

THE TWO WORLDS.

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TO EACH READER.

MUCH gladness and sorrow, and false friends and true,
The old year now dying has brought unto you—
And roses and dead leaves, and grey skies and blue.

But the sweetest and dearest of gifts he has brought,
Were the true friends who uttered or echoed your thought,
And whose sweet tones of friendship with comfort were fraught.

The New Year is coming—will greet us to-morrow,
But whatever he brings us of trial or sorrow,
God grant that from friendship we comfort may borrow.

May the New Year now dawning bring fond friends and true,
And wisdom and patience to me and to you;
And the grace to do better—the best we can do.

—KATE TAYLOR-ROBINSON.

Tweed Grange House, Whalley Range.

Only a Face, But—?

By J. J. MORSE.

DEATH and myself!

The weary watching was done. The flame no longer flickered, it was extinguished. I looked back on the years that were gone; leafy lanes, pleasant fields, the yellow sands of the sea shore, the subdued light of pleasing woodland aisles—the dreams that make youth and early manhood so full of hope and promise; the surging tides of strenuous manly life, and the love that sanctified all; the ever sweet question, and its always memorable answer—that little yes! that makes earthly heaven sure, the mantling blush of lovely pride, the flush of which makes the universe rosetate with a never-dying beauty; the swiftly gliding days before the sound of marriage bells, the happy hour of the orange blossoms, and the golden days when love is love. Memory conjured them all up again, but now—death and myself!

The scroll lengthened, and days and weeks rolled up into months and years. Toil there was, hard days and anxious ones, but with them a helpmeet unto all. Eyes brighter than heaven's fairest stars, a smile that robbed trouble of its sting, a bud that bloomed a space, and then dropped and went hence. The first 'bar sinister' on life's shield. Borne was the sadness as but the common lot. God knew best, did He know the heartache?

Youth is self-reliant, and the roses came again, while time and duty healed in part the wound. Then memory recalled the on-rolling years, little by little success came, and with it leisure to think. Happiest days of life, life's sweetest angel, a true companion, and ever and ever the ties that bind holding firmer still. I see the graces of person, mind, and soul that expanded as the years ran past, the tide of happy love flowing sweet and full. Life was gracious, since health presided at our shrine, but the loss of the blossom remained a mystery, not unmixed with pain, in spite of the lapse of time. Did God know best? We grew to doubt it.

Memory opened her leaves still again, and cosy winter evenings in the quiet home, with visitors, rose before me. One, staid in habit, simple withal in mind and soul, a good man in spite of his creed, counselled with us. There was a heaven, man had a soul, God willed us to be immortal, death was to be swallowed up in victory. Faith, hope, trust. Beyond such he knew nothing. He had not lost a child, and though he tried to answer us, alas! he left us more than doubting.

Then came a shadow. Indistinct, impalpable, a touch of frost that scarce cooled the warmth of day. Two tiny tell-tale spots of all too-rosy hue, a sudden catching of the breath, a gentle breaking of the rounded curves of health, and from one skilled in human ills the sad warning that the dart had sped, that nothing could cure its poison. Daily the shadow crept nearer, and two souls grew braver, if souls they were. Then hosts of friends with loving sympathy, but no hand could stay the fate in store. Worse, no tongue said, I know. The shadow deepened, the ebbing of the tide was almost spent, its turn was near. Alas! ere it turned the frail barque was carried—where? The mists of death were drowned in a rain of tears, and when the storm cleared there were left only—Death and myself!

I hated Death; twice had he robbed me. He was a thief, and I his victim. God and His Christ I would have none of. Landmark had I none; lost, lost in a world of pain and anger, I wandered alone and refused all comforting. None said she lived, though many hoped, while I insisted I must know! The green grass grew above her, flowers bloomed over her. Nature's pall softened the rude earth, but her flowery offerings mocked me! Yet I watered both with my tears, while with pale face and set lips I mutely questioned sun, moon, and stars, getting no answer. In all the wide world there were only two of us—Death and myself!

So passed many months, and my sorrow had no surcease. My one hope was to pass into the mist, and hope to grope to where she was, if there was any—Where! From doubting I went on to denying. A fierce joy came to me; she was far, far too good for Hell or Heaven, better our Great Mother hold her for aye.

Then I prayed that I might but see her face!

But the curtains of the night parted not. The silence was not disturbed, no hand was outstretched to mine. Since, I have learned that grief and anger shut out from our hearts those who stand nearest to us behind the veil! Scornfully I heard of the voices that it was said spoke from the nameless realm, deriding such things as an unwarrantable intrusion on the sacredness of grief unassuageable, a pattering with a mystery insoluble. A nameless horror of it all to reopen the old, old wounds, and I pitied and loathed the thought of it. But the winged shaft had entered my mind, and could not be dislodged. Persuaded against my judgment, alas, poor judgment, I sought the comfort (?), as I derisively called it, of listening to the prating of the modern ghost lore, and came to where it was said the dead could be met with. The pride of prejudice was baulked at the onset, decorum and reason presided at the shrine. No mystic rites, nor gloom, nor superstitious mumery awaited me. The ghost-wife was a woman, frail and fair to see, if ever a pythoness was, then was she a right descendant of the ancient cult; her shrine a simple thing of slender posts covered with a slight fabric of common stuff. And there, with others, while we joined in a votive song, I, with them, saw a face illumined with a strange radiance float before us, from whose eerie lips there floated a word that will evermore reverberate within the recesses of my soul, the one word of all others I had most reason to remember, since she had said it should be her token of life if, living after life, she could utter sound to my mortal ear.

It was no longer death and myself, it was life and my love for evermore! Only a face—but! Ah! What? What besides? It was an answer to years of questionings and doubtings. It was God and His work justified; it was life vindicated, death interpreted, the challenge of the ages answered. Only a face, but it brought love back to life, it filled the universe with radiance, soothed the sorrows of mankind, broke the bonds of matter, and swung wide the gates of death, revealing the deathless union of the two worlds, twin halves of God's great work. Only a face, gleaming between the bars of light that shut it into its own fair state. Only a face, but a revelation that confirmed the hope of ages, the records of the past. I came bound in sneers and scoffs, I left liberated and free! Only a face, but it showed me the heaven I denied, it brought me back the joy I deemed for ever lost. For rue I had roses, for pain and tears I had joy and peace, while in all the years that came after, I was never alone, night was as fair as day. Where the priest failed the ghost-wife conquered.

Old, as Time counts, weary as grows the flesh, waiting with a joyous patience, I run my course without complaint. The end is certain, for I have learned there is—a where! God does know best, and more, and better. He has provided a balm for our heartaches!

Count me foolish, deem me deluded, speak of me as you may, yet this communion with the face from the life-world of the oversea, has blessed me beyond all price! Only a face, but it lifted me out of the valley on to the mountain-top, and there will I stay.

Death whispers, I was but the other side of Life! Now, I know that henceforth we shall walk side by side—life and myself.

A NEW TWO WORLDS penny pamphlet, containing: 'Growth v. Creation,' by Prof. Denton; 'Life's Discipline,' by Dr. Willis; 'Is Spiritualism of Practical Use?' by Mrs. Wallis; 'Man: the Interpreter and Revealer of the Divine Spirit,' by Jas. Robertson; 'What Spiritualists Believe,' by E. W. Wallis, 12 for 9d., 25 for 1s. 6d., 50 for 3s.

Progress and Retrogression in Christian Bodies.

By REV. CONRAD NOEL.

PENANCE.

The penitent, on making a complete confession of all the sins he can remember since his last confession, and being truly sorry for them, the priest forgives him in God's name, saying, 'I absolve thee in the Name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.'

POPULAR ROMAN CATHOLIC AND HIGH CHURCH VIEW.

God alone can forgive sins,—can remit the everlasting penalty due to sin, but He has chosen to do so through one channel alone, namely, through His priests. Therefore, unless you have your sins remitted through the confessional, you are in danger of everlasting punishment.

Note.—Even the popular Roman Catholic and High Church books of devotion teach that if a man does not really and truly repent, but only pretends to, the Absolution pronounced by the priest is not only invalid, but tends to the further damnation of the penitent. A few invincibly ignorant priests may teach the contrary, but they have no episcopal authority for doing so.

POPULAR PROTESTANT VIEW.

There is no such sacrament as this of Penance. It is an invention of the evil one, God alone can forgive sins, and has never chosen any mere men to be the ministers or channels through whom His forgiveness shall reach the repentant sinner. I will allow no man to come between my soul and my God.

Note.—Protestants further accuse the Confessional of being a means of division between husband and wife, children and parents; of weakening the authority of parents, of States, and secular governments. They proclaim it the most insidious weapon of the priest. They further allege that it is the source of abundant immorality and scandals innumerable. These charges are, of course, brought against what is termed *auricular* or *private* confession to a priest. They do not apply to public confession in the face of the whole congregation. Although there is decidedly some truth in these charges, we must remember that in Roman Catholic countries it is the duty not only of women and children to confess *everything* to the priest (under pain of dread spiritual punishments), but also of men and of priests to confess all their sins to some other priest. If, then, a priest has taken advantage of his position in a scandalous or immoral direction, this also is one of those sins that he is himself in turn bound to divulge in his next confession. The danger of such misuse of the confessional is thus lessened; but allowing for a liberal discount on Protestant tales of its scandals, there still remains the possibility of misuse, which no doubt in lax times has sometimes been taken advantage of. For an impartial study of these questions, see Joseph Maccabe's books on the Roman Catholic Church. He was for some years in high office in that communion, but left it and has become organising secretary of the Leicester branch of the Secularist Society. He is a fair-minded and impartial writer, whose works convey very much more accurate information than is likely to be obtained by partisan Romish books or bigoted and prejudiced Protestant libels directed against Roman and Anglo-Catholic practices.

RATIONALIST CATHOLIC VIEW.

In primitive times we do not find anything approaching the popular Romish or High Church view of this sacrament of penance, nor do we find any warrant for the Protestant formula—'I allow no man to come between my soul and God.' There existed indeed a form of this sacrament, based on the feeling that the Church was a brotherhood, representing and endeavouring to actualise the ideal kingdom of God, or solidarity of man in God. It was argued then that religion was not only a private affair between self and God, not only individualistic, but also communal, social—that every man in his true life rightly regarded was partly of a greater organism, *i.e.*, the universe; especially that crowning piece of it, humanity; that every virtue was social, pleasing to God, helpful to self-development, but also influencing the community; that every sin not only displeased God and hurt the person sinning, but also injured the community. Every sin, however secret or private, did injury to mankind, so closely was each man and his fortunes bound up with that of his fellows. Such advice as is embodied in 'Confess your sins one to another,' is based upon this idea of solidarity, as are also such scriptural expressions as 'the common salvation,' 'they without us cannot be perfected,' and St. Paul's teaching concerning the body and its members.

In confirmation we found that the true universal priesthood of men was declared. Now a priest is not only an offerer, but an absolver. He has not only to offer himself *pro bono publico*, but he has to heal the wounds of the sick, to bind up the broken heart, to be a restorer of health to the diseased. Forgiveness is healing by pity and love; by kindness and mercy. The priest is he who forgives. He is always 'the priest in absolution.' But the whole laity—all mankind are priests—with power of absolving, bound to forgive. It will be remembered that when Christ was accused by the Jews of forgiving sins, and herein

usurping the authority of God, he replies *not*. "I, as Son of God, am different from men, and have power to forgive," but "The Son of Man (*i.e.*, his representative title, as representing man's rights) hath power to forgive sins."

Now, the duty of confession to man, and the power of man to forgive in God's name, was recognised in the early Church. The practice was for everyone not only to confess their sins privately to God at home, but publicly and openly before the whole congregation to make confession at stated intervals. They confessed not only to the congregation, but also to God in the presence of the congregation. Then the whole congregation, sometimes speaking all together, sometimes through their mouthpiece, the priest or presbyter, would forgive the penitents, in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and assure them of God's love towards those who truly repent.

To forgive—to bear no grudge against a person, but to love them, and overlook injuries, and by telling your forgiveness thereby to soften and heal the wrong in that person's heart.

To forgive in God's Name—(1) to remind the penitent that God is always Love, that He forgives always and to the uttermost, that His attitude is always Forgiveness. (2) That as God's attitude is love, so you, as a congregation, love the penitent, and forgive injuries inflicted upon you by his sin.

As time went on, people did not care to confess their misdeeds publicly; it was too great a demand to make upon them, when the Church or Corporation departing from its earlier love and zeal became less a loving unity, a commonwealth, a family of brothers than formerly, and when the penitent himself had not the same zeal as in the times gone by. It was therefore thought sufficient for him to present himself before the presbyter and confess to him, so that he might assure him of his forgiveness as representing the body he had belonged to and had sinned against. 'I (mouthpiece of the whole body or society or church) forgive you, in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.' Thus arose auricular or private confession. This is the rationalist-Catholic view of it. The rationalist Catholic condemns compulsory confession (for no sacrament nor religious custom should be compulsory). He looks forward to a time when the churches shall once more become a true brotherhood, thereby making possible the restoration of public confession.

The idea that the priest has any magical power over the penitent, he condemns, but he sees in confession a valuable testimony to the social truth of religion, as being as much an affair between oneself and one's fellow-men or the community, as it is a private affair between the soul and God. In a former address it was shown that for this very reason the rationalist Catholic was bound to be a Socialist. (See 'Humanitarian Movements.') He prays to be delivered from the tyranny of the Protestant who insists on treating everyone as a blackguard who has ever found help towards a better life in the Sacrament of Penance, and from the tyranny of the Papists and High Churchmen who would make confession binding upon all men, and who attribute wonder-working power to the priest. God has more than one channel through which the assurance of his love to men flows. The priest cannot alter God's mind towards the penitent, for God is love always, and loves all, whether they repent or not. But he can, and is bound to, assure the penitent of God's forgiveness, and, in the name of the Church, to pronounce their forgiveness or absolution, as followers of Him who told men to forgive not seven times but seventy times seven—that is, perpetually and without limit.

THE SACRAMENT OF ORDERS.

POPULAR ROMAN CATHOLIC AND HIGH CHURCH VIEW.

At the moment of consecration, the person consecrated becomes a priest, with special internal grace and power bestowed on him for bringing down God into the wafer, for changing God's attitude from hatred to love and forgiveness, etc., etc. The priesthood is a caste with magical powers and privileges apart from the rest of mankind.

POPULAR PROTESTANT VIEW.

In the Christian scheme, there are no sacrificing priests. Ministers are merely set apart for convenience sake to do certain work. They have no powers of forgiveness, of absolution, no power which any layman has not. They are not a separate caste.

RATIONALIST-CATHOLIC VIEW.

In the Christian scheme all are sacrificing priests. Some are set apart to do certain work for the sake of order; but order is a very important and necessary thing. They are set apart, not as a separate caste possessing any magical power, but as united with the whole body, representative delegates or mouthpieces of the Society, bound to set forth God before men's eyes as the Absolver, as the Eternal Forgiver and Healer of sins, bound to pronounce God's forgiveness, bound themselves to forgive, and to convey as delegates the absolution of the whole body to members thereof. Just as baptism testifies to the universal Fatherhood of God, Confirmation to the universal priesthood of men, the eucharist to the universal Real Presence, penance to the universality of God and man's forgiveness, so the sacrament of orders consecrates lay priests to official priesthood, in order that they may be a perpetual order of men, witnessing not to their own special powers or unique position, but to the

sanctity and oneness of the Universe, to the Fatherhood of God, to his ever presence among us, to his Love and forgiveness shed abroad among all men, to Christ as representative of the solidarity of men, and of all that each man shall some day attain to.

At the commencement of this lecture, it was contended that a study of the sacraments would show how narrow and retrogressive was their treatment by both Protestants and many who called themselves Catholics, how on the other hand they originally and in reality made for progress and a true spiritual religion, and that they were rationalistic and natural, not unnatural nor magical. If people are to be benefited by the sacraments at all, and it has been contended that the outward and inward must be linked together, and that external sensuous things must receive a spiritual interpretation, it is only along these primitive and reasonable lines that such benefit can possibly come. But the people of England prefer a religion which teaches them to sneer at the outward and visible, at sensuous things, as being unspiritual, knowing that if they once admit that the bodies as well as the souls of men were God's, and that our sensiferous organs proceeded from God and were to be dedicated through the spirit to Him, not only would they have to become Sunday sacramentalists, but they could no longer tolerate the robbery of the poor, the starving of their bodies, the housing them worse than horses and dogs—in a word, they would have to become weekday sacramentalists as well, acknowledging that religion was not a one-day but a seven-day affair, and had not only plenty to say about the invisible soul, but also some very stern things to say about the bodies of the poor. They would be bound, moreover, no longer to talk of religion as a private hole-and-corner luxury, enjoyed between themselves as individualists and their Maker, but as a 'common or communal salvation,' as a means whereby the whole community should be realised as God's family on earth.

Religion would then touch some people's pocket interests, so they prefer to continue year by year misquoting such texts as 'God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth,' pretending to think it mean that spiritual worship can only be carried on in an ugly white-washed building, and cannot possibly be carried on amid pictures, clouds of incense and works of art, whereas they know in their heart of hearts that some people's worship is helped by incense and hindered by bare walls, that others is helped by bare walls and hindered by candles and incense, but that 'God is a spirit,' etc., means that spiritual worship, although it may be aided or hindered by sensuous environment, is killed by humbug and cant, and money grabbing, and smug content and selfish respectability, whether found in an English cathedral, a Roman Catholic priory, or a dissenting chapel.

'Household Gods.'

THE TITLE of this little book suggested the query, 'What are our Household Gods?' The sentimentalist might reply, 'Whatever helps to make life beautiful, such as love, sympathy, patience, friendship, and all the many virtues that constitute a perfect character. The moralist, in a despondent mood, would probably say: 'Alas! in too many cases it is money, wine, beer, tobacco, and extravagances and luxuries of all kinds that constitute our household gods now.' But on the cover is the well-known name of D. Younger, so further speculation is needless, for we at once know that the book is on the subject of medicine or healing. It is, indeed, a guide, and a very useful one, to the medicinal properties contained in the various fruits and vegetables, etc., which many of us now consume in ignorance. All who have a wish to live rationally and wisely should study it. Doctors try to cure us when we are ill, but they don't often tell us how to live in order to avoid illness. That would not pay. But by dieting ourselves and making our food our medicine we may, by these natural means, often avoid the necessity for doctor's medicine and pills, and the consequent bills.

To those afflicted with rheumatism or dropsy, for instance, what a help to know that water, in which Asparagus has been boiled, is an excellent drink, and made into soup by the addition of lentils, very health-giving. 'To those of a gouty tendency, we say, "Eat plenty of Asparagus; but above all, drink the water in which it has been boiled."' Celery also has the same beneficial effect.

Medicine taken by means of the food has the advantage of being palatable, which can't always be said of 'doctor's stuff.' 'Dates stewed in milk make an excellent food for invalids, particularly the aged or persons of sedentary habits.' In Persia dates are considered a necessary of life, and when the Shah left his country to visit Europe, some of his wives who had been detailed to accompany him took alarm on hearing that no date trees grew in the countries he proposed to visit, and refused to take the journey, evidently fearing they might be starved to death.

