

The Two Worlds.

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THOUGHTS UPON THE PROPHETS.

BY JAMES CLARE.

THEOLOGIANS are never tired of descanting upon prophecy. It is their greatest bulwark in resisting the encroaching tide of modern criticism. Science is scattering the array of "evidence" which these jugglers of history have summoned in their support. If they lose this vantage ground, the faith which they preach, and which is to them their daily bread, will inevitably perish. But while they think they are supported by the prophetic utterances of the past, so long will they indignantly repudiate the assaults of modern critics. Prophecy is the playground of the pedant. If he is despoiled of one form of pleasure he repairs to another, and goes on as if nothing had happened. But this shuffling will not shield him from the Nemesis of science. The bigot is a preferable character to the equivocal gentleman. His extreme views are patent and can be attacked with some certainty of purpose, but the latter is unassailable, by reason of his inconsistency. Thus with prophecy. From the time of Keith downwards, the progress of thought has compelled theologians to constantly shift their ground. At first it was an absolute faith in the traditions of the Church and in the verities of the prophets.

The protests of Baxter and Co. to the contrary, their faith has been through a most refreshing and salutary modification. Capitulation is the order of the day. Somebody has said that it is an easy matter to prophesy; that one must be devoid of common sense if he cannot with some assurance predict the probabilities of the future. The prophecies of a century ago are the realities of to-day, but nobody is inclined to attribute divine power to the prescience of Voltaire or Thomas Paine, but had these men lived *before* Christ they would have been justly considered "inspired." Time has a great deal to do in the making or marring of a man's reputation. Voltaire, a cynic and an atheist in one epoch, but a saint and martyr in another. Secular comparison dispels the glamour which surrounds the utterances of the old prophets. The time which has elapsed since they lived contributes to the formation of an estimate out of all proportion to their real nature. Judged from a purely modern standpoint, many of these men were sour, illtempered, and ignorant persons, venting their spleen and hatred upon everything which did not exactly accord with their way of thinking. Because a man did not believe in the God of Solomon he was, therefore, declared a fool; and because Pharaoh refused the petition of Moses the whole people of Egypt were subjected to the wrath of Israel's God! What hatred and malice is here expressed, yet these people are regarded as prophets, the instruments of God. Had Solomon been a prophet in the truest sense he would have foreseen a time when to be called an atheist would be esteemed a compliment to a man's understanding, and Moses would have seen that in the far distant ages the doings of his God would be regarded with disgust and horror. The peculiar disposition of the Orientals is displayed in their love of exaggeration. They love to enlarge the objects of their worship. The same characteristic is observable in other nations, though in a lesser degree. In England we find the same tendency to unduly estimate the power of our great men. So with the ancient Hebrews, their imagination, unfettered

by the restraint of education, observes the most bewildering and amusing vagaries. Their Adam communed with God. He was no ordinary mortal; he was greater than all the men of other nations combined. To him belonged the honour (?) of being the *first* man. Then Jacob wrestled with an angel, and, behold, so strong and supple was he that he actually defeated the delegate of God. The decline of poetry is witnessed in the magnificence of Joshua's doings when compared with those of Jesus. Unlike his successor, Joshua repudiated such petty displays of power as the conversion of water into wine, or the great catch of fish, but boldly asserted the divine origin of his chieftainship by suspending the motion of the earth and checking the activities of the sun and moon. This feat far surpasses in audacity and splendour the whole of Christ's presumed miracles. The older poets knew how to immortalise their great men. They were not as other men. They were gods and comported themselves as such. Had they been describing the draught of fishes they would not have been content with the small fry of the sea of Galilee, but would at once have insisted upon the fish being the monsters of the deep. "Oh, degeneracy! to what a pass hast thou come, when the God you worship is placed lower in the scale of miracle than his own servants."

In the injunctions imparted to the children of Israel their leaders did not forget their dignity, or neglect that most essential attribute of their power—that of being especially delegated by God. "Thus saith the Lord," etc., was the usual preface to their speeches. Modern usage has transformed it into "Ladies and gentlemen." The old Romans were accustomed to say, "Fathers of the State." The Athenians were wont to say, "O Athenians." All countries have the peculiar practice of prefacing their discourse by some conventional expression. It is idle to say that because others did not use the formula of the Hebrews they were therefore alienated from the grace of God, and inferior in every respect to them. The Israelites out-Heroded Herod in asserting their claim that they only were the elect of God, they only had prophets, they only were the greatest nation the world had seen. Rome, Babylon, and Athens sink into insignificance (?) compared to their Jerusalem. The brilliant genius of Athenian legislators, or the splendid oratory of the Roman senator is as nothing compared to their prophets and warriors. Their egotism is comparable to the vanity of a spoiled child. Deeming themselves the elect of God their pretensions rise into the most unwarrantable assumptions. What nations did not extol their beginnings? The Roman, Athenian, Carthaginian, Babylonian, English, Scandinavian, and French are all disposed to attribute supernatural intervention at the commencement of their history. The Romans boasted that their Romulus and Remus were protected by the deities, the Athenians imputed the same to Theseus, the Carthaginians to Dido, the English to St. George, the Scandinavians to Balder, and the French to Amadis de Gaul. Even Dante, with all his common sense, could not resist the temptation of ascribing certain events in the history of Rome, as the cackling of geese when the Capitol was besieged by Brennus, as due to the intervention of God!

Nations, like families, do not like to be told of their poor relations; we like our complacency to be flattered by referring to our rich associations. Nations are proud of their birth, and by the aid of their Homers, Virgils, Dantes, and Shakespeares seek to exaggerate the importance of their origin. Even among the rude Samoyede, the barbarous Indians, and the savage Zulus are to be found indications of a belief in the supernatural origin of their country. Their

origin being divine, God must everywhere be seen, interfering in the concerns of their country. The Romans would say, "The gods have declared," the Greeks had a similar expression, the Scandinavians were wont to say, "Balder hath commanded." Thus the biblical saying, stripped of its associations, reveals the same bias as is expressed by other nations. This elimination contributes to the better understanding of the very ordinary and sometimes senseless prognostications of their "wise men." "Behold, I will go before Cyrus, *mine anointed*, saith the Lord," as if the fact of the sure defeat of the Babylonians could not be described by the language of ordinary men. "Mine anointed" is an insufferable conceit. The internal weakness of the Babylonian empire was a source of regret and anxiety to many of her legislators. Isaiah and Daniel were not the only ones who foresaw the impending destruction of that city. Besides, it were comparatively an easy matter to contrast the belligerent zeal of the Medes and Persians with the effeminacy and weakness of the Babylonians.

The dictates of fashion are inexorable. They compel assent even from the most reluctant. There is a fashion in speech just as there is in dress. Witness the difference in the speech of the vulgar and the cultured. It was the custom of the wise men of old to adopt the manner of their class. As the most laudable consistency distinguishes the customs of the Romans, so with the wise men of the Hebrew nation, their adherence to the time-honoured saying, "Thus saith the Lord," is observed from the first to the last book of the Old Testament. This trait is valuable, for it serves as an index to the real import and worth of their predictions. We have at length discovered a close similarity between the Hebrews and other nations in matters affecting their origin, and the disposition of their peoples. We might, therefore, ask what makes their prophecies and sayings so attractive? Is it because of their internal worth, or their presumed wonderful fulfilment? To my mind their fascination is not in their realisation (if such ever took place), but in the garb in which they are clothed. Allegory is always interesting, but when couched in the audacious language of the prophets it becomes perfectly enthralling. What is more fascinating to the lover of romance than to read of nations being swept into oblivion, of mighty cities cleaving the dust, of thrones tottering, of dynasties hurled to destruction, of temples wrecked and palaces rent, of the mighty abased, and armies dispersed like chaff before the wind? Add to this the shock of the earthquake, the lightning's flash, the roar of the thunder, and the shriek of the storm, together with the play of human passions, as they flit in and out of these awful scenes, and you have a panorama of events capable of satisfying the most fastidious. The educated are appalled by the vigour and sweep of the imagination, while the vulgar are fascinated by the recital of such awful events. It is their magnificent assumptions which compel our admiration. We love to linger over their brilliant speeches, and while we admire their fervour we reprehend their dogmatism.

"Cheek is a pure art," said an old philosopher, and to my mind the old prophets more than fulfilled the truths of this dictum, for it requires more than ordinary courage to assail those in high places, and rebuke them for their misdeeds. Much more courage does it require to command God to assist in your impeachment of tyrants. Englishmen are proverbially fond of boldness, and we cannot help admiring the courage of the prophets.

One thing has struck me more than another when I have been pondering on the words of these writers, their spleen is generally concentrated upon such cities as Babylon, Nineveh, and Jerusalem. All the prophets are wont to inveigh against their inhabitants. Even Christ shared the same prejudice, for he, too, reproached their cruelty and hypocrisy, and predicted the destruction of their city. In this we see a strong indication, if more were required, of his purely human character, and his susceptibility to custom. I can only account for this selection of Jerusalem, etc., by the prophets by the same reasons which induce modern leaders of thought to inveigh against great cities, such as London. The simple understanding of a rural training recoils with horror at the terrible wickedness of our towns and cities. Pious minds share the same feeling. The rostrums of this country resound with righteous indignation at the terrible state of society. Their invectives are as ample and as bitter as those of the Hebrew prophets, though their imagination is not quite so strong. It is futile to abuse village life. Industry prevents the growth of crime, indolence engenders it. The cities, with pampered wealth and sordid poverty, are selected

as texts for the inspired discourses of the delegates of God. As Jerusalem was the first city of importance to the Hebrews it is easy to understand why it figures so prominently in the utterances of the prophets. Their reprobation of the conduct of its citizens partook largely of common sense with a large amount of fanaticism. As the people rebuked their complaints and would not adopt their counsels they became still more exasperated. Thus the last chapter of their lives is marked by greater bitterness than is seen in their earlier years. "Woe unto you, city of harlots, desolation haunts thy courts." "Thy people shall be cut off." "Thou art an abomination in the sight of the Lord." "Thy rulers shall be made to lick the dust." "Thy palaces are filled with iniquity." "Destruction awaits thee." "Thou shalt become the abode of the scorpion and the lizard," &c. Truly a pitiable disposition. Because a man cannot command his own way he must needs consign his opponents to such a terrible fate. A nice way of disposing of one's enemies surely. And yet there are persons to-day, in high places too, who are so foolish as to attribute divine powers to these fanatics of ancient times. Allegorical writings are susceptible of a thousand and one interpretations. However *we* interpret them the result is no index to their real purpose. The standards by which they ought to be measured are bedimmed by the mists of antiquity. Their significance is lost in the labyrinths of time. Not all the powers of Orpheus can invoke them from their retreat. They have sunk beneath the pressure of posterior events. They have been hustled out of existence.

That many of them were of local import is evidenced by the character of the predictions. Many of them were at first mere casual expressions, but which have been burnished into prophecies by the redundant zeal of fanatics. Prophecies were by their very nature contributed to the fulfilment of that which they sought only to notice. Enthusiasm is contagious, and the fanaticism of reformers might easily engender a like disposition in the minds of disciples. There are some who aver that "the prophecies have been verified, some are being, and others will inevitably be fulfilled." If some have been realised, we might reasonably remark, how many have not? We are prone to observe those things which succeed, but neglect those which fail. One prophecy, if it realises the expectation of its believers, is generally remarked, while the ninety-nine are not in the least regarded—a very accommodating way of interpreting the "oracles of God." And we are asked—nay, we are charged—to believe in these prophecies. An interested theologian is alone concerned in their support; the impartial historian relegates them to their proper place in the history of the human race. While the mantle of prophecy is reserved for such persons as Baxter and others of that ilk, there is little fear that the world will immediately perish, or that this great globe will be caught up in a universal conflagration. The common sense of the people to-day justly regards the interpretations which these men make as the vagaries of a jaundiced mind. Unfortunately, the disease is contagious, and great numbers of well-meaning people are only too disposed to accredit such men with oracular powers. The progress of thought is, after all, an exceedingly slow process, but the destruction of our faith in such prophecy is inevitable. The last links have yet to be struck off. The glamour which surrounds them must pale beneath the brilliancy of science, while stern reason shall finally shatter this last bulwark of ecclesiasticism.

[No doubt many of the statements which are taken as evidences of the fulfilment of prophecies were really inserted "that it *might* be fulfilled," the events (recorded) being made to fit the prophecy; possibly some "prophecies" (?) made to fit the events. But Brother Clare does not touch the fact that many mediums have made prophecies which have been fulfilled. If the ability to prophesy is a proof of Divine favour, then mediums are favourites of God. If mediums are *not* chosen and anointed servants of God (and yet succeed in making predictions which are subsequently fulfilled, sometimes after a lapse of years), why should prophets be entitled to the claim of Divine favour and mediums be denied? Surely it is reasonable to believe that the Bible worthies may have prophesied correctly, in the same manner as modern mediums, and are worthy of just as much credence and notice as any other medium of any age or clime, and *no more*. While opposing the false claim for Divine favour and infallibility, let us not go to the other extreme and deny the *possibility* of prophecy, for modern Spiritualism, through mediumship, has given evidences of the reality of the power of foretelling.]

