victim.

After this second prostration, the physicians said I had neuralgia and enlargement of the heart, and treated me for that, but after months of experiment the heart pains continued much as before, and I secured the services of a celebrated specialist, who pronounced my disorder to be Bright's Disease of the kidneys in the last stages. I protested that this could not be, because I had never had any pain in them, but he assured me that all the ailments I had suffered for ten years, unmistakably pointed to chronic kidney disease, which, he said, may long exist in the system without the knowledge of the patient or practitioner.

I then began, for the first time, to realize my perilous condition, for the best medical authorities pronounce this disease incurable. Nevertheless, hoping, not expecting, I continued the best medical treatment, but I did not recover. I was tapped under the left arm, and forty-six ounces of watery humour were removed. The agony of that fearful operation passes description. I was so bloated I could scarcely move. I was obliged to maintain a sitting posture in bed for three months, existing almost wholly on the simplest gruels. The pain in my heart was so constant and intense that I could not sleep for days at a time, my lungs were nearly full of water, my breathing was in short, convulsive gasps, and I was in continual fear of suffocation.

My physician said I could not recover, and gave me up. My family expected my death every hour. I was suffering, the Doctor said, the final symptom of extreme activity of the bowels, with partial pneumonia of the lungs; my paroxysms of coughing were terrible and exhausting. But I was determined to live. By what means I did not know.

In this extremity an incident occurred which determined my future. While sitting on my couch I noticed, in a paper on the foot of the bed, the words, "Bright's Disease." Filled with a strange hope, I bade my nurse read the article. It recounted the history of the discovery of Warner's Safe Cure,—specific for Kidneys, Liver, and Bright's Disease. My hope took definite shape. I sent for this specific, dismissed my physicians, began to use it, and, when I had taken twelve bottles, I was able, after eight months of close confinement, to go out, to the utter amazement of my physicians and friends. I continued the use of the medicine, taking it strictly according to directions, until I had taken forty-one bottles, when my kidneys resumed their natural functions, my liver, which had been greatly enlarged, was reduced to its natural size, my head and heart troubles disappeared, the tone of my stomach was regained, my strength returned, the swelling left my eyes, limbs, and body, and I have since been, so far as I know, a strong and healthy man.

After my recovery, I permitted the Boston papers to publish an account of it, which, coming to the attention of Mr. H. E. Warner, the well-known patron of science, of Rochester, N.Y., he invited me to Rochester. I learned from him that his medicine had cured him. Being a man of large means and of very generous impulses, he determined, at whatever expense, to make known its virtues to the entire world, out of gratitude for his unexpected recovery, and he persuaded me to come to England and introduce his Safe Remedies to the English public.

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