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SPIRITUALISM.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

**THE CONVERSAZIONE AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL,
 JULY 28, 1871.**

The hall which was the scene of Mrs. Hardinge's farewell meeting on Friday evening is well adapted for a purpose of the kind. The ample stage when contracted to the dimensions of a large platform by some gay scene as a background, and filled with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, presents a singularly lively appearance. The seats throughout are luxuriously stuffed and covered with leather, ornamented with gold. Each seat is separated from those next to it by rests for the elbows, so that they are in reality stalls. It is intended to accommodate about 900 sitters, one half being in the body of the hall, and the remainder in the balconies. On Friday evening the body of the hall was comfortably filled, with the exception of the back seats; the best locations in the balconies were also occupied. The front of the platform and under the balconies were tastefully decorated with specimens of mediumistic art and portraits of Spiritualists. In the place of honour, in the centre of the platform, was the beautiful and truthful oil painting of Mrs. Hardinge by Mr. Evans. On one side of it was the newly-painted design to illustrate the "Ten Spiritual Commandments," by Mr. Bielfeld; on the other, the same subject neatly written and ornamented by Mr. Robson. Near to these stood the address presented to Mrs. Hardinge, beautifully illuminated and written in Old English by the same medium-artist. We feel confident that this very exquisite production will not disgrace the Spiritualists of England, wherever it may be seen. In front of the box occupied by Mrs. Berry was displayed a series of her wonderful drawings, also the two wreaths of flowers presented to her by the spirits. This interesting phenomenon was described by us at the time of its occurrence. A life-size photograph of Dr. Newton hung from the pillar on one side of the stage, and a beautiful crayon drawing by Mrs. Peebles fittingly occupied a similar position on the other side. Mr. Peebles has just brought it with him from America, being a present from Mrs. Peebles to Mrs. Burns. It appears that Mrs. Peebles is a medium for that peculiar manifestation; she is in the habit of drawing in colours artistic portraits of deceased persons. The spirits appear to her in vision, and she is enabled to convey the likeness to the canvas before her. As a work of art, the specimen exhibited on Friday evening is an object of great merit. Duguid's large painting hung over the left-hand box, and a richly-illuminated work of the same size by Mr. Robson on the one opposite. The same medium-artist had two other works present which elicited much admiration. These were lent for the occasion by a kind lady in that fashionable neighbourhood who is a liberal patron of deserving mediums.

A series of eight drawings in crayon suspended from the balconies presented a striking appearance. They are copies of a selection from the numerous mediumistic works of the late Dr. Hahn, of Stuttgart, and were introduced into this country through the indefatigable efforts of Signor Damiani. We expect soon to be favoured with a description of them from his pen, and therefore desist from making further remarks at present.

A great curiosity was a specimen of direct spirit-colouring exhibited by Mr. Smith, of Ealing. It bore this inscription:—"The pencilling of this sketch was produced through the hand of the medium; the colouring at the same time by *direct spirit-action*, there being neither colours nor brushes in the house. The whole picture took about three minutes in executing. It is singular that the medium discovered at the finish the same colouring matter on her finger-nails, as if emitted through her own organism." It looks like a bunch of three or four violets, and the colour is irregularly patched on the petals. It has hitherto been impossible to discover the nature of the pigment used. Through the kindness of Mr. John Culpin, Halifax, a book of spirit-writing in an unknown character was shown. It is through the hand of Mr. Foster, of Lightcliffe, near Halifax; it looks like shorthand. One table was covered with specimens of periodicals devoted to Spiritualism, from European and American sources, and in various languages. On another table were copies of Mrs. Hardinge's "History of Spirit-

ualism," bound as presented by the committee to the public libraries. Mr. Peebles's "Seers of the Ages" and "Spiritual Harp" were also on the table. These various objects attracted a deal of interest; but the crowd was so great and the time so limited that few could find opportunity to inspect them. We may mention that the greater part of them may be found at the Progressive Library, and visitors are at all times welcome to look over the whole collection.

THE ATTENDANCE

was much greater than the most sanguine could expect. Many who are not at all connected with the movement were present, amongst whom were observed a Cabinet Minister and more than one Member of Parliament. On the platform were—Gerald Massey, Esq. (in the chair), Mrs. Hardinge, Mrs. Floyd, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. Everitt, Miss Nisbet, Miss Cooper, Madame de Sievers, Mrs. Stewart, Miss Kissingbury, Mrs. Hicks, Mr. Peebles, Elder Evans, Signor Damiani, Mr. Daw, Mr. Burns, Mr. H. D. Jencken, Mr. Coleman, Mr. Cogman, Mr. Everitt, Mr. Ivimey, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Pearce, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Hicks, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Hockley. In the reserved seats we observed the Countess Pomar and party, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Guppy, Mrs. Makdougall Gregory, Dr. Ponder, the Misses Ponder, Miss Houghton, Mrs. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Strawbridge, Mrs. Damiani, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Burns, Miss Wooderson, Miss Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Bielfeld, Mr. Martheze and party, Mr. Mylne, Mr. Hannah, Mr. Hannay, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Mr. Standfast and party, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Mackinnon, Mrs. Inglis, Mrs. Baker and party, Mr. and Mrs. Pearson and party, Mr. and Mrs. Edmiston and party, Mr. Routh, Mrs. Welsh, Mr. Bickerstaffe, Mr. Thelwall, Mrs. and Miss Ray, Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, Mr. Musgrave, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Stones, Mr. Prichard, Mr. Senier, Mr. W. White, Mrs. Colquhoun, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Mr. Weeks, Mr. Robson, Mr. and Mrs. Powell, Mr. W. Evans and party, Mr. Blyton, Mr. Swinton, &c. &c.

The proceedings commenced with an overture on the piano by Mr. Hicks. At the opening of the meeting, a letter was read from Mr. Varley, in which he tendered his earnest thanks to Mrs. Hardinge "for her persistent and intelligent devotion to the cause of human progress."

The CHAIRMAN expressed the gratification he felt in being present. He was very glad to see any sort of organisation under the name of Spiritualism. The Spiritualistic movement in England reminded him very much of watching a piece of smooth water on a hot summer's day, and seeing innumerable fishes leap up and down again. There was no sequence, no connected action, so far as he could see. English Spiritualists had not gathered round with any heart to make Mrs. Hardinge's visit the great success it ought to have been. He spoke as an outsider only, and not as one who could give them any constructive criticism on their movement.

"Birdie's Spirit-Song," written through the mediumship of Lizzie Doten, was then sung by Mrs. Hicks, with chorus.

MR. PEEBLES'S SPEECH.

The Rev. J. M. PEEBLES said: Mr. Chairman,—Ocean-bound, the 4th of July, on the English steamer "Atlantic," White Star line, Americans celebrated their natal day, reading the Declaration of Independence, singing national songs, and making speeches. This was the first toast given:—

"*England and America.* Their laws, like their people, having a common origin, their diplomacy should be ever so fashioned as to bring all nations within their influence into the principles of peace, and inspire them with a desire to elevate humanity."

The words of the speaker in responding were loudly cheered, because echoing both the spirit of the toast and the results of the recent Joint High Commission, amicably adjusting the "Alabama claims." This international event is among the cheering signs of the times. And what an example to the nations of the earth, especially France and Prussia, mourning and reeling still under

the late baptismal war-spirit of fire, sword, and destruction! Sentiments relating to the fraternity of nations—to justice and equity—touch the divinity within. Loyal souls love the right, the good, the beautiful, and the true; while “peace on earth and good-will to men” is ever the burden of angels’ songs. This interesting gathering, this large assemblage of sympathising souls before me, presents an imposing spectacle, thrilling every fibre of my being with joy. And just what gladdens my heart, saddens yours—your loss is our gain. This farewell testimonial in honour of our distinguished and mutual friend, Emma Hardinge-Britten, who is about to make my native country her permanent residence, will interest Spiritualists equally on both sides of the Atlantic waters. This time, at least, American diplomacy has excelled. In a more broad and divine sense, however, she is neither ours nor yours, but the world’s—the wide world’s, for enlightening and redemptive purposes. It is needless to tell you that for years I have been an ardent admirer of her whom God and angels long since commissioned to preach the gospel of the ministry of spirits, in demonstration of immortality, and in attestation of God’s infinite love to all humanity. During the four months and a half that I had the honour of addressing London Spiritualists in the Cavendish Rooms, under the management of James Burns, I often referred to the commanding presence of Emma Hardinge—to her zeal, devotion, and moral bravery—to her wonderful gifts as writer, orator, seeress, and inspired medium; speaking eternal truths, and what was more, conscientiously living them in her daily life. And I beg to assure you that from the great Northern chain of lakes in America to the Southern savannahs of the tropics, from the Atlantic cities in the East to the wave-washed shores of the Pacific in the West, her worth is appreciated, and her praises are breathed in tones of tenderness and love. Therefore, as a humble co-worker with you and her, I thank you from my heart of hearts—thank you, O Englishmen, for this noble testimonial of appreciation. But what of Spiritualism in America? The clouds are breaking—the morning dawns. Judge Edmonds, basing his conclusion upon an extensive correspondence, upon the assurance of clergymen, upon personal experiences in travelling, and upon carefully collected statistics furnished by the Roman Catholic clergy and bishops, estimated the number of Spiritualists [Spiritists] in America as high as eleven millions. And the enemies of the movement have never denied or questioned the general soundness of the statement. On the contrary, secular and religious journals sustain Judge Edmonds’ estimate. Listen to the testimony:—

If Spiritualism is defined to mean holding intercourse with the dead by means of trance, “clairvoyance,” and dreams, as well as “table-tipping,” there are probably more than the eleven millions named and numbered by the New York judge.—*Church Advocate (South)*.

Spiritualism has already planted its sentiments so firmly and generally in Church and State, that the victory is nearly complete. The opposition is now very feeble, like that of a dying man in his last moments.—*Christian Herald and Review*.

At this point candour requires some concessions to Spiritualists on the part of their opponents. We must concede to them a certain basis of phenomenal facts. Eyes, ears, and fingers are tough witnesses to these facts, which go to prove the presence and activity of extra-human intelligence.—*The Advance (Chicago)*.

Has not the time come when it is safe to treat Spiritualists with as much respect as is shown those who advocate eternal punishment in the life beyond this?—*Troy Budget (New York)*.

Spiritualism, sitting in high places, and numbering its millions, is exerting either for weal or woe a wide influence. It must be tried by its “fruits.” This is the scriptural test laid down by Christ.—*The Christian Witness*.

Writers in the *Banner of Light*, and others, are making a sharp distinction between Spiritism and Spiritualism. Spiritists are more numerous than Spiritualists. The former, demonstrating a future existence, is simply the science of spirit-converse; while Spiritualism in its best definition implies spirit-phenomena, science, philosophy, religion—everything that interests humanity for good. The movement, angel-born, though marching through our land in rapid strides, seems operating, at present, more as a diffusive, liberalising principle, than a constructive formation looking to a distinctive organisation. The mental and moral elements are somewhat in-harmonious. The sound of the iconoclastic hammer often drowns the music of the workers. There is wanting throughout our ranks more harmony, system, order, consecration, religious culture—a genuine Pentecostal baptism. Resolving to visit England in July, we wrote friend A. J. Davis, informing him we should take pleasure in delivering any packages he might put into our hands. In the reply he says:—

“I.—We send English Spiritualists greetings fresh from the heart of love and good-will.

“II.—We send a living prayer for their abundant prosperity and progress in whatsoever is true, good, just, and beautiful, all of which are spiritual.

“III.—We send them an earnest desire that their growth in Spiritualism may be firmly and rationally rooted, as are the great trees which begin in the deep bosom of the solid earth.

“IV.—We send our hope that their fruit and leaves will be harmonial, and ‘for the healing of the nations.’”