It is not drunkards, it is not thieves, it is not common brawlers who most hinder the development of mankind. It is the sleek, comfortable men, outwardly decorous, but inwardly as rotten as a grave that is filled with the contents of a fever hospital.—*Theodore Parker*.

PSYCHOMETRY A SCIENCE.

DR. J. R. BUCHANAN, the modern discoverer of the Psychometric Faculty, says: "Its imperial rank among sciences entitles it to the post of honour." "Like astronomy, it borders on the limitless; like geology, it reaches into the vast, undefined past, and, like biology, it comprehends all life science; but, unlike each, it has no limitation to any sphere. It is equally at home with living forms and dead matter; equally at home in the humbler spheres of human life and human infirmity, and in the higher spheres of the spirit-world, which we call Heaven. It grasps all of biology, all of history, all of geology and astronomy, and far more than telescopes have revealed. It has no parallel in any science; for sciences are limited and defined in their scope, while Psychometry is unlimited." Transcending far all that collegians have called science, and all that they have deemed the limits of human capacities; for in Psychometry the divinity in man becomes apparent, and the intellectual mastery of all things lifts human life to a higher plane than it has ever known before. "Prophecy is the noblest aspect of psychometry, and there is no reason why it should not become the guiding power in each individual life, and the guiding power for the destiny of nations."

Professor Wm. Denton says, in "The Soul of Things," "It is a record of research, without crucible or chemical, which excels in interest and importance every discovery in the science of objective phenomena reported by any learned association." Professor Denton's sister, Annie Denton Cridge, his wife, and several of his children, were superior psychometrists. His sister possessed this intuitive faculty in a marvellous degree. In his travels over America, Europe, and Australia, he found, by experimentation, several hundred good psychometrists, some of whom have since become famous. Any bit of clothing, fragment of rock, curio, or autograph, would at once bring them into sympathy with the soul of the article or person, and enable them to describe its history with remarkable accuracy. We are indebted to both of these distinguished scientists for aid and instruction in Psychometry, and cherish grateful, loving memories of every step their wise minds illumined for us. "Step by step these researches proved that the ether or astral light enveloping all forms is the cradle and the grave of objective nature, and that it holds the imperishable records of everything that ever existed, every phenomenon that ever occurred in the outer world. Thus the 'unfathomable chasm' seen by the great physical scientist Tyndall to lie between the visible and invisible worlds has been bridged, and science can carry on its research without resorting to vivisection, or even the magnetic sleep."

The sensitive, or psychometrist, is generally a merely passive spectator, like one who sits and observes a panorama; but in time he becomes able to influence the visions—to pass them along rapidly, or retain them longer for a close examination. Then the psychometrist at times dwells in that past whose history seems to be contained in the specimen—at least, he becomes released even from the specimen. At will he leaves the room, passes out into the air, looks down upon the city, sees the earth beneath him like a map; or, sailing still higher, beholds the round world rolling into darkness or sunlight beneath him. He drops upon island or continent, watches the wild tribes of Africa, explores the desert interior of Australia, or solves the problem of the earth's mysterious poles. He can do more than this; he becomes master of the ages. At his command the past of island and continent come up like ghosts from the infinite night, and he sees what they were, and how they were, what forms tenanted them, and marks their first human visitants, seeing the growth of a continent, and its fruitage in humanity, within the boundary of a little hour. The universe scarcely holds a secret that the freed spirit cannot behold with open eye. Professor Denton estimated that the psychometric faculty is possessed by at least four females in ten, and one man in ten.

The psychometrist needs no magnetic aid. He clasps the article to be examined in his hand—or holds it against the forehead—over the organ of wisdom, when he at once comes into sympathy with the soul of the person or thing with whom the object had been in relation; and delineates the same. "He appears to be in a perfectly natural condition," says Professor Denton, "during the time, and can readily notice what takes place in the room, frequently laying down the specimen, joining in conversation, and drawing objects seen, and then going on with the examinations.

When the specimen is in powder, it is merely necessary to stroke the forehead with as much as will cling to a damp finger, and where heavenly bodies are examined, the rays are allowed to shine upon the forehead."

Professor J. W. Draper, one of the ablest scientists and most brilliant writers of the present age, says: "A shadow never falls upon a wall without leaving thereupon a permanent trace—a trace which might be made visible by resorting to proper processes. Upon the walls of private apartments, where we think the eye of intrusion is altogether shut out, and our retirement can never be profaned, there exist the vestiges of all our acts, silhouettes of whatever we have done. It is a crushing thought to whoever has committed secret crime, that the picture of his deed, and the very echoes of his words, may be seen and heard countless years after he has gone the way of all flesh, and left a reputation for 'respectability' to his children."

To students of the mystic this truth should come home with great force, since they live, act, think, and speak under the observation of *spiritual preceptors*, from who no secrets of Nature can be hidden, if they choose to explore her temples of truth. This must act as a stimulus to self-reformation when all precept and example fail; "for it is proved that not only are the images of the past in the fadeless picture galleries of the Ether, but also the sounds of the past arise, even the perfumes of archaic flowers, withered ages ago, and the aromas of fruits that hung on trees when man was but a mumbling savage, and polar ice, a mile thick, covered what are now the fairest countries under the sun." Many of the members of the Gnostic societies are learning how *thought* can be sent out as messenger doves, to comfort and heal those who need.

In his letters to Mr. A. P. Sinnett, Mahatma K. H. says: "Every thought of man upon being evolved passes into another world and becomes an active entity by associating itself—coalescing, we might term it—with an elemental—that is to say, with one of the semi-intelligent forces of the kingdoms, a creature of the mind's begetting, for a longer or shorter period, proportionate with the original intensity of the cerebral action which generated it. Thus, a good thought is perpetuated as an active, beneficent power, an evil one as a malignant demon. The Hindu calls this *Karma*. The adept evolves these shapes consciously, other men throw them off unconsciously."

Among the published lectures given by Professor Denton in Australasia on psychometry, he said that during the last three hundred years the universe had been enlarged to our comprehension more than a thousand fold; the heavens had been expanded, and geology took in ages on ages further back, to seek for the beginning of our planet, than it did three hundred years ago. Just as the exterior universe had enlarged, so the interior universe of man had enlarged and become infinitely grander. There were heavenly bodies revolving within the mind of man, and this universe of ours was to be expanded, as the interior one had been, by the exercise of science and intellect. If we examine the eye of a man who is looking at a landscape, we can see the picture in miniature. Now, we have generally supposed that when a man turns his face to one side, the image is entirely eliminated, and cannot be renewed. He was satisfied that this was not correct. Sir Isaac Newton, who spent a great deal of his time examining the sun, declared that he could see it distinctly whenever he thought about it, even when he was in bed. The lecturer knew a great many persons like this. If they were handling objects during the day—picking berries or grapes—just as soon as their eyes were closed at night they could see the object with startling vividness. Niebuhr, the great Danish traveller, talked to his friends, after he was blind, of the beautiful scenes he had gazed upon in the East. They asked him how he could describe them so minutely. He said: "I can see them and describe them as no other man without this could do."

We read of a painter who drew three hundred accurate likenesses in one year. On being asked how he did this he replied: "When a man comes to me for his portrait I look at him and draw for half an hour, and then tell him to go and he need not come back to sit again." Now how could he finish the portrait? He says: "When I took out my canvas and wished to proceed, I saw my subject although he was not there, thus saving me trouble and permitting me to make a perfect likeness. By this means I finished a great many portraits in a short time, and saved expense." These pictures of what we have seen remain in us, and we only become aware of this when we are sick. Thus we find Hugh Miller

relating in his "Schools and Schoolmasters," that when he was a boy of fourteen, he saw at Edinburgh a play with a singular drop scene. He tells us that when he had a fever various images began to pass before him like the figures in an itinerant showman's box. He was well enough to know they were idle unrealities, but curious to know if his will would affect them, he wished for a death's head; instead there came a kettle on the fire that changed into a cataract with white foam and blue water, and then the whole came dashing down into one frightful sea of blood. The cataract was in every detail exactly coincident with the incantation scene in the theatre at Edinburgh. He further says: "I suspect that there are provinces in the mind that physicians have not ventured into." There is not a beggar upon the street that does not bear away in his mind more pictures than the best galleries that exist in the world. They are as indestructible as his soul, and will endure for ever. Not only do we daguerreotype what we see, but everything does the same to everything that is in its vicinity. You sit down to have your photograph taken by the old process. The operator says: "I have got you, and you can go." You say, "Let me have a look at it before I go." "No, I can't; there is nothing to be seen." "But didn't you say you had got me." "Yes, but it has to be developed." And you learn that your portrait may be taken and yet nothing seen of it. What man would have believed that a plate of metal could carry your photograph without being visible? Take a penny. Let it lie on a plate of polished metal for a little time and toss it off again. Now breathe upon the plate, and an image of the penny will be visible. Put it away for a year and the ghost of a penny will come out when breathed upon. The images of other things could be brought out by the sensitive mind, and the universe of knowledge revealed to the human soul. Dr. Buchanan was led to this study by a bishop of the Church of England, who was himself a sensitive, and could taste brass by touching it with his finger. Dr. Buchanan thought other people might be similarly constituted, and began to experiment with his students. Some of them could tell the different metals which were put into their hands without letting them see or know what kind they were. Then he tried them with medical substances, when it was an emetic they could only keep from vomiting by throwing it away. Some of those students are now practising medicine in the United States. They could also diagnose a sick person by taking his hand, and subsequently write out his character by the same means as correctly as a phrenologist could do it. Then it was found that when a person wrote a letter he permeated the paper with his influence, and he knew more than twenty people who could take that letter, place it to their forehead, close their eyes, and delineate the character of the individual who wrote it. What enabled the sensitive to do this? While they were writing Nature was drawing their image upon the letter, and, when the sensitive got it, out came the image that told the story. When he determined to test these facts, he began at home. He found that his sister could delineate the character of the writers of letters which he gave her—nay, even see their physical surroundings—and, in the case of a well-known lady, predicted the breaking of an abscess on the lungs, which was borne out exactly.

Mr. Denton, from whose Australian lecture these extracts are taken, continued to investigate, and determined to go one step further. If letters photographed, why not fossils? He was then in the fossil line, so he gave his sister a specimen from the carboniferous formation; closing her eyes, she described those swamps and trees, with their tufted heads and scaly trunks, with the great froglike animals that existed in that age. To his inexpressible delight the key to the ages was in his hands. He concluded that Nature had been photographing from the very first. The black islands that floated upon the fiery sea, the gelatinous dots, the first life on our planet, up through everything that flew or swam, had been photographed by Nature, and ten thousand experiments had confirmed the theory. He got a specimen of the lava that flowed from Kilava, in Hawaii, in 1848. His sister by its means described the boiling ocean, the cataract of molten lava that almost equalled Niagara in size. A small fragment of a meteorite that fell in Painesville, O., was given to his wife's mother, a sensitive who did not then believe in psychometry. This is what she said: "I seem to be travelling away, away, through nothing, right forward. I see what looks like stars and mist. I seem to be taken right up; the other specimens took me down." His wife, independently, gave a similar description, but saw it revolving, and its tail of sparks.

He took steps to prove that this was not mind reading by wrapping the specimens in paper, shaking them up in a hat, and allowing the sensitive to pick one out and describe it, without any one knowing which it was. Among them were a fragment of brick from ancient Rome, antimony from Borneo, silver from Mexico, basalt from Fingal's Cave. Each place was described correctly by the sensitive in the most minute detail. A fragment from the Mount of Olives brought a description of Jerusalem; and one from the Great Pyramid enabled a young man of Melbourne to name and describe it. There was a practical side to the question. His wife had, from a chip of wood, described a suicide; this was subsequently confirmed. A number of experiments from a fragment of Kent's Cave, fragments from Pompeii and other places, brought minute descriptions from the sensitive.

The lecturer concluded by declaring that these were scientific facts, which could be verified at any time. He knew of their truth as well as he knew he lived. These faculties belonged to the spirit. We are not to die and be kicked into a hole; we are men and women with immortal spirits that can range the universe when death shall take our bodies.—*Banner of Light*.

A JOURNEY FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE.

BY VINCENT BECKETT.

PART I.