Here is a recipe for 'a healthy pastry,' and not only healthy, but something quite new: 'Take some Jaffa oranges, peel and slice them into a dish, cover the first layer with sugar and grated kernel of coconut to about half an inch, then another layer of orange slices, then grated coconut, with sugar to taste, until it is five or six inches thick; cover closely and let it stand six or eight hours, when it is ready to gladden the heart of the epicure.' Food fit for angels; in part of the United States this food is often called 'angel's food.'

What could we wish for more than to have our medicine transformed into 'angel's food'? W. (Ilfracombe).

WE hope our readers will help to make the Two WORLDS a household word, by giving it to friends and talking about it.

Proverbial Philosophy.

'VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD.'

THIS trite saying becomes rather tantalising if one hears it too often, and some of us would prefer that our virtues and self-denials received a more tangible acknowledgment. We may feel tempted to cap this proverb with another, and sceptically exclaim, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush!'

There is, however, more encouragement in this little adage than is apparent on the surface. Apart from the self-complacency which is too apt to accompany right-doing, and which tends to lower its value, there is set in motion the potent force of habit which the persistent following of a certain course of conduct confirms.

In an old book, which still claims our respect, there occurs the following: 'In the keeping of Thy commandments there is great reward.' Here we get the same idea somewhat differently expressed, the whole force and vitality of which lies in the little word with which the sentence opens. Place the emphasis upon that and you revolutionise the moral code, prove virtue to be lovely in itself and for itself, needing no promise of a reward to induce obedience to its commands. Contrast this with the childish craving for a reward for good behaviour, and we see how immeasurably superior is the former to the latter. Love of goodness for its own sake, for its intrinsic beauty and dignity, has in all ages distinguished the few, the many have been less disinterested, and have looked for their reward in this life in the approbation of their fellows, or in more material advantages, while others have needed the bribe of a promised blessedness in some far-off future to steer them safely between the world's allurements on the one hand and their own frailties on the other.

That goodness is innate in same natures has been proved again and again. As a modern writer has said: 'There are those who return good for evil, not from any principle of righteousness, but because they have no evil in themselves to return upon others.' Happy are all such: we honour and love them, but the rest of us are more human. The struggle to do right may be instinctive, but it is a struggle nevertheless, and only as we let slip the craving for a reward for right-doing shall we find that reward in the doing of it, when we, too, may look forward to being of those whose virtues have become a second nature, and thus, of a literal truth, bring its own reward.

If we consider the physical laws governing this vast universe, regulating the mighty forces of nature, and the equally wonderful but less mysterious only because more familiar laws which sustain and set in motion man's physical structure, we find that the keeping of them brings its own reward in the extended knowledge and power which ensues, and in the health and happiness which only obedience can ensure.

To a profound ignorance of these laws has been due in the past much of physical suffering and spiritual unrest. Plague and famine have again and again decimated towns whose people knew little, and cared less, for sanitary precautions, to whom dirt was second nature and disease the will of God, which it were impious to try to set aside. This horrible theory of divine government has been a stumbling block in the way of progress. Men have sought to propitiate Deity, to bribe Him, 'Lest Thou become our enemy and fight against us!' How this phrase in its simple directness carries us back to the childhood of the human race when men's ideas were crude and their conceptions of divinity were but magnified portraits of themselves, a God made in their own image, with human virtues and more human failings, rewarding and punishing, open to persuasion, partial in his favouritism. The world has not quite outgrown this childish conception, and as a relic of the dark ages it still lingers amongst us in a modified form, yielding slowly but surely to the theory that God works through and by laws, and that only by a comprehension of such and obedience to them can His will be done and man's salvation be attained.

The vista which knowledge opens out is a lengthening one: it extends from the bounds of the seen into the mysterious realms of the unseen, and the time may come when, as it has robbed many natural phenomena of their dread mystery, it may peer through to the spiritual, and be able to grasp much which now is beyond reach. Law will be found to be operative there as here, and if not before, when Death opens the gates, men and women will have a practical demonstration of the fact, brought face to face with the consequences of their own actions—they will find that as they have sown here, will they reap there.

If they have deliberately starved the higher nature within them, and in the pursuit of the material have neglected the spiritual, no forgiveness of sins can avert the just and inevitable penalty. They have stunted and wronged themselves, and theirs must be the struggle to regain what they have lost.

If by selfishness and cruelty they have injured others, again will it be theirs to atone. No angry God will pronounce sentence upon them: Him they can neither injure nor dishonour, but as the laws of governance have been outraged and disobeyed, they must from their very nature produce their own punishment.

On the other hand, where right has been followed and love has been the impelling force, where the struggle has been upward towards the light, the reward will as failingly follow. Motive will rank higher than achievement, the obstacles over-

come will count in the result and in the increase of happiness, in the wholesome influence thrown off, and in the blessed consciousness of an *at-one-ment* with the Divine, will virtue in this life, and as surely in the next, be its own 'great reward.'

E. FITTON.

Impressions.

By THOS. CHESWORTH.

LUCIAN'S VOICE came down to me, but only as a tremor in sunlit waters.

There was music outside. It came from the Opera House, which I had been vaguely contemplating through the foliage interposed between its columns, coronae, and flower-buried promenades, and the balcony where I reclined. The streets below were filled with sunshine and drowsy human life; a cloud of insects hung in the air above me, with a low, multitudinous hum that blended somehow with the scent of invisible roses; I was lulled into a repose of the senses that would have been perfect but for the music. They were playing *Tannhauser*; and my self-gratulatory dream of peace quivered on faint waves of harmony, pulsing with supreme expression of the inevitable pain of life.

Inside the open window, a few feet from Lucian and his easel, stood the model, an Italian girl of twelve years. She was straight as the cypress, with red lips and fearless black eyes; dressed in an Eastern costume, her black hair held in a circlet of gold coins that shimmered at every moment. Her face was pure and beautiful and wild, like a forest flower; yet her eyes were windows of the soul in which passion loves to enthrone herself; and they seemed to look out remotely even now upon dim visions of things warm, and lawless, and strange.

She was pure now. Voluptuous beauty of the Oriental dancer, the whirling figure, the flash of eyes and of soft, white bosom; these were things to be dreamed of as they lay imprisoned in the joy, innocent peace of childhood.

Murmuring voices from the street, the indeterminate hum of human life; and a heartbreaking cadence of music from the theatre on a warm, flower-scented breath. What singular fate had set them side by side, this child and this man? There he sat, handsome, it is true, in his own way, and young so far as years go, yet with a face dry and hard, and eyes fascinating like a serpent's, as with centuries of soured wisdom. He had a soul, it seemed, for he created beautiful things; but he held it firmly in a bony fist. And the tinge of earth and the taint of flesh lay upon all his work, like a garment. The world had whispered its incantation over him and turned him into its own shape; the dew-sprinkled lark that rose in the morning of his life, it had transformed into a keen-eyed wary old fox.

Formless tones were droning somewhere in hollowness; they hung suspended, still droning: then suddenly a sentence flashed upon my inner dimness:

'In three seconds your cigar will burn your fingers.'

I opened my eyes. The model had vanished, and Lucian was turned from his easel, smoking a cigarette and watching me.

'Did you speak?' I asked.

'I dismissed the girl exactly four minutes ago, and since then I have spoken to you three times. Once more—I am under promise to call upon Heidenmauer at four o'clock; if you care to come, I think you will find it as diverting a mode of killing time as any until six o'clock.'

I rose upon my elbow with something like a thrill, for at six I was to dine *tête-à-tête* with Mlle. Colombié, a pretty and charming *danseuse*, to whom Lucian had introduced me.

'Heidenmauer?' I said.

'Ah, you do not know him. Nobody does. He is one of those singular people who repose on the thorns of a voluntary martyrdom, and pretend to think they have a bed of rose-leaves. He paints like an angel, has been hung in the Salon, and people glance at his work and pass on. He refuses, if you please, to prostitute his genius and paint the marketable. He deals with the soul; he is a mystic; he follows the ideal, and see where it leads him—he is forced to live like a sparrow, poor devil, among mouldy frescoes and falling plaster, in a place beyond the Casino. People do not love the soul; they do not understand the soul; and they don't want to. The body, the senses—these are what they demand and worship and buy; and for my own part I quite agree with them.

'Perhaps you are right,' I said.

'I am indeed right,' he responded, without warmth, which he rarely showed on any subject. 'And the world is right, for it knows its needs. You know that I am modesty itself, or I might attest the accuracy of my opinion by pointing to my own success. I take facts as they stand, as I have learnt them; I take human desires and instincts as they manifest themselves. It is a very simple affair. Instinctive appetites are towards the one or two physical facts of life; that is the natural law; and who shall subvert natural laws and instincts? This is what these enthusiasts propose to themselves. They wish to move the world with a lever resting on nothingness. For the "abstract truth" they profess to hold and teach is nothingness. There is no such thing, there never was any such thing as abstract truth. Truth is particular; it is a man's personal experience; and no truth exists outside what the individual lives and sees. Will you try a cigarette?'

I took one, lighted it. Lucian did the same, and veiled

himself in a curtain of smoke, through which I could see his fine, cynical, birdlike eyes softly contemplating me.

'Life,' he said, 'has taught me this. If it is wrong, life is wrong. But life is not wrong; it is right for those who read it well and use it and are content.'

I could not help observing, 'The outlines of a single figure show through your philosophy.'

'Myself! True—for self is the centre of all rational philosophy, as well as the law of life, and nature, and the universe, so far as we know it. Nothing is accomplished in life or nature without self-protection, self-concentration, self-development. As I have just hinted, we have the proof at hand. We will take two types, of which your humble servant shall figure, for the moment, as one, and our friend Heidenmauer as the other. I need not demonstrate to you that one of us is king in a secure domain of luxury and beauty and admiration; the other hides in one corner of a mouldering palazzo, drifts through an ignoble existence of poverty and all its mean, hateful, and degrading accompaniments, and at last, in all likelihood, dies in a public hospital.'

I could find no response; still, beneath my logical conviction, I was conscious of a faint disgust. It was gone in a moment. The image of Colombié rose throbbing on my vision, and was somehow the support and the justification of all that my friend had formulated.

He had pulled out his watch, and was saying, 'It is just a quarter to four. Do you care to see our personification? It is a purely formal visit. I met him yesterday, and he would have my promise. I should add that he is in the early stages of matrimony,' said Lucian with a smile, 'and it may be worth your while.'

I yawned and rose, and forth we went into the streets. We were in the carnival season, and the quaint crooked streets were thronged with people, chiefly women, and the languid air seemed full of the sense of them, and of warm red lips, and soft lustrous eyes. Many glances from dark eyes followed us, for my friend (I need not say) is striking and handsome, his countenance expressing the quiet conscious force, and his figure the genteel strength, for which women lose themselves. But Lucian was insensible. He talked, and his talk has always so much charm that our arrival at the villa in which Heidenmauer had ensconced himself took me somewhat by surprise.

We passed through a vaulted and gloomy porch into the echoing hall, where isolated statues lay broken beside their pedestals, or stood half obliterated in the fine *debris* which the unseen fingers of ruin everywhere accumulated, and where one or two pieces of mosaic art shone out with singular freshness against the dark, sombre, dust-laden melancholy of their surroundings. The grimness of the palace itself by no means prepared me for the appearance of the court around which (as is usual) it was built. A fountain, centuries silent (so it seemed) stood in the centre, festooned with creepers. But the whole court was absolutely blazing with flowers. Flowers, flowers, flowers of almost every description; I do not believe I ever saw so many together before. I was so impressed by the transition from the soulless and mouldering house to this bower of taintless beauty, that I was for a moment oblivious of its human occupants, and the birds with which they were surrounded.

I did not need to be told that I was in the presence of Heidenmauer and his young wife. About the man at least, after Lucian's description, there could be no mistake. He seemed to have been feeding the birds, pigeons, and doves; their eager, palpitating bodies glanced in the sunshine as if they pecked the crumbs at his feet. Just at the moment of our entrance, the woman was approaching him silently from behind while he watched the birds, as if to crown him by surprise with a garland of flowers which she held in her hand, her childish face and eyes brimming with laughing expectancy.

I looked at them. I took in their figures and faces, and the birds and flowers and sunshine, and the peace and innocence and purity of it all. Above all, the countenance of the man fascinated me; it was the countenance of one who walked with angels. At the same instant, a picture of Colombié and Lucian and the life they signified rose in a red glow within me, then dissolved in a sea of self-loathing. I felt my physical nature cling about me like something cold and slimy; and putting an impulsive hand upon my companion's arm, 'You will pardon me, Lucian,' I said, 'I must withdraw.'

PASSED to the higher life on November 25, 1898, Samuel Gibbons, of Dudley-road, Birmingham. He had for years suffered with bodily weakness. His passing on to the other life was most peaceful. He was one of those true Spiritualists whom all who knew were glad to converse with. A hearty shake of the hand and a 'God bless you' was his greeting. Our sympathy goes out to the bereaved ones of his home, but their consolation is in the fact that their loss is his spiritual gain.

PASSED to the higher life, Arthur Edward Thompson, who was drowned whilst bathing at Belgaum, Madras, 3rd Nov., 1898; son of J. C. Thompson, late of Hull, and member of the London Spiritualist Society. Mr. Thompson, sen., it is needless to remark, is one of those soldiers in the ranks of Spiritualism who knows no fear, but will proclaim the golden gospel of Spiritualism both in season and out of season. Much sympathy is felt for him and his family on account of the temporary loss of their son in the prime of life.

A Peace Sunday Protest.

AT THE Free Christian Church, Croydon, the Rev. J. Page Hopps preached a plain-spoken sermon on the late excessive adulation of the successful fighter. He said:

It is a dark day for us; and the men of peace will just now be like 'one crying in the wilderness.' In the present temper of the people of England, or, rather, of the people in high places and in the money market and Pall Mall, but little can be done. We must wait till England is sober. But we can keep the flag flying.

The most sorrowful fact of the hour is the insane glorification of the man who managed the slaughter (it was not a fight) in the Soudan. Grant that it was necessary. Why go into frantic raptures over it? A hanging may be necessary, but we do not meet the hangman at the railway station, shriek with delight, invite him to the Guildhall and Balmoral, present him with a jewelled rope, and gloat over the nasty details of his business.

It is, unfortunately, too plain that vast multitudes positively revel in the fighting instinct, and glory in the men who do the odious work of bloodshed. It only shows that we are but half through the process of evolution, and are still saturated with the blood of the beast.

Even Nonconformist ministers got hot with the prevailing 'scarlet fever.' Mr. Hugh Price Hughes went into ecstasies over that unnecessary Lancers' charge. Even a Unitarian minister in his Church, thanked God for the effectual slaughter,—the murder by machinery of 20,000 men. I repeat, there was no real fighting. It was sheer grinding out of death, at a distance; and then the newspapers and our leading speakers wrote and talked of it as a wonderful victory, which covered England with glory! One leading paper wrote of 'the nation still trembling in its thrill of joy at the splendid achievement of Sir Herbert Kitchener and his gallant army.' But there was no call upon anyone for gallantry. All they had to do was to stand still and grind.

Does any reasonable person believe that royal, aristocratic, financial and army and navy England, 'thrilled with joy' because a humanitarian work was done in the Soudan? Does any clear-minded person really believe that on humanitarian grounds Guildhall feasted and Balmoral opened its arms? Does anyone believe that Kitchener was mobbed by delirious adorers at the Stock Exchange because he had emancipated the oppressed? No! but it was what we call 'the instinct of Imperialism,' which is, for the most part, the instinct of the marauder, which made us 'thrill with joy.' The cry 'From Cape Town to Cairo' tells the honest truth. We are going to steal Egypt, just as we stole Burmah, just as we stole India, just as we tried to steal the South African Republic, but we are not honest enough to say so.

I repeat; grant its necessity—there is nothing to boast about. In fact, it was simply a one-sided slaughter, and the less we boast about it the better. Is it not shocking to glorify these men for it—to yell with delirious joy over it? How much higher was Mr. Gladstone's immortal saying on a similar occasion: 'They are entitled to our compassion for the nature of the duties they have been called upon to perform.' Never forget that!—and then think of our screaming congratulations, and the odious revelling of our men in their disgusting work.

Here is an officer writing of a previous battle:

It was a fine sight . . . we sat down, smoked, and watched the show through our glasses.

Passages like that by the score could be given, showing how these fighting men positively revel in their bloody work; and the people at home, to a perfectly shocking extent, revel in it, too. It does not matter where it is—in India, in Matabeleland, in Bechuanaland, in Natal, in the South African Republic, in Burmah, in Egypt (when it suited us to bombard the Egyptians), in the Soudan (when it suits us to pretend to defend the Egyptians), in challenging France, we are never loth to welcome a fight, and to gloat over the details of it.

The newspapers were not content with telling us once or twice all that it was necessary to know about the Soudan slaughter, but for about ten days they dished up ghastly details. What for? Simply because people liked to revel in them. And even now, look at your Christmas annuals and pictures! See with what hideous incongruity they celebrate the advent of 'The Prince of Peace'!

I agree with one sane pen which wrote: 'It is with a shook of horror that we have witnessed the outburst of ferocious joy with which large numbers of Englishmen received the news of this festival of Lyddite shells and machine-guns. We challenge any sane man to attempt to realise that battle-field, and then to stand up in God's daylight and say that it is good.'

Why then is the successful slaughterer singled out for such exultant blessing and honour?

But I turn with some hope to the great event of the year,—the Tsar's bid for pause in this mad and hateful business: for, even though there may be sinister designs behind the proposal, that proposal has been made, and the dangers of war have been plainly set forth by one in the very highest place. The argu-

ments, too, in favour of his proposal are now on record: and these arguments are such as carry conviction with them, to those who are free to think. One true English statesman, at least, has given his solemn testimony in favour of the Tsar's appeal.

Mr. John Morley said, in memorable words:

Everybody must ardently hope that the Tsar's beneficent proposal may be pressed forward. It is easy to say, 'There are lions in the path.' Difficulties will come in sight soon enough, and one—the most obvious of them—is undoubtedly formidable. Statesmen will be judged by the determination and resource with which they show themselves ready to face these difficulties. The Tsar's project may fail, but I am bound to think that public men and political parties in this country will be stamped now and in history by the more or less of their zeal and vigour in promoting its success.

It is a great consolation to-day to believe that these wise words, after all, express the true sentiment of the England that will endure.

A Visit to the Mass Meetings in Philadelphia.

By E. W. WALLIS.