In the same letter, Mary F. Davis, “angel of the household,” wrote: “Go thou, my brother, freighted with the love of our hearts for those who, not having seen, yet love for their devotion to truth as discovered in God’s universe and revealed by the angel-world.” Hudson Tuttle, who resides on his “Walnut Grove Farm” of 210 acres, ‘mid grains, grasses, fruits, and vineyards in Northern Ohio, said: “Tell those people that as our commerce and language

are one, so is our work in elucidating the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. It is my heart’s desire to some day meet them face to face, and talk of our beautiful truths and divine principles, so closely allied to science and the practical duties of life.” And Emma Tuttle, whose poems run like golden threads through all our Spiritual literature, begged me to bear her love and good wishes to you all. Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, president of our National Association of Spiritualists, and editor of the *Lycæum Banner*, desired to be remembered, sending heart-messages to you as “workers with her in a common cause—the ministry of spirits, and the reform of the age.” Moses Hull, editor of the *Crucible*; A. H. Wheelock, managing editor of the *American Spiritualist*; Dr. E. C. Dimes, speaker and healer; J. O. Barrett, author and editor; C. B. Lyman, speaker, and writer of Western locals in the *Banner of Light*, and others, sent words of good-will to the Spiritualists of London and the provinces. Whether in England or America—whether in Europe or Asia—being Spiritualists, our hearts, as our destinies, are one. Rising above clime, country, or creed, Spiritualism is a universal religion—a religion that acknowledges God, demonstrates immortality, teaches retribution, enjoins purity of life, invites each soul with faith in eternal progress, and invites all races and nationalities to fraternally meet and worship in its temple. Believing souls, rejoice. Already the fig-tree buds. The good time is at your doors. Lift up your heads, for “your redemption draweth nigh.” We “walk the wilderness to-day, the promised land to-morrow.” And in other musical words of a distinguished poet—chairman of the evening—whose poems in our libraries all through America stand alongside those of Tennyson, Emerson, Whittier, and Longfellow, we say—

The world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Again thanking you for this testimonial to one of whom America is justly proud, and will so gladly welcome to her shores, I pray God and his good angels to keep and bless you all.

Miss Cooper sang Gounod’s “Serenade,” accompanied on the harmonium by Madame de Sievers, and gained a well-merited encore.

THE ADDRESS.

Mr. N. F. Daw read the following address* from the Spiritualists of England to Mrs. Hardinge-Britten:—“Beloved and esteemed friend,—As you are about to return to the land of your adoption after eight months’ sojourn amongst us, we cannot allow the event to transpire without this formal acknowledgment of the great pleasure and profit your visit has afforded us personally, and the unspeakable advantages the cause of Spiritualism has reaped from your able advocacy. The Sunday Services conducted by you have elevated Spiritualism into a rational and scientific expression of the religious principle in man. Without the accessories of fashionable worship, you have taught us that all the requirements of man’s religious nature, intellectual, affectional, and aspirational, may be supplied from the never-failing and eternal source of spiritual life and Being—God with us. You have shown that “The Religion of the Divine Humanity,” while definite and certain as any problem in science, is also capable of unlimited expansion as the mind of man develops; and while it presents a basis for law and order in the administration of Spiritualism, its tendency is not to fossilise the thoughts of Spiritualists with a creedal and fixed form of expression. Aided by the printing-press, your orations have been uttered to thousands weekly, and your ministrations have had a general effect on the public mind. The Press has been influenced thereby to respect the intellectual purposes of this movement; and in those important centres you have visited, the admiration and judgment of thousands have been excited in favour of Progressive principles. You have visited us in our homes, and your cheerful, sympathetic, and kindly manner has been to us an imperishable memory of the beautiful and good in human life. We have found you not only highly gifted with intellectual endowments and spiritual inspiration, but, what is above and beyond all, we have realised that you are a true woman, living out in your intercourse with the world the sublime principles enunciated by your voice. We deeply regret that we have to part with you for a time. It has been the warmly-cherished desire of many hearts that you would make this country your dwelling-place, and promote the cause of Progress in a manner for which you are so fitted, and which we so much require. We live in the full assurance that you will return to us again at no distant day to occupy a field which your recent labours will have somewhat prepared for you. With you go, as a living presence, our warmest sympathies and heartfelt affections, and though thousands of miles may intervene between us, yet our spirits will as one meet in the grand aspiration which unites all souls to the universal Father and Source of Being. We fervently pray that you may be carried in safety, with those you love, to those you love across the wide ocean, that blessings may follow you in all your wanderings in the Far West, and that when we have the pleasure of meeting you again your being will be further enriched by the fruits of a good and useful life, and the constant reception of angel-teachings. Till then, farewell! (Signed), J. BURNS, chairman of the committee.”

Mr. COLEMAN seconded the address. He said he believed he had been selected to fulfil this office because he was identified with Mrs. Hardinge’s earliest movement in this country. He had the honour to preside at the first meeting of English men and women which she addressed in London, and had ever since had

* In mistake it was announced by us last week that the address was prepared by Mr. Gerald Massey. It was the work of the Committee.

the honour of her friendship. Although he differed somewhat from Mrs. Hardinge on religious points, there could be but one sentiment with regard to herself. Those who knew her must love and respect her; and those who knew her as intimately as he did, know that the ranks of Spiritualism were not graced by a more eloquent woman than Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten.

MRS. HARDINGE'S REPLY.

Mrs. HARDINGE then came forward, and was received with loud and hearty applause. She said: It seems to me it must be about six years since I landed on these shores, an Englishwoman born, but from long absence from the country, and from a world-wide devotion to the cause which I had adopted, leading me, during a pilgrimage of many years, from the farthest East to the farthest West, I returned here a comparative stranger. I could not count more than one human being whose voice would speak with the familiar tones of old in my ear, and that was my loved companion, my own mother. I had not been here more than one month when I found that so far from being a stranger I was in the midst of a wide circle of warm and sympathising friends. On every side of me, hands were extended to press my own; voices sounded in my ears, not with the familiar tones of the long ago, but with the nearer, sweeter, and more sympathising tones of a spiritual heart-love, such as no kindred knows—no mere ties of external circumstances can forge. The chain that was extended around me was born in the world of spirits—forged by the spirit-people, who between me and the strangers of my own land at once threw the links of a common and an associative object which annihilated time and distance, and placed me at once in the midst of a large and sympathising circle of friends. Led by the hand of him who has just addressed you, I appeared for the first time on the rostrum, not to strangers—not to explain some new, unpopular, and unknown truth, but to re-echo words which, to my amazement, had found their way across the wide wastes of ocean, and seemed but like the reverberating tones that were still lingering in my ears from the American Spiritualists. It is because I feel that there is this intense heart-tie of spiritual sympathy between us that I attempt no expression of thankfulness to-night for the ovation which you offered to the woman; for do I not know that it is tendered to the messenger of spiritual truth? do I not recognise that it is due to the angels who have brought you and me together, made me the instrument of addressing you, and you the instrument of the strength which enables me to speak to the world? It is in this sense that I receive the tokens of kindness, of sympathy, of honour and respect which you lay, I say, not at my feet, but at the feet of those whom I serve. (Applause.) Therefore, in parting from you I attempt no formal expression of thankfulness, no stereotyped phrases of acceptance of these noble and thrilling words; I only propose to review some of the footprints we have trod together—to go over the ground again where you and I have toiled to discover the meaning of the mighty movement of which, at present, we are little more than the subjects, but which seems to me to have put a torch in each one's hand—a standard committed to each one's care, marshalling us as a mighty army, by the unseen generalship of the mighty beings that have led us thus far with a power unknown to man, unprecedented in history, baffling all obstacles, putting down all attempts to hinder our progress, and carrying us forward triumphantly to the germ of a mighty spiritual organisation.

What has Spiritualism done for us? I know there are many who reiterate that it has taught no new theory, uttered no strange or unknown tidings—that the belief in immortality, the worship of God, the acceptance of the principles of compensation and retribution for right and wrong, have all formed essential portions of human belief in ages past, and that all who acknowledge the teachings of Christianity subscribe to such doctrines. Whilst these words are perpetually reiterated in my ear, I am forcibly reminded of the time when, four hundred years ago, a man of faith believed that there was a *terra incognita* beyond the wide wastes of ocean. Far away across those pathless realms, which his compeers called the *ultima thule*, Columbus, by the eye of faith, perceived a new world. He could not communicate that faith to others; he could not prove or demonstrate its foundation, in itself, until the hour when, with God for his captain, inspiration for his pilot, and the weal and destiny of unborn millions for his freight, he breasted the wide waves of ocean, planted his foot upon the new world, and brought back, in evidence of his conquest of this *terra incognita*, the inhabitants thereof. Then it was that the world knew, and then it was that Columbus exchanged knowledge for faith. We have found a Columbus; we have recognised in the unknown and hitherto viewless regions of the spirit-world, the commander, the captain, the crew, that have breasted the waves of death, planted their feet upon unknown shores beyond, and returned with hosts of the immortals to speak to us through the stammering tones of the little raps, and make our faith become knowledge, and demonstrate that which man has believed for eighteen centuries to be a solemn living truth.

Next, we have solved all the problems of spiritual existence; we have answered to ourselves for ever the question, "If a man dies, shall he live again?" We have learned what death has done to us: it has simply broken open the casket; it has rent the veil of mystery in twain, and discovered the living angels sitting within what we have hitherto deemed the corrupting tomb of death. Spiritualism has proved a mighty reform, and a prophecy of a still mightier one in the realm of that science which has ignored the Spiritualists because it is baffled by Spiritualism. Just as much as Spiritualists have discovered in the realm of spiritual

science, is material science lacking in. Every one of the phenomena which manifests the presence of the spirit is a new revelation in science. I am perpetually questioned, "What is the connection between the sublime idealism that grows out of these spiritual teachings, and these insignificant sounds, these contemptible movements of gyrating bodies? What connection have these with this sublimity and idealism, this glorious revelation of new and unknown lands?" Can they not see that these are the flutterings of the spiritual lightning on the telegraphic wires? Do not they perceive that, as these messages pass across the wires, a fresh revelation in science is proclaimed? A hidden people are in our midst—an unknown world has landed its freight of pilgrims on our shores—our city streets are thick with them—our chambers are full of them—the very stones are prating of their whereabouts; in the silence of the night—in the busy hums of the city—in the midst of everyday life, our secret thoughts, our secret practices are scrutinised by this cloud of witnesses that fills this very place, puts aside even the thick ponderable walls that surround us, and opens up before us the vast and illimitable fields of spiritual existence.

We have been asked, "What is the use of it?" We have been taxed, again and again, to show some new thing that these spirits have proclaimed. Everything that they do is new, every revelation that they make is a marvel—every sign and token that they present is an indication of a germ-seed planted in our midst, and eventually promising to blossom in a glorious and stupendous revelation of new forces within ourselves—new forces that this world of spiritual power is exerting upon us. Not "a" new force, not *one* force, not an unknown or disconnected force from intelligence—but a force teeming with intelligence, and always manifesting special identity—ever speaking of a personality. No matter whether it be one that we have honoured in time past, or whether it be one of the scum of the earth—he is wiser, mightier, more scientific than all the scientific bodies of this great country put together; he can perform phenomena which they cannot explain. Thus it is that Spiritualism has brought us a scientific reform. Spiritualism has brought us a new light on those phases of character which we have hitherto deemed lost in the inscrutable mystery of original sin. When we perceive that life beyond is but a continuation of the life present—that there is no interruption, no inharmonious in that mighty chain of being that lifts up the poor, the friendless, the criminal, the ignorant, as well as the saint and the sinner, to a world of progress beyond—oh! what a broad mantle of charity does this Spiritualism throw over the past!