MR. ASA OLDER, tall, thin, and wiry, was hastening along an awakening city street on his way to business. His sharp eyes were on the pavement and his ever busy mind was struggling with problems awaiting him in the day's routine. Mechanically his quick steps turned a familiar corner. A hubbub, a clatter, and a loud outcry struck his ears, and caused him to cast a glance ahead, and almost at the same instant a foaming pair of runaway horses in mad flight struck him down, trampled him under their merciless feet and went on.

The accident was so sudden and so stunning that Mr. Older could hardly realise that he had been run over. He had scarcely dropped the reverie thus disturbed before he had regained his feet. He looked about to see if his mishap was observed, recovered his hat, brushed the dirt from his clothes, and proceeded to make an examination of himself. His left arm hung loosely, and the bones seemed fractured in two places, his chest was crushed in, and the sharp cork of a shoe had pierced his temple. He pronounced his injuries severe, and was greatly surprised that they gave him no pain or inconvenience. The broken bones of his arm grated together when moved, but did not interfere with its use. He needed no assistance from the crowd that soon gathered on the spot, but he was a little chagrined that no help was offered, even no inquiry made after his welfare.

He continued his walk to the office. It was early, and the door was still closed. He felt disturbed and uneasy and disinclined to work, so he sauntered over to the park and seated himself on one of the benches.

Mr. Older had never been a lover of Nature. He had, in fact, never raised his eyes from his desk long enough to see anything more to a tree than a convenient shelter, or to a grass plot than a welcome relief from sand, dust and weeds. But on this morning the carpet of green velvet, pencilled with light and shade, the swaying branches and fluttering leaves, the chattering of the squirrels and the varying tones of the garrulous birds soothed his disturbed nerves and gave rest and peace. He wondered that he had for so long a time allowed this charming place for innocent recreation to go undiscovered. He resolved to visit the park oftener in future.

When he visited the office again there was a crape on the door. Startled at first, he recollected that his partner's mother had been ill, and her death expected for a long time. It was the dull season, and there being nothing pressing in the way of business he returned to further enjoy the newly discovered beauties of the park. The sun had taken possession of his previous seat, so he selected another. He drew some nuts from his pocket and tried to make friends with the squirrels, but the little fellows sat and rubbed their paws or dug at the roots of the grass and gave him no heed. Friends hastened past, intent on errands on which the fate of the nation seemed to depend, and he nodded pleasantly, but no one returned his salutation. No one appeared to see him. He was inclined to be displeased, but when he recalled how often he had been scolded for passing his best friends on the

street without seeing them, he turned away from the passers-by, and amused himself by conjuring figures and pictures from the chance shapes of the patches of sunshine and shadow spread out on the tree-studded lawn. In one shadow he traced the outlines of a church with a steeple many times higher than itself; then in a short time he made out a camel with two humps kneeling to receive a load; another shadow pictured a mountain with a tree growing out of a shelf of rocks on its side; turning to the church again he found it changed to a pair of lovers in fond embrace. Thus employed the forenoon passed quickly.

Inasmuch as he was making of this a holiday he would surprise and delight his wife by going home to lunch. It was more than likely that she had not yet heard of his partner's bereavement and, therefore, would not be expecting him. He jogged his memory for the last occasion when he lunched at home on a week day, but only reached the conclusion that it was many years ago. He promised himself much enjoyment in the unusual occurrence to-day.

There was crape on his own door. This time Mr. Older was actually astonished. He was vexed, likewise. It couldn't be, he queried, that they intended to hold the funeral at his home. Lowther had a roomy residence, larger and more convenient than his, and with the old lady gone, there was no one but himself and sister to occupy it. There could certainly be no good reason, he protested, for bringing the remains to his home, if that had been done, and if not, the families were not so intimate socially as to call for such a marked expression of sympathy. He hurried into the house. The windows were darkened, and he found in the dining-room and kitchen no preparation for luncheon. The servants were sitting with listless hands or walking about on tiptoe. Mrs. Older and her daughters were not visible, and he made a search for them. They were found in the parlour all plunged in the deepest grief. A bier stood in the centre of the room, with snow-white covering outlining a human figure. Mr. and Miss Lowther were present, but Mr. Older fancied that his own family acted the part of chief mourners, while the Lowthers took the rôle of comforters. He was nonplussed.

He felt that this was "not his funeral," as he expressed it, and that the making of it so without consulting him, was, to say the least, an intrusion. He was not in an amiable frame of mind when he entered the room. However, nobody looked up or otherwise noticed him. He stood beside his wife, and laid his hand on her shoulder. He uttered her name, but even when he shook her, gently at first, and then almost savagely, she neither raised her face from her handkerchief, nor in any manner recognised his presence. Questions repeatedly addressed to his daughters and to Lowther elicited no response, and having satisfied himself that attention was deliberately refused him by all, Mr. Older, thoroughly incensed, strode noisily from the room and out of the house.

He seated himself on the portico, and long and earnestly pondered the strange attitudes assumed toward him by his family and friends. His wife was ever a pattern of devotion, and his daughters kind, loving and obedient. Now, without warning or cause, that he was aware of, he was made a stranger in his own home—worse than a stranger, a nonentity, ignored, made an object of contempt and ridicule by those he loved best. The thought was gall and wormwood to him who was used to having his commands obeyed and his slightest wish respected. Impatiently restless with the riddle that he could not solve he passed out of the gate and stood on the walk. A neighbour hastening homeward almost ran over him, but made no response to his friendly greeting or gave him faintest notice. Surely the neighbours must be in the plot, he thought, and he almost resolved in his mighty indignation to knock down the very next person who should insult him, just to let it be known that he could resent it. He also felt inclined to return to the house and raise a brisk racket—do something that would fetch the police, and bring scandal on all concerned. But his pride allowed such rash thoughts only momentary harbour. Dignity suggested that if people wished to snub him it was one of their inalienable privileges to do so. If his own family could live without him he certainly could live without them.

But in spite of his wrath he had to smile to see the June zephyr sport with a gentleman's hat, and his frantic efforts to recover it. The hat took a dash across the street and lodged against the curb. The owner followed and put out his hand, confidently, to grasp it as it started off rolling slowly on its rim. The man made a flying leap, took a few quick steps and planted a foot savagely on the spot where

his hasty calculation said it should be, but where it was not, because of its having gone careering away to the right. The hat lay in the dust until the moment when he would have seized it, and then it started on again, leading in a sprint race of a block and dropping into a pool formed by a defective hydrant.

After this diversion Mr. Older felt better. Misery loves company, and he had seen somebody else annoyed. But this was a day of surprises. Walking down the street, at the first corner he met, nearly face to face, an old and highly esteemed friend whom he had not seen for a long time, not since—truly, he attended his funeral a year or more ago. He halted in pleased astonishment, and gazed a moment at the gentleman as at an apparition. The conspiracy, as Mr. Older termed it, seemed far-reaching, for even this person would have gone his way without speaking had not Mr. Older hailed him. Hearing his name called, however, he turned back and expressed much pleasure at the meeting.

The friends sauntered on together. After the first moment Mr. Older forgot that there was anything remarkable in the apparent resurrection of one whom he had helped to bury, and they conversed on the leading topics of the day as if there had been no separation of a year. As they walked they constantly met other acquaintances who were supposed by Mr. Older to be lying quietly under six feet of earth. Some he had not seen since childhood. One was a man solemnly condemned by a jury of his peers, sentenced by a just judge, and who it was thought slid down to purgatory on a rope greased by the county sheriff. The day being warm the light scarf about his neck was thrown back, and the livid marks of the rope showed plainly on his neck. The natural wonder excited by these unusual and unexpected meetings passed off quickly, and they appeared the most natural things in the world. Mr. Older soon forgot his troubles at home, and spent a happy afternoon in renewing old acquaintanceships.

As evening drew near he turned his steps homeward. He found no welcome change in the situation. There was the same air of gloom and the same tearful wife and daughters. There was also a continued inattention to his presence, but this no longer angered him. Indifference took the place of indignation, and he made no further attempts to command notice. Alone and in silence he partook of the cold lunch set out. He sought his accustomed bed early.

The occurrences of the day, so unexampled and mystifying, occupied his thoughts and drove away sleep, and he arose, dressed, and went out for a stroll. He wondered at so many people being abroad at night. He met the man with the rope marks on his neck, and soon perceived that most of the prowlers were of like stamp.

He returned to the chamber and quietly seated himself beside the bed. His wife's face was turned toward him. Her cheeks looked unnaturally white and drawn, as from suffering, and tears had marked their pale surface. Again he marvelled that his partner's affliction should so distress her, and after much study he left the problem still unsolved. He sat a long time and studied the careworn features, and it occurred to him that this was the first time in twenty years that he had paused in his absorbing pursuit of wealth long enough to closely observe that dear face—dear still, if long neglected. He had not before noticed that grey hairs had wolfishly crept in among the beautiful auburn locks, and that the angular tally marks of departed years marred the fair skin. In reverie he went back to courtship days, and the love then declared again thrilled his being, and he knew that it had not diminished in the rubbish of business. His conscience smote him, and, in his penitence, he bent over the quiet woman and gently kissed her lips. He thought her asleep, but as he touched her the white arms came up and closely encircled his neck, and the parted lips, still soft and sweet, murmured his name. Long he rested in the welcome embrace. Days and scenes, pushed so far back into the past as to seem to belong to an altogether different person, returned with all their joyful sensations, and he became a happy lover once more. A look of supreme happiness brightened his sweetheart's face, lending it girlish beauty, and making it certain that the husband's caresses in age were not less welcome than the lover's in youth. Two hearts, long estranged by worldliness, once more entwined and the old days of unalloyed happiness were relieved in reminiscences. The hours were as moments that brought a timid glow of light to herald the day.

(To be concluded.)

THE TWO WORLDS.

The People's Popular Penny Spiritual Paper.

SENT POST FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD for 12 weeks for 1/6; 6 months for 3/3; one year for 6/6. Subscriptions may be commenced at any time.

FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1892.

EDITOR AND GENERAL MANAGER:
E. W. WALLIS.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COMPANY'S REGISTERED OFFICE, AT 73A, CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER.

MEDIUMS, ATTENTION! PRIZES FOR YOU!

OUR good brother and co-worker, Mr. J. J. Morse, has placed in our hands a copy of that valuable and instructive work by Epes Sargent, "THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF SPIRITUALISM" (which was published in America at 6s. 6d., and republished in this country by Mr. Morse, post free, 4s. 6d.)—as a prize for the best essay by a medium on the important subject, IS MEDIUMSHIP INJURIOUS TO HEALTH OR DEMORALISING IN ITS TENDENCY?

Now, mediums, what do *you know* on this subject? A very great deal has been said *pro* and *con* by people who are not mediums. It is now your turn. You can speak from experience as well as observation. Give us facts, statistics if you have any, and forward your answers *on or before August 2nd*. Essays must be written *on one side of the paper only*, and should NOT EXCEED 2,000 WORDS. We have received from our good friend "Arcanus" copies of his useful little book, "Modern Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," one of which we will give as a second prize.

THE TRUE FAITH.

THE message of Spiritualism to the world is of such deep import that we can never be too earnestly admonished of the magnitude of the work in which we are engaged. These are stirring times, when the destinies of nations hang in the balance; when history is being made with startling rapidity. The age is witnessing a rapid, silent, but none the less certain, revolution. Old ideas are departing, old landmarks are submerged by the advancing tide, and the all-daring spirit of the times holds nothing too sacred for its investigation, or too solemn for scrutiny. Where a few years ago men looked askance, and with bated breath and awe-struck mien tremblingly obeyed, they now boldly assail with the watchwords of science, and the cry for knowledge, "Why? how? and what for?"

This is the age of "questions," of "doubt," and to some extent denial; we "want to know, you know." Every pet theory, time-honoured belief, and venerated and fondly cherished faith must submit to the overhauling. Is this to be deplored or is it a source of pleasure? It matters little whether we are pleased or vexed, whether with pessimistic views we dread the consequences and see in these noteworthy tendencies of the age evidences of the decay of faith and decadence of humanity, or, with optimistic cheerfulness regard them as favourable evidences of the growth of freedom and reliance, the spread of knowledge and the existence of a rational faith, a faith that dares to question because certain of obtaining an answer. The facts are there, and must be met. We must make the best we can of them. Yet we may endeavour to pierce the gloom and cast the horoscope that we may foresee dangers, and direct our energies towards conserving the good and preserving the beautiful. It appears to us there is danger in intense individualism, as there is in all excess. We may scan so closely that in discovering minor flaws we lose sight of the beauty in outline and form. Nay, in our heedless search for truth, and egotistical conceit, we may blindly pass by the pearls of wisdom at our feet in rushing to the mountain tops. We may trample down the flowers of truth, love, and beauty in our excessive zeal to uproot weeds. Thus insistence on "individual rights" may be hurtful to ourselves, and injurious to our neighbours; and freedom unrestrained may, and often does, blow itself up to bull-frog dimensions in its assumption that what it does not know is not worth knowing, or cannot be known. There are many who, failing to stand reverently and lovingly knocking at the portals of the Temple of Truth and Wisdom, are unable to possess their souls in patience and hold their opinions tentatively. They fail to remember that acquiring knowledge, learning and unlearning, is the business of life to the end of the chapter.

