

# THE TWO WORLDS.

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## SPIRITUALISM.

POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS CRITICISED.

[A paper read at the Masonic Hall, Birmingham, by T. HANDS.]

“O! wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as ithers see us,  
It woud frae mony a blander free us  
And foolish notion.”

To BE able to see ourselves as others see us, is, as Burns wrote, to possess a power and a faculty eminently useful to the possessor. The process of mentally removing ourselves from the sphere of Self, and reviewing the position we occupy from the standpoint of the critic outside, is usually found to be a healthy corrective to exaggerated self-importance, either in individuals or societies, and is admitted, as desirable a gift to Spiritualists as to other men.

From our new “view-point, as “Nunquam” would say, we are able to judge more correctly of the feelings entertained towards us by the outside world, to see how far our aims and methods are in touch with the spirit of the times, and generally to gauge the proportionate quota, which we are contributing to the progress of thought.

If Spiritualists were found lacking in this power of reversed perspective, it could scarcely be said to be due to want of assistance in the matter of criticism, for probably no subject has received such copious showers of it, friendly or otherwise (mostly otherwise) directed from all quarters, and of varying degrees of intensity.

Whatever we may think of the “Man in the Street” as a critic, we must confess that his criticisms have the merit of candour, and the Spiritualist usually manages to get his full share of the benefit (?) to be derived from them.

If we put ourselves in his place then we anticipate his criticisms, meet his objections, and in a measure disarm him, at the same time strengthening ourselves.

In doing this, however, the alteration of perspective that attends the change is sometimes such as to lead us to think that our critics have not chosen an altogether favourable position for studying us with that accuracy of judgment which we consider is absolutely essential to a proper appreciation of the Spiritual Movement.

Whether this be so or not we do not now pause to consider. We freely admit our imperfections, and claim no monopoly of truth, but we do claim that we are in possession of facts which entitle us to assert and proclaim as truths all that is implied in the word *Spiritualism*.

While we thus welcome qualified critics and criticism, we must be pardoned if we dissent strongly when we are asked to recognise ourselves in some of the misconceptions that prevail regarding us. We say *some* because it is necessary to distinguish. There are some misconceptions which reach the dignity of theories, and which relate only to the difference of interpretation of the phenomena which admit the existence of the facts, and respect the existence of the Spiritualist, as telepathy, thought transference, etc. While these theories are misconceptions, there are misconceptions which are *not* theories.

A theory, right or wrong, is the outcome of reason and judgment, but the misconceptions that are under consideration to-night are the result, pure and simple, of bigoted, unenlightened imagination.

To see ourselves not as others see us but as others simply imagine us, is to reveal not our shortcomings but the ignorance of others, ignorance of what *Spiritualism* really is and of the true character of Spiritualists as a body. The grotesque and absurd ideas that shape themselves in the minds of many as to the nature of *Spiritualism*, are too familiar for us to derive any satisfaction from their repetition; they are occasionally amusing and sometimes exasperating; not remarkable for brilliancy

of conception or flattering to the intellect of those who express them. They, nevertheless, have the merit, if it be a merit, of unchangeableness (it is surprising how evergreen they are), we find them cropping up again and again with the regularity of the figures in a gyroscope.

When those who entertain them happen to get more closely acquainted with the reality of *Spiritualism*, they get them uprooted and dispersed, but there always seems a reversionary interest attached to them, and they are re-aided by those who acquire them, with a smug complacency that seeks to impress you with the conviction that you have at last got hold of one who can tell you all about it. It is only when they eventually knuckle under to the facts of *Spiritualism* and hear their old arguments and opinions trotted out by their successors in scepticism that they begin to realise how “weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable” must they have previously appeared in the eyes of the Spiritualists.