PHILADELPHIA is called 'the city of brotherly love.' A great many quakers live there, and it is the most English looking of all the places we have visited. It is also called 'the city of homes,' as there are many thousands of small houses suitable for the workers, many of whom become possessors of their domiciles on the instalment plan of payment—the rent going to purchase the property. We started, Mrs. Wallis and I, last Monday, about 8 in the morning, and arrived at Philadelphia at 6-10 p.m. On the way, when near to New York, the train was run upon a huge ferry boat, and for an hour we steamed down the Harlem river, and obtained a good view of the docks and shipping, the 'sky-scraping' buildings in New York, and of the great Brooklyn Bridge, which we passed under. The splendid proportions of this remarkable structure can best be discerned from the river, and by an official document, recently published after a most thorough examination, I find that it is declared to be absolutely safe—as sound as the first day it was opened. Arrived at Philadelphia we were most cordially received by Mr. B. B. Hill, and heartily welcomed at the hall by Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Cadwallader, and by Captain Keffer, the president of the first association, and an old friend whom I enjoyed meeting on my last visit.

The opening services of the mass meeting, on Sunday, despite a heavy storm of wind and rain, had been very successful. Mrs. Longley, sec. of the N.S.A., and Mr. Colville, Capt. E. W. Gould, and Mr. A. Gropme, were the principal speakers, and enjoyable sessions had been held Monday morning and afternoon. In the evening a grand reception and entertainment by the Lyceum and Y.P.S.U. and a newly-formed Band of Mercy was given to a crowded audience. The platform was most tastefully decorated with purple and white drapery, ribbons, and flowers. A good programme was gone through, Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader presiding in her usual able manner. The most marked features of the evening were the fine reading of the poem, 'Rock me to sleep, mother,' by Mrs. Lillian Reid Heasley, illustrated by very effective pantomimic representation by a number of her pupils. The choir afterwards sang the familiar ballad under the same title, the young ladies using appropriate gestures as before. An allegory, written by Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, descriptive of a visit of ministering spirits to earth, and the lesson it teaches, was ably presented, the characters being well sustained throughout, that of 'Mother' by Mrs. Cadwallader, and the child and the spirits of Life, Love, Fame, Sorrow, Duty, and Death, by members of the Lyceum and Y.P.S.U. The sentiments expressed were very fine, and much credit was due to the young ladies for their intelligent acting. Mrs. Cadwallader's magnetic powers had full play in the part of the mother, and the charm of her voice and manner was felt by all. She has kindly promised to permit us to print this allegory in the Two WORLDS, for the benefit of the Lyceums. It would, we are sure, be gladly welcomed by the conductors. An address of welcome to visitors and guests, with special references to the representatives from Great Britain, was heartily applauded and suitably acknowledged by both Mrs. Wallis and the writer.

On Tuesday, three successful sessions were held at which addresses were given by Mrs. Wallis, myself, Mr. W. J. Colville, and Captain E. W. Gould, Captain Keffer presiding morning and afternoon, and Mrs. Cadwallader at night. The music provided by the ladies and Profs. Bacon, Scott, Gray, and E. A. Whitelaw, was very much enjoyed. Taken altogether, the first mass meeting held under the auspices of the First Society may be considered a great success, the credit for which was most cordially given to Mrs. Cadwallader and her staff of able and willing assistants. One cause for regret was the unavoidable absence of Mr. Harrison D. Barrett, the editor of the *Banner of Light*, who was ill with 'La Grippe,' but I am pleased to learn that he is improving. He is an enthusiastic worker who can ill be spared. He has done such splendid service for the Cause that he has won the love of Spiritualists all over the land (and the hatred of the dishonest and shady characters, which is an involuntary tribute to his work and worth). Some three years ago a number of clairvoyants were arrested in Philadelphia, and one of them was convicted but not sentenced. A medium's defence committee was organised, and Mrs. Cadwallader threw herself heart and soul into the work of obtaining subscriptions. She travelled thousands of miles and delivered hundreds of lectures, and obtained funds to fight the battle in the Court. A lady lawyer, Mrs. Kilgore, was engaged, and the cases were delayed—put back on some pretext or another—until quite recently, when the charges against the mediums were dismissed, and a signal victory was thus gained.

On Wednesday evening, at the home of our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Hill, the members of the Woman's Progressive Union, assembled, and a very enjoyable and informal reception was accorded to us. We were adopted as honorary members, and fully appreciated the honour.

On Thursday we travelled to New York, and made a pleasant

call upon Miss Cushman, and after a happy time with my dear old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Rathbun, returned on Saturday to fill our engagements, Mrs. Wallis to Fall River, and myself to Worcester. During the mass meeting I took the opportunity to deliver the messages of greetings and goodwill which were passed at our Jubilee gatherings in St. James' Hall last Easter Sunday (what an age it seems since then!), and at the National Federation Conference at Keighley. Those messages were received, as they have been everywhere, with loud applause, and by a standing vote a resolution was adopted extending to British Spiritualists heartfelt good wishes and fraternal regards. Last night, in Worcester, a similar resolution was passed, and wherever we go we find the same feelings of gladness, that whatever feelings of bitterness or illwill between the two nations there may have been, have passed away—it is hoped forever. The late war has done two good things—two great good things. It has united the North and South, and healed the wounds of the war of the sixties, and it has revealed to both America and England the unity of sentiment, of race, of kinship and fellowship, and brought the Anglo-Saxon people of the world into closer accord than ever before. Long may such feeling prevail.

This letter will be too late for the Christmas issue, I fear, but it will not be too late for our united expressions of love and remembrance and all sorts of good wishes for temporal and spiritual prosperity and happiness to all our friends and readers, to all our fellow mediums and workers. Our hearts warm to them all, and we have only the kindest feelings and the most fraternal sympathy and good wishes to our comrades-in-arms everywhere. May the New Year be a joyous and a happy one for all. May the blessings of the angels rest and abide with all, and may the great cause of truth, of humanity, of progress, and of spiritual love spread with ever-increasing rapidity, and prove a blessing to all who come within its ennobling influence.

'Spiritualism for the People.'

THE following manifesto has been issued by the Onward Spiritualist Association, Peckham, London:—

With a view to hastening the realisation of the ideal expressed in the above heading, we of this association have, in previous manifestoes, ventured to urge upon our fellow-Spiritualists the adoption of two specified methods of propaganda—viz. (1) the holding, during the summer months, of as many meetings as possible in the open-air, and (2), in winter, the systematic house-to-house distribution, on loan or otherwise, of suitable literature. The second of these methods of propaganda being still 'in season,' we should like to take this opportunity of again commending to the Spiritualist public the scheme in question, full details of which will be found in the *TWO WORLDS* and *Light* for the week ending November 12th last.

Calling, however, renewed attention to this matter is not our immediate object. The making of 'New Year's Resolutions' will soon be in fashion; and there is a 'resolution' that during the early days of January, we should like to see made and carried out by Spiritualists the world over. It could take the form of an undertaking—as follows:—

'I promise, on or as soon after New Year's Day as possible, to bring the subject of Spiritualism prominently before at least one person by whom its principles are at present unaccepted, and to do my best to induce him or her to seriously investigate the subject.'

Now, we would ask every Spiritualist willing to make and carry out this 'New Year's Resolution' to send our Secretary, in token of that willingness, his or her name and address on a post-card. The person or persons, of course, to whom the subject of Spiritualism is afterwards broached could not only be relatives and friends, but, e.g., tract-distributors, street corner preachers, district-visitors, railway fellow-travellers, or any other strangers with whom one might, or could, get into chance conversation. Needless to say, it would be as well if the talk on the subject could conclude by the presentation of a copy of at least one Spiritualist publication—preferably a publication giving instructions as to the holding of circles.

Who will send the first postcard indicating a promise to perform this slight service to Spiritualist propaganda? Surely, in a matter of this description, none will refuse to 'lend a hand'! To do great things for the Cause of our adoption and our love is not given to many of us. We cannot all be D. D. Homes, or James Burnses, or 'M.A. (Oxon.)s.' But to the humblest of us is vouchsafed the ability to make and to carry out the 'New Year's Resolution' above suggested; and we of the Onward Spiritualist Association earnestly appeal to all to, in this perhaps not altogether unfitting manner, mark the auspicious occasion of the first New Year's Day in Modern Spiritualism's second fifty years' history.

Signed on behalf of the Committee,

JNO. THEO. AUDY, President.

HERBERT E. BROWN, Secretary.

80, Grenard Road, Peckham, London, Dec. 23, 1898.

JOURNALISTIC SUCCESS.—Mr. Wilfrid Rutherford, formerly editor of a Tunbridge Wells journal, has just joined the literary staff of the *Daily Sun*, London. Mr. Rutherford, who is the son of Mr. J. Rutherford, of Roker-by-the-Sea, is a gentleman of considerable literary and artistic ability, and has just published a book entitled 'The Haunted House of Pembury.' He is also a good painter in oils and water colours.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. J. W. A.: You must have been very bad indeed to have 'nothing but evil in its worst form' for so long a time, but we cannot believe it. What you speak of is not evil, but, brought within proper control, may be your greatest blessing. You should join a well-conducted and sympathetic circle, and let the supposed evil take its course. In the meantime, however, use your own will against this influence affecting you, anywhere and everywhere; think and feel kindly towards it, and, if your own mind is not evil, you are quite out of danger as long as you keep from evil.

J. NUTTALL: The non-acknowledgment of your letter is an oversight for which we apologise.

'PRO BONO PUBLICO.': We do not wonder that you are so impressed by Miss Richardson's clairvoyance, but we are obliged to exclude these private reports, which do not possess to the average Spiritualist more than ordinary experience and interest.

J. JACQUES (Rhodes): Next week.

Items of Interest.

CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER.—Several of our readers have expressed themselves in terms of warm approval.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose subscription for *TWO WORLDS* for six months. *I am highly pleased with your paper.*—Yours truly, JOHN SANDERSON, 41, Patriothall, Stockbridge, Edinburgh, Dec. 19, 1898.

BINDING VOL. XI., 1898.—We are now prepared, as in past years, to bind the *TWO WORLDS* in a good binding, for 2s., carriage extra, and shall be glad to receive orders as early as possible.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—Mrs. E. B. Jackson (Naples), W. H. Robinson, Bevan Harris, G. Ormerod, J. B. Tetlow, R. Cafling, Jesmond Dene, the Rev. C. Voysey's sermons, with thanks; Herbert E. Brown: Proof was sent conformably with your instructions.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO SECRETARIES.—When mediums disappoint you, that is a case to be settled as a pure matter of business between you and them. There is a Law of Libel, and we don't intend to break it.

IT HAS BEEN finally decided to hold the next Conference of the British Spiritualist Lyceum Union, on Sunday, May 14, 1899, at Nottingham. A Joint Committee of the two Lyceums there will undertake all arrangements. It is hoped that every Lyceum in the Union will be represented.—Yours faithfully, JONAH CLARKE.

MR. AND MRS. MARSHALL, BURNLEY.—Mrs. Hartley acknowledges on behalf of these sick friends the receipt of the following sums: Mrs. Winder, Lancaster, 2s.; Pendle-street Society, Nelson (second donation), 5s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. Burchell, Carlisle, home circle, 16s.; A. Sutcliffe, sec., Russell-street, Todmorden, £1.

MISS FLORRIE COOK has been holding a series of Materialisation Seances in the neighbourhood of Manchester, and returns to London for Christmas. She will be in Manchester again in the first week in January, where she will give private seances. A select number of friends will be permitted to attend.—Address A. M., 'T.W.' Office.

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE.—A difficult task at times. To do some great work, to be placed in prominence (or with mistaken notions of ourselves, place ourselves at the main entrance, others wishing we would keep a little more in the background, yet too kind to openly tell us so), would be worth the effort, but we must first be tested and tried, and proved faithful in the daily round, the common task, the uncongenial and compulsory duty often wearisome, showing our courage and power to endure, out of sight of others, in obscurity. There cannot be neither eye nor lip service. Until we have mastered this are we fit for the greater, when the conscience, that 'still small voice,' can say 'well done,' we have climbed a few steps up the ladder of progress? By and by words of encouragement may be given. As you have been 'faithful in little' we will 'trust you in much.'—ONWARD.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

THE year past has been eventful in many respects; it was the Jubilee of Modern Spiritualism, and on this account was a year of jubilation. In London an International Conference was held, at which the brightest intellects of the movement from almost all parts of the world assembled, when papers of vital importance to Spiritualism were read and discussed. In America also, the year was made the occasion of a special meeting of illustrious Spiritualists at Hydesville, where Modern Spiritualism made its advent through the medium of the Fox Family. Bazaars were held in various parts of the country to raise funds as a means of spreading the knowledge of Spiritualism, foremost among which was the National Federation Bazaar, which raised over £600 for the purpose of propaganda work, besides others successfully carried out in Glasgow, Blackpool, and Nelson.

So far as our paper is concerned, the year has been eventful. Mr. E. W. Wallis, its capable and respected Editor, accompanied by Mrs. M. H. Wallis, have been on a six months' tour to America, from whence they have been regularly heard of by communications sent for publication in the 'T.W.' In their absence the time has been eventful, the work falling to the lot of the present Acting Editor, being taken up with a sense of great responsibility; but by the ready co-operation of a body of able contributors, the work has been carried on. To those able helpers our thanks are due, and most cordially tendered.

To our readers we also offer our hearty acknowledgments, and at the same time assure them of the growing popularity of 'our paper.' That we have fallen short of the expectations of some was what we were prepared for, but on the whole we have made many new friends, and our work, though arduous at best, and sometimes difficult owing more to a pardonable difference of opinion than bad feeling, perhaps, has been pleasant because it was undertaken as a work of love and duty, and we shall always revert to this time with pleasant recollections. We now wish all our esteemed contributors and readers a very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Mona's Sister.

A CHRISTMAS TALE FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

By MARGARET McMILLAN.

'Love thy neighbour as thyself.'

'In Heaven, their Angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in Heaven.'

'MONA!' said Miss Practice, putting on her cape, 'what are you crying for?'

'I'm not crying,' said Mona, who was standing at the window. 'I'm not crying,' she repeated in a husky voice, 'at all.'

Miss Practice fastened her cape and put on her bonnet and gloves. When she was ready to go home—she was a daily governess and did not live in the house—she went up to Mona, and put her hands on the little girl's shoulders.

'Mona, my dear!' said she, 'you are crying. There are two big tears on your cheeks. You have done your lessons nicely, and I am pleased with you. Yet you are crying! What is it, my dear?'

Mona answered by a sob.

'Dear Mona,' said Miss Practice, after a long pause, 'I'm afraid you are naughty after all. Think for a moment: You have a beautiful home and parents, and nice clothes and books, and a big garden. There are many children who are hungry and cold, and yet they are merry and good-tempered. How wrong of you to be discontented.'

Mona made no answer to this. She felt that Miss Practice was quite right, but her tears came faster than ever. And she was not sorry when the door closed on her young governess and she was left to cry in peace. And I am not surprised at this—are you? For when you really do not know why you are crying, it is hard to have people asking what is the matter. Well, Mona cried in peace for a while. Then, when her eyes and nose were very red indeed, she put on her hat and went out into the garden.

Mona liked the garden very much. It was a nice big one, with long rows of old rose-bushes and narrow paths, shadowed with fruit trees; and there was a fine orchard, too, and beyond it a wood which had a blue carpet of heath-bells every spring. At the front, however, there were flower-beds, and a honey-suckle porch rose above the gate. Mona used to stand in the porch to see the village children go by. More than once she had given pence to a little ragged beggar who looked through the bars at her with wistful eyes. But Mona did not wish to see the village children or the beggar children to-day. She wanted a real sister or brother of her own to play with. She went into the wood, and sat down on its blue carpet, and looked around her sadly.

'O dear!' she said, aloud, 'I am so dull. I have no brother or cousin even. I do wish I could see a fairy, I would ask her to send me some one to play with.'

The words were hardly out of her mouth when she heard a soft rustling among the flowers, and, looking round, she saw a funny little brown face looking over the grass blades.

'Good afternoon, Mona,' piped a shrill little voice. 'Good afternoon, my dear.'

'Good afternoon,' said Mona, not in the least surprised. For though she had never seen a fairy before, the fairies had seen her, no doubt, often enough.

'How do you do?' said the little brown man, shaking out his black hair, which was so long that it covered him, and lay in a black tangle on the grass.

'I'm quite well, thank you,' said Mona.

The little man shook his head, till he made quite a little breeze, and the heath-bells rustled in it.

'You don't look quite well,' he said, putting his head on one side and staring at Mona. 'Eyes too small, nose too red, cheeks too dirty.'

Mona blushed. 'I think you are rather rude,' she said. 'Considering that you yourself are dressed in hair,' glancing at his locks, which were pinned about him like a cloak, 'and that I said nothing about your appearance, I think you are very rude, indeed.'

'Stuff and nonsense,' said the little brown man.

After this Mona could not think of anything to say, for when a person says 'Stuff and nonsense' to you, it seems to put an end to a conversation.

'I suppose you have been crying,' said the little brown man, 'That is a habit that human beings have. Something vexes them, or they think that something vexes them, and they make their eyes small, and their noses red, and their cheeks—'

'Don't you cry, sometimes?' interrupted Mona.

The little brown man opened his eyes wide, turned his head slowly, and looked at her. 'Me—crying!' he said. 'Not a bit of it.'

He had bolted the last words out so suddenly, that Mona fairly started. And when she looked into his face, she saw that he was rather vexed, and so she said, hurriedly, 'I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I didn't know that your people never cried. Of course, you must be vexed sometimes,' she added kindly, 'though you are brave and do not cry about it.'

'Me—vexed!' said the brown man again, 'not a bit of it.'

Mona could not help starting again—his words were so very sharp and quick. 'I can't help crying, sometimes,' she said. 'It's dull, you know, for me, as I'm an only child. I've heard mother often say so to father. And then I haven't even got cousins, because father and mother were only children. And so I have to play alone, always.'

'Alone!' said the brown man. 'Why alone? I have seen plenty of children about here, heaps and heaps of them. I go and play with them sometimes.'

'Do you,' said Mona. 'I'm not allowed to play with them at all.'

'No,' said the brown man, 'Of course not.'

'They're dirty, you see,' said Mona, very glad to have someone to chatter to. 'At least, the little beggar-girl, who sells roses in the lane, is very dirty. And the village children use such strange words—they do not speak nicely at all, and mamma says it would never do for me to play with them.'

The little brown man said nothing to this. He put his little head on one side, and looked at the blue bells such a long time, that Mona began at last to fear that she had offended him. 'Did your mother object to you playing with dirty people when you were—she was going to say "little," but he was so very little now, that she stopped herself just in time—when you were young.'

'Mine!' cried the little man, bolting the word out as if he were a bottle of ginger-beer and it was the stopper. 'Mine! Object! Not a bit of it.'

Mona started, for the third time; but she did not speak. She was afraid that the brown man and she could not talk to each other without disagreeing—and yet she did not want him to go away. The wood looked quite gay while he sat there among the blue bells. She was afraid to speak, lest they might quarrel.

But the Brown Man looked at her kindly. 'You're a good little girl in some things,' he said. 'If your mother says you shouldn't play with dirty children—and she's quite right, and I go further, and say there shouldn't be any dirty children to play with—well, you are right to obey her. Only you should do it without crying. No tears, mind you! Why, goodness, gracious me!' cried the little man, with sudden wrath, 'Here was I, going to show the prettiest little girls and boys this afternoon—little beauties, I can tell you—and you have made your eyes dim, and shan't see them properly.'