In spite of all that agnosticism and materialism may say to the contrary, Faith has been a positive element in the past in moulding the destinies of men and nations; even misplaced faith has been utilised either in action or reaction, to bring about civilisations and progress. The Star Chamber and Inquisitorial horrors, by reactive influence, defeated their own ends, and the excessive zeal of those who thought they did God service in mangling His humanity, by the very wickedness of their virtues broke every fetter with which they tried to bind humanity. Persecution has ever caused a greater rebound in the direction of freedom. Thus Faith has to be reckoned with—nay, is it not itself the inspirer of the question, Why? Well sings the poet,

"There is more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

For the man of creeds does not dare to doubt, to question, and explore. He loves not truth, and dare not trust her for fear she should lead him away from his credal moorings.

Yet "the credulity of incredulity" that greedily devours all and every theory and half-formed hypothesis; that rashly denies the possibility of soul, future life, God, or spirit, is more unworthy than the gullibility of Faith.

Deep down in the human consciousness swell the intuitive ideas of God, of truth, of progress, of duty, and of immortality. These are positive motive powers, and move to deeds of self-sacrifice and devotion. From a sense of duty and love of truth many a one has acted and loved "not wisely, but too well," and in the realm of spirit, where *motives* are weighed rather than actions and consequences, these will stand to the credit of the actors. Love, deep, true and undying, sometimes called faith, sometimes charity, and sometimes trust, love to God and man, of truth and duty, is the centre of all the lasting achievements of humanity. Love bridges the gulf of ignorance and fear, intuitively senses the fact of immortality, demonstrates the necessity of a life beyond the grave, and brings back the dear ones across the golden rainbow bridge of glory, and whispers comfort, peace, and hope into stricken hearts.

Spiritualism, in the evidence it gives of "continued personal existence," is doing mighty work; the full measure and significance of which cannot be computed by those who at this hour as pioneers experience the heat and burden of the conflict, and can scarce recognise the value of their labours because of the dust and din of battle.

Like a bow of promise, Spiritualism spans the heavens in glory, uniting the diverging tendencies of the hour, conserving and protecting the best attributes and feelings of humanity, while forbidding licence and lust. Proclaiming freedom, but insisting on abnegation and loving surrender of self for the sake of principles. Denouncing credulity, mis-called faith, yet exalting faith to regal position, faith in God, in truth, in human nature and progress, and giving basis of fact firm and sure to faith in immortality and undying love. We have faith that—

"As round and round we run,
Ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

OUR FIRST HOLIDAY NUMBER ON JULY 29, in time for the August Bank Holiday, will contain the concluding portion of the remarkable narrative, entitled,
FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE,

which is commenced this week, also a Complete Story by Mr. James Clare, entitled,

THE STORY OF A DREAM.

An interesting allegorical tale by STANLEY FITZPATRICK, called
THE TEMPLE OF TRUTH,

and the opening chapter of a Grand New Serial Story, by WALTER EDWARDS, whose "Saved by a Spirit" in our Fourth Missionary Number was so much admired. The Story we now have the pleasure of placing before our readers is thoroughly Spiritualistic, Realistic, Sensational, and Fascinating. It will, we feel sure, prove of absorbing interest to our readers, and will be read with profit because of its testimony to facts, its presentation of the Spiritual philosophy, its human interest, and thrilling incidents. It will run for about four months, and is entitled,

SPIRIT GUIDED, OR, RE-UNITED BY THE DEAD.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY J. BRONTE.

THE organisers in our movement have again been to the front. The report you presented in *The Two Worlds*, July 8, gives a good bird's-eye view of the events. Being present, I am satisfied with its correctness. Your reporter must have exercised a large amount of wakefulness to have caught so varied a vision of all that transpired. Everything was favourable to the demonstration—beautiful weather, large crowds of observers, numerous processionists, sweet music, good humour, and unity of purpose. Never before in the history of Spiritualism in Great Britain has so vast an assemblage of people paraded the streets of any town to proclaim the "truth against the world." These organisers are certainly history makers, and one of their red-letter days in the calendar of Spiritualism is 2nd July, 1892. Burnley is a Radical town, beyond a peradventure; and as the central principle of our movement is progress and reform, it was a happy omen that our first Conference, held under constitutional rules, should have been held at such an important place, haloed with progressive thought and centralised with reformatory energy. This Lancashire borough is located in a broad valley, amongst the hills that form the backbone of Old England; and when we look at the sturdy, energetic, straight-forward, outspoken, and fearless residents, we feel that here are the people who make the backbone of English Spiritualism. I know of no town where Spiritualism has rooted itself so deeply as it has done here. Three cheers for Burnley!

We live in an age of democratic tendencies, when government tends towards the people by the people and for the people. The movements of Sunday were largely in that direction. Mr. Swindlehurst struck the keynote when he proposed equality of taxation. Membership to any cause is a valuable and essential matter; without it no movement can grow and be useful. But the more members can be made to feel they are upon an equal footing, with privileges to none, the greater their sense of security and strength of the organisation. The smallness of the present membership fee should act as a stimulus to all to associate themselves with the work of organisation and propagandism. Organisation is a primary factor of all life; propagandism is a function of being. If Spiritualism is a living thing, and is to continue to live, it will need to bend to the laws of existence. Spiritualists everywhere desire to see Spiritualism grow and become a power in the land. That being so, and organisation being a necessity for this end, it becomes a duty that every one should do their best towards assisting the work of federating our forces for work, banding together all who profess our common facts and principles. I am well aware that there are those who tell us that "all organisations tend to tyranny and fossilisation, and that Spiritualism has done useful work without any organisation." True; but there comes a time when unity is needed, when defence is a necessity, when men and women must exercise their highest good and make their deepest impression; and from the experience of the ages we have to say that thousands united together with oneness of purpose are stronger and more useful than hundreds of times their numbers, undisciplined and disorganised. As to organisation producing tyranny and fossilisation, I would say that is not the case. History does not prove it. The past proclaims that ignorant masses, led by selfish persons desirous of obtaining and maintaining their own purposes, have often used the power of organisation to restrain progressive thought and to retard the wellbeing of humanity. But this does not prove that organisation is false. It only shows that useful agencies may be used for evil ends. For every forward movement of the race has been finally carried to a successful issue by organisation. In the hands of intelligent people, for intelligent people and intelligent purposes, organisation is the most powerful lever to secure good results. It is not the organisations of the past that have been primarily wrong, but the misuse of their power by unscrupulous persons at the expense of others. Spiritualism and the age are decidedly democratic, and under such conditions we need not fear that organisation can be any other than useful, helping humanity to higher and holier freedom. "Unity with Liberty" is the watchword of the democracy. Let the Spiritual democracy inscribe it on their banners, and in the hour of battle let it be their cry, that zeal and energy may be stimulated that shall overcome all opposing forces.

The motion by Mr. Simkin, re payment of speakers for future evening meetings on Conference Sundays, created

some little, plain, straight talk. I hope it did good. The principle that a speaker (worker) is worthy of his hire was fully recognised. The friction seemed to come in the particular application of the principle to Conference evening. Just so. Some of our friends must have no doubt overlooked the propaganda committee's report, showing such splendid results at the merest outlay—the result of the generous work of speakers. There we had recorded the sacrifices of mediums and workers for the good of the cause. Mrs. Smith touched the true point. Too much had been made of money sacrifices and payment of fees, but she, woman-like, reminded us of home and its surroundings. The payment of fees is a trifling matter, a money good is a small concern compared with the sacrifice of home and all that belongs to it—for what? a cold railway journey, a blinding snow storm, a severe drenching with rain, late hours, chills, colds, aches—heart and limbs—and a thousand other things; and then, on the other hand, a few smiles, some frowns, soft and other kinds of words, empty or full benches, applause or not, and what besides, a few shillings at most. Please, who makes the sacrifice—we of our coppers, or the mediums of home and all its sympathies and enjoyments? Money can never pay a man or woman for the loss of his "ain" fireside. Let us look at this medium question and the payment thereof from other than mere money gains or losses. We do not live by bread alone, but by the fulfilment of our desires, the exercise of our powers, and the reception and bestowal of that sympathy which to all hearts is the vital power of being.

The particular point for which Mr. White laboured is of importance under certain conditions, viz., when visiting at seaside resorts, or during long journeys by rail or ship. I have, when spending a Sunday at the seaside, found it very troublesome to have no one to go and converse with. Had we some distinctive means of recognising one another, no doubt amongst the thousands of wanderers "down by the sea" we should be able to find some like ourselves who were hungering for companionship, and so much of *ennui* might be saved, and a pleasant hour enjoyed, and perhaps lasting friendships established.

The work of the Federation seemed to me, as I listened to first one speaker and then another, and carefully noted the report presented, to be only just beginning. I felt that our principles needed to be more distinctly stated in short and clear sentences, and that the Conference should affirm them. No mystery, no verbosity, but a simple statement of our central facts. Could not the Executive by the time another Conference comes round have a prettily-designed banner on which could be stated our faith?—

The Fatherhood of God.

The Brotherhood of Man.

Human Immortality.

Open Communion between Two Worlds.

Sequence of Deeds.

This banner could be hung over the speakers' heads, and all could thus see wherein we trust.

In conclusion I would suggest that a special letter be drafted and printed, to be sent to each society, explaining more fully the motives of the Federation than at present given, and requesting the honour of a reply. I am sorry to say it, but I feel its truth, that our secretaries do not take sufficient active interest in the welfare and development of our movement, and thus often keep back from societies information that ought to be given them. The same may be said of the members of societies, that, when appeals have been made through the press, they have not inquired as to why the matter has not been brought before them. "Everybody's business" has been nobody's work, and so matters have been allowed to slide. I hope this state of affairs will soon be altered, and that we shall have a revival of interest and enthusiasm, that the cause of Spiritualism may soon be in a more healthy and prosperous condition.

Eternity is not beyond the stars—
Some far hereafter—it is *here* and *now*!
The Kingdom of Heaven is within us here;
We do not see it save by spirit sight.

BLESSED are they whose treasures are in heaven!
Their griefs too rich for our poor comforting.
Let us put on the robe of readiness.
The golden trumpet will be sounding soon,
That calls us to the gathering in the heavens!
Let us press forward to their summit of life,
Who have ceased to pant for breath and won their rest,
And there is no more parting, no more pain.

—Gerald Massey.

ON CREEDS.

AN aged man once met some friends,
When walking in the park ;
'Twas evening in the month of June,
And very nearly dark.
"Hello!" they all cried out at once,
"We're glad we've met to-night,
For you shall now our umpire be
And tell us which is right."
'I will," said he, "if in my power,
On this you may rely,
That I will most impartial be
In giving my reply.
But what's the subject—let me hear
The opinions of each man,
That I may judge between you all
As fairly as I can."

At this they all spoke up at once
And told him it was true
They all of them the Bible took
And read it through and through ;
But though they read the self-same words
No two there could agree
In what it taught about a God
Or of eternity.
"Stop, stop, my friends," the old man cried,
"One at a time, I pray,
That I may pay attention to
What each man has to say.
Remember this in everything,
You should your reason use,
In charity to all mankind,
And never it abuse."

"Well, sir, you see," thus Smith began,
"At morning, noon, and night,
I've sought and found the grace of God,
And therefore know I'm right.
If others would but do the same,
They very soon, like me,
Would be convinced of that great truth—
The holy Trinity."
"A Trinity," said Brown, and smiled,
"To me seems really fun ;
For that declares three separate Gods
Are all rolled into one.
A Unitarian am I,
And thus I seek God's light,
And what is more, I feel convinced
And positive I'm right."

Then Mr. Jones, a learned man,
Who'd gone deep into science,
Said never yet a God he'd found
On whom to put reliance.
For Father, Son, or Holy Ghost,
He did not care a pin ;
To know the world went round and round
Was quite enough for him.
Then Mr. Robinson began,
And said there was no hope
For anyone unless he'd got
The blessing of the Pope.
Within the Roman Catholic Church,
He said each son and daughter
Was saved from sin and purgatory
By mass and holy water.

Another friend, a traveller bold,
Who'd sailed the world all round,
Declared in every land he'd been
A new creed he had found ;
But as no facts could be adduced
To prove the truth of one,
He felt compelled to give it up,
And so believed in none.
"I've heard enough," the old man cried,
"And heartily I grieve
To hear what differences there are
In what men do believe.
Of course, you know, I can't pretend
To say which may be right,
Yet still I'd like to say a word
On what's been said to-night."