These misconceptions are of a heterogenous description, the progeny of types of mind which, in their relation to *Spiritualism*, range from apathetic indifference through scornful incredulity and unreasoning fear to holy horror and absolute hatred, and it is the persistency of them that causes us to be as constantly occupied in explaining what *Spiritualism* is not as in what it really is. The most pronounced and offensive preconceptions that emanate from these “impressionists” are those that ascribe its motive power to swindling and credulity and Satanic influence; while there is a third type, not so offensive, but quite as erroneous, that has its particular bogey, what might be termed sorcery. The victim of any of these monstrosities of imagination might with advantage seek the gift that Burns implored for us. The salutary effects that result from its exercise the Spiritualist will generously share with him, for *Spiritualism* is opposed to all monopolies, beneficial or otherwise, and to ensure the process being thorough and complete, is willing to assist in the performance.

Suppose, then, for the nonce, that we reverse the usual order of criticism, and endeavour to show the holders of these misconceptions the exact relation they bear to *Spiritualism* as it is.

It is just possible that they may have some representatives among this present audience, for—like John Smith in Blatchford’s “Merrie England”—they belong to a numerous family.

To make a beginning, then, there are some of you who think *Spiritualism* an unblushing, brazen system of roguery and deception, and Spiritualists a mixture of knaves and dupes. We know you think so, for, in this connection we have heard you repeat with much unctious the well-known lines—“Doubtless the pleasure is as great of being cheated as to cheat,” as an explanation of the enthusiasm of its adherents. And you hug yourself when you reflect from what serene heights of superior discernment you survey this grovelling superstition. It is probable, however, that you have never asked yourselves a few plain questions, which we, in our desire to enlighten you, will ask for you.

In the first place, did you ever know a fraud to elude discovery and exposure that was subjected to the keenest and closest investigation for a period extending over many years, by persons who at the outset were determined to expose it? Yet this is what *Spiritualism* has done! Not only so, but this “fraud” has so cunningly counterfeited the truth as to convince its would-be exponents of its genuineness. The history of Modern *Spiritualism* is one long, brilliant record of victories obtained over such opponents, amongst those so convinced being men and women whose names are known and command respect throughout the world, who are pre-eminent in their various pursuits, and whose qualifications as shrewd and honest observers not one can dispute or call in question.

But we have a further question for you. Did you ever know of a fraud so confident and secure in his pretensions that he advised you to adopt the very method of inquiry which you would desire if you were trying to unmask him and prove his hollowness? Yet this is what Spiritualism does! It urges you to investigate its claims in the privacy of your own homes, *without* the presence or aid of those whom you so elegantly term knaves or dupes.

We know that in some of your moods you pronounce it to be "clever conjuring," but where will you find the conjurer willing to give himself so completely away, as he would do, if this were conjuring? No, my friends, whatever Spiritualism is, it is not fraud. This idea of yours will have to go, and you will gain in earnestness what you lose in assurance when it does. As to dupes,—just take the trouble to note as impartially as you can, the mental and moral calibre of those whom you so contemptuously designate. Test them as to their capacity to discharge the duties of citizenship; their shrewdness and acumen in business (that great criterion of yours). You will find them not easily overreached, for dupes. In whatever profession you meet them, you will have to admit that they show no signs of mental incapacity or lack of balance. But do not stop here, follow them to their homes and enquire—with that judicial severity that so well becomes you—into their domestic relations. Don't be afraid of the charge of uncharitableness—they are only Spiritualists! and they will stand the test fairly well, you will acknowledge, for we think you are "indifferently honest,"—that they make as good fathers, mothers, and children, as those whom you would place much higher in the scale of ethical development. If you concede this, as you will undoubtedly have to do, we want you to tell us where your right to stigmatise them as the plastic subjects of dexterous knaves comes in?