We no longer gaze upon the dark brow of the begrimed man of sin—we no longer look down upon these children of the people as they pass us in the midst of the mire and filth both of poverty and pauperism, of disgrace and reprobation; but we look through the black crust, and perceive there the germ of the mightiest angel that ever shone in the radiance of eternity. Folded up within the chrysalitic form of every material organism we look upon the germ of all powers, all possibilities; and as we gaze down these corridors of eternity, we see these poor begrimed pilgrims, whom we have spurned and scorned, rising to the triumphant heights of Progress, under the brighter, more healthful, more humane, and therefore more divine institutions of mercy—of reform instead of punishment—of teaching instead of dungeon bolts and bars. I do claim, therefore, that Spiritualism in this respect is a grand moral reform. It is something more—it is an individual reform. It speaks to the individual conscience every moment of our lives; it explores the secret depths of our own hearts; it sets up a tribunal within our breasts, from which we cannot escape. How much it has been to me at least a religious reform, many of you have borne witness. Many of you have heard my song of joy, my jubilant expression of gratitude to my Creator that I have found and comprehended the meaning of that sublime sentence, "God is a Spirit." As I have listened to the revelations of the spirits proclaiming the conservation of all force, of genius, of talent, of energy, even of passion, emotion, crime, all and everything that constitutes the real man, I have learned to comprehend the grand Man of Creation. As I have understood what it is to be a spirit, I have begun to comprehend something of the nature, the immensity, the omniscience, the omnipotence of Him whom we have so vaguely worshipped as God. I know not who differs from me—I ask not, I care not; it is enough for me, and for those who feel with me, that from these insignificant manifestations, as the world calls them, step by step I have traced up the actuality and the positivism of spiritual existence. This is the kind of religious reform that Spiritualism has been to me. It takes no shape or creedal form, narrows itself to no dogma. It cannot limit itself to a house; it cannot enter within the gates of any dwelling made by the hands of man. Broad as eternity, wide as infinity, vast as the universe whose fragments in parts I contemplate, is this God whom I now know, whom I now comprehend, because I comprehend what is a Spirit. If I fail in the reverence which seems to many of you to be due to the idea of the God of sects, churches, and denominations, bear with me. My God is so much larger than these, so much wider, grander, and vaster than all the petty conceptions jotted down by the pen of man, that I cannot bring my thoughts to worship before the image that man has set up.

There is one more point in my religious faith in that Spiritualism that has been to me of all reforms the grandest, that I may press upon you now in parting. It is the realisation of that sublime justice, that grand and immutable law of compensation and retribution, which is at once our teacher and our judge. It is for this that I love and honour Spiritualism, that I pin my faith on it as the hope of the world. It is for this that, when I clasp hands with reformers in every direction, when I behold them toiling to

bles and benefit humanity, I thank God there is one broad, grand, magnificent reform that encloses them all. And it is because it is so whole-souled that it cannot stoop to any lesser reform than all that belongs to the weal and woe of humanity, that our friend the chairman this night perceives but little else in it than heterogeneous disorder—does not recognise that it is the angel that has crossed the threshold of the home, and speaks to the heart in the silence of individualism—does not perceive that it is dealing not with the masses, but with the authority of truth within every individual. Acknowledging that we appear a broken and scattered people, I perceive in this movement the elements of all power, of all truth, and the promise of all that I can hope for the race in future—a scientific reform, a moral reform in our opinions concerning the Author of creation, an absolute demonstration of our own future, a determined tribunal set up in each one's heart, and a promise which fails not, because it comes neither from human propagandism nor human caprice, but from that world of power which encloses and sustains us even as the soul vitalises our body, and constitutes the real man. This is my view of the movement in which you and I have been engaged. You and I have spoken spirit to spirit: we have each looked face to face upon the glory beyond the veil, and many of us, like myself, have realised the worth of that which we are striving for. It is, therefore, to Spiritualism, and at the feet of Spiritualism that I do lay these most welcome and most deeply venerated tokens of your kindness and sympathy. And now we part, and in these words there is a ring of sadness to any but the Spiritualist. Those who have looked upon the perpetual phantasmagoria of the atoms amongst which we live, know that passing away is the genius of all material things. The mightiest works of art are passing away. The most glorious efforts that humanity has ever made, fade and become dim, and at last the corrupting hand of time obliterates them. The veil of antiquity may wreath them round with the moss and the ivy, and they may look beautiful in ruin; and the crumbling touch of decay may retint their dying forms with a beauty fairer than they ever possessed before; but still they are passing away. You and I have realised from the cradle to the present hour that all our joys—all our best and fairest hopes—have passed away. The spell is on them; the evening time must come. Some of us have beheld the shrines in which we have laid up our hearts' best treasures pass away, and as it has faded out of sight we have realised that upon every fragment of matter—even upon the glorious stars—even upon the mighty and majestic sun himself—upon all that army of God marshalled up this night in such glory, stretching away to the furthest realms of eternity—even upon those mighty and majestic suns, parents of new-born worlds, centres of vast and illimitable systems, the doom is written—"Passing away." But oh, friends, if at this hour this perpetual change, this constant whirl that does not leave us one gem, one treasure behind—if at this hour the memory of these perpetual transitions is upon us, and you and I, who have clasped hands in kindness, and who have toiled together when the world was against us, and none but the hands of the invisibles to strengthen us—if you and I, who have stood in many a garden of Gethsemane and doubted whether it was not for us at last to march up the hill of Calvary—you and I, that beneath the brand of this unpopular cause have seen men forsake us and flee, with none to stand by us but the deeply sympathising spirits of those that feel with us—if we are to part this night, and our mortal eye shall look upon the forms of fellow-labourers no more, do we not realise that He that gathers up the beautiful has stamped upon the spirit—the immutable, the glorious, the deathless spirit—that permanence of existence that knows no passing away? There are three things that can never pass: the power, the night, and the majesty of Him that sustains us, whom we worship as God; the deathless, unquenchable fragments of his being that we know as his creatures in their spiritual existence; and last, not least, that deep, undying love which is the foundation of his kingdom. (Loud applause.) These things can never perish. You and I shall live for ever; and wheresoever we live, in whatsoever spheres of eternity our pilgrim-feet may sojourn, the undying spirit of affection can never perish—the love that has bound heart to heart can never die. I do believe that the chain of kindness will be brightened by the action of death, and that every link will shine like the stars of heaven, sweeter, finer, and fairer for the spiritual transfiguration that casts away the sordid cares of earth and the selfish mask of clay, and leaves only pure spirit. As far, therefore, as your spirits and mine have been bound together by the ties of kindness, there is no passing away for us. I shall tread the new world, and I know not whether the waves of the ocean will ever bear me back to you, but I do know that the place where my feet have trod will prate of my whereabouts, and the walls that have enclosed me will contain a portion of my spirit. I ask you to remember me, and to bear me up strongly in your hearts' love. You are spirits as much as those I love and those that I have served, and therefore your spirits can as surely sustain and strengthen me in the far land of the West as you have done now. I cast around you, in the name of the dear angels, that chain of spiritual love, every link of which is in one or other of your hands, and which ye have but to touch to awaken an answering chord within my heart. And if our mortal eyes should never exchange glances more—if the soul that looks through them should wait until we meet beyond the beautiful river; why, if we love—if we cherish kindness for one another—if we have taken hold of those links of affection in that bright and deathless chain which anchors round the heart of God, you and I and all of us shall yet meet again in the morning.

Mrs. Hicks and her sister, Mrs. Stewart, sang in a very pleasing manner the duet, "Weel may the Keel Row," exceedingly appropriate as symbolical of the noble "keel," the Spiritual cause, and of Mrs. Hardinge's approaching voyage across the Atlantic.

MR. GERALD MASSEY'S ADDRESS.

THE CHAIRMAN: It is reported that when the devil first read the Ten Commandments he remarked, "Well, they are a rum lot!" And such will be the exclamation of numbers of people when they hear of the doings of Spiritualism. Such has been the exclamation of many who have, as they believe, had dealings with the spirits themselves. Things are said and done quite unbecomingly of the Spiritual dignities, and whatever the amount of truth there may be on our side, I feel pretty sure there is a good deal of imposture on the other. And why not? A large number of impostors have left our world to go somewhere; and perhaps they find us more easily imposed upon than their new acquaintances. But the question whether spirits or unseen intelligences do communicate with us is one of facts not to be in the least invalidated by the nature of the response. There are many kinds of mediums, and, broadly speaking, there are two kinds of mediumship—the abnormal and the normal. There have always been and are now born into this life persons of a peculiar organisation, who become the unconscious mediums of spiritual manifestation. They can be easily put into the magnetic trance by other people, and it looks as if they could be as easily entranced by the spirits on the other side. Anyway, they are so constituted that spirits can take possession of their physical organism, make use of their nervous system, speak with their tongues, and become, for the time being, the conscious soul of their bodies. This, I repeat, seems to depend on the physical constitution. They are, as we say, "born so." I myself have had the most positive and convincing proof that such organisations do exist, and can be taken absolute possession of by other intelligences higher or lower, for I lived face to face with the fact for fifteen years, and did a bit of work by the help of it which I hold would not have been done in any other way. But there are other mediums which I call normal mediums because they are acted on by spirits without any suspension of or visible interference with known laws. And we are all more or less mediums of this kind, although we may not know it. The Creator is for evermore acting by mediumship, and carries on the work of all His worlds by means of the varied forms of life and mental consciousness that receive and transmit His influence. In this kind of mediumship the spirits work *en rapport* with us, and do not need our ordinary faculties to be entranced. They quicken the life of the usual faculties, and, as we say, inspire us. They have power to guard us, warn us, comfort us, kindle our thought, warm our feelings, and add a precious seeing to our spiritual vision. And all this is done in the most natural way. Now, the great value of the abnormal mediumship lies for me, not in its startling interferences with recognised physical laws, rapping of tables, playing of music, or floating of bodies, but in the light it throws on that normal mediumship which is the common inheritance. I believe that this abnormal mediumship is non-natural and will be unnatural to the end. It may be necessary, a stage of progress. It is a rift through which strange light of revelation flashes, and but for those gleams we could not see as at present. We can study it as physicians do disease, with the view of reaching higher laws of health. But I know of the brain sapped and racked, the heart arrested or quickened in its movement, the health overthrown. I am not aware that the idea has ever been broached, but I think it would bear arguing that St. Paul's mysterious "thorn in the flesh," which has caused the commentators so much perplexity, had to do with abnormal mediumship, and was really the tendency he had to fall into the trance condition. There can be no question but that he was struck down in trance when his conversion occurred; no question that the abnormal condition was so common to him that he could not remember whether certain things took place when he was in the body or out of the body. Moreover, it was an infirmity that he gloried in. And he makes use of these remarkable words—"And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations," evidently received in the trance, "there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me." "For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." I venture to say that can never be interpreted so satisfactorily as by the Spiritualist who knows how active the messengers of Satan are in troubling mediums to-day. Perhaps it is necessary that these should suffer as they do, on account of the blindness and unbelief of men. Every cause demands its victims and will have its martyrs.