"Well, friends, it's ninety years ago
Since I began at birth
The long and weary pilgrimage
That I have had on earth.
And though I stand alone to-day,
Of troubles had my share,
I never once have doubted yet
A God's protecting care.
It's very true I've often thought,
As we have done to-night,
About the various creeds there are,
And which of them is right.
But soon I found none could explain
This mystery to man,
So I resolved to think myself.
I'll tell you now my plan.

"Well, first of all, I'm perfectly
As certain as the grave
That He who made the universe
And all conditions gave
Must be all-wise, all-powerful,
And knew ere time began .
The object which He had in view
For making it and man.
The truth of this you must admit,
Or by the merest glance,
You'll see at once and have to own
That all things came by chance.
But this is false is easily shown,
For never will you find
That matter—shape it how you like—
Is the same thing as mind.

"Well, next of this I'm satisfied,
That He, who life did give
Without our knowledge or consent
And placed us here to live,
Will just as surely when He takes
Us from this earthly sphere
Provide us homes as suitable
As He has done while here.
I don't mean Heaven, so far away,
As Churchmen love to teach,
Whose distance makes it seem almost
Impossible to reach ;
But spirit-homes here close at hand,
Whence guardian angels come
To cheer us on our journey here
And meet us when 'tis done.

"A spirit-home where all of us
Would like to go from choice,
And where the righteous man will find
He'll have cause to rejoice.
And even that poor wandering soul
That never thought of Him,
Will justice—oh, and mercy too—
Receive, though steeped in sin.
Thus, friends, you see, believing this,
I never feel I need
Accept, dispute, or contradict,
Another person's creed.
Besides, I've found no argument
Will make these matters clear ;
Then let us wait with confidence,
And do our duty here.

"Our duty here's another thing,
Then understand me quite,
I say, while here, to search for God
Is absolutely right ;
In short, there's nothing else on earth
Affords such joy to me
As seeking Him through all the laws
That rule immensity.
Thus seeking God from day to day,
I see Him every hour ;
I see Him in the lofty trees,
And in each tiny flower ;
I see Him in the silent calm,
And in the tempest wild ;
I see Him in the beast of prey,
And in the little child.

"I see Him in the mountain range,
That's crowned with virgin snow ;
I see Him in the fertile plains,
And valleys stretched below.
I see Him in the ocean vast,
And in the changing tide ;
I see Him in the village brooks,
That through the meadows glide.
I see Him in the noonday sun,
When all's aglow with light ;
I see Him in the starlit skies,
And in the darkest night.
In fact, I see Him everywhere,
Which ever way I look ;
And don't believe—and never will—
He's shut up in a book.

"Who is there, when they think of it,
Don't see the wond'rous plan,
How God by slow degrees unfolds
The intellect of man ?
This clearly shows He's working now,
And gives us as we've need ;
Then why should men dispute about
Some antiquated creed ?
Much better would it be for them
To use their reasoning power,
And try to grasp and understand
The lessons of the hour.
If all did this, then all would see
All things are working right,
And honouring God, who made us all.
And now, my friends, good night."—*John Rouse.*

[We have been specially desired to print the above poem. It was published some time ago in *The Medium*. The friend who sends it has obtained permission from Mrs. Rouse for it to appear in *The Two Worlds*.]

PLATFORM RECORD.

ARMLEY. Temperance Hall.—Afternoon, Mr. Barraclough discoursed on "How Spiritualists should live." Mrs. Farnsworth gave clairvoyance. Evening, "Socialism." Mr. Barraclough's zeal for the cause of humanity, and his earnest manner, won the admiration even of those who did not agree with his opinions. Mrs. Farnsworth's clairvoyant descriptions were very good.—W. Mc.L.

ASHTON.—Mr. Taylor's control offered prayer afternoon and evening. Mr. Peter Lee spoke on "Reasons for the faith that is in us." Mr. Taylor, a natural clairvoyant, gave very good descriptions, nearly all recognised. Mr. Peter Lee's excellent evening discourse on the "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism" gave great satisfaction. Mr. Taylor's clairvoyant descriptions were successful. He also told one or two of their ailments and what to get for them. Several questions were asked and answered. Our friend, Mr. Raynor, of Oldham, kindly and ably officiated as our chairman. We had a good audience in the afternoon; at night we were quite full.

BOLTON. Knowsley Street (Central).—A good day with Mrs. Howarth. Both subjects were chosen from the hymns sung. Successful clairvoyance after each address. Miss Dewhurst kindly accompanied on the organ, for which she has our warmest thanks.—H., sec.

BIRMINGHAM. Broad Street Corner Coffee House.—Thursday, Members' circle kindly conducted by Victor Wyldes. Oozells Street Board Schools. Sunday evening: Our esteemed friend Victor Wyldes presided as chairman. An impressive control through Mr. Knibb spoke upon "Selfishness as being the worst form of Baal worship." Audience large and attentive.

BIRMINGHAM. Camden Street Board School.—Mrs. Groom's guides spoke on "Which shall triumph, Ancient Faith or Modern Facts?" The thought of the nineteenth century has broadened out. If religion must succeed in impressing thinking mankind, it must be by phenomenal proofs and by practice of spiritual gifts, giving facts to all men. A poem was given upon Logic, which met with applause. Good audience.—C. D.

BLACKBURN.—Mr. Wallis in the afternoon gave an address on "How Spiritualism can help all Sorts and Conditions of People in Both Worlds." Evening: Answers to questions. On both occasions the audiences were at times held spell-bound, eager recipients of the words of wisdom and eloquence. Crowded at night.—T. S.

BRIGHTON. Oddfellows Hall.—A grand day with the guides of Miss Patefield, who discoursed in the afternoon on "Angels, who and what are they?" a powerful and uplifting discourse, not easily to be erased from the minds of those who listened to her thrilling appeal. Evening subject, "Religion, past, present, and future." Dealt with in a manner which gave the greatest satisfaction. Figuratively speaking, seeds were sown to a moderate audience which we hope will grow and become productive of good. Clairvoyance after each address, mostly recognised. We look forward to her next visit. With such speakers as Miss Patefield we are bound to make progress. Many thanks to the speaker.—J. Shaw, cor. sec.

BURNLEY. Guy Street, Gannow Top.—An intellectual treat from our esteemed friend Mrs. Russell, whose guides discoursed on "In my father's house are many mansions," &c., and "What is the need of the age?" Excellently handled, followed by very successful clairvoyance.

BURNLEY. 102, Padibam Road.—The guides of Mr. Davis discoursed on subjects from the audience and were very interesting, especially in the evening, on "Spiritualism a revealer." Psychometry at each service.—J. W.

CARDIFF.—Mr. Richard Phillips gave a very interesting continuation of his experiences in Queensland, chiefly relating to customs and modes of living of the native races, followed by a very lucid and comprehensive address upon "The Lawfulness of Spiritualism." He met the common objection of orthodox people—that intercourse with "familiar spirits" is unlawful, and prohibited in the Scriptures—by saying that in the days when the prohibitions were made, the practice of what we now know as "black magic" had become a real and tangible evil, being practised for purely selfish ends, and that nothing analogous to our spirit circle, in which motives of a far different character form the incentive, then existed. The members' séance after the service was led by Mrs. Billingsley in an interesting manner, several good clairvoyant descriptions being given, of which most were recognised. Brother J. J. Morse, of London, will be with us next Sunday.—E. A.

CLEOKHEATON. Walker Street.—Afternoon: We were disappointed; Mrs. Summersgill missed her train, but Mrs. Rigglesworth took her place, and also gave good tests on psychometry. Mr. Nuttall gave a few remarks on "Spiritualism and its Teachings." Evening: Mrs. Summersgill's guides gave a splendid discourse on "Spiritualism as a Redeemer to the World." Then she asked for subjects, and gave two very good poems on "Life" and "Drink."—J. B.

FELLING. Hall of Progress.—Mr. J. Clare gave "A Review of the Prophets in Ancient and Modern Times," which gave great satisfaction to a respectable audience. Speaker, Sunday next, Mr. J. Berkshire. Saturday, July 30, second anniversary tea and concert. Tea at 5 p.m., adults 9d., children half-price. Hoping our friends will honour us with their presence.—J. D.

FOLESHILL.—Evening: Circle meeting. The guides of one of our young mediums, Mr. Nellpar (trance), gave short addresses, also advice to some in circle. Clairvoyance very good, mostly recognised. Our picnic next Saturday to Henley-in-Arden. Brakes start from Edgwick, 12.45. Fare and tea, 2/6; children, 1/3.—W. Cowley.

GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE. 79, Taylor Terrace.—Small attendances lately. Owing to the summer time, most people are enjoying the open-air, but last Sunday we had a good company. One of Mr. T. R. Penman's guides delivered a short discourse on "Spiritualism," some strangers being present, showing how Spiritualism is the greatest reformer of the age, and will sweep away the superstitions of past ages, after which we formed a circle and had a good time.—G. Cuthill.

HALIFAX.—On Sunday we had good audiences to listen to the guides of Mr. J. W. Sutcliffe, who paid us his first visit. The subjects dealt with were, "Is Spiritualism essential?" and "Spiritualism, what is it?" which were handled in a manner that reflects the greatest credit. Psychometry at the close, in which were given some astounding tests. It is hoped he will soon be with us again.—F. A. M.

HECKMONDWIKE. Blanket Hall Street.—A splendid day with the guides of Mr. and Mrs. Galley. Mr. Swinscoe, who had been a Catholic, gave an address on "How curiously he became a Spiritualist." Mrs. Galley, controlled by her own mother, spoke of the comfort and consolation spirits derived from being able to impress their friends and relations with noble thoughts. Evening: Mrs. Galley's guides discoursed on "Where are our departed friends?" Notwithstanding the opposition and bigotry, they were glad to know there were some who knew their dear ones did return. Spirits returned in ancient days in "the upper room," and our Father God has not stopped the road, nor does He intend to do so. Mr. Galley took handkerchiefs, hair, &c., from invalids, and described their every ache and pain very precisely, giving great satisfaction.—W. H.

HEYWOOD.—Mrs. Hyde delivered good discourses, impressing upon her listeners the great importance of living up to the teachings of Spiritualism. Just as the good and noble lives shine here, so will they prosper and enjoy to the fullest extent the glories of the great hereafter. Clairvoyance very good.

HOLLINWOOD.—Mr. Hesketh took a subject from the audience, "Life in the Spirit World." Afterwards Mr. Williams gave nine clairvoyant descriptions, seven recognised.

HUNSLLET.—We had an enjoyable day listening to the guides of Messrs. Foulds and Williamson, although the attendance was not so good as we could wish. We should be glad to have them again when they are at liberty.—E. Y.

LEEDS. 16, Castle Street.—Mrs. Bentley's guides favoured us with a good address in the afternoon, and at night gave a brief sketch of life before passing to spirit life. Good and intelligent audiences. Psychometry at each service. We are pleased to say that we are progressing favourably in our new room, and hope the time is not far distant when we shall have to open a larger hall to spread the noble truths of Spiritualism.—C. Levitt, cor. sec.

LONDON. 311, Camberwell New Road, S.E.—Sunday evening. A good meeting with the beloved spirit friends of our members, who gave us some good spiritual thoughts to digest. Our experiment of allowing the spirit to operate upon those assembled has been a success up to the present, and promises well for the future.—W. G. Coote, hon. sec.

LONDON. 23, Devonshire Road, Forest Hill.—An interesting lecture from Mr. Dale upon "The Mediumship of Christ," showing the humble manner in which he gave his teachings to the world. A committee meeting followed, Mr. Blackman resigning secretaryship to Mr. Elphick, who will in future carry on the duties, and our worthy friend Mr. Genu taking the duties of vice-president. All members who were not present, please rally round and help in our glorious work.—J. Elphick, hon. sec.

LONDON. Forest Hill, 23, Devonshire Road.—Mrs. Leuty Collins writes: Mrs. Bliss gave a very successful séance on Monday evening last here, the sitters being a limited number of friends. Her guide gave a very accurate delineation of the planetary status of each subject. Altogether it was a very original evening, and was most heartily appreciated, as also was the gifted medium.

LONDON. Peckham, 33, High Street.—Rev. Rowland Young's text was "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness." He said, we must *will* to do right before we can do it. Knowledge will not of itself bring forth a righteous man: it is one thing to write a poem full of grand sentiments, it is another to live the poem. He urged reverence of the pure and the beautiful, and faithful discharge of the duty you know; do not suppose because you are cultured, because you have the power to heal, &c., that that sums up righteousness; gifts are not graces, there is no proof that man is righteous except by his daily actions.—Audy.

LONDON. Shepherd's Bush, 14, Orchard Road.—A full meeting. Mr. Norton and Mrs. Mason's guides gave good spiritual addresses, followed with excellent clairvoyance, nearly all being recognised.