You must forgive us our pertinacity in questioning, but we want you to understand that you are by no means the important and formidable critics you have imagined yourselves, when seen from the Spiritualists point of view. They know that your dogmatic assertion is, to put it mildly, a misconception. That you view them as dupes, simply because you are ignorant of what they have found to be true, and when you thus arrogantly stigmatise them it is due to an excess of politeness, and not from any lack of reason if they refrain from retorting upon you that you are yourselves the dupes of your own preconceived ideas and shallow judgment. But they do not desire to speak thus harshly, for many of them once looked at Spiritualism from the same point of view as you now do, they only ask you to remove this misconception from your path by practical inquiry, confident that your innate sense of honesty will eventually bring you to admit the truth of much which you now contemn.

It would seem too much to presume the presence at a Spiritualist meeting of those of you who provide the next analysis. Still we know there is courage to be found in numbers, and with the gas burning brightly, and sustained by the thought that you are within easy reach of assistance, should the spirits become too formidable, you have ventured to honour us with your presence with some fear and trembling, doubtless; still, we are glad that the attraction, despite your fears, has for once proved too strong to resist, as it gives us the opportunity to have a few words with you: the misconception of which you, my friend, are the victims, springs from the same common source (ignorance) as the former, but, although equally erroneous, it is entirely opposite in character, and reveals a very different set of ideas. Contrasting strongly with the total disbelief in the supernatural origin of the Spiritualistic phenomena, evinced by our first critic, the mental pendulum in your case takes a swing in the direction of exaggerated belief, allied with an unworthy fear. Not only do you think there is "something in it," but there is a great deal too much in it for you. You are afraid to have anything to do with it, "it is so uncanny." In endeavouring to show you how you appear to the eyes of the Spiritualist, we are afraid you will think us uncomplimentary, for we certainly consider that you manifest a great deal of that superstition which your brother of the knave and dupe, fiction, so largely credited ourselves with, consequently you must forgive us if the glance with which we regard you has a gleam of contempt in it. For what does the picture reveal? It shows us that you regard the Spiritualist as something unnatural—as a morbid and

gruesome being, whose mind is not built in the ordinary way. You feel as happy in his presence as you do when you have to pass through a churchyard at midnight. He smells of the dead! while the mention of the word seance gives you the creeps and the cold shudders.

With your mind saturated with notions of ghouls and phantoms, and the "sheeted dead" that "walk during the witching hours of night," you are terrified at the idea of conversing with spirits. You have fearful dreams of unquiet graves, whose occupants come trooping at the weird summons of the "medium" to manipulate portable articles of furniture, and in various other ways make themselves disagreeable.

You have also read from time to time in the public press, garbled and highly coloured accounts of Spiritualistic seances, the immediate effect of which has been to endow the Spiritualist (in your imagination) with those undesirable attributes already spoken of, and to invest his daily life with a weird atmosphere of shadowy apparitions. In short, you imagine that his existence is a prolonged phantasmagoria, and Spiritualism itself a perpetual Walpurgis Night. Out of the materials supplied by your own morbid chimeras you have constructed a grotesque figure, which you have labelled Spiritualism, and from which you recoil with fear and aversion.

*To be concluded.*

## THE RED CROSS.

By WESLEY NOAKES.

### CHAPTER I.—THE LONDON BRANCH OF THE LEAGUE.

A WET, miserable night. Not an intermittent rain—now heavy, now a mere drizzle—but a steady, continuous downpour, calculated to damp, depress, and drown the most ardent spirit, no matter how cheerful and bright he or she might be under ordinary circumstances. Not a night in which to be abroad for pleasure. The hurrying passers-by all seemed to be actuated by a common impulse: that of seeking their destination as quickly as possible, and escaping from the merciless soaking element which poured and splashed in every direction, until the glistening pavement and roadway seemed literally to smoke. On the same evening, between the hours of nine and ten, certain individuals from widely different localities were converging towards a London suburb, bent upon a very peculiar, though none the less serious errand.