'O do show them to me,' said Mona, blushing with joy, 'I am so dull by myself. My eyes don't smart any more, and I'm not going to cry. Do take me to see the fairies, dear little Brown Man.'

The little Brown Man shook his head, however, and looked very serious. 'Well, I don't know, after all,' he said. 'They are very grand people, you know, my Fairies. They are not like your race at all, my dear. They are lovely and delicate, and their faces are bright, like the stars, and their dresses are of the texture of white rose petals, only much finer. They don't speak like you either. Their voices are like music, and they have lovely words for lovely things, that you have never even dreamed about.'

'Oh, they won't know me, then. How unkind of them!' cried the little girl. 'Proud things! How dare they look down on me?' Mona grew very hot, and got up suddenly. She would have walked away, but that she wanted so much to be with the little Brown Man, and to hear of the lovely, happy, radiant fairies.

'They don't look down on you,' said the little man, gravely. 'That's the best of it!'

Mona was silent. She really did not know what to say to this. However, the little Brown Man did not appear to think it necessary for her to say anything. He hopped up from the grass, took Mona's hand (which she reached down to him very readily) and cried out—

'One! Two! Three!
Wind carry me,
Where I'd like to be!'

Almost in the same moment Mona felt herself whirling through the air. On, on she went—first through the tingling sunshine, and then through the cool moist twilight, till she alighted on a mossy bank. Then she drew a deep breath, pushed back her hair, which had fallen over her face a little, and looked round her.

It was quite bright. Above her, on a dark velvety sky, a thousand stars shone. The green earth seemed to shine, too. Flowers gleamed here and there—sweet-smelling blossoms, tall lilies, glowing roses, forget-me-nots, that seemed to smile like blue eyes, and small white buds, half-open, that shone as if they were made of light. But lovelier than the flowers were the little figures that moved to and fro, with noiseless steps. Mona gazed about her in wonder and delight.

'Oh, I wish those little girls would come to me,' she cried, clasping her hands. 'Dear brown man, could you call one of them, or are they too proud to speak to me?'

'Proud—not a bit of it,' said the brown man, decidedly, 'There is one of them coming towards you now—look!'

Mona looked, and there, sure enough, was a lovely little creature coming towards her. Mona rose to her feet, and gazed at her. She had never seen anyone half so beautiful. The little fairy—for Mona believed her to be a fairy—was dressed in glistening white. But her face shone more brightly than her clothes—more brightly, too, than did her golden hair, which fell around her in a sunny shower. She had sweet, still lips, where a smile trembled, like light in a wave, and in her little hands she carried jewels; but she did not wear any jewels. Mona looked at her, and could not speak, so lost was she in admiration.

'Why don't you speak to her?' whispered the little brown man. 'You ought to, you know. Good gracious me!' he exclaimed suddenly. 'I never saw such manners, never, even in your set.'

These words would have made Mona furious under ordinary circumstances; for she believed that she and her parents belonged to a very good set, and that, indeed, there was no better 'set' than hers. But at this moment Mona felt no anger at all, for the little fairy was standing close to her, and she was quite lost in admiration. She spoke not one word, and at last dropped her eyes as if she were ashamed.

'Little girl,' said the fairy, 'Why don't you speak to me?'

'My voice is so ugly and rude,' said Mona, sorrowfully. 'It is not sweet, like yours.'

The fairy was quiet for a moment. 'Little girl,' she said at last, 'why don't you look at me?'

'My eyes are not nearly so bright as yours,' said Mona again. 'My hands are not pretty, like yours, and my dress is not made of light and roses.'

The fairy made no answer to this, but she held out one hand, and Mona took it, and, in the same moment, her shame and misgiving vanished like a little mist-wreath in the sun.

'How pretty it is here,' she cried, looking gaily at her new friend. 'And how glad I am that the Brown Man brought me! I was so dull, alone in the wood. I had no one to play with, you know—having no brothers or sisters. But I can play with you. How delightful.'

'Yes. We have great fun here,' said the fairy. 'There are a great many of us, you see—and you will have a choice of play-fellows.'

'Oh, no! said Mona, laughing, 'for you see, I have chosen you! When I saw you coming over the grass (how softly and prettily you move; have you wings on your feet?) I wanted you to play with. But what a lot of fairies there are! I have never seen such a lot of people together.'

'Why! you can't see them all so!' said the fairy, laughing. And she touched Mona with her little, shining hand. Then, suddenly, they rose together in the air and began to float through the clear soft air.

Mona was so amazed at first that she could not speak, but when, at last, she began to feel the cool air-waves around her, and the soft, starlight above and below, a great joy filled her heart. She moved more quickly, and the air-waves yielded and flowed and tossed and bathed her, and every moment gave her a new delight, so that it was really a long time before she heard her friend's voice saying: 'Mona, look down now and you will see my sisters and brothers.'

So Mona looked down, and lo! there was a great crowd of children all white and shining. They stood in snowy clusters on the swells, they moved in shining streams among the valleys, and a few glided below Mona, through the atmosphere, like stars. But the merriest group of all was playing in a wood—not a dark wood, like the one behind Mona's home (though there were clouds above), but a silvery wood, bathed in light, with trees that glittered, and boughs that danced, and leaves that sang. And, under the trees, such merry little people who tumbled and gambled and laughed like earth-children, only they were a great deal merrier than any children whom Mona had ever seen. And no wonder, seeing that they could float up into the air, and were never in bad temper. 'I would like to get down here, if you please,' said Mona, excitedly, 'some of them are playing hide-and-peek in the clouds.'

'So they are,' said Mona's friend, 'let us go down by all means.'

You never played hide-and-peek in the clouds, my dear, so you can't know how delightful it is; you don't know how soft the cloud-texture is, and how delightful to look through, or to peep over, and how convenient it is—for you can pile it thick, or blow it into gauze, or whirl it into a tower, or toss it into a foam, or smooth it into a pillow, and what cunning hiding-places there are in it! You can know nothing of all this, nor can you know how gentle and merry were those lovely hide-and-peek players. However, one thing I will tell you, and that is that Mona's little friend was the gentlest and merriest of them all. Another thing you know without being told, and that is that Mona was very happy. Oh, how happy she was! The hours passed like moments. She laughed louder than any of the others. She was quite at home in the clouds as well as in the silvery wood. Indeed she had made up her mind never to go back to earth but to send for her father and mother, when lo! the Brown Man appeared suddenly in the wood. Mona almost fainted when she caught sight of him. He had come to take her home. He was as brown and business-like as ever, and he had pinned his hair so nicely that he looked quite tidy.

'Mona,' said he, 'Bid good-by to all your friends. I must carry you home at once.'

'Oh, how cruel of you,' cried Mona, distressed. I have been so happy here; and I have made a dear little friend; and now you will take me back to the wood, where there is no one to play with.'

'And to your parents.'

'Oh, of course, I shall be glad to see them. But you know I am lonely, sometimes, having no sister or brother. Sometimes I feel as if I could not bear it. Let me stay a little longer, dear little brown man. Do let me,' implored poor Mona.

'Me—let you stay,' said the brown man. 'Not a bit of it.'

At this Mona began to cry bitterly. She sobbed so that all the lovely fairies were grieved. They came clustering about her, and looked at her pityingly, and tried to comfort her by offering her flowers and jewels; but Mona only sobbed the more. The little brown man tied his hair round his waist securely, so as to make himself trim for the long journey.

'Dear little girl,' whispered Mona's particular friend, coming close. 'Do not cry. Do not sob so hard, pretty one.'

'Pretty! I must be a fright in your eyes,' cried Mona, who really did look rather ugly with her swollen cheeks and red eyes, in the midst of that radiant company. 'I am not fit to play with you, I know; but I have been so happy, and Oh! I can never, never come back again.'

'That's true enough,' said the brown man, tucking up his hair-skirts, 'I never take anyone twice on the same journey: and I wish sometimes,' pursued he, making another knot at his waist, 'I wish—that I do—that I didn't bring them once, such a bother they are.'

At this Mona stopped crying, but she was more miserable than ever, and her face grew very pale. She kissed her little friend in silence, and was turning to give her hand to the dwarf, when she felt herself drawn back.

'Listen,' whispered the radiant little one; 'you need not cry. Even if you can't come back here, you may see me again, I can come to you.'

'Oh, can you, indeed?' cried Mona, with sudden joy. 'How beautiful. But how can you? You didn't tell me that you visited my country sometimes. I thought you were too bright and delicate.' Her friend looked at her. 'I come to your country; but perhaps you do not know me when you see me there,' she said.

'Come, Mona, we must be off,' said the Brown Man. 'It's getting late, and my hair is all tucked up now. One—two—three.'

'What's your name?' whispered Mona.

'Wind, carry me—'

Mona looked at her friend eagerly, but the sweet lips made no answer.

'Where I ought to be.'

Up, up, flew Mona, through the starlight. Up, past the white dawn, into the radiant noon; then the light faded suddenly. A cold breeze made her shudder, and she felt something hard and cold below her. She stretched out her hands, and gripped two tufts of grass and a heath-bell or two. Then she opened her eyes, and turned her head round.

Ah! she was in the wood, lying on the damp moss, and the

shadows were falling. Her mother's voice rang through the wood, 'Mona! Mona!'

'Here I am, mother,' she murmured, sitting up and rubbing her eyes.

Mona did not forget her beautiful little friend. She called her 'Angel' when she spoke of her, 'for,' said Mona, 'she is not a fairy, I feel sure, but something even better.' And she spent many long afternoons in the wood, peeping behind the trees and bushes to see if 'Angel' was hidden there. But no, Mona could not catch sight of her, and she began at last to feel very discouraged. 'I am afraid, mother, she will never come to me,' she said one day.

'I'm afraid not, dear,' she said her mother kindly. 'I sometimes think—though I am sure you will not agree with me—that you fell asleep in the woods and dreamed about that lovely little girl, who is even prettier than a fairy.'

'Oh, mother, I didn't sleep,' said Mona, earnestly, 'I was wide awake, far wider awake than usual. Do you know, mother,' she added, looking up into her mother's face, 'I think it's because we are half asleep, you and I, that we do not see her now.'

Her mother looked thoughtfully for a moment. 'That is a strange idea you have got in your little head,' she said at last. 'How did it get there, I wonder?'

'Oh, mother, it isn't my idea—at least, it's not mine altogether. She gave it to me herself. She knew that I was going to fall half asleep again—or to get half blind perhaps. For just as I was coming away she looked at me sadly, and said, "I can come to you, but perhaps you won't know me when you see me."'

'Ah,' said her mother, looking out into the garden.

'It is funny, though, mother,' cried Mona, presently. 'I seems so funny and unlikely to me. I think I would know her anywhere. She has such lovely eyes, and her dress is shining.'

'Perhaps she wears different dresses,' said the mother, turning away.

From that day they did not speak much of Angel. Mona's mother felt that her little daughter was taking the whole matter too seriously to heart, and she began to provide many amusements for her. Mona received a nice little pony, also a goat and goat-carriage. She had so many dolls that she forgot to give some of them names. And as all these presents did not make her happy, her parents resolved that she must have some companions of her own age to visit her. So, at the end of the summer, a troupe of little boys and girls—children of the rich people who lived near—came to visit her. They were all very gay and kind, and Mona liked to play with them. But she continued to look for Angel; and when her friends went away, it was of Angel she thought continually.

Well, people began at last to think her a very queer little girl. Some people thought her very naughty as well.

'You ought to be ashamed to be so discontented, Mona,' said Miss Practise, one day. 'You have everything to make you happy, while other little children have almost nothing. Yet you look more miserable than the poor little beggar girl who sells flowers in the lane.'

'That is true enough,' said Mona's mother, reluctantly. 'Mona, dear, you have much to make you happy. Try to be content.'

Mona was puzzled. In her heart she felt that ponies and goats, and fine clothes and carriages, are not the things that make one happy. And so she pouted and put her hat on and went out to the garden.

It was a lovely day in August. Not a sultry August day, but a windy one. Do you know how soft and fresh the wind is in this month? Well, it was a gentle and merry wind—it kissed Mona's cheek, and it blew the pony's mane (the pony was outexercising) over his ears, and it played among the loose, warm petals of the roses. Mona was very sad. She was quite sure now that she would never see Angel. And everyone (even her kind mother) was growing angry with her for even thinking so much about her. Mona went into the wood and sat down on the very spot where she had once met the little Brown Man. How she wished he would come back! She looked carefully through the grass blades, and up into the trees, to see if he were hidden anywhere. But, no! She listened anxiously for the little rustling sound in the grass, but she heard only the dry leaves, stricken together quickly like castanets. And at last—tired of waiting and watching—she began to cry. 'Oh, crying—you will say, 'she is always crying.' Well, dears, I can't help it. Mona says she couldn't help it, either. And I promise you no other heroine of mine shall cry so much as this poor Mona.'

Mona then sobbed away in good earnest. She did not listen any longer, and yet she heard something. What? A rustling in the grass? Oh, no. No rustling, but a girl's voice crying in the lane, 'Car—na—tions! Car—na—tions—carnations to sell.'

Mona pushed her hair back and stopped crying. She had often heard the little girl's voice before, for she had been selling roses all the summer. But carnations—this was something new, and, though it was not at all interesting, Mona began to think about it. You know how, when you are miserable, your mind fastens on a trifle, and perhaps you know, too, how the trifling things sometimes turn out to be important, after all. Well, our poor, miserable little Mona began to think of the word carnation, and of the big red carnations in her own plot, and of some word in the Catechism which was not carnation, but something like it, only bigger—Incarnation. Ah! incarnation. Her thoughts ran on so fast that, at last, they seriously interrupted the crying; so Mona picked up her hat, which she had tossed down on the grass, and sauntered out into the lane. The little flower girl was still crying her wares: 'Car—nations. Pretty car—nations, to sell.'

Mona went down the lane a little way, and the voice came to meet her. Just at the turn of the road the two children came face to face; and then, of course (they were quite alone in the lane) they stopped and looked at each other. The little flower girl was very ragged and dusty. She was just Mona's age, but she did not look so old. Her face was pale and thin, and her hands dirty. However, you didn't notice the dirty hands much, on account of the flowers. They were such fine carnations—large and blooming. The delicate, finger-like, silver leaves, were not noticeable between them;

they looked like shining, living jewels in the little girl's hands. Mona stood quite still, and gazed at them. She thought of the jewels in Angel's little hands. Then, with a sigh, she glanced at the flower-girl's little pale face. It was a *very* pale face, and the hair around it (which might have been golden) was dim and dusty.

'Do you sell many flowers, little girl?' said Mona.

The child fixed her large eyes on Mona's. 'No,' she said quietly. 'I haven't sold one to-day.'

Mona opened her eyes wide, and looked at the flower-girl attentively. 'What happens when you don't sell any?' she asked.

The child looked down and blushed, so that her little pale cheek became suddenly the colour of a carnation. Mona saw that she had given her pain. 'Oh, never mind,' she said quickly, 'I didn't mean to be rude. I don't want any carnations, I have so many in my garden, but I hope you will take this shilling. Mother gave it to me this morning. But I don't want anything.'

The flower-girl put forth one little thin hand to take the money. Mona put the shilling into it. Then she smiled, kindly, though her own eyes were smarting, and she was still as unhappy as ever.

'It isn't quite true that I don't want anything,' said Mona, who was fond of chattering, as we know, to anyone she met. 'I do want something, but I can't have it. I hope other people want carnations, however, for then you can sell yours.'

The flower-girl made no answer to this, but she looked at Mona, and smiled. At the same moment Mona said to herself, 'She is a little like Angel—only a little, of course; she is so dirty and poor. Still—'

'Good-by, kind little girl,' said the flower-girl, and she went away.

Mona wandered down the lane, and at dusk she went home and told her mother about the flower-girl.

'Do you know,' she said at last, in a whisper, 'I thought when she was going away that she was a little—a very little—like Angel.'

'That is because you are always thinking about Angel,' said her mother, gently. 'When we think much about anyone we begin to imagine that we see them everywhere.'

'In poor little carnation girls?'

'Oh, in everything incarnate,' said her mother, laughing. 'But, listen,' she added, seeing the child look grave, 'as you are fond of this little flower-girl, perhaps you would like to see her often? She might console you a little for Angel. So I am going to put her and her mother, who is a very poor widow, into the Lodge, and your Carnation will go to the village school, and grow up a clever and tidy girl, whom you may have as your maid.'

'Thank you, mother,' said Mona, very pleased, 'that will be nice. You are very, very kind to me.'

And she looked up at her mother with more gratitude than she had ever known before.

A week later she went to see Carnation at the Lodge. The little flower-girl was clean and dainty now. Her golden hair was washed bright, and her soft, dark eyes were beautiful to see. Mona came home in great wonder. 'Mother,' said she, 'Carnation is more like Angel than ever. She moves about so softly, and her smile is so gentle; and she has hair like Angel's, and eyes like Angel's, and hands—Oh, mother, I couldn't have her for *my* maid.'

'Dear child,' said her mother, 'you must not let your feelings run away with you so. Carnation is born in a lowly condition of life. She must work with her hands for her living.'

'Oh! mother, she will do that, I know. Her mother says she has such clever hands. She can sweep and scour already, and she is learning to cook and to sew, and the more she works the prettier her hands look, but I couldn't ask Angel, you know, to be always serving me.'

Her mother looked very thoughtful for a moment. Then she went out of the room and busied herself upstairs, in her own apartments. Mona did not follow her, for she was afraid that she had said something foolish and had displeased her, but the next morning her mother sent for her and said, 'Mona! Would you like Carnation to come here and live with you—always—as your own sister?'

Mona could not speak at first, her joy was so great. Her eyes filled with tears—yes, tears, children,—but they are the last tears of Mona's you will hear about, and they are tears of joy.

'Oh, mother! she said, 'if she came, and I truly loved her—like myself, you know,—I am sure I should see her properly.'

So Carnation came, and Mona *did* see her properly. And, sure enough, she was the angel that had come to her in the beautiful starry land; and, lest you think there are no more angels, let me remind you that Mona saw hundreds and hundreds of them, and that she would probably have seen hundreds and hundreds more, if the Brown Man had not so impertinently whisked her away.

NOT LOST.

LIKE some sweet *flower* that in winter dies,
Shrouded in robes of spotless white she lies.
The rose has faded from her cheek so fair,
No sunbeam plays upon her golden hair;
And from her gentle lips no tender tone
Of consolation falls—I weep alone.
Pale blossoms strewn upon her quiet breast,
Tranquil she lies in a long dreamless rest.
This but the robe that her pure spirit wore,
She is not lost—not lost—but gone before.
And when the silent hour of night has come,
And darkness reigns in and around my home,
That dear one from the happy spirit-shore
Will come to earth to bless my sight once more.
Once more those tender eyes with love will shine,
Once more those gentle hands be laid on mine,
And that sweet presence will dispel the gloom
That guards the silent gateway of the tomb,
Telling how, after absence, grief and pain,
Our souls shall meet—shall meet and love again.