MANCHESTER. Tipping Street.—Mr. Postlethwaite did fairly well to small audiences. Solo and chorus, "The Loom of Life," was well rendered by the choir.—P. Smith, cor. sec.

MANCHESTER. Collyhurst Road.—A grand day with Madam Henry. In the afternoon, she gave a brief history of her life, explaining how and why she became a Spiritualist. Evening: Subject, "Concerning spiritual things, I would not have you ignorant." Clairvoyance at each service.—J. T.

MANCHESTER. Edinbro' Hall, Alexandra Park.—July 17: An intelligent discourse on the "Immortality of the Soul," by Mr. J. H. Owen. 24: Two services at 3 o'clock and 6-30. Open circle afternoon, and special address or séance, all invited, at 6-30. Mediums—Open dates invited. Write to W. Hesketh, 23, Sewerby Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

MANCHESTER. Moss Side, Palmerston Street School Room.—Wednesday, 13: Open circle, conducted by Mr. Moorey, well attended, and good results. Sunday, 2-30: First meeting of Lyceum, attended with success and brighter prospect. We tender hearty thanks to Mr. Hyde and family and others who kindly made it the success it was. Misses L. McClellan, B. H. Jones, and Jane Hyde, and Mr. Lister Morgan gave recitations. They truly seemed to be what they sang, "Champions of the right." Leader, Mr. Pearson. 6-30: Mrs. Williams' guides gave an interesting address on "Our spiritual gifts;" afterwards clairvoyance. 8: Open circle well attended, and with conditions highly desirable. Parents, help us by sending your children to the Lyceum.

NELSON. Bradley Fold.—On "The life beyond," Mr. Hepworth pointed out that systems of religion had been adopted in the past in order to give consolation to the bereaved, but the mind of man having developed, the systems of the past no longer satisfied, hence agnostics, sceptics, and atheists. Evening, six subjects from the audience were ably dealt with.—J. W.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Sunday and Monday, July 10th and 11th, Mrs. E. Hardinge Britten, being on a visit to a friend in Newcastle, kindly consented to again occupy our platform, and gave us three discourses, which were highly appreciated by the friends, having full meetings at each service, and all seemed glad of the opportunity of again listening to Mrs. Britten. July 17th, Mr. J. H. Lashbrooke, of Newcastle, gave a splendid address, entitled "Death and the after-life." The subject was handled in a masterly manner, and gave great satisfaction to the friends who had gathered to hear him.

NORTHAMPTON.—Mr. Ashby, of Leicester, paid us another visit. Good audiences afternoon and night. His clairvoyant descriptions were mostly recognised, causing many strangers no little surprise, and no doubt set them thinking.

NOTTINGHAM. Masonic Hall.—On Saturday, at Mr. and Mrs. Neumann's house a séance was held. Mr. Timson, under control, gave good clairvoyant and psychometric descriptions. Good addresses on Sunday morning and evening. Miss Carson having a severe cold was unable to sing, but will give "Angels ever bright and fair" next Sunday, accompanied by Miss Brearley, violinist. We also anticipate the pleasure of listening to another of Mr. Wallis's solos. Mr. Timson described two relations of mine, and on being shown albums containing their photos, he at once picked them out as the parties he had seen in spirit form. Mrs. Green, who is with us for Sunday and Bank Holiday, is represented as Mr. Green in last week's issue.—J. F. H.

NOTTINGHAM. Morley Hall.—Morning: Moderate attendances, a very harmonious meeting. Those who are desirous of higher spiritual development will do well to attend. Evening: A very stirring address by Mrs. Barnes's controls. Their remarks were based upon the latter portion of the seventh chapter of Matthew, read for the lesson. A more forcible address I never heard through this medium.—T. J.

OLDHAM. Temple.—Mrs. Gregg's controls very ably rendered practical and spiritual discourses on "Spirits and their mediums" and "Heaven for the anxious." Afternoon, clairvoyance. All recognised and good.—J. P.

OLDHAM. Bartlam Place.—Thursday, July 14, public circle. Mrs. Rennie gave fourteen clairvoyant readings, all acknowledged correct. Very good psychometry. Sunday, addresses by Mrs. Stansfield's controls on "Earth-bound spirits," and "Signal lights on the line of life." Clairvoyant descriptions after each address. Rally round the Lyceumists next Sunday, when good programmes will be provided.

OPENSHAW. Granville Hall.—In Miss Gartside's absence Mr. Hall spoke on the "Philosophy of Spiritualism," and Mr. Boardman took questions from the audience. A very enjoyable day. Speakers willing to come for expenses only will please communicate with W. Pierce, 36, Neden Street, cor. sec.

PENDLETON.—Afternoon: Mr. Johnson gave a short address, after which we had a little talk on the liquor traffic, which we all enjoyed. Evening: Two subjects from the audience, "What are the Socialists' principles?" and "Capital and Labour." Mr. Johnson was at home with them. Socialism proclaimed equal rights and equal labour, every man is born to live, must eat to live, and must work to eat to live. Every man has a right to live comfortably, but conditions, more or less, prohibit him from so doing. We have to sweat, to toil, to live, to die. If this is life then we say life is not worth living. Capital is the product of labour. Socialism will abolish private wealth. Labour is a necessity. Socialism does not put you right but teaches you to put yourselves right. To make capital and labour work hand in hand it is necessary that both be developed in every man. Once get capital and labour united, then poverty will fly round the corner for fear you should strangle him. A vote of thanks, proposed by Mr. Boys, seconded by Mr. Pellow, to the speaker brought the meeting to a close.—J. M.

RAWENSTALL.—Afternoon, local. Evening, Mr. Pilkington, of Bolton, delivered a splendid address to a good audience. He missed the train or would have been with us in the afternoon. We shall look forward to his next visit. We are booking dates for '93. Mediums who will give one date for expenses, in aid of the building fund, please address, T. Cook, 61, Bury Road.

ROTON. Chapel Street.—July 13: We again had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Hyde's inspirers, they showed that if we live good lives here our spiritual conditions will be all the better in the life beyond. Moderate audience. Good clairvoyance. Sunday: We heard Mr. Metcalfe, of Bradford, for the first time. He gave very good addresses, also described spiritual surroundings. Both Mrs. Hyde and Mr. Metcalfe were much appreciated.—D. H. G.

SOUTH SHIELDS. 16, Cambridge Street.—Tuesday, July 12: Usual meeting. Sunday: Mr. Forster's guides gave an address on "Spiritualism—Old and New," followed by very successful psychometry from the guides of Mr. Charlton, of South Hetton.—Cor. sec.

SOUTH SHIELDS. 21, Stevenson St., Westoe.—Wednesday, July 13: Mr. J. E. Wright's guides gave an instructive address; many strangers present. Sunday: Mr. Simblet's guides gave the invocation, and afterwards a poem on "Life, Death, and Immortality." Mrs. Young's guides gave a short address, followed by satisfactory clairvoyant delineations to all present; all recognised, and giving grand proof of spirit return.

STOCKPORT.—Mr. Rooke gave a scientific and psychological discourse, treating of the benefit of angel guidance, the shams and mockeries of present-day life, and the reluctance of some people to become connected with the movement, perhaps caused by fear of exposure by spirit power of the disgraceful domestic and social conditions under which they lived. Night: An extract from Dr. Tralls, "Sexual Physiology," was read, dealing with the study of those portions of the human body which, from false notions of propriety, do not receive the attention their importance requires. Five questions handed up were rationally treated.—T. E.

WALSALL.—A fair attendance on Sunday to hear and welcome our friend Mrs. Wallis, whose inspirers answered six written questions from the audience in a masterly manner. The first—"What is Truth, and what is its Application to Humanity?" was a stirring and elevating address; also, "What Proof have we that God is the Father of the Human Race?" was handled in a most pleasing and philosophic way. All were delighted at the sublime thoughts which were given, and the incentives to live pure, good, and harmonious lives. A few friends and Lyceumists had their annual summer outing on Thursday last, at the beautiful park of Sutton Coldfield, where a good tea was provided by the conductor, Mr. J. Tibbitts. Boating, riding, and games were indulged in, and a very happy day was spent. Next Sunday Mr. H. Hunt will be with us, when we hope to see as many friends as possible, so that those friends who labour for the truth may be stimulated and encouraged.

WISBECH.—A grand day with Mrs. Green, of Heywood, who gave discourses showing that man did not die after the so-called death, but lived, followed by very successful clairvoyant delineations, mostly recognised. Mrs. Green is expected next Sunday.—Wm. Hill, jr., sec., 31, Albert Street.

WYKE. New Road Side.—Afternoon: Mr. Parkins' guides discoursed on "Who are the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven?" and "How I became a Spiritualist." A very able address at night. Good audiences.—J. L.

RECEIVED LATE.—Leicester, Millstone Lane: Mr. Chaplin spoke on "Thoughts of a great medium," and Mr. Swinfield gave clairvoyance. [Address 73a, Corporation Street, Manchester, please.]—Bolton, Bradford Street: Miss Walker spoke to attentive audiences on "The harvest is great," &c., and "Who shall we worship?" Good clairvoyance, mostly recognised. The hall was tastefully decorated.—London, Marylebone, 86, High Street: Mr. Towns related some wonderful experiences. He was introduced to Spiritualism by a Quaker friend. Long before he was conscious of it, guiding hands must have been opening a sphere of usefulness, which has constantly widened during the last 30 years, enabling him to give much comfort to those in need. Aug. 7, Mr. Morse. [Reports should reach us by the first post on Tuesday morning.]

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

BELPER.—July 3, sixth Lyceum anniversary. Mr. W. Walker, of High Peak, being our speaker. In the afternoon we had a Lyceum session on Mr. A. Smedley's Lawn, Park Mount. The attendance was large, and all were well pleased with the proceedings. The collection during the day amounted to £5 15s. 9d. We had a beautiful day and everything went off splendidly. On the following Tuesday, the Lyceum members had their annual tea. Last Sunday we had the election of officers and leaders for the next year, as follows: Conductor, Mr. A. Smedley; assistant conductor, Mr. A. Bodell; Musical directors; Messrs. T. F. Smedley and H. Wigley; guardian, Mr. H. White; secretary, Mr. E. Wheeldon; treasurer; Mr. H. U. Smedley. The attendance during the past has been good, and the managers of the Lyceum are pleased with the progress that has been made.—Cor.

BLACKBURN.—Saturday, July 16, annual field day. The scholars met at the hall, and a start was made about 3-15. The double-poled silk banner headed the procession, and the Mellor brass band came next, then the little girls and the senior ladies. The double-poled sateen banner headed the boys and senior males. A number of bannerettes were also used. The procession went through the principal thoroughfares to Witton Park, where coffee and buns were served, and the rest of the day was spent in games, dancing, and football, and the children enjoyed themselves with racing for prizes. About 350 scholars and friends walked in the procession. On the way home the route was lined with spectators, who looked upon us with surprise. Mr. M. Brindle was the chief marshal, assisted by an excellent staff of workers. The committee beg to tender their best thanks to the colour carriers and the members of the ladies' tea meeting, and all who worked to make the field day a success, and last, but not least, the officers and committee beg to thank the editor of *The Two Worlds* most heartily for being always ready to insert anything in our paper.—G. E. Harwood, Lyceum sec.

BOLTON. Knowsley Street Central.—Invocation by Mr. Hunter, who also gave a few words of advice to old and young, which will no doubt, if carried out, prove very beneficial.—H. H.

HECKMONDWIKE. Blanket Hall Street.—Invocation by Mrs. Styles. Solo by Master James Burdin. Recitations by Masters Whitehead and Burden, and the Misses Collinson, Ranyard, Flathers, Burdin, Whitehead, Ellis, and Styles. Dialogue by the Misses Ogram and Townend. Present, 24 members, 5 officers. A harmonious session. Calisthenics led by Master R. Hodgson.—J. B.

LEICESTER. Bishop Street.—A very pleasant session. Two visitors, one of whom gave a very interesting reading, "The tree sermon." Mr. W. Allen's concluding lecture on "His travels in Ireland," was received with great applause. Singing practice.—J. M.

MANCHESTER. Tipping Street.—A bright and cheerful session. We were honoured by the presence of Messrs. Crutchley and Standish, from Collyhurst, who, as our calisthenics differ from the Yorkshire programme, have promised to lead us for a few Sundays, so that at some time we may all meet and be able to go through them together. Good attendance, but many coming late. Recitations by L. McLarn, E. Bradbury, W. Taylor, and L. Morgan. Conductor, Mr. Pearson. Our musical director, Miss Fearnley, has commenced to train the children for the anniversary, on September 4. Speaker, Mrs. Britten.—J. J.