The point to which they were directing their steps was a retired street some distance from the main road which led to the city. It was a street which had evidently seen better days. The houses even yet possessed a general air of faded respectability. The areas, now mostly filled with rubbish, had doubtless once looked smart and clean, and had often echoed to the steps of spruce messengers carrying well-filled baskets from the shops of leading city tradespeople. In the windows of most of the houses a bill proclaimed that apartments, and even lodgings, were to be had; and in one case the former dignity and glory of the neighbourhood had sunk so low as to countenance a glaring red lamp, with an inscription which savoured more of utility than elegance, namely—"Clean beds."

Several of the houses were, judging from outside appearances, untenanted. One in particular looked exceptionally dirty, desolate, and neglected. The lower windows were boarded up, most of the upper windows broken, and those that remained whole so coated with dirt, that they were as far removed from the use for which they were originally intended as it was possible to be. A casual observer would certainly have said that behind that door, denuded of paint, with cracked panels, minus handle and knocker, nothing would be found but dirt, dust, and perhaps rats; but this house belied its external appearance. As a dull distant boom proclaimed that "Big Ben" was striking the hour of ten o'clock, a man entered the street from its least frequented end, and walking quickly, stopped at the dilapidated house just described. Passing up the half dozen steps, he gave a peculiar double knock, and, after a short interval, repeated it twice. The door opened noiselessly, and he passed in. Complete darkness reigned inside, but the man with unhesitating steps, born of familiarity with the surroundings, went forward a few yards, and then, feeling for the hand-rail, ascended the stairs. At the top of the first flight was a shorter and narrower one. This brought him to a small landing, into which several doors opened, one directly opposite to the

head of the stairs. At this door he repeated the three knocks he had already given at the street entrance. A small portion of the wood-work, about a foot square, moved aside, and a strong light was flashed in his face in such a manner that though his features were perfectly discernible to those behind the light, yet he in turn could see nothing. Then this curious colloquy took place:—"What is your number?" questioned a voice from the room.

"Nine," was the reply.

"Why are you here?"

"I was called."

"Were you willing?"

"To hear, is to obey."

"The word?"

"Expediency."

"The night is dark, friend."

"God speed the dawn, brother."

Then a hand was thrust forth with the palm uppermost. On this hand the man on the landing traced with his finger the form of a cross. The arm was then withdrawn, and a large black cloak put through the aperture, which was then closed. The man took the cloak and put it on. It enveloped him from head to foot. A large hood was attached to the front of the garment; two holes in this served for him to see through, and thus covered nothing was visible but his eyes and the toes of his boots. Turning again to the left he ascended a third flight of stairs, and without further hesitation opened a door immediately above, from under which shone a dim light. This proceeded from a small lamp fastened to a bracket on the wall. The only furniture in the room was an ordinary dining-table and some dozen chairs. The place must have been intended in the first instance for a store or lumber-room, as the only window it contained was a small sky-light. Under this, resting against the wall, stood a ladder, suggesting strongly that should the exigencies of the case demand it a speedy means of exit was available. The man took his seat by the table, and after a few minutes was joined by another, similarly attired to himself. At short periods fresh arrivals made their appearance, until twelve persons, all told, were seated round the table. No word of any description had passed between them. The last comer carried a small portmanteau. Taking a seat at the head of the table, which had been left vacant, he opened his bag, and drawing out a paper, commenced to read from it in a cold clear tone, which was so distinct and well-modulated that it was impossible to tell if the voice was that of a man or the deep contralto of a woman:—

Headquarters of the League of the Red Cross.

To our Brothers in London,—We greet you, trusting that the cause for which we are banded together still holds the first place in your hearts and thoughts. Believing this, we have no hesitation in transmitting to you our present commands. Should the fulfilment of these lead you into danger, yea, even death, you die nobly, martyrs in the cause of your fellow-men and the glorious institution of Liberty. Our brother, by whose hand you receive this, will further instruct and advise you. Fare you well; may God speed the dawn.—Yours fraternally,

THE SUPREME COUNCIL.