It is only through the abnormal medium apparently that we can obtain such physical phenomena as will arrest the attention of the most unspiritual and sometimes upset the conceit of the most scientific. Whether it will be worth while trying to convince our men of science that there is a force they can never fathom is another matter. They don't want to recognise it or the world to believe in it. They appear unable to apprehend the presence of Force, except in the domain where it ceases to be spiritual—because it has been transmuted, as Will-force is transmuted into Muscular force—unable to see that all force is spiritual in its origin. The truth is that many of them cannot believe in mind without the visible physical basis. The medium is present when the phenomena occur. No other mind is visibly embodied, therefore the mind present can only belong to the medium. You cannot cross the sea upon dry land, and that is what they want to do. You

cannot walk into the other world on the same pair of physical legs as have served you in this. That is what they insist upon doing, or else they won't go at all; and they never will. But to return to the abnormal mediums. These are the first who are seized on and made use of to arrest the attention of the world. But the ultimate object of this human suffering, and all these curious and seemingly absurd phenomena that take place, is not to lift tables or bodies, or make fools or wise men gape with their hair standing on end. It is to lift up the eyelids of the mind and elevate the soul to a perception of the fact that there is a spirit-world about us, close to us, in communion with us, and the value of that truth is not to be limited by the nature of the demonstration. Again, the mediumship which depends on physical constitution must, I think, of necessity be a limiting condition on the other side, and so determine the range of communication. A great living poet, who is a personal friend of mine, had a wife who was a Spiritualist. She had passed away when I first met him, and talking over these things with him one day, I asked if he had never heard her rap near him. He said No, and of course that was quite enough to convince him that spirits do not rap at all. Nevertheless, he was wrong. It is possible that the conditions for audible communication were wanting on both sides. Possibly she could not have wrapped in his presence. If you ask me why not, I will tell you the moment you tell me why iron is the favourite medium for conducting electricity, and not the more precious metals, silver and gold. The husband was a great sceptic, and if the sounds had been produced, he would have explained them in a hundred natural ways, rather than have believed they indicated her presence. The wife was, I doubt not, far away from the region of physical communication, for she was one of the purest, loftiest spirits whilst here—one of the rarest that ever wore flesh. But for all that, I never doubted of her nearness to him, spirit to spirit, her affection for him nestling in his heart of hearts, life of his life, or of her presence and power to help him when he was writing his next poem. She could not take possession of his brain and work on the nerve-system like the telegraph operator using his machine and wires, but her mind would work with his mind in normal mediumship, and the supernatural would thus become perfectly natural. And that this is the right and ultimate way of working is illustrated, if not proved, by the fact that where the writing is done directly by some spirit in actual possession it is seldom of any value. There is no poetry written in the abnormal condition that would bear any comparison with that which is written normally. I can write a hundred times better poetry myself than they could ever get expressed *directly* through me, for they do now and then give my hand a jog and the pen a push. Both the poetry and the spirit-drawings that I have seen may have pleasures and glimpses of something far away and fine, a glory ungraspable, but they do not talk the language of this life—rather, they make signs in a dumb show from another world. The poetry needs translating for us, and the picture wants interpreting. To give us anything additional, anything divinely creative and of human use, it appears to me that the thought must be celebrated through the natural brain, because it has to reach the spirits of others by passing back again through their natural brain. And so the higher spirits work with us, on us, and through us, unheard, unseen, and bring their force to bear most perfectly when we are most unconscious of their presence. In this way I take it that Shakespeare was the greatest normal medium that ever wrote. I said we did not need to pass into a trance to become mediums of this kind. But there is a sort of trance necessary. It is that our sense of self, our consciousness of self, our selfishness of every form be laid in trance before our angel-helpers and elders in immortality can carry on their divine agency most freely and fully, and aid us to their utmost ability. And here again, I doubt not that Shakespeare was so great, so unparalleled a natural medium, because he was the least self-conscious of poets that ever lived.

Well, then, we are all subject to this influence, ever acted upon more or less by these spiritual beings who sustain, guide, comfort, inspire us, though hidden from most of us by the veil of visible things in which we are also spirits, although more finitely in our humanity. Mr. Darwin has shown by how exquisite a device the orchids are fertilised by means of insects, who, while in search of honey, deposit the flower-pollen. This plan we believe to be carried out by the Creator on a vastly higher plane and larger range in the fertilisation of the human mind by means of spirit-visitants, who seek to gather honey from him, from his human flowers on earth, and whilst doing so, impregnate them with his heavenly influences. In this way, by spirit-agencies, the angels of His presence, as the Bible has it, does God descend upon the soul like showers that water the earth and bring forth the flowers, or as dew upon the mown grass that draws forth a sweet savour; and it is our work here to pass on these heavenly influences to others whenever, and wherever, and howsoever they touch the soul, or illuminate the mind, or inspire the heart in any or in all of us. The revelations made by Spiritualism must tend to aid the human mind in realising God as a universal presence and the universal source of life, not only a first cause, but the ever-present cause. The scientific and orthodox mind has represented the Creator as a sort of first cause that set things going—gave the pendulum of time a tilt or the first impulse at the other end of the chain of being, and all the rest following in natural sequence like the series of appulsions given by the buffers of a train of carriages, each striking the other from the beginning to the end of the train. That is not an unfair image to represent their idea of the operation of natural laws. But that is a totally inadequate representation of *our First Cause*, who is always causing, always

present—who makes the succession as He goes. He does not operate only in that visible sequence to which they would limit his workings who are so limited themselves. Again, the scientific and religious world appear to have hitherto divided the matter thus—the one shuts God up altogether out of its domain, and places it under the government of law. This becomes the so-called region of the natural, which they can grasp and deal with satisfactorily so long as God is not there. Then the other demands an act of faith to enable us to believe in God in his own proper domain, which they look on as the supernatural. Thus you can only touch the spiritual by an act of faith, and the spiritual can only reach you by an act of miracle. With the Spiritualist these two blend, interchange, are united in one. He does not look on the supernatural as a world apart from the natural. He has evidence to show that they work together for a common end. He looks upon the so-called supernatural as the unseen or occult part of nature in which that which is seen has its rootage and draws its sustenance. The unseen is for ever working through the seen into visible being, and the visible is for ever tending towards and growing into new forms of existence that are to most of us unseen. You cannot close this world against the other, nor shut the Creator out of any bridal-chamber of reproductiveness, nor prevent your old friends on the other side coming back to you, with any boundary lines you may draw betwixt supernatural and natural. Thus you see the Spiritualist has been feeling for and thinks he has grasped that link in the chain of continuity which the physicists of our time are so earnestly in search of on the material side. I have no doubt there is such a oneness and continuity which they dream of and are trying to demonstrate. The mirror of matter everywhere gleams with the dim image of it; but to think of grasping it there by the hand of physical science alone is as though you might expect to reach the moon by plunging into the water after the reflex image of it. They are following a reflection. But even that reflex image is the shadow of God, and they are so far right, and cannot do better than follow it into the light. That light shines on the spiritual side of things.

What countless myriads of human souls have on this earth of ours lifted up their anguished faces, beseeching eyes, and praying hands, wrestling with intolerable agony in the very furnace of affliction, when the great darkness has opened round them and some beloved face has entered the cloud and passed from their sight! And these would have given worlds for one word, one look, one thrill, or sign of assurance that all was well with their beloved—that love lived on, and although earth might divide us, heaven never does. What would they not have given to know that the soul continued to exist! and the only reply to this yearning was for them to have faith. Have faith! Why, that was just what they had not. They fancied they had until the first real appeal was made, and then they had only doubt, and hope, and fear. A great deal of religious faith has been of the kind illustrated by the old Scotchwoman, who, when asked how she felt whilst her horse was running away with her, said she "put her trust in Providence till the britchin' broke, and then she gave up." She relied on the visible link. "What I would give," said to me a poor fellow who had lost a dear little one, "if I could only believe she was living still and near me, and that I shall see her and have her again!" Now, this latter revelation of Spiritualism makes its first appeal to belief by demonstrating the fact of continued existence in another life. That gives us a fine, fresh start—repeats for us the proofs, indefinitely multiplied, said to have been given in miracles 1,800 years ago, and believed in generally up to the point at which the "britchin'" breaks. It gives not only faith, but positive assurance. What is the upshot of all the spiritual teaching hitherto? Is it such a sense of the other life that the selfish concerns of this are dwarfed and rebuked in its majestic presence? Why, I find the mass of so-called religious people don't want to believe in the spirit-world save in the abstract or otherwise than as an article of their creed. They accept a sort of belief in it, on authority—a grim necessity; it's best to believe, in case it does exist after all; but they give the lie to that belief, in their lives, and in presence of such facts as we place before them. Our orthodox spiritual teachers have arrested and made permanent the passing figure, and permitted the eternal essence of the meaning to escape. They have deified the symbol on earth instead of the God in heaven. They have taken hold of Christ by the dead hand, and lost sight of the living Lord. They have come between us and the pure white light of God's love—shut out God from his own house with pictures painted on the window panes. They have broken and discoloured that light from heaven in the distorting prism of their own personality. Not long since I heard a Ritualist declare that the shortest and surest way of getting at God was to eat him when you had secured his presence, for this occasion only, in a consecrated wafer. There was a physical fact which you could lay hold of, whatever the spiritual uncertainty might be. They have assumed that God never had but one Son, and all the rest of us whom Christ taught to pray to "Our Father" are only poor bastards of the devil. Hitherto, so it seems to me, we have only had the merest glimpse of that which is possible. Even the Christian revelation remains to be revealed in its most spiritual aspect, so little has the world realised the main truth of Christ's mission, which was to hook-and-eye the two worlds together.

How seldom has the spiritual life, where it has flowered at all, been more than a graft from without instead of a root and branch, life of the life, blossoming straight out of the Eternal! How often has the Divine Presence been made to brood over humanity with a solemn shadow of religious awe that

darkened and depressed, instead of a loving illumination of the soul from within, and that light on the upturned face of man which is the true glory of God. Spiritualism will make religion infinitely more real, and translate it from the domain of belief to that of life. It has been to me, in common with many others, such a lifting of the mental horizon and a letting in of the heavens—such a transformation of faiths into facts—that I can only compare life without it to sailing on board ship with hatches battened down, and being kept a prisoner, cribbed, cabined, and confined, living by the light of a candle—dark to the glory overhead, and blind to a thousand possibilities of being, and then suddenly on some splendid starry night allowed to go on deck for the first time, and see the stupendous mechanism of the starry heavens all aglow with the glory of God, and drink in new life with every breath of this wondrous liberty, which makes you dilate almost large enough in soul to fill the immensity that you see around you. Can you tell me what the teachers of Christianity have ever done to realise and vitalise that belief in the unseen world, and that possible communication between the two lives of which their Bible furnishes so many illustrations? They have ignored it altogether; they have been afraid of it; they have tried to block up the doorway; they have been the very rulers of this world's darkness in shutting out spiritual influences; they have laboured as sedulously in trying to stop the other world as ever the Roman Cardinals did to stop the on-going of this when it was proclaimed by Galileo. They have mainly built their embodied belief on the arrested and enervated stream of spiritual life, as the Russians build their Winter Palace on the ice of their river Neva. But the breaking up of the long frost is coming. There is a riving and a rending of the theological structure; the pent-up air is struggling to get free; the other world is breaking through. The foundations of things are about to be shaken—not the eternal foundations, they are safe enough, but the temporary foundations of ice and sand on which men have built for eternity. When the wave breaks it is only the form that goes to wreck; the spirit of motion lives, and passes on transformed. And so it is with these tidal waves of the eternal, one of which is now breaking on the shore of time. I verily believe that there is about to be such a spiritual revolution and real revival of religious life as the world has not seen for eighteen centuries. We are going to have the great gathering-in of the outsiders. Not that these outsiders will be gathered in to any of the churches which have become stone graves of a living God, and yet they will be safely gathered in by the Good Shepherd, who said, "Other sheep I have who are not of this fold"—

"These will not sit and starve among the dead,
When they can share with us the living bread,
The skull of a dead past they will not drain,
Who can be nourished by the living brain.
They dare not stoop beneath your low dark porch,
With heavens of angels round them for a church."