MANCHESTER. Collyhurst Road.—Recitations by Lottie and Bertie Whitehead. We were pleased to see our old friend Mr. Savage, of Oldham. Dear friends, we appeal to you once more to encourage us by the early attendance of your children. All are welcome at 10-30 a.m.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. 20, Nelson Street.—A fair attendance of officers and members. Mr. Hunter conducted. A recitation was given by Francis Perry, also a reading by Mr. Seed. The calisthenics were led by Mr. Moore. Thursday, July 28: the Lyceum will hold its annual picnic at Ryton Willows, leaving Newcastle by the 1-15 train, returning at 8-30. We shall be happy for as many friends to join us as possible. Visitors to pay their own railway fare. A good tea will be supplied at 1/-; children, 6d. In case of a wet day the tea will be held in our hall.—M. A. B.

OLDHAM. Temple.—Conductor, Mr. Platt. Recitations by Misses Taylor and two Misses Worrell. Usual proceedings well gone through.—J. F.

OLDHAM. Bartlam Place.—Morning conductor, Miss Halkyard, assisted by Mr. Linley. Invocation by Mr. Lawton. Closed by Mrs. Stansfield. Afternoon conductor, Miss Halkyard. Very good attendance.—J. H.

OPENSHAW. Granville Hall, George Street.—Invocation by Mr. Boardman. Usual proceedings. Recitations by A. Orme and M. H. Barlow. A song by F. Orme. We intend having our annual trip to Mottram shortly, and hope to have a very enjoyable time.—W. O.

PENDLETON. Cobden Street.—Morning session conducted by Mr. Crompton. Recitations by Thomas Crompton, Annie Winder, and Esther Winder. Marching was done fairly well. Present, 11 officers and 30 scholars. Afternoon, opened by Mr. Crompton. Recitations by Alfred and Annie Winder, and Arthur Wallis. Marching was done fairly well. Present, 12 officers and 38 scholars. A pleasant day.

STOCKPORT.—The attendance was encouraging. The new musical conductor will resume the Monday night's singing class. Sunday next

Mr. Halsal will lead in full Lyceum, with geographical lesson with manners and customs of the natives of the countries dealt with. July 24, at 5 p.m., the Lyceum will take tea and spend a social evening together.—T. E.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

BATLEY. Wellington Street.—A public tea (ham) and entertainment on Saturday, July 23, at 5 o'clock prompt. The entertainment of songs, recitations, &c. Tickets, 9d. and 6d.; after tea, 2d. We hope friends will once more rally round and give us substantial help.—John William Webster, sec.

BOLTON. Knowsley Street.—Anniversary sermons on July 31. Speaker, Miss Jones, of Liverpool, who will also conduct a public circle at 7-30 on Monday, August 1. All are welcome.—H. H.

BOLTON. Bradford Street.—Society has open, August 7. Mediums able to oblige, please communicate immediately, state terms, etc.—Wm. Bradshaw, 211, Lever Street.

BRADFORD. Bentley Yard, Bankfoot.—July 31 and August 3, annual flower services. Mrs. Russell will give suitable addresses and clairvoyance at both services. August 3, at 7-30 prompt, the flowers to be distributed. Special hymns will be sung by the choir and friends. A cordial welcome to all. Collections at the door in aid of funds.—G. G.

BRADFORD. West Bowling.—July 24, camp meeting in Ripley Fields, bottom of St. Stephen's Road, Bradford, at 2-30 and 6. Messrs. Wm. Galley, A. Walker, Williamson, Foulds and others will take part. Friends, rally round, let us have a good field day. Procession at the meeting room at 2-15 prompt.

BRADFORD. Milton Rooms.—Mr. J. Swindlehurst, July 24, 2-30, "History of a Crime." 6-0, "The Coming Revolution."

BURNLEY. Robinson Street.—New secretary, Mr. W. Harrison, 37, North Street.

CARDIFF. Psychological Society.—A grand reception will be held at the Assembly Room, Town Hall, on Wednesday, July 27, at 8 p.m. prompt, consisting of addresses of welcome to Mr. Geo. Spriggs, of Melbourne. Songs, games, social intercourse and supper, from 9-30 to 10-30. Admission: Members by invitation ticket (covered by private subscription), non-members 3s. 6d.

CARDIFF. Queen's Street Hall.—Sunday, July 24, Mr. J. J. Morse, of London; 11 a.m., "The Impregnable Rock of Spiritualism." 6-30, "Spiritual Science, its place in Nature." Monday, London Studio, St. John's Square, 8 p.m.

FELLING-ON-TYNE.—On Saturday, July 30, second anniversary. Tea at 5 p.m., adults 9d., children half-price; concert after tea. Hoping our friends will honour us on that occasion.—J. D.

HALIFAX.—The choir will run their annual excursion on Bank Holiday (August 1) to Bolton Woods, by waggonettes, visiting various places of interest *en route*. Fare 4s. 6d. Tickets can be had of any member of the choir.—J. A. M.

LEEDS. Spiritual Institute (late of 25, Cookridge Street).—Will speakers and other friends kindly note that this society will in future be known as the Leeds Spiritual Society, Psychological Hall, Grove House Lane? Speaker for Sunday, July 24, Mr. Johnson, of Hyde. We hope friends will turn up in good numbers. The ladies sewing class will hold a public circle every Monday at 3 p.m. After the circle, any persons wishing to stay to tea may do so by bringing provisions. Hot water will be provided. After tea, the sewing meeting is held, to which all lady friends are cordially invited. Your co-operation and assistance is requested. Monday, July 11: Half-yearly meeting of the members. The following officers were elected, president, Mr. Campion; vice-president, Mr. Yarwood; treasurer, Mr. Pogson; secretary, Mr. Hanson; assistant secretary, Mr. Price; together with a committee. Also, the Lyceum officers and the various sub-committees. It is our desire and earnest intention to arouse enthusiasm, interest, and inquiry, and thus impart new life and vigour to the movement. Friends, rally round us and commence at once. Monday evening meetings will be commenced, also public and private circles will be held during the week.—J. W. H.

LIVERPOOL.—Daulby Hall Debating and Literary Society, Monday, July 25, at 8, give their second monthly evening to the Psychological Society. Mrs. Russell will read a paper on "Spiritualism a Religion." Followed by discussion.—E. J. D.

LONDON.—Notice. Owing to Mrs. Wallace's reception at Portman Rooms being fixed for July 28, Mrs. Spring's benefit séance will be held at 86, High Street, Marylebone, on Thursday, August 4, instead of July 28, at 8 o'clock; this will enable friends to attend both meetings. Mrs. Spring hopes as many of her friends as can make it convenient will attend on August 4.

LONDON. Open-air work. Field day.—Owing to the bad weather last Sunday the field day meeting will be held in Finsbury Park, Sunday next, 24th, at 3-30 p.m. A number of speakers are expected, and a good meeting, it is hoped, will result. Friends, give us your support, success remains with you. No meeting will be held in Hyde Park next Sunday, the workers giving their support to the above.—Percy Smyth, organiser to London Spiritualist Federation.

LONDON. A New Hall at Notting Hill.—The Victoria Hall, Archer Street, will be opened for Sunday meetings on Sunday, August 7, under the auspices of the London Spiritualist Federation.—Percy Smyth.

MIDDLESBROUGH. Spiritual Hall.—July 31: 2-30 and 6-30, Mrs. J. Stansfield, of Oldham; also August 7. August 14: Mr. J. Eales, of Bishop Auckland.

MORLEY.—Flower service, July 31. Speaker, Mr. Campion, at 2 and 6. A cordial invitation to all. Flowers thankfully received. The late secretary writes:—"I beg to thank all speakers and mediums for their courtesy, and hope the same will be extended to my successor, Mrs. Daggitt, 90, High Street."

MRS. HOWARTH, 114, Library Lane, Oldham, has open dates this year.

MRS. WHITEOAK'S address is Cloudeedale Street (not Cloudsby), Bowling Old Lane, Bradford.

Mr. JOHN RILEY, of 2, Fawcett Street, Blackburn.—A newly-developed medium is open to book dates, to give normal clairvoyance, for 1892 and 1893, and will be glad to start at once.

MADAM HENRY, of 2, Rhumey Street, Stockport Road, Manchester, writes: "I desire to devote my influence, persuasive, and elocutionary

powers to the spread of the light and truth of Spiritualism. Also my knowledge of medical science and healing and magnetic powers for the relief and cure of disease, and my clairvoyant faculties for the comfort of the bereaved. Diagnosis of ailments or advice to those in difficulty."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. Green, owing to ill health, has asked to be excused on July 24. Mr. Bevan Harris will speak, at 6-30, on "The Design Argument," a reply to an article in the *Freethinker*.

NOTICE.—Owing to removal, the meetings will be discontinued at 86, Edge Lane, Thornhill.—J. H.

NOTTINGHAM. Masonic Hall.—July 24: Mr. E. W. Wallis, at 11, "The Gates Ajar." At 6-30, "Prayer, Inspiration, and Progress."

OLDHAM. Spiritual Temple.—Having ceased to occupy the post of secretary, I beg to thank mediums and speakers for their courtesy, and I hope the same will be extended to my successor Mr. Joseph Platt, 53, Ripponden Road, Oldham.—W. A. Mills.

OPENSHAW. Granville Hall.—July 24, Mr. E. A. Verity, at 10-30, "Do Spiritualists Condemn Sir Charles Dilke?" At 6-30, "The General Election and the Blasphemy Acts; Ought they to be repealed?" Mr. E. G. Taylor, of Manchester, will also address the evening meeting. Discussion earnestly invited. We hope members and friends will encourage us by being present in goodly numbers.—W. P.

ROYTON.—July 25, Mr. E. W. Wallis, at 7-30, on "Spiritualism, its Facts and Teachings," and questions from the audience. All welcome.

THE SPIRITUALIST CORRESPONDING SOCIETY gives information on any subject connected with Spiritualism. List of members will be sent, and letters promptly answered if accompanied with prepaid addressed envelope, and sent to Mr. J. Allen, 14, Berkley Terrace, White Port Lane, Manor Park, Essex.

WANTED, IN A SPIRITUALIST'S HOME.—Young Lady, as Mothers' Help, capable of superintending home and children (youngest 7); must be musical, and able to attend to wardrobes. Good and permanent home to steady lady-like person. Medium preferred.—Apply, G. E. Aldridge, 52, Waterloo Road South, Wolverhampton.

PASSING EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

MANY OF OUR READERS will rejoice to know that Mr. John Lamont is home again, and seems considerably benefited by his trip round the world.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—James Smith, next week. Your letter was wrongly addressed and has arrived too late for this issue. A. J. Smyth, next week. Many thanks. Percy Smyth, yours came too late last week. Paper was on the machine.

MR. BUNDY, editor of the always welcome and excellent *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, has been seriously ill with pleurisy. We are pleased that he is improving, and trust he will speedily regain his wonted vigour.

MRS. NETTIE COLBURN MAYNARD, whose recent work, "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?" created such a stir, passed to the higher life on June 28, in her fiftieth year. She was a splendid medium.

MRS. KATE FOX JENCKEN joined "the majority" on July 2. She recanted her recantation and has gone to the world where a more merciful judgment will be passed on her life work than many people this side felt called upon to make a year or two ago. "To err is human, to forgive divine."

MARRIAGE.—We have received a card bearing on the left the name Lillian Rosa Smedley, on the right Thomas Frederick Smedley, and in the centre the inscription "With Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Frederick Smedley's kind regards, July 14, Derby Road, Belper." Our friends have our heartiest congratulations, and all sorts of good wishes for future health and happiness.

BIBLE STUDIES.—Mr. M. H. Wheeler, an able contributor to *The Freethinker*, sends us a small volume bearing the title "Bible Studies," in which he presents to the reader a great variety of curious information and out of the way knowledge, elucidating many old world practices, and proving that the Hebrews were not exceptionally wise or gifted. The book is temperately and carefully written, the work of a student and a thinker, and is a valuable contribution to Freethought literature.

A LYCEUM FIELD DAY FOR 1893.—Plans were considered at a meeting at Batley last Saturday. After various suggestions Mr. Bradbury, Morley, was appointed secretary, and instructed to obtain the necessary information for an excursion on a large scale, &c. The meeting adjourned to August 13, when all delegates from Yorkshire Lyceums will be made welcome, in the Spiritualists' Meeting Room, Cross Church Street, Morley, at 6 p.m.

JUST AS WE GO TO PRESS we are requested to announce that a reception to Mrs. M. E. Wallace, of New York, at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, London, will take place on July 28, at 8. Mr. Everitt, chairman. We regret that we were not advised on this matter earlier. Our columns are already so crowded that we can do no more than recommend our readers who desire to honour our American visitor, and spend an enjoyable evening, to apply for tickets to any of the leading Spiritualists, or the hon. sec. of the Marylebone Society, 86, High Street, London, W.