The reader then burnt this paper at the flame of the lamp, and having scattered the ashes, continued in the same stony, mechanical tones:

"A former member has sold information to the St. Petersburg police, which he had solemnly sworn never to reveal. This information has led to the arrest, conviction, and transportation of three of our number—one a woman—to that hell upon earth, Siberia! The informer has made good his escape from Russia, but has been traced to London, where he now lives in fancied security. It is almost unnecessary, yet in accordance with the rules of our society, I ask you to confirm the sentence which has already been passed upon him at headquarters. What fate does such a traitor deserve?"

Speaking almost as one man, eleven stern voices replied:

"DEATH!"

"We will now," resumed the speaker, "follow the usual course which has been laid down for us in cases of this description. In this bag are eleven sealed envelopes; ten of them hold blank sheets of paper; one contains a full description of the locality, residence, name, and habits of the man mentioned in my letter of advice. The brother who gets that envelope will proceed to carry out the enclosed instructions with as little delay as possible." He then walked slowly round the table, and each man dipped

his hand into the bag and drew out an envelope, which he immediately concealed in a safe place beneath his cloak. A witness of the proceedings up to this stage might perhaps have concluded that this meeting was merely a farcical affair, per chance designed for the amusement of a few young men with strong leanings toward the occult and the mysterious; but the next act would have completely undeceived him and revealed the facts that these men were gathered together for a dark and sinister purpose; that they were resolute, earnest men, quite able, and indeed ready to carry out to the letter any commands submitted to them by their leaders.

The spokesman put his hand under his cloak, and drew out a morocco case. Pressing the spring, the lid flew open and exposed to view, resting upon a black velvet lining, a beautiful red cross, composed entirely of large rubies, with a narrow gold setting. It sparkled and gleamed magnificently as the stones caught and reflected back the rays from the lamp. A lovely ornament, yet it seemed strangely out of keeping in its present surroundings. At the sight of this jewel every man rose to his feet and extended upwards his right arm. It was a most impressive spectacle: the dimly-lighted chamber, the weird, ghostly, cloaked figures, which cast grotesque flickering shadows, quite as eerie as the men themselves, and at the head of the table, the cynosure of every eye, the glittering red cross, held by the man who seemed invested with a strange and dread authority.

This individual breaks the silence by dictating an oath, a terrible one: "Swear by this sacred emblem that you will continue to devote heart, soul, and body to the league under which we are enrolled as life members; that you will hate and strive to overcome the oppressor; that you will help the oppressed, and endeavour to establish a universal freedom of word and action. That to attain this end neither wife, child, friend, nor kindred shall deter or in any way cause you to swerve one hair's breadth from the path which lies before you; that you will hold yourselves in immediate readiness to obey and carry out any order which may be submitted to you; that disobedience or wilful neglect of duty be punishable in any way the head council shall deem fit, even death itself. Do you swear to abide by these laws and purposes?"

The boldest of mortals might well have been excused if he had delayed to answer an oath like this, but with one accord, and almost before their leader had finished speaking, came the solemn acquiescence—

"WE SWEAR!"

"It is well, brothers; you may now disperse. Each man will be allowed two minutes start of his fellows."

The man nearest the door, without a word, turned and departed swiftly and silently, followed at the stated interval by the rest; until two were left; the leader, and the brother who had sat next to him. This man turned out the lamp, and then taking hold of his companion's hand made his way to the basement. Here, instead of leaving by the street door, the man, still acting as guide, led the way along several passages, until they finally emerged into a long neglected garden, bordered by a high wall. In this was a small door, which he opened with a key. At the back of the house was a wide straggling common, upon which scattered here and there were outbuildings, a wood yard, and several similar erections. On the far side numerous lanes and passages led to the river wharves. Along one of these openings they proceeded at a rapid rate, until the lapping tide indicated the close proximity of the water. Making their way carefully to one of the many landing stages, the guide gave a low whistle, and almost immediately a small skiff glided up to the edge of the steps. In this they seated themselves; the oars dipped again into the water, and the boat shot away into the darkness.