I cannot help laughing to myself at times as I think of what this much-maligned and despised Spiritualism is about to accomplish. How little they dream of the new dawn that is coming up the sky. Nay, it is already flaming in at the windows, and trying to look into the shut eyes of the sleepers, which are fast closed to the glory shining on their faces. They are dreaming how to roll the world back the other way once more into the night of the past, even while they are passing face upwards beneath the radiant arch over their heads of the dawn of a day that is not theirs; blind to the splendour of its coming; deaf to the birds of light that are up and singing; and senseless to this amazing apparition of God himself, who is now on earth with a visible presence, perturbed and dissatisfied with the current representations of him which have been so unfaithful and untrue. What will they do when they wake? Vainly clutch at their temporal possessions with a terrible tenacity, knowing they have no spiritual kingdom. If they could but comprehend what Spiritualism is going to do for real faith instead of shouting for the fire-engines to come and put out this new dawn, they would embrace us and aid us all they could. For see—just when scientific research is getting too much for the old creeds—when we have discovered the secret of life in Protoplasm, and are on the point of finding the mechanical equivalent of consciousness, just when we have discovered that force comes from the visible side of phenomena, and thought is only molecular motion, and mind a property possessed by matter; just when the scientific report is that the deeper we dive the farther off recedes the supposed heart-beat of the eternal life; and to make up to humanity for the loss of our Father in heaven, we have at length, possibly at full-length, found our long-lost grandfather of earth in the fields, or forests, or floods of the fore-world—in breaks this revelation from the unknown, and, as they assumed, unknowable. Just when we had proved that miracles could not be, and therefore never had been, in breaks the miraculous once more; we have one "Hume" answered by the other (Home), and the impossibility of a thing does not prevent its happening. The whole realm of mystery is once more thrown wide open, the partition walls will be thrown down flat, together with all who leaned their whole weight against them. This time the existence of the spiritual world is going to be placed on a firmer foothold than ever—not as a mere creed or dogma, but as a verified, enduring, ever-present, familiar fact. In truth, I believe the life here will be lived in the presence of the Unseen as it never yet has been, and the dim religious light which has been lovely as moonlight, and with no more life in it, will be changed into vital sunlight and vivid day, whilst all that is worth having in religion will be wrought out in a positive philosophy such as will speedily eclipse that of Comte, for we know it is in

life as it is in language—Spiritual means Real. Instead of the other world remaining dim and helplessly afar off—a possibility to some, a doubt to others, a perplexity to many, and an abstraction to most, it will be made a living verity, visible to many, audible to more, present with and operant through all. Now, this enables us to stand at starting where others hope to attain in the end. Science tells us that the time will come when our sun must decay and be no longer the light and life of its own brood of worlds. As a consequence, our world will no longer bring forth life in the present physical forms. On our side we see that in the meantime the earthy is putting on immortality—the material world is gradually assuming its spiritual form and its crown of life that fadeth not away—the world of matter will have brought forth its world of mind. Thus we can see how the prophecies shall be fulfilled, and the heavens rolled together as a scroll—even as the author's manuscript may be when his thoughts have passed into print to take living embodiment in other minds—and there shall be a new heaven and a new earth.

We do not look on the Creator as the Divine Designer who drew a vast and shadowy outline of his creation, and left it to be wrought out by mechanical law. We see how he is the Eternal Worker who is "at it" in every part of this design that is so slowly but surely transfigure the visible universe into the living likeness of his fatherly love, by means of his presence more and more revealed in the growing consciousness of his spiritual creatures, who are also made co-workers with him in completing the sublime design. We see how the life of the soul is a continual incarnation of the divine as well as a development from the human. We see how desire, yearning, prayer can lift the soul to God and draw down increase of strength from him, because the equipoise of what is called natural law can be influenced by will, just as the law of gravitation is often overpowered in Mr. Home's experiments, and, as we may put it, the extraordinary pull with volition in it becomes too much for the ordinary pull with no volition in it. We see how our affections, which are so impalpable to sense, and yet our own essential, final selves, do lay up a spiritual substance which becomes the future form and glorious body of the soul. "Thou canst not show the dead are dead," says the modern poet, in reply to the doubt of these days, and that assurance has been clutched at as a staff of comfort to support the decrepitude of belief. But we can show that the dead are not dead. We have had them coming to us in our own homes and private experience, and proving their presence with us by infallible signs of recognition. We have had them coming back to us and beginning the old conversation just where it was broken off in death. We know that they are not dead, but alive with us. We know that they think of us as we of them, and we know that thought is spiritual presence, and there is nothing between us but a viewless veil. For us the dark of death grows all alive and starry with smiling shapes and gracious presences; our mental firmament is all ashine with spiritual forms of the old life that reappear as people of the light. Earth may divide us, Heaven never does. We are enabled to see clearly and definitely that spiritual rootage of life in God which has been buried and shrouded for others in the dust of death—see it and trace its ramifying fibres as plainly as you can see the roots of the hyacinth in the water-glass held up against the light. I speak of facts known to many persons here—facts not limited to professional mediums, but springing up all over the land in the most unexpected ways and places. And let these facts once take possession of the national mind, the result will be incalculable. As a people we are sceptical of theory, but we wed our fact for life or death. We make up in sureness of grip for our slowness of movement, and do not easily let go what we have once laid hold of. God himself must find it difficult to get some truths into us, but once in, the devil can't get them out again. We are not easily illuminated, not soon set on fire. But we burn well when once kindled, whether judged by the spiritual fervour shown in life, or by the white faces of the martyrs outflashing the flames as they have smiled up to the cloud of witnesses around them at the scene of their transfiguration in death. And this fact of Spiritualism will yet be grasped as with a death-bed clutch of the delivering hand that reaches down to lift us into new life. Meanwhile, all hail and all honour to those who bear the banner in the front of the battle. All hail and all honour especially to her who is our guest of the night, and who has so chivalrously devoted herself to the service of others in fulfilment of the Father's bidding. It was Saul, as we know, who went forth on a very lowly errand, to look after his father's asses. And there will be newspaper cynics present to suggest that our friend's mission has been similar, and that we have a goodly gathering of such here to night. But let them sneer! Saul was doing his father's bidding, and he found a kingdom. And if our friend has not found her kingdom, she will have helped to found one—the kingdom of freer thought, and larger life, and clearer light, and sweeter charities, and nobler love.

"Her labour will have helped to bring to birth
The Kingdom as it is in heaven on earth."

"The Spirit Voice," a parting song for Spiritualists, written expressly for the occasion by A. R. Phillips, Esq., music by Mrs. Hicks, was then sung with much feeling by the composer:—

THE SPIRIT-VOICE.*

'Tis hard to part from those we love,
Though 'tis but for a while;
In vain we try to hide our grief
Beneath a loving smile.

* Arranged for the Voice and Pianoforte, full music size, price 1s J. Burns, 15, Southampton Row, W.C.

The tear-drops glisten in our eyes,
 Deep sighs with smiles we blend,
 And sadly, with an aching heart,
 We say, "Adieu, my friend!"
 But hark! we hear a spirit-voice,
 That sings in accents sweet,
 "Cheer up, cheer up—you cannot part;
 Your spirits still must meet."

Oh! deep within the mystic space,
 The spirit wanders free;
 And it will fly from land to land,
 Across the heaving sea;
 For love will bind mankind in one,
 And man, from pole to pole,
 Shall hold communion far and near,
 And soul converse with soul.
 Then fare thee well, our sister dear;
 As says that spirit sweet,
 We yet may dear communion hold—
 Our spirits still shall meet.

A purse, containing one hundred and thirty guineas, was then presented to Mrs. Hardinge by Mr. N. F. Daw.

Mrs. HARDINGE, in acknowledging the gift, said: The last token that you have rendered me this night, the liberality, the kindness, the wholly unlooked-for worldly compensation that you have offered for such service as I have had to perform—service that has paid itself as it has gone on—utterly deprives me of all power to say aught but the simple words, "From my heart I thank you."

By special request, Mrs. Hardinge then recited "Over There." A vote of thanks to the Chairman, proposed by Signor Damiani, and seconded by Mr. Jencken, was cordially agreed to, and then "Auld Lang Syne" was sung by Mrs. Hicks, the whole meeting joining in the well-known chorus. The evening was far advanced and many had left. For a long time Mrs. Hardinge was engaged in receiving the warm and hearty good wishes of the numerous friends who thronged round her. Those who were less fortunate consoled themselves with an examination of the many specimens of art-mediumship on view.

We must not conclude our report without noting the fact that spiritual phenomena formed part of the proceedings. While Mrs. Hardinge was speaking, loud raps were heard all over the platform, apparently through the mediumship of Mrs. Everitt. In the box occupied by Mrs. Berry and Mrs. Guppy, "John King" kept up a conversation of running remarks, in the audible voice, while Mr. Williams was in the box with them. "John King" seemed to enjoy the meeting, and value Mrs. Hardinge as much as anyone present.

SIGNOR DAMIANI'S SPEECH.

[There was not time for Signor Damiani to speak to a resolution for which he made preparation; but we are glad to give his cordial remarks expression in our columns.]

I rise to second this motion, and I do so with sincere pleasure, especially as it affords me the opportunity of saying a few words respecting the feelings which Continental Spiritualists cherish in regard to the truly noble lady who forms the object of our meeting this evening. During the past few years I visited many cities in Italy, France, and Germany, and I have found that wherever Spiritualism is whispered and the English Spiritual literature has penetrated, there the name of Mrs. Hardinge is associated with feelings of the highest esteem, and I may say veneration—less, perhaps, on account of her unparalleled eloquence, than for her devotion and disinterestedness in the cause of humanity. Indeed, I may make bold to say that the departure of Mrs. Hardinge from Europe is a matter of regret as great to the Continental Spiritualists as it is for the English. History tells us of the Sibyls of old; but it tells us also of their mysterious sayings, as well as of the extortionate price which one of them demanded for certain books of occult knowledge; but this Sibyl of our times lays no price on the records of the heavenly wisdom which she scatters broadcast over the face of the earth, and her oracles, clear as crystal, unravel the grand mysteries of God, man, and creation. It is said she is prompted by angels; if so, the choice only shows that angels know that which is good. Sir, we are here this evening not only to pay homage but to say farewell to this estimable lady, previous to her departure for another field of labour. Let us pray that good angels and happiness may follow her everywhere. Many of us, most likely, will not see her again on this earthly plane; but what of that, if we are assured, not by the promptings of simple faith, but by that certainty of knowledge which science and science alone can give, that we shall meet her again where parting is not known? And comforting indeed is the thought that, under the canopy of a brighter heaven, we shall all reassemble and receive still higher truths and sublimer revelation from the inspirations of Emma Hardinge.

AN EVENING WITH THE SPIRITUALISTS.

There was a farewell *conversazione* of the Spiritualists of England last night at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, held in honour of Mrs. Emma Hardinge, previous to her departure for America. Mr. Gerald Massey presided, and as a number of fashionably dressed ladies and elderly gentlemen of the evidently well-to-do class were present, it must be inferred that there are a good many believers in Spiritualism in London. The Rev. J. M. Peebles spoke an address embodying greetings from eminent American Spiritualists, and announcing subscriptions from various persons to a testimonial to the lady who was the heroine of the gathering, and whom he described as the great, noble, and outspoken advocate of the truth of the ministry of spirits to earth, whose speech, whose oratorical powers, whose writings and commanding presence had called forth the admiration even of those who did not accept the philosophy of her divinely inspired teachings. In America, he said, there

were eleven millions of people who believed with Judge Edmonds that the spirits of our fathers, our mothers, our friends, hold converse and communion with us. The programme was agreeably varied with vocal music by Miss Lizzie Doten, Mrs. Hicks, Miss Cooper, Miss Henry, Miss Kinslingbury, and an effective chorus, besides speeches from Mrs. Hardinge, Signor Damiani, Mr. Daw, and others; and after the presentation of the testimonial, which assumed the tangible and practically useful shape of a purse of money, came the very interesting and expressive ceremony of handshaking all round which appears to be peculiar to that form of religious opinion, which is apparently now entitled to rank as a sect. There was an address also presented to the lady, in which her successful advocacy of her peculiar principles in the Sunday services conducted by her was dwelt upon, and regret at her departure expressed. Mrs. Hardinge's reply, which was delivered in a deep sonorous voice, and rose occasionally to the poetic vein, was consequently happy and successful. The burden of it, too, was that which has prompted all true poetry and all true Divinity—universal love and the spiritual tie which unites all humanity. Communion with the invisible world she insisted had been demonstrated, as well as the indestructibility and unchangeableness of the spiritual element of man's nature; and she added that Spiritualism had produced and was carrying out scientific reforms which the professors of science did not even dream of, and bringing us to understand the truth, that teaching, and helping and loving, were more successful than bolts and bars in reforming criminals and preventing crime. Some of the music was of a high as well as of a pleasing character, a French song by Miss Cooper very deservedly eliciting a unanimous encore.—*The Daily News*.

[A number of the London papers noticed this interesting event.—Ed. M.]