MR. WYLD'S AND MR. WILD'S MEDIUMSHIP.—Mr. Victor Wyldes, of Birmingham, desires to intimate that the adverse comments "*re Clairvoyance*," which recently appeared in *The Two Worlds*, did not refer to him. Mr. Wyldes and Mr. Wild are two distinct persons. It may also be well to state that the poem, "The Joys of Home," rejected under the initials "V. W.," was not written by Mr. Victor Wyldes. This disclaimer is absolutely necessary, as serious misconceptions have arisen.

IN MEMORIAM.

Passed to the higher life, Edith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Whimp, after much bodily suffering, on Saturday, the 9th inst, aged 12 years. Her body was interred in West Ham Cemetery on Thursday last. The service was conducted by Mr. J. Burns, whose address was very impressive and appropriate, and listened to by a goodly number of members, friends, and many strangers. Hymns were sung; and Mr. J. Allen's remarks brought the service to a close. We trust that by our service and the distribution of leaflets, etc., some good may be done to many present.—J. Rainbow, hon. sec., Stratford Society.

OUR LETTER BOX is crowded out this week. Some interesting correspondence will appear next week.

ON SALE.—Vols. I., III, and IV., of *The Two Worlds*, at 7s. 6d. each, post free. We have very few of the first year's issue left, and when these are sold shall not be able to replace them. Order early.

WORDS OF CHEER FROM AUSTRALIA.—"I congratulate you upon the capital little paper you are now turning out. It is a credit to the movement. P.S.—What has become of Dr. Sexton?"—W. Wilton, of Auburn Road, Melbourne.

PROFESSOR TIMSON writes: "The veteran Spiritualist, Mr. Hesketh, is an earnest worker, and pulling against the tide of difficulties hitherto threatening disaster in the camp, at Edinboro' Hall Society, Manchester, and I am happy to say not in vain, for there is an earnest enquiry manifest and an intelligent audience gathered at the evening service. The outlook is sanguine, and a little united effort will bring together a good society of most respectable and intelligent people, such as would reflect credit upon our cause. Mrs. Hesketh, although in rather poor physical condition, still maintains her brilliant powers of clairvoyance, and although never having met before, she gave some most striking tests of her faculties of seership by describing my family and several friends at home in Leicester."

MATERIALISATION AT MIDDLESBROUGH.—Some two months ago, I sent you a report of phenomena produced in a private circle in this borough. Since then we have had some fresh developments, which may interest your readers. The circle is held every Sunday night at the home of Mrs. Colpitts, a well-known friend of lady mediums. The medium, Mr. Kenvin, is a man used to heavy work during the week in one of our iron mills. He is about 43 years of age, and stands six feet in height. When I last wrote, we had been favoured with the manifestation of two girl forms. During Mrs. Green's last visit, she sat in the circle, and saw the two forms. Under control, she told us there was a party of Indians with the medium, and one of them, a tall beautiful girl of nineteen, would soon materialise. Three weeks after, her prediction came true. The two little girls showed first, they came in front of the cabinet, and then sat one on each of the medium's knees, then followed the tall Indian spirit, with a brilliant light on her hair, which lit up the cabinet, the medium plainly to be seen sitting behind in the trance. On the same evening, the medium's mother, a lady about 60 to appearance, also manifested; making four forms in all. Patience and perseverance overcome many difficulties.—Wm. Innes, 9, Balder Street.

THE SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS were favoured with fine weather, when on Monday last a large number journeyed to Keston Common, and spent a very enjoyable day, the drive being thoroughly appreciated, as riding in "garden-seat" brakes with four horses is not the means of locomotion usual with the majority of us. Passing through Bromley, *en route*, we found ourselves in the thick of an election contest, and ample opportunity was afforded for good-tempered banter at the different opposing forces. Keston is a lovely country spot, with charming walks and pretty scenery, and after a picnic dinner on "Nature's carpet" had been satisfactorily disposed of, the children's sports were held, and suitable prizes given to the victors. Friends from Forest Hill, Sevenoaks, and London now joined our party, and entered heartily into the singing of some popular hymns, and pleasantly the time glided by, intensified by a feeling of harmony, which was *en evidence* all the day. A well-prepared tea refreshed us, after which an open-air service was held, when words of encouragement and congratulation passed between the workers here and those "on the other side." The happy séance was followed by a ramble through the beautiful wooded country, the drive home being enlivened by singing and pleasant chats over the incidents of the day. Along the roads the brakes were lighted by a number of Chinese lanterns, and at 10-40 Camberwell was reached. Amidst a blaze of coloured lights and hearty cheering the friends separated after "Auld Lang Syne" had been sung. The outing was a great success, a real pleasure to all concerned. A word to societies: By the aid of our "Help-Myself Fund" (the result of a penny subscribed weekly), the poorest amongst us was enabled to enjoy a day in the country, in addition to which the fund has been of great use during the long winter months. It is *one* of the means to make brotherhood real, as well as spoken of amongst us. The photograph plates of the group taken at the camp meeting by Mr. Smith have met with an accident, and the photos therefore will not be ready as hoped for.—W. E. Long, Chairman, S L.S.S.

DISTRICT CAMP MEETINGS AT BINGLEY.—These annual open-air meetings were preceded on Saturday, the 16th inst., by a tea and meeting in the Russell Street Room, Bingley. The unpropitious weather somewhat marred the number attending. After tea (Mr. J. Whitehead, of Bradford, chairman), an inspiring address was given by Mr. J. Pawson, of Batley, and several psychometric tests by Mrs. W. Stansfield, of Batley Carr. A number of phrenological examinations by Mr. W. Rowling, of Bradford, afforded much diversion and entertaining instruction; these were interspersed by a solo and chorus, and the reading of "Brown's Baby" by Mr. Wm. Stansfield. The evening was much enjoyed. Sunday morning broke dull and heavy, and rather damped the spirits of our friends. As we wended our way to Ravenroyd Farm, alongside the river, so beautifully overhung with trees, and as our gaze rested upon the bountifully-wooded slopes of the hills and verdant pasture land, we felt our hearts rise in glad thanksgiving that we were permitted once more to enjoy the companionship of fellow-worshippers in such surroundings. The morning meeting opened with a rather small attendance; it was presided over by Mr. Wm. Stansfield, the organiser of these meetings, who gave a brief and hopeful address on the prospects that lay in the immediate future before Spiritualists. Messrs. J. Pawson and J. Boocock followed with short pithy speeches, full of warmth and energy and exhortive effort, to arouse the people to higher and nobler aims in life. The devotions were led by Mrs. Hoyle, of Halifax, and Mr. Rowling. The afternoon began with a largely increased attendance, which was considerably augmented during the meeting. Mr. J. Olliffe, of Ossett, presided, and in an interesting and characteristic address set the ball rolling. Messrs. W. Galley and A. Marshall, of Bradford, delivered excellent addresses of a thoroughly practical character, followed by Mr. Walker, of Cleckheaton, and our one-time town missionary (Congregational), Mr. W. Rowling, who, in a thoughtful and earnest address, endeavoured to make good application

of the various points in the previous speeches. A solo and chorus was rendered by Mr. W. Stansfield, who led the devotions in conjunction with Mr. J. Lund, of Bradford. A large gathering in the evening was presided over by Mr. J. Whitehead, who opened in a spirited manner. Mr. Peel, of Armley, spoke on the facts of Spiritualism as they had appealed to him, and exhorted his hearers to try, test, and prove for themselves. Mrs. Hoyle and Mrs. W. Stansfield followed with brief but earnest addresses. Mr. Rowling again wound up the meeting, and, in a peroration of remarkable power, placed before the audience the pros and cons of the spiritual philosophy, asking them to bring to bear all their intellect and all the powers of their spiritual and aspirational faculties, and the Infinite Father would aid them to a right and rational conclusion. Mr. Grunwell and Mr. Lister, of Bingley, acknowledged the indebtedness of the local society to all who had shared in contributing to the success of these meetings. Mr. Amos Howgate, of Bingley, accompanied the singing on the harmonium. Though the weather was dull and heavy and the temperature very low, the interest was heartily kept up. We noticed Mr. Hopwood, Mr. and Mrs. Butler, and Mrs. Marshall, of Bradford; Messrs. Waterhouse, Waddington, and Hogarth, of Keighley; Mrs. Campion, Mrs. Clarkson, and Mrs. Peel, from Leeds; Messrs. Jagger and Bailey, of Halifax; and a host of other earnest workers in the spiritual cause from the surrounding district. The prospects of the Bingley society are brighter than has been the case for the past four or five years, and a strong desire to promote harmony exists. With this feeling permeating them the good cause in which the members are engaged cannot but bear good results to the community. Mrs. Stansfield is endeavouring to form a mothers' meeting here like the one at Batley Carr, which has been so successful. These publicly-announced Camp Meetings, held in various parts of the district each year, would be of rich value to all concerned.—W. S.

THE FAKIRS AND THEIR WONDERFUL PERFORMANCES.—Dear Sir, In the month of February, 1891, you inserted in *The Two Worlds* an account of a strange manifestation that occurred here, in Ahmedabad, in my bungalow, the parties being Mohammedans, and known as Fakirs. I received several answers by letter, and one or two through correspondence columns, but must confess my disappointment at the answers. In some of them I had been "mesmerised," in others "hypnotised," whilst a third suggested the "imaginative theory," but in no single instance did any of your numerous readers offer any suggestions of a rational kind that might assist me in the solution of this most wonderful and mysterious work. On the contrary, the most amusing suggestions came—one, in particular, from Australia, advising me to adopt the Peeping Tom of Coventry business. However, in order to satisfy my friends, both at home and here, as to the reality or otherwise of these phenomena, I had a repetition of the performance, with even more striking incidents. On the 5th inst., a Sunday, these same fakirs came to my bungalow, and I noticed several additional faces amongst them. These I was told possessed very great powers in regard to the work or manifestations. The number of fakirs was twenty; the number of visitors was sixty or seventy natives (followers, I may term them), whilst I had invited as witnesses several Englishmen. After spreading out a large carpet 15ft. by 20ft. the fakirs took their positions round it, and at one end spread out their tom-toms and instruments of torture. During this part I noticed one Englishman with a credulous smile on his face, as though he would say, "Sheer humbug." But, sir, how quickly that smile disappeared, and was succeeded by one of ghastly terror, the following will show. The leader opened with prayer, then hymns were sung, tom-toms played, incense burned, and in a few minutes one fakir arose, advanced to the centre, seized a long spike and thrust it through his cheek, the handle projecting from his mouth, whilst the point penetrated his cheek six inches. In this manner he danced about, his hands by his side, a strange sight. The spike was withdrawn, leaving *no scar whatever*. Then another rose up, and signalling to a second fakir, both advanced to the centre, one deliberately thrust the spike from the front to the back of the neck, the blade protruding six inches at the back, the handle in front, and in this awful condition he danced for five minutes, his hands by his side. My English friend had had just enough, and more; he retired, and no amount of persuasion would induce him to return until I assured him the spike was withdrawn. He returned only to find the same instrument driven in from one side of the neck and out six inches at the other. Again he disappeared, unable to stand it. "I did not expect this," he said. "I know it, said I," "but you doubted my statement, and I am desirous you shall see the end of it." "I will try," he remarked. The fakirs were highly amused at him; it seemed to encourage them, for one took up a most formidable weapon, similar to a butcher's steel, and plunged it into his eye several inches. This was repeated, but my friend retired for good. He pleaded with me to dismiss them. "Oh, dear no," I said, "I will see the end." The performance went on, and steel spikes were driven fast and furious in the eyes, face, head, &c., until I had to retire, and begged them to close at once. I will not trouble you with a description of the sword performance, which was indeed terrible to witness, for I know your readers would find it hard indeed to accept that. I stopped them, much to their disappointment, for they remarked, that they were only just *commencing*, and that three of the highest fakirs had been brought specially for me, as they thought, knowing I had seen it before, I should expect something better. I assured them I knew their gods were powerful but I had had enough. I could not stand the disembowelling process. I dismissed them. Never again do I care to witness such scenes. Your correspondents may prate of hypnotism, mesmerism, or any other ism. These are facts admitted by all, even intelligent Hindoos, Parsees, &c., but none of whom can offer the slightest explanation, only that the gods do not permit any wounds to result. In conclusion, sir, I would say Spiritualism, with all its varied physical phenomena, such as levitation, matter passing through matter, and so on, does not approach the fringe of these most unnatural results, for when you see swords, spikes, and such instruments deliberately driven into the head or body, and for many inches, and then withdrawn, though blood in some cases, in one especially, came out pretty freely, yet after a few seconds not even a scar remains, and these wonderful feats occur amongst men who work in our mills here, poor ignorant men. Whence comes the power?—Respectfully yours, Thos. Hatton, late President of the Bolton Spiritual Society. Ahmedabad, June 5, 1892.