To be continued.

Mrs. GREGG's first visit to Glasgow has been very successful, her clairvoyance being exceptionally good. A happy social evening, on the 26th, was greatly enjoyed. Mrs. Gregg and Mr. Birrell both spoke well, and Mr. J. Robertson, chairman, struck a good note. The chief singers were Mr. Hogg, Mr. John Robertson, Mr. Jamieson, Mrs. Van Straaten, and Miss Campbell, whose musical abilities were much applauded. An impromptu quartette of amateurs will not readily be forgotten. Mr. May's comic sermon on "Love and courtship" convulsed his hearers. Mr. Frank Colbeck combined a telling speech with a splendid recitation on "How Rubenstein plays." The Misses Robertson and Miss Harkness gave effective recitations. Votes of thanks to the artistes, to Mr. Vall for the good programme and for acting as pianist, and to the ladies and gentlemen who had done the purveying.

## MR. JAS. ROBERTSON.

SINCE my early visits to Glasgow nearly twenty years ago, I have been in close association with Mr. Robertson. I have received from him constant and unvarying kindness, sympathy and encouragement, and I feel it at once a pleasure and privilege to bear my testimony to his sterling merits and abilities. We lived and worked side by side for upwards of two years; I frequently enjoyed the genial hospitality of himself and wife, and have seen their family grow up from babies into men and women, and can truly say that brother Robertson is a man who it does one good to know. Large-hearted, earnest, true as steel, and as sympathetic as a woman, it is true of him, as we once heard a friend remark, that "he gushes over with the milk of human kindness." He makes a good sitter, and is generally largely drawn upon in a circle or public meeting, where, especially in Glasgow, he is an ideal chairman. It does not come easy to praise a man; if I were to write what I feel I should probably be charged with exaggeration or partiality, and words are poor and inadequate to express the emotions; but, among the warm, true, trusted and loved friends whom it has been my privilege to make during my career as a medium, there are few of whom I have so many kindly recollections, and for whom I cherish such sincere affection as Brother Robertson, hence it is with peculiar pleasure that I arrange for his portrait to appear, and print the following interesting particulars regarding his life and work, which he shall tell in his own words.

E. W. WALLIS.

My earliest recollections are connected with the town of Kilmarnock, in Ayrshire, the place where the poems of Robert Burns first saw the light. In spite of the liberal spirit expressed in his freely quoted writings, his Anti-Calvinism did not seem to have influenced the theologic thought which abounded. The people loved Burns for his pictures of Scottish life and character, so true to life; they sang his sweet songs, but somehow left out of sight his severe attacks on the cold-blooded theology they *thought* they believed; had they *really* believed and *realised* what they glibly spoke about, they would surely have gone mad. I was indoctrinated into the Shorter Catechism from my third or fourth year; had to learn all about election, predestination, the decrees of God, and the most subtle theologic problems, which the education of a lifetime would not enable one to master. No taint of unbelief crossed my young mind. The bible came right out of heaven from God, and those were terrible people I heard my mother speak about: Robert Owen the Socialist, and Thomas Paine the Infidel. When I read my bible I thought how different I would have been from those wicked Israelites who continually went after strange gods, or the people who would not believe in Jesus. My mother was a most orthodox person, while my father had a taint of free thought, which he would scarcely have ventured to express. I had little brightness in those days. Sunday, with the long dreary sermons, and wet days when I had to sit at home and read my Bible was terrible. We lived above a sour-minded but honest man who was a wright and also undertaker. I used to shudder when I saw him carrying out the black board on which bodies were stretched, and disliked terribly the sight of his coffins. He was also my Sunday school teacher, and used to drag me out to church and Sunday school. It was not pleasant; I hated the whole thing, and if even only some one could have planted the seeds of freethinking within me, what years of mental friction I might have been saved. One can scarcely imagine nowadays how bleak and cheerless was the Scottish theology in country places fifty years ago. It was brutal, cruel, heathenish, and made life hopeless. To have thought that "after all it might not be true" would have been some relief, but the shades of doubt never crossed my mind. It was meant we should consider ourselves miserable sinners; we had offended God, and now had to meet his wrath. I cannot read chapters in the New Testament to-day without recalling painful memories of the thoughts they stirred within me when I read them as a child. Week-day school was like Sunday in giving doses of theology. We had the catechism daily to instruct us in the principles of religion, and all lessons in spelling were given from the Bible. I thought deeply as a child, and tried hard to get this wretched creed woven into my thought and life. I