A REQUEST FROM THE COUNTESS POMAR.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot refrain from expressing to you the hope and wish of all my party at St. George's Hall last night, that the excellent speech of Mr. G. Massey may be published, as they would all wish to read it again and preserve it. I need not tell you that I am also most anxious to see it in print. I think we had a very good meeting.—Very sincerely yours,
 M. DE MEDINA POMAR.

13, Portland Place, W., July 29, 1871.

[We learn that Mr. Massey has been so kind as to revise and enlarge his essay, and present the use of the first edition to the Progressive Library. It will be ready soon in a neat form, price 1s.]

ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO MRS. HARDINGE'S TESTIMONIAL.

C. F. Varley, Esq.	£5 0 0	Mr. Williams, Medium	£0 2 6
Mr. Hockley.....	2 2 0	Friend of Mr. Cowper	0 2 6
Mrs. Morris.....	2 0 0	Mr. Andrews.....	0 2 6
Friends at Wolverhampton, per Mr. Simkiss...	1 2 6	Mdlle. Lefevre.....	0 2 0
Mr. Jencken.....	1 1 0	Forwarded by Mr. J. Stokes:—	
Mrs. Manfield.....	1 1 0	Mr. R. Gale.....	0 10 6
Investigator.....	1 1 0	Mr. J. White.....	0 10 0
Dalston Association, per Mr. Blyton.....	1 0 0	Mr. J. Stokes.....	0 10 0
Mr. Bickerstaffe.....	0 10 6	Mr. Mannion.....	0 10 0
Mr. R. Cooper.....	0 10 0	Mr. Rogers.....	0 5 0
Dr. Caplin.....	0 10 0	Mr. Dawson.....	0 5 0
Mr. Gerald Massey.....	0 10 0	Mr. L. Copen.....	0 5 0
A Grateful Disciple.....	0 5 0	Mr. J. Lingford.....	0 2 6
Mr. Thelwall.....	0 5 0	Mr. W. Staines.....	0 2 6
		Mr. Smith.....	0 2 0

Carried from the proceeds of the meeting, after paying all expenses, and balance due on the Sunday Services (£29 1s.)... 3 2 11
 Making the testimonial amount in all to £145 4s. 5d.

ANOTHER LECTURE BY ELDER EVANS.

We deeply regret that the demands upon our space this week have entirely prevented us from giving a review of the questions answered by Elder Evans, in the Cleveland Hall, on Sunday evening. His answers bore chiefly on the principles of Shakerism as according with Jewish and Christian teachings. Next week we shall make ample amends by giving a full report of his lecture at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, to take place on Sunday evening, at seven o'clock. W. Hepworth Dixon, Esq., will preside. The admission is free; reserved seats, one shilling. Spiritualists are cordially invited to be present. Remember, Elder Evans lectures in St. George's Hall, Langham Place, Regent Street, at seven o'clock on Sunday evening.

A WORLD'S CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Pending the National Association of American Spiritualists, held last year in Richmond, Ind., J. M. Peebles was made chairman of a committee to take preparatory steps for the calling of a World's Convention of Spiritualists. Mr. Peebles is now in London for a short time, and would be happy to confer or correspond with Spiritualists in the kingdom and upon the Continent relative to the subject. These questions naturally come up—Should such a convention be called?—and if so, when? and where?—London, New York, Boston, or Philadelphia? Mr. Peebles desires expressions of opinion.

YEAR-BOOK OF SPIRITUALISM FOR 1872.

About the 20th of this month Mr. Peebles returns to America. His time being thus limited, each will see the necessity of attending at once to the matter of helping him to the names of *media*, *speakers*, *séances*, *societies*, *lyceums*, approximate number of believers, and all possible information concerning the present status of Spiritualism.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE MEDIUM, AND TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

THE Publisher is instituting the greatest facilities for circulating this paper, and submits the following Scale of Subscriptions:—

One Copy Weekly, post free, - - - - -	1jd.
Two Copies Weekly, " - - - - -	2jd.
Five Copies Weekly, " - - - - -	5d.

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

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The Publisher is desirous of establishing agencies and depots for the sale of other Progressive periodicals, tracts, and standard works, and will be glad to receive communications from such as feel disposed to enter this field of usefulness.

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A Guide to the *Conversations*—Subscriptions to Mrs. Hardinge's Testimonial—Three Days among the Spiritualists—A Lecture on Shakerism—Help to the Progressive Library—The *Conversations*—Mrs. Makdougall Gregory's Seances—Another Evening on Shakerism—An Address from J. M. Peebles—A Novelty in Mediumship—On the Necessity for Spiritual Manifestations—Direct Spirit-writing in a Sealed Envelope—A Healing Medium—The Spirit Messenger—A Seance with Mrs. Guppy, and an Apparition seen in the Garden—First Experience in a Dark Circle—Manifestations at Dalston, &c., &c.

SEANCES AND MEETINGS DURING THE WEEK.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, Seance at 15, Southampton Row, Holborn, at 8 o'clock p.m. Mr. Morse, Trance-Medium. Admission 1s.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 6, Elder Evans, at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, at 7 o'clock.

Mr. Cogman's Seance, 22, New Road, E., at 7.

LIVERPOOL, Psychological Society, at 65, Devon Street, Islington, at 8 p.m.

KEIGHLEY, 10.30 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. Messrs. Shackleton and Wright, Trance-Mediums. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 9 a.m. and 2 p.m.

NOTTINGHAM, Children's Lyceum at 2 to 4 p.m. Public Meeting at 6.30.

SOVERBY BRIDGE, at Mr. W. Robinson's, Causeway Head, Children's Lyceum, 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Public Meeting, 6.30 p.m. Trance-Medium, Mr. Wood.

BREARLEY, Public Meetings, 10.30 a.m., 2.30 and 6.30 p.m. Trance Medium, Mr. Illingworth.

BOWLING, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 2.30 and 6 p.m. Hall Lane, 2 and 6 p.m.

MANCHESTER, Grosvenor Street Temperance Hall, at 2.30.

COWS, at George Holdroyd's, at 6 p.m.

HAGG'S LANE END, 9 a.m., Trance-Mediums Mr. J. Crane and Mrs. N. Wilde.

GLASGOW, Whyte's Temperance Hotel, Candleriggs, at 6.30.

GAWHORPE, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 2.30 and 6 p.m. Mrs. S. A. Swift and J. Kison, Mediums.

MORLEY, Mr. G. Butterfield's, New Scarborough, Mrs. J. A. Butterfield, medium, at 7.30.

MONDAY, AUGUST 7, Seance at 15, Southampton Row, at 8 o'clock. Messrs. Herne and Williams, Mediums for the Spirit-Voice. Admission 2s.

SOVERBY BRIDGE, at Mr. W. Robinson's, Causeway Head, 8 p.m.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 8, KEIGHLEY, at 7.30 p.m., at the Lyceum. Trance-Mediums, Mrs. Lucas and Messrs. Wright and Shackleton.

GAWHORPE, at Mr. J. Mercer's, at 7.30 p.m. Medium, Miss A. Mercer.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, Seance at Mr. Wallace's, 105, Islip Street, Kentish Town.

Mr. Cogman's Seance, 22, New Road, E., at 8.

BOWLING, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, 2.30 and 6 p.m.

HAGG'S LANE END, J. Crane, Trance-Medium. 7.30 p.m.

MORLEY, Mr. G. Butterfield's, New Scarborough, at 7.30.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, Seance at 15, Southampton Row, at 8 o'clock. Messrs. Herne and Williams, Mediums for the Spirit-Voice. Admission 2s. 6d.

BOWLING, Hall Lane, 7.30 p.m.

Dalston Association of Inquirers into Spiritualism. Seance at their rooms, 74, Navarino Road, Dalston, E., at 8 p.m. Particulars as to admission of visitors on application to the Secretary.

Public Seance at 7, Corporation Row, Clerkenwell, at 8 o'clock. Free.

GAWHORPE, Spiritualists' Meeting Room, a Developing Circle, at 7.30.

* * * We will be happy to announce Seances and Meetings in this table weekly. To be in time, all communications must reach this Office by Wednesday morning's post.

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1871.

EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

Mrs. Hardinge arrived in London, accompanied by her husband, Mr. Britten, on November 15, 1870, and was present at a reception given her by the Spiritualists of London, in Cambridge Hall, Newman Street, on the following Tuesday evening, November 22. The difficulty in procuring a selection of halls left only four days for getting up the meeting; yet, notwithstanding short publicity and the inclement state of the weather, about 500 Spiritualists (a large number for London) eagerly accepted the opportunity to be present and give their respected visitor a warm welcome. The London daily press announced the fact next morning, and it was flashed along the electric wire, and appeared at great length in the *Scotsman*, the leading daily paper in Scotland. Thus the whole kingdom was at once apprised of the arrival of our friend, and of the objects of her visit.

The Sunday Services were being conducted in the Cavendish Rooms, and, without display or ceremony of any kind, Mrs. Hardinge unobtrusively stepped upon the platform then in use, and gave her first oration on Sunday evening, December 4. The hall filled to the doors on the first occasion, and the following week the place was uncomfortably crammed. It was at once apparent that a larger place was an absolute necessity. Mrs. Hardinge threw her whole soul into the noble work undertaken

by those promoting the Sunday-Service movement: she was at the trouble personally to look up the Cleveland Hall, and at her suggestion it was secured by the Committee. Sunday evening, the first day of 1871, inaugurated that hall as a meeting place for Spiritualists. The speaker had now got into a special, and, we may say, a very original current of inspiration. She announced the intention of giving a course of orations on "The Religion of the Divine Humanity," reasoning out in the most logical manner the existence of the Divine Father and the sonship of man. That course of orations comprised one of the boldest undertakings that the human intellect has been engaged in, but it must be conceded that Mrs. Hardinge accomplished her task most successfully. At the close of the series the ladies of her congregation presented their beloved speaker with an address, expressing their appreciation of the noble work of which they had been so delighted witnesses. This appeared in our columns at the time.

Though this large field of usefulness opened itself out to Mrs. Hardinge, she did not neglect other opportunities for benefiting the public. Mr. Coleman had projected a series of Monday evening meetings in Harley Street. Mrs. Hardinge was the leading speaker, and was a most valuable attraction. Her orations there delivered appeared in the *Spiritual Magazine* and *Spiritualist*.

The committee managing the Sunday Services announced a course of popular lectures for Mrs. Hardinge on Wednesday evenings. These were upon secular subjects, and were particularly valuable as embodying a vast amount of thoughtful matter presented in the most practical aspects. They also illustrated the great versatility of the speaker's mind, and the universality of her inspiration. The treatment of her varied themes indicated an acquaintance with principles far in advance of those acted upon by the legislators, artists, historians, scientists, and philanthropists of the present age. The great popularity of these lectures was the occasion of calls to re-deliver them in other parts of London and in the provinces. Had Mrs. Hardinge been able to leave the city, she might have been thus actively employed all Winter and Spring, and, indeed, for years to come, if it had been agreeable to her to remain in this country.

The provincial tour was a matter which pressed its claims upon the attention of Mrs. Hardinge with irresistible force. She was very reluctant to leave London, as certain engagements then constituted a tie which could not be dis severed with convenience. The clamorous calls from the Midland Counties, Yorkshire, and the North could not be resisted, and a long list of applications was the result, only a portion of which could be accepted. Mrs. Hardinge left London in the beginning of June, and was absent for five weeks. The places she visited and the glorious results which followed her ministrations are already familiar to our readers. During these five weeks she addressed twenty-six public meetings, which was but a small part of the work performed, as the calls upon her time and strength in private in some respects produced fruits of equal value to her public labours. She returned to London completely exhausted in physical power, and once again was received with enthusiasm upon the rostrum at Cleveland Hall.