MARY WYNNE JOHNSTONE.

THE REDEMPTIVE POWER OF LOVE.

A VERY BEAUTIFUL illustration of the redemptive power of love over a person considered low in the scale of culture was related to me many years ago (says B. O. Flower), and as it is so typical in its character I give it as nearly as I can recollect it. The incident occurred in France during the gloomy days of the terrible religious persecution in that then ill-starred land. A philanthropist named Jerome Harel, who saw and felt the sufferings of the masses in their fierce struggle for life, went frequently into the streets where the poor were crowded together in misery and wretchedness, and freely dispensed money to the distressed. One day he came face to face with a young man on whose haggard face despair had stamped its frightful impress. Irresistibly drawn to this youth by strange magnetic power, of which the wisest know so little, yet feel so oft, he accosted him kindly, and inquired into the trouble that so visibly manifested itself in his countenance. Frankly the youth replied that he was suspected of being tainted with heresy, and his employer had discharged him some days since. His parents were dead, a sister to whom he was devoted was his only near relative; she was now dying with fever; he had no money for medicine or food; he had tried everywhere for work, but all gates were closed against him. Jerome Harel heard his story, gave him means, and visited the sick sister, who died a few days later. Subsequently the youth was arrested, and sent to the galleys, his only crime being that he was 'suspected of heresy.'

At the galleys, Listolier (for such was the youth's name), coming constantly in contact with criminal natures, breathing an atmosphere of brutality and crime, became himself hardened, as have tens of thousands of other innocent victims, who have been sent to prison comparatively good men, but to emerge from confinement ruined wretches, destined to curse the race.

In the course of time Listolier was set at liberty, and made his way to Paris. Here the Argus eyes of the police watched him from time to time. He felt conscious of the stamp of shame he carried with him. He sought work, only to meet with repeated refusals. He begged bread, he almost starved. Then came the fearful struggle in a man's nature, when starvation joins with forces of evil for the conquest of spiritual promptings. The conflict in his soul was frightful, and at last he fell. Two months later he was making his livelihood by robbery.

One night Listolier broke into the mansion of a rich bachelor. He entered the bedroom, where peacefully slept the master of the house; the moonbeams fell through the window across the bed, lighting the face of the sleeper. Listolier approached, knife in hand, murder in heart. Suddenly he seemed riveted to the floor; his face grew strangely white; from his hand the glittering blade fell with a crash; on his knees by the bed sank the robber, while from his lips escaped a groan, such as mortals only utter when the soul writhes with remorse.

Jerome Harel, for the sleeper was none other, awoke, and seizing a weapon prepared to defend himself. He found, however, he had no cause for fear. Listolier, in the agony of remorse, narrated the details of his career after his arrest, closing by saying, 'Now, sir, kill me, or call the police. I came here prepared to murder; I never before saw how hopeless a wretch a man may become.'

'You came here to murder,' said Harel, 'you shall remain a saved man. I know,' said the aged philanthropist, 'the causes that led to your ruin, for you were not sinful when the cruel edict of intolerance sent you to the galleys. Society is as much responsible for your downfall as you yourself,' and to himself he added, 'far more so. Now I, a part of society, will help to redeem you. Stay with me, my trusted servant. To-morrow I go to the South of France for some months. You may accompany me. When you return your associates will have lost sight and forgotten you, and you yourself will be so changed that you will not fall into temptation. The gates of the future open before you, and offer you the opportunity to be a true man.'

Listolier was saved; he became invaluable to Jerome Harel,—brave, noble, frank and trustworthy, with a great heart ever throbbing in sympathy for the poor and oppressed. Before his death Jerome Harel gave him a large sum, saying, in so doing: 'The poor will be blessed when I am gone.' And they were, for long after Jerome Harel's face was seen no more, the poor blessed M. Morrell, the good, who was none other than Listolier, the convict.

This story is a sublime illustration of the power of Love, whose sweet influences encourage every soul, and uplifts it to a higher plane of light and development, and sheds on other lives the glory of the higher life, the richest blessings from above, the splendour of a divine influence.

EMMANUEL CAMPBELL.

Darwen.

THE SPIRIT WORLD is a great thought world: there thoughts become things. Your mental life affects the refined substances of that world; you make your own sphere, and cannot get out of it. This is the greatest surprise of Spiritualism; that it comes right home to you and enforces the fact that 'Whatsoever a man sows that shall he reap.' The greatest surprise is that you cannot get away from yourself, from the results of your past life. In the next world the dwelling in which you will live, nay, the very garments you will wear—bright, beautiful, artistic or dingy and unlovely—are just what you have made, and no one else can make them for you.—*Death's Chiefest Surprise.*

THE SAME good qualities that ensure success may, if perverted from their true course, equally well lead on to failure. 'Sweet are the uses of adversity, which, like a toad, ugly and venomous, hides yet a precious jewel in its head.' The same determination and inflexible resolve which lend Napoleonic power may, if converted into needless impetuosity, lead to life-long loss, disgrace, and dishonour worse than death, eternal ruin. Who shall count the cost of rash deeds? Aided by health and the good spirits coupled with it, never need man, woman, or child despair. They are priceless beyond rubies. Good deeds and cheerfulness—even if they secure not always temporal fortune, at least ensure blessings in one's own consciousness far more highly to be prized than the ordinary enjoyments of the worldly.—GEORGE GRESSWELL, M.A.

THE TWO WORLDS.

The People's Popular Penny Spiritual Paper.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1898.

EDITOR AND GENERAL MANAGER, E. W. WALLIS.
Acting Editor, PETER LEE. Acting Manager, JOHN WILSON.

After Fifty Years.

FIFTY YEARS AGO, the sweep was allowed to send his six-year's-old child up the chimney to sweep it, and it sometimes happened that the child got fast in a narrow flue and was smothered; the inhuman parent cannot do it now. Fifty years ago, the people were *unco guid*, and, if anyone had the misfortune to yield to temptation and be sent to prison, he was marked with the brand of ostracism, and there was little chance of his again retrieving his lost position; now, we have the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society waiting at the prison gates to render help to the liberated prisoners, to restore them to positions of trust and respectability. In those days, the very good, the pious people, judged others very superficially; now, we judge criminals judicially; then, the people, the good people, judged one another by religious ritual; now, we take into account environment, and prove that crime is the result either of psychological tendency or of post-natal associations. In other words, much that we call crime is, properly speaking, mental disease, and is, in some cases, being treated as such, with very beneficial results.

Fifty years ago, the owner could thrash his horse as long as his violent temper impelled him, and in whatsoever manner his cruel mind invented. Now, we have the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and a man may be sent to prison for cruelly ill-treating his own animal.

Fifty years ago, a parent could flog, neglect, or otherwise ill-treat his own-child, and there was no law to punish him; now, we have the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, whose officers bring inhuman parents before the magistrates, and have them punished by imprisonment for cruelty of omission or cruelty of commission.

Fifty years ago, culprits, sentenced to death for murder, were executed in public, before thousands of inhuman and grossly morbid spectators. Accounts of these disgusting, and yet pitiful punishments, were recorded, with all their ghastly details, in the public press. Now, capital punishment takes place in comparative privacy, and the press is not allowed to have representatives present; all that is now given is a general statement, based mainly on what takes place before the coroner's jury, which inquires, *pro forma*, into the cause of the culprit's death.

Within recent years, benevolent syndicates have been formed in public-houses; men, despised by the strictly good, collect yearly considerable sums of money, out of which very poor children are provided at Christmas with free meals and seasonable entertainments, and in the summer with a free trip to the seaside or to the country.

Within fifty years, on the scientific side of humanity's experience, the earth has been bound round and through with wire, along which the thoughts of man have been flashed at lightning speed. Deep down on the bottom of the ocean, for three thousand miles at a stretch, expressions of the joys and sorrows of men have silently passed along the telegraphic cord. Under ground and overhead, the very heart throbs of men and women are daily and nightly passing to and fro, by means of this tremendous force, discovered and controlled by developed human ingenuity.

Fifty years ago, the large cities of our country were lit with the dim gaslight, now, our streets are lit with the electric light, and are almost as bright as when lit with the sun at noon-day. The same force has been made to seize and to retain the sound of the words and voices of the so-called dead, and we sit in the drawing-room while they are mechanically reproduced for our amusement and instruction. We have controlled this force to carry us on railway lines at express speed, and to take the place of fire to cook our food.

Fifty years ago, our battleships were built of wood, but now they are of iron and steel; and the shot of fifty years ago would glide off their sides like peas—metaphorically speaking—shot from a peagun. A dozen of these monstrous destroyers of life and property could, in full play, destroy our arsenals on the Thames, set

London on fire, and reduce that great city to ruins, in a few days.

Our implements of war in general have been made so utterly destructive of all that nature and art have made beautiful and lovely, and though regarded by some as an evidence of civilisation, as long as man conceives within his mind the thought to kill his fellow, he is on the same level as the brute beasts, which know no better. This is the great blot in the march of human progress, because it ministers to the worst features of human selfishness. Might is pleaded as right, and, in every conquest, the spoils pass from the hands of their rightful owners into the hands of the victors. Did we not note this, our review would be incomplete; this incongruity surpasses man's finite penetration.

Fifty years ago, it was a six weeks' voyage on our sailing ships to America; now we build what is aptly termed 'a village on the sea,' and transmit it, with all its living souls, in comparative safety, across the turbulent ocean in six days. The mechanician, by his genius, has given to the machine of wood and iron and brass, almost all the deftness of the human hand, and lessened the aggregate of human labour, making it possible that young children may grow and live a natural life, instead of being compelled to tramp the streets to work in the small hours of a winter's morning.

Fifty years ago, all this was done, and the poor child was made subservient to the lover of wealth, and kept in ignorance. In fifty years, all this has passed away, and the State has come to see that every nation that neglects the education and the mental, moral, and social training of each child unit, is destined, in the long run, to be superseded in the march of morality, in science, and in commerce.

Fifty years ago, Charles Darwin had not placed in the hands of the priest his 'Origin of Species'; fifty years ago, Evolution was a word with little meaning, now it is a term, which embraces Cosmos—the universal order of existence. He was at first excommunicated with 'bell, book, and candlelight,' but Evolution took up his corpse in her arms, and laid it reverently away in Westminster Abbey.

Fifty years ago, conscientious men were consigned to long terms of imprisonment for an open declaration of Atheism, now, we live in an age of Freethought and free expression, so long as we do not blaspheme. Within this time, has Geo. J. Holyoake lived and suffered, and lives still, the last that suffered imprisonment for Atheism. Mr. Bradlaugh lived and suffered at the hands of religious bigots, and passed beyond the veil of death. Mrs. Besant has done her work nobly in fighting for that mental freedom which is the birthright of us all. Mr. Foote, with as much courage but with less caution than his compeers, suffered imprisonment for fighting for his form of mental liberty. So far are we now free from the restraints of priestcraft and bigotry, that he would be a bold man who would again attempt to put these laws—repressive of mental evolution,—into force.

Finally, fifty years ago, the silence of the tomb was broken, and a voice was heard declaring 'there are no "dead."' This was the advent of Modern Spiritualism. Of this it may be said, as hath been said of Sir Isaac Newton:

Now Nature's laws lay hid in night,
But Newton lived and all was light.

Just as a simple phenomenon led to the discovery of the law of gravitation, so a simple knock, heard by an unsophisticated child, led to a knowledge of those laws, since discovered, by means of which we prove that the dead live; and under these laws and with this knowledge, we are able to declare, with certainty, what are the conditions of the so-called dead, and what causes have been at work to produce these states of being. That this may be denied by the prejudiced and the ignorant, will in no way affect the position, any more than a man disproves the law of gravitation by raising a book.

Sir Wm. Crookes lives; the accounts of his painstaking experiments in this science of being are published broadcast all over the world, and they live. After thirty years, at the last meeting of the British Association, he publicly declared that he did not go back on what he had written. Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace lives, and he was drawn from blank Materialism by an appeal of the spirits to his senses. All over the world, men and women in all the learned professions—theology, law, medicine, physical science, music, painting, sculpture, and in poetry, in the face of the evidence, have given in their adhesion to the facts, and declare their disbelief in death.

But this is not all; we have been charged to warn the erring, to uplift the fallen, to caution the selfish, to admonish injustice, to counsel the foolish, to instruct the ignorant, to eliminate poverty, to discountenance the supreme love of earthly riches, to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and to render every service of love to one another that lies in our power.

To live a life, supreme in deeds
Of worth, and not in captious creeds.

Some Experiences of Spiritualism.

By THE REV. C. WARE.—Continued from page 831.

The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field.—*Matt. xiii. 44.*

Welcome the beggarliest truth, so it be a truth, in exchange for the royalest sham. Truth of any kind breeds ever new and better truth.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

MOST SPIRITUALISTS, I think, feel a deep interest in recalling the circumstances and means by which they become introduced to a knowledge of Spiritualism. There is a charm, an enchantment, a glamour, if you will, surrounding our initiation into this realm of Spiritual knowledge, which it is always pleasant and thrilling to recall. There is nothing in the literature of Spiritualism more interesting than the narratives recorded of the different ways in which individual Spiritualists became acquainted with the subject. No one has ever become a Spiritualist by the mere acceptance of a theory, or by a mere belief in the testimony of others. Every Spiritualist has become such by the personal observation of solid facts; but each person's experience is different from that of every other.

I have invariably spoken of my introduction to Spiritualism as a real *spiritual birth* to me, and how many there are to whom the event has a similar significance? What a complication of thoughts, emotions, and sensations was awakened within us by the bare announcement that our departed friends could demonstrate their presence and enter into communication with us, through conditions voluntarily supplied by ourselves! There was simply a blank stare of amazement, followed by a feeling of half-amused incredulity. Next came the awe and thrilling interest of actual personal experience; and then anon there came to us the illuminating influence and settled conviction of this great Spiritual revelation. We *had come* 'to Mount Zion, and to the spirits of just man made perfect.' We were no longer groping amid the shadows of fear and misgiving concerning a future state of existence—old things had passed away; behold, all things had become new.

I had been engaged during several years in the ordinary business of a Methodist preacher up to the month of February 1879. At that date I was suddenly sent by the authorities of my denomination to Plymouth, to take the place of the second married minister, who, for grossly immoral conduct, had been summarily expelled. At this important station, the duty devolved upon me, in conjunction with my colleagues, of preaching to large congregations at Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport. It was in connection with this sudden change that I most vividly realised the truth of Hamlet's words:

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will';

for if there was one thing of which I felt certain at the time, it was that I was settled and established in the ministry of that religious body for my lifetime, I having passed successfully through the usual term of probation, and attained to the status of the full ministry. Not the smallest cloud appeared on the horizon to indicate that any other career awaited me. But I had not been at Plymouth for more than a couple of weeks before the subject of Spiritualism was introduced to my notice. I was walking along Union-street, Stonehouse, in company with a brother minister, when in the course of our conversation, my companion turned to me and said, 'Brother Ware, what do you think of Spiritualism?' That was the beginning of it all—that simple question. That was the grain of mustard seed, which, at least in my own view of things, ultimately grew to such large dimensions.

I will remark here that none of us can calculate, in our intercourse with our fellow human beings, what the issues will be of a simple question put in this way. My answer was a simple 'Pooh, pooh.' Up to that moment I had not the remotest idea that Spiritualism, so called, was worthy of a serious thought. My colleague was, and *is*, a man of exceptional ability, and a most brilliant preacher; and I looked at him with astonishment at his mentioning such a subject, which I had understood to be merely sleight of hand performance. 'But,' he rejoined, 'our oldest local preacher is a Spiritualist, and professes to hold communication with the spirits of his departed friends.' I remember that this so far impressed me that when I first saw this friend at the quarterly preachers' meeting, I looked at him with some amount of curiosity. His name was Mr. Henry Pine; he was an army pensioner, and had been a local preacher of the Bible Christian sect for about forty years. Certainly not a stripling, nor a novice in experience of the world and its religious thought.

MR. PINE'S CIRCLE.

About this time there must have been a revived interest in Spiritualism, for first one and then another of our church officials and members came to me with statements of their having visited Mr. Pine's 'circle' and received communications from friends who had passed away. Some of the highest officials of the societies had stood and earnestly related to me, even with tears, the proofs they had received of the presence of their loved ones; in some cases of children who had answered all their questions correctly concerning the circumstances of

their last hours and departure from the earth-life; and gradually an impression began to be made upon my own mind respecting the subject. Finally, my colleague, who had first mentioned the subject to me, visited the circle, and assured me that Spiritualism was true, since the table was manipulated by a power independent of the sitters, and he had received answers which could only have come from a person whom he had known in the body. The means of communication was only a little table, upon which the hands of the sitters lightly rested, nothing being known locally of what is usually called *mediumship*. Yet, of course, 'mediumship' actually existed even in that humble circle, since so far as we know, even a table can only be moved by spirits by means of the magnetism of one or more persons. It will thus be seen from what I have written that I found Spiritualism (or did it find me?), in the very midst of my congregations, and that my attention was irresistibly drawn to it by the officials and members of my own church.

MY FIRST SITTING.

On the 18th of April, 1879, I accompanied my colleague to Mr. Pine's house for the extraordinary purpose of 'holding communication with spirits.' The company who were there assembled to hold this memorable spirit-circle consisted of ministers, local preachers, society officials, and private friends, all belonging to different congregations of the same sect. Most of those present sat around a little table, with their hands resting thereon, and engaging meanwhile in cheerful converse, singing, &c. I sat apart from the others, a silent and wondering looker-on at the proceedings. After waiting a considerable time there at length came the exclamation, 'They are come!' from those around the table, and then I saw the table rapidly rocked to-and-fro, and in various directions, under the hands of the sitters. The question was asked whether I should sit at the table, to which it (the table) gave a hearty affirmative response. From that moment to the end of the sitting I was a witness of the continuous and sometimes tumultuous movements of the table, in response to the numerous questions that were put.

Some matters referred to were of a very striking character relating to my father. The complaint from which my father died had baffled all the doctors; and whatever might be thought of this table-tipping, it is a curious fact that 27 years after his decease I should hear, *for the first time*, at this sitting, his disease distinctly named; and I may say the explanation has always satisfied me, and *would* satisfy any reasonable person who was acquainted with the circumstances of his last illness. I shall only add that whatever may have been my subsequent experiences of spirit phenomena, it was *there*, at Mr. Pine's little table, that I became convinced of the truth and reality of Modern Spiritualism!

When we see the leaves blown about, and the trees swayed from side to side, we take it as a matter of course, because if we do not see the *wind* we know of its power. When we see the movement and hear the tinkling of the telegraph instrument, we are not surprised, for although we cannot see *electricity*, we know of its existence. But there is a still more interior realm, and there are still more subtle forces. We are learning something in these days of the powers of *magnetism*, and the influence which one human being has upon another; and again, beyond these, Modern Spiritualism is revealing to us the manner in which all the spheres of human existence are linked one with another, and the power which disembodied human beings possess to move material objects, and to influence, control, and inspire their brothers and sisters who are still in the mortal form.

To the great Sir Isaac Newton the mere falling of an apple revealed an important principle; James Watt recognised the possibilities of steam-power in the simmering movements of a boiling-kettle; and Benjamin Franklin, by his kite-flying experiments, taught mankind how to capture and utilise the electric current. When Columbus and his companions saw leaves, bits of weed, and other trifles gathering around their ships, they knew that the long-sought land was near at hand; and from the simple manipulations of Mr. Pine's little table by an unseen power, I received the astounding revelation that we who walk upon this earth, are environed by an illimitable realm of life and intelligence, which is capable of demonstrating itself to the minds and senses of all who live in the body; a state to which all our thoughts and actions are naked and open, and by which we are acted upon and influenced every moment of our lives. I had previously been in a state of *total darkness*, so far as any knowledge of a *spirit-world* was concerned, but from that first sitting at Mr. Pine's circle, a *new morning* dawned upon me—a dawn which has developed into the brightness of noon-day! For nearly twelve months from that first sitting, I knew of no means of holding communion with the disembodied, other than through the little table, and it was my good fortune to have my first experiences of *mediumship*, properly so-called, through the instrumentality of

MR. E. W. WALLIS,

a gentleman who now occupies the distinguished position of Editor of the Two WORLDS, and whose splendid trance oratory is heard from many platforms. A description, however, of what I heard through Mr. Wallis's mediumship I beg to reserve for another article. I will only now add to the foregoing, that my brilliant colleague informed me on the following day that

he went home from that circle and read the book of *Ezekiel with new eyes*. Surely, if Spiritualism enables ministers to do that, it must be of some value. But do these gentry, as a rule, desire to have the light which Spiritualism gives?

[To be continued.]

Catholic Domains in Spirit Life.

A Vision by MARIE HAUGHTON.

IN THE SILENCE of early morning I found myself in the clairvoyant state, and presently beheld a magnificent edifice. A beautiful staircase, between high pillars and picturesque statuary, made an imposing entrance to the interior. A soft light filled the air, and a peaceful stillness was around everything. Streams of people were constantly passing in and out of the building. I ascended the steps and surveyed the grandeur and loveliness of the scene. The spirits I beheld appeared to be moving with noiseless footsteps, and their attire was of various kinds, and denoted different nationalities. I looked upon the splendid statues, apparently of stone, and representing, I imagined, heroes and saints, and felt much interest in them, but while gazing I was conscious that I was not alone in my observation. It seemed as though sentient beings were within the cold art forms and looking with watchful eyes, like sentinels guarding the approaches. I was confident that my actions were observed, but that I was allowed to pass on to the interior. I did not fear, however, and moved along as others were doing, and I noticed that although we took quiet steps the action was more like gliding, and was much more graceful than our somewhat jerky movement in walking. From a distance strangely sweet and devotional music assailed my ears, sounds which at all times have a powerful effect upon me, but at this particular moment my emotions seemed to be under strict control, and I was thus able to calmly perceive surrounding objects. Taking a side movement at the top of the staircase I passed into what appeared to be the sunlight; but although the place was roofless it was not sunlight alone which caused the golden radiance that met my eyes. The air was soft and dreamy as of a beautiful Sabbath morning, and the light breaking down was like a blessing on the scene. Large numbers of people were congregated in a central space, as if to witness rather than to take active part in the morning devotions. I could not readily take cognisance of the whole scene, but around and above all came the sound of the ear-haunting music. The audience parted a little, and I moved forward, and perceived a partition that shone with a silken silver sheen, and hung from high golden rafters, and separated the leaders or priests from the congregation. The former were robed in white, and wore glittering crowns upon their heads, and a small cross just above the forehead, and their appearance was of great distinction. But the number of them astonished me. Hundreds of them passed along, with calm, clear, happy faces, chanting something I could not interpret, but which I knew was praise to Almighty God. They moved along, and the blue light which encircled them, and the shimmer of the silver gauze veil between reminded me of the glory of the Shekinah, and most of the people witnessing the ceremony, for so it seemed to be, were deeply impressed, and in their hearts mingled their thanksgiving with the elect of the Catholic Church, for such I knew it was.

I then looked more intently at the procession, and saw that each priest had at his side a female attendant representing love, and I wondered at this, as I had never before seen human love in connection with priestly service. But I felt sure that most of the female spirits had in time past been ardent advocates of the Catholic religion, and by the saintliness of their lives had been rendered fit to take part in such ceremonies. I particularly noticed that here no ordinary individuals were considered worthy to take upon their lips the praises of the Divine Creator, and because human nature was so frail and faulty, there was a chosen host who should render thanks not only for themselves, but for their weaker brethren in the faith, so that it would be more important in the doing and pleasing in the sight of God. But they moved continually, always separated by the veil which reflected the beautiful light and cast a halo over the place. They seemed almost mortal to an on-looker. For myself, I must own I never felt the superiority of those within the veil, yet everyone else appeared awe-stricken. At the far end of the building stood a high altar of almost indescribable golden splendour. It flashed and shone with jewels and precious stones that reflected a hundred rays; even the steps appeared to be embellished with gems. And raised above all was a pure white cross, wonderfully chased, and symbolic of purity; but I was glad to find that no bleeding form was stretched upon it. The cross, to us, I felt, does not always denote crucifixion. Incense arose in front of the altar, but did not obscure the cross. The priests, with their attendants, moved in stately motion towards the altar, and a wonderful light wrapt them, shining upon the golden crowns upon their heads, and the white garments that fell in graceful beauty about them. I thought that this pageant must seem as a portion of heaven to those devout believers present who gazed so reverently upon it.

Passing from this reflection, I began to wonder where the delightful harmonies proceeded from. I imagined that many in the assembly would conclude that they came direct from God, but I looked for the musicians and discovered none. Everyone was exalted by the service, and I alone thought of human arrangement in all parts of its production. I rested a little apart, trying to analyse my own sensations, and to more clearly understand the convictions of the beings around me, when I perceived a young girl who eyed me with much severity of countenance. She evidently knew in some way that I was not one of them, and that I was criticising everything. On her arm hung a small bag, and as she came towards me I saw her put her hand within it. Noticing her look of dislike, I mentally speculated as to her probable conduct to me, and prepared myself for some annoyance. She walked as if to pass me, but just as she reached my position she paused and withdrew her

hand from the bag, and then flung full in my face a number of prickly thorns. To her intense surprise, they seemed to almost reach my face, but by some strange power were prevented from touching or doing any harm to me. I experienced no anger at this treatment, and was satisfied that she possessed no power to do me even temporary hurt. Apparently afraid of being noticed, she moved a little further away, only to return and rapidly repeat the experiment with the thorns, and was filled with amazement at my immunity from its effect, and went off muttering something that sounded like the words 'heretic' and 'spy.' If this girl penetrated the condition of my mind, and sensed that I was not overwhelmed with the glory of the place, the others did not; or if otherwise, at least concealed such knowledge, for they looked mild and kind, and in every way good and gracious.

After a while, I ventured forth to discover the place from whence the entrancing music proceeded, and with this intention I walked a little distance from the central point of observation, where I had been standing. Taking another turning near the steps which I had first ascended, I became aware of side entrances. I passed into a kind of alcove, and to my astonishment, I beheld people who I intuitively felt were musicians, and this conviction was confirmed when I saw that they were holding very carefully, instruments which resembled our violins and violincello, only much more ethereal in appearance, and as I approached them it seemed as if an atmosphere of music was around and upon them. As I drew nearer, I could see that some of the musicians were preparing for departure, and without being surprised at my appearance, proceeded to fold up their instruments in a white silken material as if to preserve them from change of condition. In a quiet manner I conveyed to them my perplexity concerning the harmony, and the lady speaker for the party, with a charming smile, said, 'Oh, there is a very natural explanation. This is known among musicians, as a place where music is wedded to religion and sentiment, and many great masters attend here, and by their presence inspire the production of exalted streams of harmony which in itself is an education of our highest faculties.'

The devotees of the Catholic religion have shielded the passages to our halls which are around and about the place they use for worshipful observances, and have thereby increased their power and intensified the feeling of exaltation in the minds of many who never know that the music is executed by spirits, but deem it to be in the air. She continued in a gracious way to say 'that they were leaving, but others had just taken their places, for,' she added, 'we do not care to stay too long here, but come to meet with artistes of great repute and power, although they are not all Catholics.'

Thanking them for their courtesy and information, I felt that I could not penetrate further, and withdrew, to pass as before, the representative sentinels and guardians on the staircase, and return to my normal condition. I was much impressed with the vision, which was an actual occurrence, and I heard a spirit saying, 'Write of Catholic domains in the spirit-life.'

(Mrs.) MARIE HAUGHTON.

Freedom—A Parable.

'I AM TIRED,' said the front wheel of the doctor's bicycle. 'I am tired of this bondage. I always run in front, it is true; but I want a change, and will have it.'

'So will I,' said the front fork; 'I bear all the strain.'

'No,' said the saddle; 'I get that, and I will have a rest at all costs.'

So the pedals, and cranks, and hubs, and stays, and tyres, and spokes all began to complain; and when the lamp turned its ruddy side-light upon them there ensued a revolution, and the watcher beheld the bicycle fall to pieces, and lie a shapeless mass upon the floor of the shed.

'Liberty!' they all shouted.

'Hurrah! freedom at last!' gasped the tyres, breathlessly.

'Down with the tyrant who held us in slavery!' squeaked the chain.

'Ah! ah! we are free,' cried all the parts, 'and he cannot ride over or on us any more!'

In the downfall, some of the parts were injured. The tyres were no longer symmetrical, but shapeless masses. Some of the tubes were bent, and the bright little balls rolled away to all parts of the floor.

Presently the cries of the liberated parts became incoherent. They looked around them. Some spokes gathered closely to each other, and whispered of a 'scheme' for doing something. The rims, overhearing the consultation, immediately shouted 'a clique!' and the cry was taken up on all hands. It was only when some such endeavour at organisation showed itself that there was a motion among the parts; and then only of brief duration. Shortly, rust set in upon the bright parts, and began to eat its way into the bearings.

One day there was a murmur among the parts; it swelled into a hoarse cry, 'The tyrant is coming!' The voice of the doctor was heard without, 'The wire says he is suffering fearful agony, I must go at once and relieve him. My good old wheel must spin along and carry ease to the agony stricken body.' He entered the shed. 'What! my bicycle in pieces. Oh, God! the case is hopeless. I cannot get to him in time. The machine was my only hope. He is a doomed man.'

The anarchistic bicycle parts listened to the doctor's words. Then up spoke the driving wheel and said, 'What matters our impotence in this case? We have our liberty' ('Yes, our liberty!' cried the parts), 'we have our liberty, and who shall take it from us?'

Then said the master, 'You fools—you blind fools. You have your precious liberty—use it—rust in it—perish in it! In striving for individual liberty you have lost your power, nullified your possibilities, brought catastrophe upon yourselves, while you have exposed others to agony, grief, and loss. Organised, you were invaluable; disjointed, you are a useless, and all but worthless mass of absolute impotency.'

Beeston.

WILL PHILLIPS.

The Lessons of the Season.

By W. H. ROBINSON.

RESPONSIVE to our genial editor's appeal for a brief 'seasonable' article for our bright little journal, my suggested meditations culminated in a few brief seasonable reflections bearing upon another solar advent, and in what way 1899 may be made to still further minister to human progress? The subject really looms wider and more fascinating as one is prepared to ruminate. The seasons? Yes, the seasons! What visions of pure loveliness entrance the soul when one tries to symbolise the seasons—always with us. What silent, though eloquent, preachers to appreciative minds? Historically, poetry in her divine mission has sung the music of the seasons. Her dainty lips have often sucked the nectar of this delicate theme. Philosophers of many orders, too, have spun the perfect Mosaic from these moving phenomena of Nature, and thus taught a multitude of heart-lessons to generations of God's children.

The departure of the old and the advent of the new involves a rich significance. How suggestive, how touching, as incidental to the transit of time. The touching pictures, the delicious amenities, the ripe wisdom with which our revolving seasons minister to us all. The change of winter into spring, of spring into summer, of summer into autumn; these alternations, how interesting and conducive to moral and spiritual culture. We linger in memory over leaf and flower, over primroses and lilies, over sunshine and starlight. We travel over friendships, associations of some loving companionship; of the vision of some cherished form, or a monotone of some lost voice; then each and all, somehow perforce, is interblent with some special season. Such is life, such is time; and all our thoughts, feelings, and passions, whether we desire it or not, are tinctured by seasonable associations.

Speaking of that rich ocean of spiritual thought, Festus symbolises the seasons in a single passage:

We women have four seasons, like the year;
Our spring is our lightsome girlish days,
When the heart laughs within us for sheer joy.
Summer is when we love, and are beloved;
Autumn, when some young thing with tiny hands
And rosy cheeks, and flossy tendrilled looks,
Wantoning about us day and night;
And winter is, when those we love have perished.
For the heart ices then.
Some miss one season, some another;
This shall have them early, and that late.

Speaking of Heaven, Poet Watts sings—and which of us does not wish it may be true?—

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death but the narrow sea divides
Yon summer-land from ours, &c.

The seasons here are deftly utilised to express the longings for eternal beauty in the poet's mind. How true the aphorism of the Platonic thinker, 'As in heaven so on earth,' nature being our foster-mother. We children receive our idiosyncracies in a direct line from her. We must worship in her august temple. We visualise her gorgeous picture-galleries. By the laws of being-hood, communion with her symbols is an imperative duty, and to most of us an unspeakable privilege. By intently observing her processional methods—not alone in astronomic phenomena, but the silent marches of her seasons—insensibly learn the eternal laws of progress; and as educated thinkers, we cannot avoid incorporating symbolically these divine methods into our thought-experiences, we only truly survive, as we proportionately advance.

Therefore, our talisman for the coming year ought to be progress, and always progress. By our exalted ideal of life, its divine purposes, its creative essentials—spiritually, we may ascend alpine heights of beauty and attainment. I mean every one of us. Leaving the first principles of our elemental acquisitions, let us go on to perfection? Perfection in thought? Culture? Power and influence? Why linger in the vestibule when we may enter the palace? Leaving forever sects, creeds, and small personal matters in the background, it is our privilege to become masters of universals, and co-workers with Deity.

Our efforts in the social sphere—if we can rise to the transcendent—ought to leave the car-marks of utility and altruism. Our efforts at organising may be valuable and even useful, but the individual soul in its pilgrimage to the Shrine of Truth can never brook limitations. No authority can be tolerated if confronted by a strong and cultured reason, because progressive revelations are imperative and continuous, and are really the ground-roots of soul-growth. I conclude by wishing editor and readers a Happy and Progressive New Year.

It takes the lightning's flash, the roll of thunder, and the fall of rain to clarify the atmosphere in the heated days of summer. In Spiritualism it needs the lightning-flash of truth, the thunder-roll of consequences, and the pouring rain of cleanliness to purify the atmosphere and wash away the stains that the cheat and impostor have made upon the walls of the temple of the spirit. Do you prefer dirt to cleanliness?

Haunted.

By W., *Ilfracombe.*

MANY a strange forgotten story is revealed when looking over the hoarded letters and manuscripts of bygone generations, and at times it feels almost like a breach of confidence and a sacrilege to read, criticise, and discuss letters from people of whom we know nothing, to others equally unknown. Sometimes the history of a lifetime is revealed, then again a love story is told, or a crime confessed. The following fragments, from various sources, strung together, form a complete story, which may interest readers of the *TWO WORLDS*:—

King's Abbot, New Year's Day, 1870.

Dearest Nell,—I can imagine your surprise on reading the above heading to my letter, but you will be still more so when you know how it is I am here, instead of at my right destination—York. When I got into the train at West Dene, perhaps you will remember congratulating me on having a carriage to myself. Well, as soon as we were out of the station, in order to keep from thinking of the unknown future before me, and the past from which I was parting, I wrapped myself in rug and shawl, and settled down for a good long read. I got thoroughly interested in my book, and read on quietly for some little time, when I was suddenly roused, and, I must confess, much startled to hear someone say, 'Get out of the train at the next station.'

Where did the voice come from? I was the only occupant of the carriage. Could it be possible to hear anyone in the next compartment, I wondered? But not being very timid, as you know, I presently began to think I must have been dreaming, and that I was getting nervous because of being alone. Again I took up my book, but it was not now easy to keep my attention fixed, yet I managed to get through a few pages more, however, by mechanical reading than from real appreciation of the subject. Suddenly, I was again startled by a voice, but this time quite close to my ear, whispering the words, 'Get out at the next station.'

'Get out?' Of course I would 'get out'—for who in the wide world would stop in a haunted carriage, as that certainly was? I used to say I should like to pass a night in a haunted house, for I did not believe in such things as ghosts, but I'm not so sure of that now; a haunted railway car is bad enough, even in broad daylight. I only longed for the chance to get out, and wondered however long we should be before arriving at the station. That was the longest journey I ever took—or so it seemed—but we got to the station at last, and then began a perfect chorus of voices calling out: 'Be quick! be quick, get out.' And I was not slow in obeying, I can assure you.

When I saw the train steam out of the station I began to feel rather as though I had made a fool of myself, for here was I, in a strange place, not a soul I knew, and not even knowing the name of the station. But it would not do to stand still there, so I spoke to the stationmaster, who recommended these lodgings for me—so here I am at King's Abbot, a regular dead-alive and out-of-the-world spot. To-morrow I hope to continue my journey, and may it be without anymore untoward incidents or accidents.—Your ever loving friend,
MABEL.

The Hermitage, York, Feb. 1. 1870.

I am sure, dear friend, you will have wondered many times how it is I have not ere this written to tell you of my safe arrival in this beautiful old city, especially after the strange experience of which I told you in my last. But here I am, and now quite at home. Dr. North is a quiet, good-natured man, the children amiable and well-behaved, yet I have a feeling of unrest for which I can't account. But you have not yet heard the sequel to my strange experience in the railway car. Between the station at which I got out and the next one there was an accident. It does not seem to have been very serious, except for the empty carriage, which was completely smashed, and had I remained in it should certainly have been killed. As it was, though several were much shaken, no one was seriously hurt. Those voices, surely, were my guardian angels watching over me! But when I told the Doctor about it, he said, rather sharply for him, 'So you hear voices, do you?'

A very strange thing occurred to-day. While we were at dinner there was such a curious sound as of a wrenching and breaking, then suddenly it seemed as if a huge beam of wood had fallen in the hall. Of course, we all rushed to see what was the matter, but, would you believe it, nothing was to be seen different from usual. The doctor tried to pass it off as of no account, but I could not help perceiving that he seemed much disturbed by the incident. Why? Is this another mystery, I wonder?

This afternoon, another strange occurrence. I was going up to the top story for a ball which one of the children had by chance thrown on to the balcony of a bay window. A curious, weird sound preceded me as I ascended the stairs, like the rustling of silk. I stood still to listen; the sound ceased. But the instant I took another step the rustling recommenced, yet I had not an article of silk about me.