If these Sunday Services were popular before, they were much more so now. The hall was well filled, and to a great extent by influential visitors from the country. London was full, as it was the height of the season, and though the fine weather was intensely unfavourable to indoor gatherings, yet the Cleveland Rooms suffered not; at her last oration, the place was crowded to the doors. These meetings have commanded a degree of public attention which Spiritualism never before received in this country, and the progress of the movement has been immensely accelerated. Spiritualism is now better understood, and the motives of its promoters are viewed in a more favourable light.

Such is a brief outline of the career of our much-esteemed friend during the last eight months. She was never so popular; she never did so much good in this country before. Her labours have been for the most part self-supporting, and the movement has relied entirely upon its own merits, as presented to the people through the charmed utterances of Mrs. Hardinge. Her triumphant success, and the means employed by her, are a solemn lesson to every Spiritualist. She appealed to no great men, nor courted favour of priests, sects, classes, or theories—but stood boldly upon the strength of truth, even opposing all these powers when necessary; and yet she has achieved a victory which it would be impossible for any less individualised teacher to win. The noble testimonial and farewell just presented but faintly exhibit the love and appreciation with which she is entertained. Everyone feels that she is a true friend. Even those who oppose her principles are favourably influenced by her deep sincerity and love of human happiness. She has made a conquest that any public character might well be proud of. The purse and the great meeting very faintly represent the feelings of the people. Never was such an expression of appreciation better merited or more spontaneous. It was felt to be a simple act of justice that our visitor should be reimbursed for her expense in coming to us. Only two weeks were allowed to do it all in. No second application was made, and yet a respectable amount flowed in, and, for the most part, from those who could well afford to be generous. This act has, therefore, been no detriment to the cause—the sinews of war have not been dissipated—and we are sure that no one contributed to that object without enjoying the commendation of their own conscience for so doing.

Mrs. Hardinge has left us, but her works shall endure after her shadow is seen no more on our shores. Her public labours have been of incalculable benefit to the cause of Spiritualism; but of much greater value has been her personal example, and the noble

character of her private motives. Mrs. Hardinge is in all respects a genuine woman, disinterested and devoted—the ready instrument of the good and the true in the spirit-world. Few of those who have met with her in private, and learned the riches of her womanhood, can think of her departure without emotion and even tears. If the full tide of heartfelt affection and good wishes which follows her to the Western continent can be of benefit, then will Mrs. Hardinge be blessed indeed.

Till it is the good will of the spirit-world to direct her feet to our shores again, we bid her farewell; and also the dear old lady, Mrs. Floyd, her mother, who, though wearing the snowy coronet of four-score summers, undertakes the ocean voyage with a youthfulness and courage which younger hearts might envy.

MESSRS. HERNE AND WILLIAMS IN THE PROVINCES.

Messrs. Herne and Williams last week held very satisfactory seances at Bollin Hall, Cheshire, the residence of Mrs. Phillips, and also at Ulverston, North Lancashire. We are promised reports of what took place at the latter town by the gentleman who is writing the article headed "Three Days among the Spiritualists." What has most astonished those who assembled at the Ulverston seances was the moving of a hat, without contact, belonging to one of the most sceptical men present, in full gaslight. The hat sailed off the table and made a circuit of half the room. No one can explain how this was accomplished. Mr. Herne said he saw "Katie" take the hat and carry it in the way described. But of course those who know nothing of Spiritualism will not accept this statement as a solution of the difficulty, but prefer to set it down as "very clever jugglery." However, the fact cannot be explained away, and it will take a lifetime to satisfactorily account for it on any other hypothesis than the one Spiritualists offer.

A GROVE MEETING FOR THE WEST RIDING.

Now that Mr. Peebles is in this country, and desires to meet as many of his friends as possible, it has been proposed that a Grove Meeting of the Spiritualists of the West Riding be held in Shipley Vale on Sunday week. A platform could be erected under the shade of the trees; and, after the sweet singing of the local choirs, various speakers might be heard—Mr. Peebles, Elder Evans the "Shaker," J. Burns, and the local mediums. Why not have a grand open-air demonstration? The late farewell to Mrs. Hardinge in London has shown the world that there are some Spiritualists in the Metropolis, but we feel convinced that an effort made in the West Riding would bring out far larger numbers. The place suggested is central, and of course would be eligible for the thousands of Spiritualists in and around Bradford. A powerful contingent might be expected to come down the valley from Keighley; Halifax and the surrounding villages would be able to swell the crowd; and we hope it would not be too far for our friends at Huddersfield, Gawthorpe, Hagg's Lane, Morley, &c., to attend.

The cost would be reduced to travelling expenses, and we propose that a collection be made in favour of these three institutions—the Lyceum Brotherhood at Keighley, the Society in Bradford, and the projected Lyceum Building at Sowerby Bridge.

Mr. James Hartley, 648, Wakefield Road, Bradford, who has just visited London, is actively promoting the movement. He has arranged with the speakers, and will call at Halifax and Sowerby Bridge on Sunday first, to hear what they have got to say. We hope it will be taken up eagerly, and no doubt the result will be gratifying. It would be well if every leading Spiritualist would prepare himself to state the number of Spiritualists in his district, and write it down in a visitor's book. We shall be glad to have some letters for next week's issue.

HELP TO THE "MEDIUM."

The Psychological Society of Liverpool has extended an act of kindness towards our enterprise of which we are proud. The members resolved that they would make a general subscription in support of the MEDIUM. Accordingly a passbook was procured, and about one page of it is now occupied with names and subscriptions. As soon as the effort has been completed, the list will be handed over to us, and the result will be published. During the week, Messrs. Wood, Chapman, and Meredith have visited London, and handed us £4 10s. 6d., being the amount at present collected. We repeat it—this kind thoughtfulness is very encouraging. It is a fact to be regretted that no issue of the MEDIUM pays its own expenses, leaving nothing for literary work, which is entirely gratuitous. During the time Mrs. Hardinge has been with us, about £30 extra has been paid for reporting. This is a large sum for one person to pay; but when the results are considered, no money could be better spent. The spirit and enterprise which made the venture has given the reading public the whole of Mrs. Hardinge's valuable orations, and extended her audience to several thousands weekly. We are glad to find that this service of ours has been appreciated, and that our good friends are disposed to help us to pay the bill.

A HOME FOR SPIRITUALISTS IN LIVERPOOL.

We are pleased to learn that Mrs. S. A. Spring, 16, Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, has resolved to devote her nicely-situated and eligible residence to the noble use of a resting-place for Spiritualists as they pass through to or from America. This is a fact which Spiritualists on both sides of the Atlantic should carefully note, as Mrs. Spring, in addition to comfortable accommodation, will gladly favour her visitors with useful information, and introduce them at once to the Spiritualists of Liverpool. English Spiritualists visiting the town will also find refreshments and a home during their stay.

No. 54 OF THE MEDIUM is out of print. Any spare copies sent to the office will be received with thanks and value returned. The number for last week is also rather short, and we shall be glad to get a few copies.

THREE DAYS AMONG THE SPIRITUALISTS.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

Between one and two o'clock on the day subsequent to the seance described in my last, I found myself at Messrs. Herne and Williams's rooms in Lamb's Conduit Street. The apartment into which I was ushered was an ordinary drawing-room over a clothier's shop. At one end of it—that furthest from the street—were folding doors, which, when closed, formed the dark room. I examined the place closely before anyone came in, to see that there were no springs, wires, ropes, or other apparatus to account for the mysterious movements of furniture alleged to take place. In a few minutes Messrs. Herne and Williams entered. The former was suffering from a severe headache. We walked into the dark room, and every ray of light being excluded, sat down at a small table. I took possession of the four hands of the mediums, determined under no circumstance whatever to loose my hold, or give them the slightest chance to deceive me, if ever so disposed. We had not been seated long before the mediums began to breathe heavily, and to sigh in a manner which others probably have noticed. Then a chair began moving about, and "John's" voice spoke through one of the tubes which had been placed on the table. I said, "John, I have come to satisfy myself as to whether there is any truth in these manifestations." He replied, "You shall be satisfied." He never spoke again during the seance. Chairs began moving about in all parts of the room. I said to Mr. Herne: "There is a strange hubbub." He remarked: "This is nothing to what it is sometimes; they often shake the whole room." Just then the apartment shook as if an earthquake were passing, though the shocks were accompanied by the usual rumbling sound. I have experienced the sensations connected with a real earthquake, and therefore am not drawing a mere fanciful simile. After this, one of the mediums said: "They are taking my chair away; I shall fall if I don't stand up." Suspicious of every movement, I was inclined to let him fall; but I said, "You can stand up, but don't remove your hands from the table." He stood up and said, "My chair is gone." At the same instant I felt a chair placed on my head, where it frisked and gambolled at pleasure. Then I said aloud, "Press heavily," and it pressed heavily. I said, "Leave my head," and it moved away immediately. "Touch my head again." It came once more, and the back rail was pressed against my forehead. Hitherto I had uttered my wishes aloud. I now asked the mediums whether the spirit called "Katie" was present. Mr. Williams said yes, it was she who was moving the chair. I then in my mind framed this invocation:—"Katie, bring that chair and place it on my nose, if you can." This was an unspoken demand—a thought unexpressed. In a moment the chair was standing out from my nasal organ, one of its legs planted firmly on the bridge. There it remained whilst I told Messrs. Williams and Herne what I had wished for and what had been accomplished. To test this process of thought-reading further, I asked the chair (mentally) to pass round to my ear, which it did. I then wished it to come and touch my hand. It came at once and struck my hand lightly several times. I said to the mediums, "I am perfectly satisfied; no theory that I know of can account for what I have experienced—it certainly is not jugglery." I was just about to rise for the purpose of closing the seance, when a chair was put over my head and round my neck. It was pulled strongly, and I pulled back. As the tension on my throat was rather too severe, I said, "Don't be rough, please. Put the chair a little lower, and then you can pull as hard as you like." The chair dropped further down on my shoulders, and recommenced pulling. It tugged one way and I tugged the other, but my power was the strongest. This was all that occurred. We left the room, and, hearing that the mediums intended visiting Manchester next week, I suggested that they should come a little further North before returning home. I said I had many friends who, after hearing my statement, would be glad to see them. The result of our conversation was, that the mediums consented, on reasonable terms, to pay a visit to my own town. How faithfully they performed their promise, and what occurred at the numerous seances held, I will let your readers know in future issues of the MEDIUM.

I had intended to have given you an account this week of my visit to Mrs. Marshall, sen., but, as I know you will have your columns largely occupied by the report of the conversation at St. George's Hall, I will not take up your space further, but reserve till your next issue what I have to say about the most unsatisfactory seance I have yet attended. I have been as accurate as it is possible for a person to be who has to narrate events which chiefly occur in the dark, and I think I ought to conceal nothing, whether favourable or not to the views held by Spiritualists. I presume that we are all grappling for the truth, and whoever can do anything to eliminate error should be welcomed equally with the discoverer of a fact connected with the subject on which I write.

"FRIENDLY" VOICES.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.

SIR,—In your paper of late, I have seen one or two letters questioning the reality of the identity of the "spirit-voices," and speaking also of their tone, quality, and peculiarity of expression. Now, as I consider these voices to be the highest and most satisfactory proof of the communion between the inhabitants of this sphere and those who have passed hence, I should only be too glad that the doubts which may arise in anyone's mind may be set at rest upon this point. I believe the only way thoroughly to effect this is for them closely to investigate the matter on their own behalf; feeling convinced, as I do, that they will come to the conclusion that the voices that are heard are those of individual spirits who once existed on this terrene sphere as we now do, with some of whom, perchance, they may possibly have walked and talked ere they "shuffled off this mortal coil;" and that each manifesting spirit is, as a rule, really the individual whom he or she may represent themselves to be.