My thoughts went back to the haunted carriage, and I began to wonder whether I had at last actually got to a haunted house. Scarcely had I got to the top of the first flight when the housemaid came out of one of the lower rooms, and calling to me said: 'Please Miss, the rooms on the top story are never used, you had better not go up.' Her manner was so impressive, I felt sure there was some hidden mystery.

The next day I remarked to the Doctor about the curious noise I had heard, but he suggested I was superstitious and nervous, and said they never used the top story, for the house was larger than needful without it; then added, he had no doubt but that there were plenty of rats about to account for any sounds I might have heard. But no rat made the rustling which I heard on those stairs, of that I was quite sure, but, of course, did not say so to the Doctor. Anyway, to

prove it, I thought I would go up the stairs again. You must not think I was not nervous about it, but, Eve like, I suppose my curiosity overcame my fear. Again I heard the mysterious sound, and though I saw nothing at all spectral, I seemed to feel, or sense, that a lady was walking up before me, dressed in a grey silk dress. You will wonder how I came to know the colour: that I can't tell you, but I was sure that it was so. Then, stranger still, I distinctly heard a sigh! and, oh, how expressive of weariness it was. But I did not hesitate till I got to the first landing, and then a strange compelling power forced me to return: which, truth to say, I did rather hurriedly.

'For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted.'

And haunted it truly is! and were it not for the dear, good, kind doctor I would leave it at once. No wonder they can't keep their servants and governesses. Since my last letter I have again braved the rustling dress, the weary sigh, and the mysterious compelling power, which previously forced me back. For, I said to myself, how could anything so impalpable as a sigh, or the rustling of invisible silk do me any harm? On arriving at the top landing I saw a long corridor, with rooms on each side. I went forward, but with fear and trembling, and tried to open the first door I came to. It was locked, yet I was sure that, in answer to, or because of my attempting to enter, there was some hurried movement within. What could it be? I had been told all the rooms were empty! I did not at the moment think of the doctor's suggestion of 'rats,' or I should have beat a hasty retreat, for I was more afraid of rats than ghosts. I tried the second door, which opened readily, and mustering courage, entered, when—

The startled bats flew out—bird after bird—
The screech-owl overhead began to flutter,
And seem'd to mock the cry that she had heard
Some dying victim utter!
A shriek that echoed from the joisted roof,
And up the stair, and further still, and further,
Till in some ringing chambers far aloof
It ceased its tale of murder.

Are you surprised to hear that I simply turned and fled! Yet what was it that frightened me? Surely not the screech-owl, or the bats, and in daytime, too! No. It is that nameless something which I can't describe, but which gives the feeling of the house being haunted. My courage has vanished, and I dare not make any further investigations in that direction, for—

'Such omens in the place there seemed to be,
At every crooked turn, or on the landing,
The straining eyeball was prepared to see
Some Apparition standing.'

Yet I have seen nothing. But a strange and most unusual feeling of nervousness is creeping over me which I can't overcome. I keep as much as possible with the children now, and we go out for long walks whenever the weather is fit. Besides, I must be cautious, for the housekeeper often eyes me very suspiciously—or so I fancy.

Whatever the house may be 'I think I am becoming haunted, for last night I had the strangest dream. I thought I was walking on a quiet country road, the sun was shining brightly, and the birds singing of spring. Suddenly, as things do happen in dreams, I saw a curious, old, deserted-looking house. The door was open, so I entered. The only article of furniture in the hall was a table, on which was an open Bible. One passage was marked, which I began reading, 'And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed.' Then my attention was attracted to the stairs, and I had the same kind of curious impulse to ascend them which prompted me to go up the haunted stairs in this house. But in my dream there was no repelling power at the top, but more as of an invitation to proceed, which I did, and found myself in a long gallery full of statuary. While examining them the knowledge came to me as if by inspiration that these were of people who had once owned and lived at 'The Hermitage.' In the same mysterious way the history of the house was coming to me, when, to my horror, I perceived that the statues were all coming to life! They looked at me with anger now, and fain would I have fled, but I was rooted to the ground and could not move. I had become by some transforming power myself a statue, whereas the statuary which I saw on first entering the gallery were now human beings. With one rush they came upon me, when, with a scream which seemed curiously to mingle with the screech I had heard in the upper room here, I awoke.

Presently the housekeeper, whose bedroom is the next to mine, came to ask if I were ill, or what was the matter. I told her I had been dreaming, that was all. She suggested my going without supper in future, and 'I'll warrant you won't dream, then, alarming the household in this way.' Horrid woman!

Notwithstanding the disquieting dream, and the housekeeper's visit, no sooner was I alone than I again fell asleep and again began dreaming—or rather continued my dream. This time I found myself in the same entrance hall as before, with the table and open Bible, but now there was a lady present—also dressed in the Quaker costume of a past generation. She looked so peaceful and happy I quite envied her, and marvelled also, for how could she bear to live in that house with its haunted gallery? She read my thoughts, and pointing to the Bible said, 'If thou had'st read the whole of the passage marked thou would'st have been protected and endowed with power to withstand the enchantment of the haunted gallery. Read it now.' So I read: 'And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds, that ye may prove what is the good and acceptable, and perfect will of God.'

'Now,' she said; 'come with me and we will enter the gallery together, and thou shalt learn of the power of God to transform all things in life into joy and holiness for those who do His will, and worship Him in spirit and in truth.'

And what a change there was! Instead of the ghostly statues and the long gallery, we seemed to enter the dining-room of the Hermitage, and in it were sitting the Doctor, his children, and the housekeeper. He was reading aloud, and as I listened he said:

'We live in a world of our own, love,
Sacred to you and to me;
That world is all our own, love,
Throughout eternity.'

With a feeling of indignation I turned to my Quaker guide, and asked, 'What is she doing here?'

'Possess thou thy soul in patience,' was the quiet reply, and see the conclusion of the vision.'

So again I looked at the housekeeper—but a transformation had taken place. I rubbed my eyes, then looked again—It was not she at all, but I who sat in the cosy chair by the fire. Is this possible? I soliloquised.

'God's will,' said my guide, in her sweet gentle voice.

I would fain have inquired further, but the vision faded, and I awoke.

Never did I think to be frightened by ghosts, but that was before I had seen one; now I have seen, and know that there are such things. It is several nights since the occurrence, but I could not at first write about it. What time of the night it was I cannot say. I seemed to have been in bed many hours, but I was restless, and could not sleep, a common experience in this strange house. Suddenly, from out of the wall a face appeared! And such a face—quite impossible to describe, with the mingled expression of cunning, greed, malice, hatred, revenge, all striving for mastery. This face grinned at me! For a moment I lost the power of movement. It was as if all creation for that instant stood still—as Joshua said the sun did on Gibeon and the moon in the valley of Ajalon. Then the face began to move, to come near. With one mighty effort, and with the feeling that I must either scream or go mad, I shrieked to the top of my voice, and again the sound seemed curiously to mingle with the shriek I had heard in that deserted room. Then, just as the face was on the point of touching mine, I fainted. Merciful oblivion!

Of course I roused the housekeeper again, for when I came to myself she was administering restoratives. I did not tell her anything about my fright. What was the use? It would only have called forth more sarcastic remarks from her sharp tongue. But I asked her if she would mind staying with me for the rest of the night for fear I should be ill again.

What a sleeper that woman is! In quite a few minutes she was as quietly at rest as if she had never been disturbed. How I envied her that one gift of nature.

Presently, that hideous face again began to develop out of the wall, but just as I was about to rouse the housekeeper my Quaker friend of the dream suddenly appeared. She said, 'Do not be frightened; no harm can come to thee.' As she said these words all fear left me. But how puzzled I was. As in the dream she read my thoughts, for she said, 'I came to thee in thy sleep the other night and showed thee a vision.' I was about to ask a question, but she continued: 'Do not speak; I have a message for thee. Tell thy experiences to the doctor. It will interest him and be for thy happiness.'

What a year of change this has been to me. I came to The Hermitage a poor governess, and now—the vision is fulfilled! So come and rejoice with me on the first New Year's Day in my new home, and believe me, ever your friend,
MABEL.

LET a man choose what condition he will, and let him accumulate around him all the goods and all the gratifications seemingly calculated to make him happy in it,—if that man is left at any time without occupation or amusement, and reflects on what he is, the meagre, languid felicity of his present lot will not bear him up. He will turn necessarily to gloomy anticipations of the future; and except, therefore, his occupation call him out of himself, he is inevitably wretched.—*Pascal*.

PRIM FRIEND with the black serge gown, with the rosary, scapulary, and I know not what other spiritual block-and-tackle—scowl not on me. If in thy poor heart, under its rosaries, there dwell any human piety, awe-struck reverence towards the Supreme Maker, devout compassion towards this poor Earth and her sons—scowl not on me. Listen to me; for I swear thou art my brother, in spite of rosaries and scapularies; and I recognise thee, though thou canst not me; and with love and pity know thee for a brother, though enchanted into the condition of a spiritual mummy. Hapless creature, curse me not; listen to me, and consider; perhaps even thou wilt escape from mummyhood, and become once more a living soul.—*Carlyle*.

'THE TONGUE AND THE PEN.'—Two small weapons, but what mighty forces for good or evil. Thoughts become vital, and uttered aloud the masses are swayed to an intense pitch of excitement; but until they are lulled to a normal condition the real result is not known. Words, cutting and biting, are brought forth that eat into the heart as a canker, beginning in the household, extending to societies of all forms, reaping dissensions and discord, still further to nation against nation, ending in bloodshed: a dark picture, certainly, but, thank God, there is another side. Noble men and women have lifted their voices and breathed forth, with no uncertain sound, words of inspiration and love that have elevated their hearers, and acted as an impetus to good living. The author in retirement has poured out thoughts with the pen. We take up their books; they educate, cultivate our minds, and bless us, and we become one with them, or it may be otherwise. The thoughts are not of the highest and purest: our tone has been lowered, and our minds may have received a wrong bias, and who can say what the result will be? How important to be on the watch with our tongue and pen! that others may be really benefited, and be enabled to feel the living spirit in the background.—*Onward*.

The Empty House.

By W. H. EVANS.

PECULIAR EXPERIENCES have been rare with me, and perhaps their rarity renders them to me more precious. It is not all of us who are gifted to see and hear the finer and more ethereal world about us, but there are times when even the most dense seem to become lucid. Spiritual gifts are plentiful enough, though there are few who having them, develop them to their utmost capacity. Unlike a musician or a painter, who will work and study hourly and daily for years together; they sit down and expect the dear spirit-friends to do it all, utterly unmindful, or in blissful ignorance of the part which they have to play. 'Cast not your pearls before swine' it has been said, but if everyone tried to cultivate their spiritual nature, there would be very few swine before which to cast pearls. The experience that I am about to relate, happened many years ago, when I was a young man about twenty-five years of age. But although long past, how well I remember it!

It was a beautiful day in the summer time, and after dinner I had gone out as I often did for a stroll. I left the village behind me, and was soon in the country lanes, hedged in on either side, with here and there trees towering up, and the overhanging branches of which almost shut out the piercing rays of the sun. Sometimes the hedges on either side would be low, and then one could look over the lovely landscape, and get inspiration from mother nature, and feel at home and at peace with all men.

I wandered on for some time, thinking of everything, yet with my mind fixed on nothing in particular. At last I espied an old house, down across some meadows, and I resolved to go down and have a look at it. As I approached nearer to it, it became very evident to me that it was unoccupied. Having reached the entrance of the garden—or what had once been a garden,—situate in the front of the house, I opened the gate and walked up the path, which was all covered with grass and moss, leading to the house. The dwelling wore a desolated aspect, and I stopped in the pathway to look at it. It was rapidly falling to decay, and had evidently been deserted for a considerable period.

'An Empty House!' The words seemed to echo and reecho around me, but I shook off the impression, and continued my investigation. The windows were all broken, and the doors were hanging on their rusted hinges, and swung forward and back, making a creaking noise, which seemed to give an added air of weirdness to the place. The ivy was clinging tenderly in some places, as if it were trying to hide the worst portions of the house.

Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

How true the words seemed, and how applicable.

I went up and entered. A musty smell pervaded the place, and the inside was, if anything, even more uninviting and cheerless than the outside. But I wandered from room to room guided by an aimless curiosity. Curiosity is a good prompter, and often leads us to investigate that which our so-called superior wisdom would ridicule.

Going upstairs I went into one of the back rooms and looked out of the window. The scene was ideal, and I could not imagine why anyone should leave such a lovely place. The ground in front of me sloped down gradually, and then slowly rose again. Clumps of trees were scattered here and there, while from the bottom came the faint murmur of the stream as it rushed onward to the sea. Rushing on with all the impetuosity of a human being, only to be lost in the great sea of life. The opposite slope was even more beautiful. It was well wooded, and the trees waving their branches in the breeze, seemed like so many feathers. Fields, trees, grass, all seemingly different, yet all blending into one harmonious whole.

'An empty house!' Again the impression returned, this time with such force as to cause me to turn round. There was no need to wonder where it came from, for there in the room was an old man, who had evidently given utterance to the words. Time had marked his withered features, and care had pencilled many a wrinkle. But the expression was kindly, and I felt a reciprocating sympathy involuntary flow from me. 'It is strange what impressions we get,' he said, 'and one often wonders, when in the body, where they come from. Aye sir, but there is more around thee than thou seesest with thy bodily eye.'

'This is undoubtedly true,' I replied, 'though there will be many who doubt it.' 'True, but doubt is a good thing wisely used. But in the hands of an unreasoning being, it becomes dogmatic in denouncing what it deems impossible. But come, I will not weary you with words, I will just narrate a story to you, and you shall judge for yourself the truth of my words.'

Many years ago, when I was a young man, there lived in this house a family of the name of Symons. There were the father and mother, and the daughter Alice. Alice and I had played together as children, and had many times wandered over the meadows and through the lanes, extracting more real enjoyment than many of the older folk.

Time went on, and I, having visited a seaport town, determined then and there to be a sailor. It was in vain that my

father scolded and my mother protested, I had made up my mind, and I determined to execute my plan as early as possible. Even the protestations of Alice failed, and I, having gained my end, I went.

I need not say anything of what happened on the voyage, but after two years I returned. How different. I was then a broad-shouldered, strapping fellow, and was pretty brown from exposure. Everyone seemed delighted to see me, and I was sorry when the time came for me to go. But when I went, I carried a promise from Alice that she would, on my return, be my wife, on condition that I gave up the sea.

The voyage was a long one, and we had a lot of rough weather to contend with, but the grand old ship, 'William Tell,' weathered it out all right, and at last, after an absence of three years, I again arrived in the village. No one knew that I was coming, as I wished to surprise them. I was not long away from this house, although I little dreamt what was in store for me. I walked up the path which you travelled just now and knocked at the door. Alice's mother opened it, and I saw at a glance that something was wrong.

'Why, when did you arrive?' she gasped out.

'Only this morning,' I said, 'it is not likely that I should be here long without your knowing it.'

'Alas! Dick, that you should come now. Poor Alice, if she could only have seen you.'

'Why, what ever is the matter. Is Alice ill?'

'Ill—worse,' she said, in a terrified whisper, 'she's—dead!'

'Dead! My God, then all my hopes are shattered. All gone, oh that I could fall into oblivion. But no, that seemed to be denied me.'

'Can I see her?' I asked after a while, for I learned that she had only passed on the day before.

She nodded an affirmative, and went upstairs to this room. There, in that corner, was the bed, and on it was the form of her I loved so dearly. Her golden hair lay on the pillow, and her sweet face was so peaceful that it seemed as if she were only sleeping. My Alice! Nay, no longer mine! Only the cold lifeless casket remained; the spirit had fled. I kissed that form for the last time, and left it there.

The day came for the funeral, and I followed the mortal remains of her I loved to the grave. I did not weep; grief, deep and bitter kept me silent. I listened to the words, 'Ashes to ashes; dust to dust,' it seemed as if it included all my hopes, all my joys. I left the graveside, and, shortly after, the village, and again went to sea. But, wherever I went, I seemed to feel as if the spirit of Alice was near. But hardship hardened me and I grew cold and callous. I had buried my love in the grave with the form of my Alice.

That love, whose spiritualising influence should have softened my hardened nature, and brought out the beautiful veins of gentleness and purity within; that love which is the oil of life, which tints the horizon of life in a myriad different hues, which paints in glowing colours, our hopes and aspirations, while it lightens up the gloom of a pessimistic night.

But old age crept on me, and I returned to my native village. How often I lingered by the gate of this house, and thought of her I loved! How old memories came back upon me. Love, after all, was doing its work, and helped to soften my rugged nature.

One evening, as I was standing by the gate I became conscious of the presence of some one else.

'Dick,' said a voice, 'I am with you.'

'Alice,' I exclaimed, 'is it you?'

Ay, it was her sure enough, and the tears flowed down my furrowed cheeks, and I felt better than I had felt for years.

'Why dost thou mourn?' she asked, 'do you not know that I, whom you have loved so faithfully all these years, have watched over thee and helped thee out of many a danger? I have watched and waited for this opportunity, but thou, in thy blindness kept me from showing to thee that which I knew would comfort thee. Grieve not, I am happy—more real intensely happy than if I had lived here. Life is real, then use it wisely, loved one. Be active in well-doing. For in doing good do we derive our greatest happiness. Farewell, we shall soon meet again.'

'She was gone, and I was left alone.' The old man stopped, and I looked thoughtfully out of the window. I turned to ask a question, but he too was gone, yet, I had not heard him go. It was strange, but I could not bring myself to believe that I listened to the spirit of Richard Wherley, until I heard from the lips of those who knew that he had crossed the bar many years before. This is my experience. If any can derive any benefit from its perusal, may they do so. My end will be gained.

An Open Letter to Christian opponents of Spiritualism, to Rev. Fleming and Mr. Waldron and the public generally, by E. W. Wallis. This letter has been printed as a four-page tract, and can be had from this office, price 1s. per 100; 3s. 6d. for 500; 6s. 6d. for 1,000, carriage free.

NATIONAL FEDERATION.—Speakers and mediums who are associate members of the S.N.F. are urgently requested to send to me their open dates for 1899, together with gifts and terms, as early as possible, that I may be able to meet the necessities of societies in case of disappointment. W. Harrison, Sec., S.N.F., 37, North-street, Burnley.

A CASE OF IDENTIFICATION.