For the few months past during which I have followed up this subject, perhaps few persons have had more opportunities (save the media themselves) of testing the veracity of these remarks. I have heard the familiar voices of "John King" and "Katie" under every phase of condition—at times when the atmosphere has been such as to render them unable to articulate more than two or three indistinct expressions of re-

cognition; and at others when they have moved round the circle with almost inconceivable rapidity, hailing old acquaintances by name, and answering with smart repartee the insinuations of the sceptic. Under all conditions and in all circumstances, the voices are as easily recognised as the voice of one of our most familiar associates. Nor need I only confine my remarks to its manifestation in the dark seance. Often have I heard their welcome sound, answering our expressions of opinion, in the light, when least expected or listened for, but still with all their recognisable characteristics. I trust that this phenomenon will become more familiar to us yet.

One of your correspondents calls attention to the possibility of the spirit manifesting at two distinct circles, held at one and the same time at two distant points. Of the possibility of their doing this I have not the slightest doubt. A most remarkable occurrence of the kind has fortunately come under my notice. It happened that at a circle held at the Progressive Library one evening, "Katie King" was holding distinct conversation with us, and informed us that Mrs. Guppy—or, as she familiarly called her, "Lizzie"—was holding a sitting, stating at the same time that a gentleman, whom she named, and who has of late made some stir in the scientific world, was expected to be present, although it chanced that he disappointed the meeting. We afterwards found this to have been literally true. Her manifestations in our circle were continued at intervals during the evening, but not regularly. Nothing very extraordinary occurred, although she said that she was trying to do something that would astonish the scientists. After the close of the seance, I walked home with Mr. Herne (the medium), who seemed particularly silent and exhausted. As we sat in his room, conversing upon indifferent subjects, a knock was heard at the door, and two gentlemen were announced, whose arrival at that late hour somewhat surprised another friend and myself. After some few desultory remarks, the conversation was turned on the seance of ours and the one held at Mrs. Guppy's, when Mr. Herne, with some apparent reluctance, acknowledged that he believed he had been there, naming at the same time certain individuals who had been present, but being in error as to the presence of the gentleman before mentioned. He described how he had first been carried to his own room, and there gathered together certain articles, which he afterwards threw upon the table at Mrs. Guppy's circle. During this narrative, the visitors listened attentively, only throwing out a few casual remarks, until they had gained all the evidence that they required, when they produced all the articles specified by Mr. Herne, saying that they had been thrown upon the table as he described. These were all identified as Mr. Herne's property. Now, as he had not been missed from our circle, we were led to ask him to retire to the dark room, in order to inquire of "Katie" how these things had happened. She immediately spoke to us, and in the kindest and most distinct voice told us that Frank (that is, Mr. Herne) had not been conveyed bodily, but that, as she required his power, she had been obliged to bring herself in close rapport with him, and as he was thus entranced he retained a vague impression as though he had done what was really done by her in her own individuality. We here had the most distinct proof of her presence and power to manifest at two different circles held at the same time. You will remark here, also, not only the point that I want to prove—which seems to me remarkably well exemplified in this instance—but also the peculiar sympathy which seems to exist between the medium and the operating spirit—in fact, a perfect psychological union between the two minds.

I would next combat the idea of the voice of the spirit always bearing a similarity to that of the medium in whose presence it speaks. It is true that under certain conditions of the circle, governed apparently by the balance of the positive and negative elements constituting it, when these elements are disadvantageous to the existence of those harmonious conditions which every frequenter of a circle knows to be so necessary for a satisfactory sitting, then I have certainly noticed that as the voice seems to be confined to an area corresponding to what may be considered the extent of the peculiar magnetic aura emitted by the medium, so it has apparently been slightly characterised by the tone of his voice, but I must say decidedly not sufficient to destroy its identity.

These remarks even I have only found to apply to the voice of "John King," those of other spirits whom I have heard never having been affected in this manner. This seems to me explained by the fact that "John" is the only spirit (save "Katie") who attempts to manifest under these difficult conditions, owing to his sympathy with the media.

I shall be glad on another occasion to consider the mooted question of the "gruff" voice, and other phenomena which I may consider interesting; but I fear I have already occupied too much of your space.—I remain therefore, until another opportunity, yours spiritually,

H. C. S.

MY VISIT TO NOTTINGHAM.

By J. J. MORSE.

I was induced by certain facilities held forth by the Midland Railway Company to visit our good friends at Nottingham, so, after the usual bustle and delay incidental to excursion trains, I found myself leaving the great heart of England behind me, at some thirty miles an hour, on Saturday last, and duly arrived at my destination, where I found that kind and zealous worker, Mr. Hitchcock, awaiting me, accompanied by several friends. After some hasty refreshment, we repaired to the meeting-room and found a number of friends already assembled. The company resolved themselves into a public meeting, and after some very effective singing from the "Spiritual Lyre," Mrs. Hitchcock became entranced by numerous relatives of those present. I cannot speak too highly of this good soul's mediumship—for test purposes she seemed to me to surpass anything I have seen. I was entranced by my guide for a brief time, after which the meeting was closed by some more singing, and with much hand-shaking we each went our several ways.

Here arose a difficulty, for no less than three different folks contested for my safe keeping during my stay. Finally, I fell into the hands of Mr. Redgate, brother-in-law to Mr. Ellis the artist, and whose brother accompanied me on my journey down; and I must certainly say I was never entertained more hospitably or generously in my life.

Sunday morning was spent in an invigorating walk through the famous Arboretum, the Cemetery, Robin Hood's Chase, and a look at the New Trent Bridge, a structure recently erected. In the afternoon I

attended the Children's Lyceum, and I am transported with delight at the immense advance it presents over the conventional "School," and the intelligent appreciation of all, from the least to the greatest, manifested in the questions brought forward. It gives one quite a new idea of the power of the juvenile intellect. I understand the maintenance of this glorious institution is a labour of love, as all give their services gratis. In the evening I attended the public meeting, and found the room full. The proceedings were opened by singing, after which Mrs. Hitchcock became entranced, and delivered a very suitable address. I then became entranced, and under the inspiration of my guide, "Tim," spoke for upwards of an hour. I understand the lecture was to prove spirit-communion natural and lawful—which was successfully carried out. A collection in aid of the funds of the Society, and another hymn, closed the proceedings.

Upon our return home, my kind host intimated to me that, in consideration of my services having been so acceptable, certain friends had concluded to pay my expenses, which he had much pleasure in handing over to me. I pleaded it was a holiday to me, and that I was indebted to them, but it was of no avail; I was discomfited, and had to concede. Is there no Spiritualist in London, who is as liberal with his purse as he is in ideas, who would come forward and establish a Lyceum; or is the movement to be instituted in this city by those who can ill afford to bear the expense, as is the case in the flourishing Lyceum at Nottingham? My visit to which Lyceum will ever be remembered with pleasure and gratitude for the kind manner in which I—a stranger—was received.

THE LIVERPOOL PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the *Medium and Daybreak*.

DEAR SIR,—I observe a paragraph in your last issue replying to some one adopting the *nom de plume* of "Apemantus" which is calculated to give a very erroneous idea of the state of the Liverpool Psychological Society, and if left unchallenged might be the means of doing the Society considerable injury. Allow me therefore space in your paper to emphatically deny that there is anything like a dispute existing amongst the members, nor has any subject been brought before the Society likely to lead to one. Our meetings are conducted harmoniously, and a general good feeling prevails amongst the members. Our bond of union is an opinion, but the truth we can discover, and the good we can do. If "Apemantus" has any objections to make as to the present regime of the Society, the proper place for him to do so is at the weekly meetings, when he would have a patient hearing, and if approved by the members obtain the reform desired without waiting till the next general election. But by adopting the course he has done, and concealing his identity, he introduces the very elements of discord he complains about, by causing mutual mistrust and suspicion amongst them. At present, however, the alleged dispute exists only in the imagination of your correspondent.—I remain, yours truly,

E. BANKS, Secretary.

[This letter has been in type several weeks.]

THE SEANCE WITH MR. AND MRS. POWELL.

On Wednesday evening, about fifty people assembled at 15, Southampton Row, to witness a form of manifestation rather unusual in this country. Mrs. Powell, dressed in Indian costume, was controlled by Indian spirits, and danced a number of dances to stirring music. She spoke in the Indian tongue to spirits of the same race controlling a gentleman present. The seance will be repeated at the same place on Wednesday evening next.

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This exquisite work has been reproduced by lithography in several tints, and is worthy of a place on the walls of every Spiritualist, be he peer or peasant. The price is such as to place it within the reach of all. It may also be had in an elegant mount, or framed in various styles, and also carefully coloured by hand in imitation of the original painting.

Progressive Library and Spiritual Institution,

15, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C., June 16, 1871.

THIS LETTER EMBODIES A PROPOSITION THAT A COMMITTEE BE FORMED TO PURCHASE AND PRESENT FIVE HUNDRED COPIES OF MRS. HARDINGE'S "HISTORY OF SPIRITUALISM" TO PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

It is not necessary, in introducing the subject of this letter, to refer at large to the importance of MRS. HARDINGE'S work as an aid to the cause of Spiritualism. The large circulation which it has had, and the universal appreciation with which it has been received, are generally known. It may be stated here, however, that the work is eminently calculated to guide the opinions of the public to a right conclusion as to the merits of Spiritualism in every respect. It gives a lucid and circumstantial account of its origin and spread over America, and minute descriptions of well-attested phenomena, covering the whole range of such facts from the most simple to the most extraordinary manifestations. It answers all objections by giving a history of the refutations which objectors of all classes have experienced in the past.

The grand objects of Spiritualism are kept prominently in view, and the eminent persons who have taken it up are appropriately introduced to the reader.

Taken as a whole, then, this truly great work is a vivid and complete representation of the movement, answering all questions as to what is the use and purport of Spiritualism, and showing the reader what new information the spirit-world has communicated to man; also the teachings of Spiritualism in a scientific connection, its value to the philosophy of religion, and its tendencies as a humanitarian reform. The reader is favourably and permanently impressed by the great array of facts and arguments presented, which recommend themselves strongly to the intelligent mind, both from their intrinsic merit and the fascinating manner in which they are stated.

This work has been widely circulated amongst inquirers, and intelligent minds generally, with the most gratifying results. Private individuals have in several instances presented copies to public libraries, for which they have received the grateful acknowledgments of the managers; and many letters have also been written by readers who have been fortunate enough to come in contact with the work.

The suggestion has been made that this work should be used on a more extended scale for the diffusion of Spiritualism, to effect which the following means are being put into operation:—

A Committee is being formed of representative persons in all parts of the country. The duties of this Committee will be to collect Subscriptions in their immediate localities to purchase copies of MRS. HARDINGE'S work, and use their influence to get libraries to accept copies of the work as a donation.

For this special object it is expected the work may be obtained, with all the plates and illustrations complete, bound in substantial library style, at Ten Shillings per copy, being one-third less than the published price, and with a much more expensive and useful binding. It may therefore be recorded that MRS. HARDINGE makes a very substantial contribution to the object in view in thus granting the work at such a price.

As I have the acquaintance of eminent Spiritualists throughout this country, I have been requested to forward this letter to you, respectfully soliciting your kind co-operation in this important work. No definite responsibility will be attached to you either as to how much money you collect, or how many volumes you dispose of. Some will be able to do more and others less; success can only be attained by all doing what they can. As an indication of what may be done, Mr. Thomas Grant, of Maidstone, observes:—"I will do my best for this locality, and do not mind pledging myself for four copies at 10s., bound as you describe."

After your reply has been received, another edition of this letter will be issued with the names of the Committee attached, when Collecting Cards will be forwarded, and the work pushed on with all the energy possible. Any suggestion which you can offer, or any names which you can communicate as desirable to be added to the Committee, will be gratefully received, along with such other aid as you may be disposed to afford to this important object.

A great number of suggestions have already been received. Some offer Donations in large sums; others recommend a general Subscription of 5s. A uniform Subscription of 1s. and 6d. respectively have been advocated; while yet another party have suggested a universal Penny Subscription. Would it not be prudent to accept the aid of all in accordance with the means at their disposal? and surely with such varied assistance £250 will not be hard to raise, and it is to be hoped that libraries will eagerly accept the volumes.

I am, yours in the cause of Spiritualism,

J. BURNS.

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