ONE OF THE hardest problems which puzzles a student in connection with the study of Spiritualism is that of spirit identification. This case is one of the most remarkable I have ever met, and I think worthy of being recorded. There were two people working as art students at the National gallery. They knew each other for a few weeks, and then passed out of each other's lives, as there was nothing lasting in their friendship. They knew each other's names: one was Mr. Thompson and the lady Mrs. Francis. Mrs. Francis, in course of time, heard of Spiritualism: and attended some of the public meetings at Battersea, where she met the worthy president, Mrs. H. Boddington. Mrs. Boddington, after some time, called on Mrs. Francis, and in the course of conversation described a spirit with her hostess, which was not recognised. This occurred twice. Another medium also described the same spirit, with the same results. Someone lent Mr. Francis a little machine called a 'Chrao,' which can be held by two or more people, and automatic writing can be obtained. By its combined power, one of the spirits who came and gave his name was the man who Mrs. Francis had met at the National Gallery, but she had entirely forgotten his name, as it occurred eight years before; but he told her where they had met, and he also told her he was in trouble, and he asked her to pray for him. She asked him how long he had been passed on the other side, and he said four years, and that he had committed suicide. This was very interesting, but could it be proven? Now the lady knew there was one of the Royal Academicians that bore the same name as her deceased friend, and wrote to him a note, as one artist would to another, receiving a reply stating that the gentleman in question was his brother, but he was dead. It occurred to Mrs. Francis to go to the National Gallery and make further inquiry. She went to the room where they used to work, and the attendant, who knew them both, told her that he (the spirit) had ceased coming there suddenly about four years ago. Being afterwards visited by one of our public clairvoyants, he gave the same description as Mrs. Boddington had done, which exactly tallied, proving that it was the spirit who had come writing to Mrs. Francis. In the course of time, Mrs. Francis joined Mr. Thurston's classes, and a clairvoyant described him to her, and gave his name, as the clairvoyant previously had done. But the last and final tests came in the phenomenon of materialisation. One evening Mrs. Francis was sitting with her own family at the seance table, and the spirit, who became a frequent visitor, said he would be with her on the morrow, as she intended to go to Mr. Husk's. She went to Mr. Husk's a perfect stranger, he not knowing anything of her or her antecedents, but Mr. Thompson came. Again, Mrs. Francis was sitting with Mrs. —, on July 23, this year, as I have written before, and Mr. Thompson materialised in the light, and with the medium, the writer seeing the spirit form and medium at the same time.

A PETERS.

A CLERGYMAN ON 'HEAVEN.'

THE *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* of Dec. 12 contains the report of a lecture on the subject of 'Heaven,' delivered in St. Columbus' Church, Gateshead, by the Rev. Reginald T. Talbot, vicar of St. Thomas's, Sunderland. After extricating himself from what we may fairly designate as 'mixed metaphor,' the rev. gentleman concluded by saying: 'Imagination had well-marked limits or checks upon it, always. First of all, the externals, the outer circumstances of a future life, were lost to mortal eye in the light of moral and spiritual conditions. He said that in spite of the 'pearly gates' and 'golden streets' which St. John described in the Revelation. St. John was writing to the Jews, who delighted in magnificence, and his imagination was a little bit tintured and tainted by his Jewish extraction. All that went for nothing before the eyes, dazzled by the moral and spiritual conditions of the place. Death made no change in circumstances or in character. In the matter of life that was to be, the whole tenor of scripture compelled imagination to take that as a check upon its workings. Men would be dealt with in the life to come according to their works, whether their deeds were good or bad; and death could not alter this. There was no baptismal wave in the act of death which exercised a cleansing and regenerating power on the dying man. There were no purging fires in the mere article of death which did away with the stains of nature. It seemed to him that the next stage of life would be a school of universal experience, where the good would be learning to be better; where, as he trusted, the bad would be under remedial discipline as well. So he did not look to the next stage of life as being the final stage. It seemed to him that there might be infinite stages of life, aye passing on, and further on. As a matter of fact, he did not believe that the Bible told us anything about the final state of man. What he believed was, that after this life there was another stage of life, which would be, as he said, a universal school of experience, where the good would be learning to be better, and where the bad down to the very worst, as he hoped and trusted, would be learning lessons which they might put to account; and where God would be all in all. Answering the question whether Heaven would be a state or a place, he said it would be primarily a state and secondary a place; for a place was nothing without the state, and it was a state that made the place. Would they know each other? was a question which he answered with another—why not? Would it be all worship? Yes, and no. He could imagine a time, even in this world, when every stroke of work would be an act of worship, so that work and worship would be completely merged one into the other. He did not suggest that, with all the attractiveness of Heaven, men should despise the earth. On the contrary, thoughts such as he had put before them should make them feel how infinitely important this life was, because the character of a man in this life determined his state in the next world. If a man made a mess of this life, he would certainly start with a grand mess in the next.'

The lesson to be learned from this lecture is that Spiritualists are on the eve of losing their chart. If the truth is taught, it does not

matter whether it is taught in the Roman Catholic Cathedral or in the Church of England; of this we may be certain, when the philosophical Spiritualist gets the assurance that he can have spiritual verities in all the beautiful and soul-inspiring surroundings of a modern church or chapel, in superior music and decorative art, these truths explained in the manner of education, culture and refinement, 'Ichabod' may be written over the doors of some of our spiritual halls. A divine, a sacred responsibility, was committed to our care when the angel-word gave us possession of the bridge over the gulf of death. We are trifling with that responsibility in a sheer phenomenal, sensuous and petty, commercial spirit; magnanimity is an unknown quantity. Mr. I'm-as-good-as-you, and a great deal better, too often regulates our course of action, and our Cause languishes amid petty differences, jealousy, meanness and spite. If it were not that there are some most prominent exceptions to the rule we should become pessimists and die in despair, but we take hope in that God hath never left Himself without a witness. AJAX.

JOHN TAYLOR, PHYSICAL MEDIUM, AT THE
'TWO WORLDS' OFFICE.

JOHN TAYLOR—'Honest John Taylor,' as he is called by all his old friends—has long been known to the acting editor of the *Two Worlds*, and when John's services are wanted, he complies at once with any reasonable request. Accordingly, he was asked a fortnight ago to be at the *Two Worlds* Office on Thursday Evening, December 22, at half-past seven, and he presented himself quite fifteen minutes before the appointed time. He had been invited for the special use as medium to show the wonderful physical phenomena which take place in his presence, to the students who assemble here weekly for the study and investigation of Spiritual phenomena, and their cognate philosophy and religion. There were five ladies and seven gentlemen present. It may here be stated that the peculiarity of the phenomena through Mr. Taylor's mediumship consists of the lifting of heavy weights on the table, and movements of the table generally. The table used is a round three-legged cottage table, and as many as there is room for sit with palms of the hands on the table, the room being in semi-darkness, but so that all can see one another and all that is going on. In a little while the medium passed under control, and he then arranged the sitters in the places for which they were suitable. After sitting for a little while longer the table began to tilt, and then it was raised in the opposite direction from where the medium sat.

In being pressed down at this point it was found that there was a strong force acting in the opposite direction, which made it necessary to use great force to bring the table into place on the floor. Presently, Dr. Martin, medical Officer of Health for Gorton, a suburb of Manchester, was asked to get up on the table. He was directed to stand on the medium's hands, and he was lifted immediately, the table following the hands of the medium. After sitting a little while longer three gentlemen were instructed to get upon the table, two of whom sat on a chair and the other stood straight. The medium now took hold of the legs of the chair, and after a sort of convulsive sway all three were lifted, the table following their feet. On the probable weight of each person being estimated there could not have been much less than four-and-a-half cwt. lifted, the medium's hands all the while being on the upper side of the table. The medium now got hold of the chair by the legs, and after saying, 'We will make the chair into a magnet,' he rubbed the feet of the chair on the top of the table, and immediately lifted the table from the floor just as we would lift a piece of steel with a magnet. The medium next called for a rope or strong cord, with which he requested that some one should tie his body and legs to his chair.

This being effectively done by Dr. Martin, a gentleman was told to get upon the table, when he was lifted, table and all, several inches into the air. Dr. Martin was next invited to stand on the table, and to take hold of the medium's hands, and do his best to lift him, but in spite of the force now acting directly on the table, the doctor and table were lifted bodily from the floor. Besides this phenomena, the medium slapped his hands on the table, and lifted the table as with a pair of suckers. He also did a similar experiment whilst holding one hand each of two of the sitters. The table also rose from the floor without contact, and on one occasion, after reaching the hands of the sitters, which were held six or eight inches above, it remained there for two or three seconds, and then dropped to the floor.

It only remains to be said that Dr. Martin made an exhaustive examination of all that took place, saying at last the facts witnessed were caused by some force not comprised within the laws of nature as known to science, and we have Dr. Martin's unqualified and unsolicited permission to make this statement.

After the seance was concluded, all present expressed their entire pleasure and satisfaction in having had the opportunity of witnessing these remarkable occurrences.

'AT HOME' AT THE SPIRITUALIST LYCEUM.
(SOWERBY BRIDGE).

A series of 'At Homes' have been held in the Lyceum, Hollinslane, recently, when Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sutcliffe were host and hostess, the page being Miss Charlotte Holroyd, whose duty it was to introduce the guests. There was quite a select company, and all seemed to enjoy themselves. Songs, glees, and recitals were given at intervals during the evening, whilst parlour games and other amusements also occupied the attention of the visitors. The artistes were Miss N. Law, Mr. E. Firth, Mr. Hepworth, Mr. Seymour, Mr. Butterworth (concertina solos) and Miss B. Farrar (violin solos). There were two receptions, which is a novel feature at least in this town. The afternoon's host and hostess were Master B. Gaukroger and Miss Dora Rushworth (page Mr. Harry Copley), who went through their duties splendidly, each welcoming their guests with the grace and dignity born of older years. The programme took the form somewhat of a Lyceum session, and there were recitals, sacred solos and

duets, piano solo, musical reading, etc., culminating with a 'Talk on Spiritualism,' which the host and hostess introduced, and some twenty-two children asked questions and gave answers. It was indeed said to be the pleasantest 'at home' of all.

The evening's host and hostess were the president (Mr. W. Greenwood) and Mrs. Greenwood, their page being Miss E. Jackson. The programme consisted of anthems by the choir, solos by Mr. Hargreaves, who sang 'The golden pathway' and recit and air from *Elijah*—'Ye people rend your hearts,' etc. Mr. A. Sutcliffe also sang 'Nazareth,' in which the choir joined, and 'Rolling in foaming billows.' Two violin solos were splendidly rendered by Mr. A. Rowson.

Short addresses were given by Mr. Lees, Mr. Joseph Sutcliffe, and Mr. John Harwood, who had come purposely from Blackpool. It was through Mr. Harwood's influence, along with others, that the Lyceum was built, and he naturally recalled former times and past struggles, and was much affected; but he said, 'I am paid,' which spoke volumes. Equally impressive were the words of the other vice-presidents above named. Two well-known hymns were sung heartily, and Mr. Earnest Law accompanied.

Monday afternoon 'At Home' had a charming hostess in Mrs. Longbottom, and lady visitors came from Halifax, Brighouse, Blackpool, etc. Conversations, games, clairvoyance by Mrs. Crossley, and songs, were gone through, tea being afterwards partaken of.

The closing 'At Home' took place on Monday evening, when Mr. Harry Robinson and Miss Thorpe were host and hostess, assisted by Master W. Wilson as page. A splendid programme arranged by Mr. Thorpe was gone through by Messrs. Platt, Marshall, and Shuttleworth, and Misses Asquith and Dodgson. Professor Whitehead gave phrenological delineations with exactness and ability. Refreshments were provided, and a cloakroom was managed by the ladies of the Lyceum. The room was decorated by Messrs. Rhodes, Halifax, and gave every satisfaction. These 'At Homes' have proved to be the pleasantest affairs yet undertaken by the Lyceumists. The gross proceeds amounted to about £28, and the nett profits are to augment the school fund.

LETTER FROM MRS. LEWIS FIRTH, TORONTO.

WE CLAIM Mrs. Firth as one of earliest acquaintances in Spiritualism, than whom have never known a more conscientious worker, and we are sure her letter will be read with interest by all her old friends in the Bacup and Rochdale districts.—Ed. 'T.W.'

340, Lippincott-street, Toronto, Ont. Nov. 17, 1898.

My dear friends,—I feel I want to send you some news that will please you and all our old friends in England as well as it does me. I can not express the pleasure it gave me to have our old and dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wallis, come to pay me a visit, and also the pleasure I felt in listening to these helpers in the cause of Spiritualism. We had some very nice meetings during the two weeks they were here, but I don't think we got more than 300 or 350 at any of the public meetings. Now we are getting over 3,000 on Sunday evenings. Mr. and Mrs. Wallis left here on the 14th of September, and whilst they were here we arranged for Lyman C. Howe to lecture for us in the month of October. He is a very good lecturer, but with him we engaged Mrs. Maggie Wait, who is a splendid test medium. She never gives any descriptions without giving full names, and sometimes as many as seven or eight names in the family; she tells what trades they followed while in earth life; so that anyone getting a test cannot get away from it. She won't give up till she makes the people know them; then she will get a message for them. She has created quite a sensation here in Toronto. We engaged a large hall for the month of October, but we were crowded out every night, so for the month of November we engaged one of the theatres here, which has seating accommodation for 2,800, and the very first Sunday evening it was supposed there would be about 500 turned away because they could not get in, and it was just packed inside. Mrs. Wait is going to stop with us for the winter. We have this month speaking for us a Mrs. Streets, and she is very good. Each meeting takes about 45 minutes. We have just two services per week, Sunday and Wednesday evening.

I know you, as well as other friends in England, will rejoice with me, for when I first came out here, four years and eight months ago, I was nine months before I ever found a Spiritualist, and I felt so hungry for spiritual food. Since then I have found about half a dozen, and I have never lost sight of them. We have had our ups and downs, like they have in most places, and just before Mr. Wallis came there were three societies going and about 30 circles, that we knew of. The very week before Mr. and Mrs. Wallis came there was a split, and I was very much afraid we should not be able to give them a hearty welcome, but I have some very dear friends here, and they were spread in all the societies, so I went and asked them all to get everyone to do their best, and they all did, and I think it was about one of the proudest times in my life when I saw what a nice respectable audience there was to meet my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wallis. I felt like shaking hands with everybody.

I would like my old friends to know I am not quite dead yet. 'Bluebell' told some of my Blackpool friends I had a work to do here when they were trying to get me not to come. I don't pretend that it is me that has done the work, but I seem to have been used as a kind of sticking plaster to keep trying to cement the people together; of course, Mrs. Wait is the attraction. I don't know how we shall go on when she has gone, but surely it must set people thinking; but you see, phenomena takes best here. It takes about £22 a week to clear us, but we are getting along all right, and pay six guineas a week for the theatre, besides three guineas for our speaker and eight guineas for Mrs. Wait. Wishing you every good wish, yours truly,

ELIZA FIRTH.

To NEW READERS.—A special offer. We will send you THE TWO WORLDS free by post for twenty-four weeks for 2s.6d.

Prospective Arrangements.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS, WANTEDS, and INQUIRIES should be ACCOMPANIED by six penny stamps for 24 words, nine stamps for 36 words, and twelve for 50. NAMES OF MEDIUMS, SPEAKERS, and PLACES, should be legibly written.]

BIRSTALL Spiritualist Society will have a Sale of Work, Public Tea and Grand Entertainment, on Saturday, Dec. 31. Old friends and new cordially invited. 581

BRADFORD. Milton Hall, 32, Rebecca-street.—The Committee beg to announce that arrangements have been made, and Mr. Will Phillips, of Nottingham, will give an address upon the 'Higher Spiritualism,' on Tuesday night, Jan. 3, 1899, at 7.45. Clairvoyance by Mrs. Burchell, of Bradford. Look out for Mr. J. Farnworth, of Leicester, Monday, Jan. 16th. Welcome to all. 581

BRADFORD. Otley-road.—A happy evening. Coffee Supper and Social on New Year's Eve, at 7 p.m. Supper at 9.30, price 6d. and 3d. January 1, speaker, Mrs. Whitehead; chairman, Mr. J. Whitehead. All are welcome. 581

BURY.—Grand Tea Party and Entertainment, Monday, Dec. 26. Tea on tables at 4.30. Tickets, adults, 1s.; children, 9d. After tea, 4d. each. 581

FELLING. Hall of Progress.—Mr. W. H. Robinson will occupy our platform Jan. 1, when solos will be sung by a lady friend. 581

GATESHEAD. St. Cuthbert's Hall.—Sunday, Jan. 1, Mr. Nichol, of Gateshead. Thursday, Jan. 5, Open Circle. Jan. 8, Mr. W. Davison, of South Shields. 581

GATESHEAD. I.L.P. Hall.—On Sunday, January 1, Mrs. Young, of South Shields, at 6.30 p.m. On Wednesday, 4, open circle, 7.30 p.m. On Jan. 8, Mr. Easthope, of Newcastle, Psychometry. January 15, Mr. Lashbrook, of Newcastle. 580

LIVERPOOL. Spiritual Evidence Society, Phoenix Hall, 64, Low Hill.—Monday, 2nd, Committee. Wednesday, 4th, Mrs. Greenlees. 11th, Mrs. Greenlees. Monday, 9th, Annual Election of Officers by ballot. Members two quarters in arrears do not vote or take office. 581

MIDDLETON. Spiritualist Society.—A Grand Tea Party and Social will be held in the Co-operative Hall on Saturday, Jan. 7. Tea on tables at 4.30 p.m. 581

Mrs. J. M. SMITH, having removed from Leeds, wishes all letters to be sent to her new address—St. Hilda's, Victoria-road, off Warbreok-road, North Shore, Blackpool. A few open dates during winter months.

Mrs. A. BROWN, Trance Medium, Clairvoyant, and Psychometrist, is now booking engagements for 1899. Public or private. For terms address 43, Grange-road West, Middlesborough. 581

Mrs. M. H. WALLIS will return to Manchester from America by the end of January, 1899, and will be pleased to hear from societies re engagements during the following six months. Address, c/o. Mr. B. C. Wallis, Corporation-street, W., Walsall, Staffs.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE. 3, Addison-road, Heaton and Byker.—Jan. 1, Open Meeting, at 6.30. Jan. 2, Social, at 6 p.m. Jan. 8, Mr. Lashbrooke, at 6.30. 581

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. Northumberland Hall.—Jan. 1, at 6.30, Open Circle. 3rd, Members' Monthly Meeting. 8th and 9th, Mr. Walter Howell. 15th and 16th, Miss Smith. 581

PERKINS VILLE.—Jan. 1, Mr. T. Bennett, of Newcastle, will occupy our platform at 6 p.m. 8th, Mrs. Young, of South Shields, at 6 p.m. 581

PROFESSOR DAVIS'S Seance, Fridays, 8 p.m., 34, Lancaster-road, Westbourn Park. Ring Bell. Also Phrenological Lecture, No. 2 room, Workman's Hall, Stratford, Wednesday, Jan. 4, 1899, at 8 p.m. 581

SMETHWICK. Central Hall, Cape Hill.—On New Year's Day, Jan. 1, Miss E. A. Smith, of Southport, trance, clairvoyant, and psychometric medium, will conduct services at 11 and 6.30. Also give public seance on Jan. 2 at eight. Silver collection on Monday. Our New Year's Party on Jan. 11. 581

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'PLATFORM GUIDE.'—NOTICE.

Owing to the Christmas Holidays so few advices of Speakers' Engagements have come in, and these so late, that we are compelled, with very much regret, to exclude the Platform Guide from this issue of the 'Two Worlds.'

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