was some eight years of age when I left the place to return to Glasgow, where I was born, and it was considered then that I had completed my secular education. In Glasgow I attended church and Sabbath school, and from the archives of memory can take out my thoughts and feelings regarding the problems of life which oppressed me now and again, but never daring to doubt that what the creeds taught was indeed true. When religious revivals came uppermost, I felt I had not caught the change of heart, the "new birth," which others prated about. I attended meetings, knelt in prayer, and strove hard for the "salvation by magic," but it never would come somehow. At times I thought I must have committed the mysterious unpardonable sin spoken of in Scripture. I heard others acknowledge they were saved, but to me the thing was afar off. I read the words, "If thou wilt believe in thy heart and confess with thy mouth that Jesus rose from the dead," then the whole affair was settled. I said, "I believe this; but where is the miraculous change I should expect?" When I came to manhood I read critically the Confession of Faith, and had the courage to say to myself for the first time, "I don't believe such statements." I felt they could not be true, and there must be a mistake somewhere. Gradually I drifted away, though I attended church till I was 23 or 24 years of age. There appeared in a paper called *Public Opinion* at the time extracts from Renan's "Life of Jesus." Evidently I was ripe for this kind of thought, as I imbibed it with pleasure. Froude's "Nemesis of Faith" also fell into my hands for perusal, and slowly the scales dropped from my eyes. I lived outside churches, contenting myself with reading books, though oftentimes I went hither and thither to hear a sermon, hoping there might be something said which would bring rest. With the loss of Bible infallibility much had tumbled down, and I scarcely knew where I stood. I went once or twice and listened to John Page Hopps, who stirred my emotions and made me think. One sermon in particular, "The things seen are temporal, the unseen spiritual," still lives in my memory, but I considered him only an amiable optimist who had no grounds for his finely coloured belief. Later on he started a movement in the East End of Glasgow, and I became a casual hearer, but Mr. Hopps had left Glasgow before I had heard his name associated with Spiritualism. I read his "Life of Jesus" before I knew of the brighter gospel, and it gave me nothing. I read it after, with the new light, and saw at once what had previously been obscure.

I began to give serious thought to Spiritualism some 20 years since. For years before I had held the subject in derision, and certainly never dreamed that people admitted to be rational believed in it. The whole thing came suddenly upon me, and at once destroyed my prejudices. I had often thought on the subject of a future life, and reached the position that on this question no evidence ever had been or ever would be offered. I had a most settled conviction, and supposed I was in a measure satisfied. Statements recorded in the Old and New Testament were of no service; they had gradually lost their influence as being in any sense records of facts, and I had to content myself with my own emotions and the delight I had from poetry and the scenes of nature. I never had any wonderful dreams; never came across any person who had seen a ghost. The occult in some way had been shut out of my life. Once I got hold of Homes' "Incidents in my life," but I could not read it through, it seemed to me the veriest drivel. I had a close friend who had been an old mesmerist, a pupil of Mr. Jackson, and though I listened to the wonders he told me, from them came no thought of a spirit world. After being outside any place of worship for years, contented to spend my Sundays in reading, or amongst the flowers in my friend's garden, I was attracted to the Unitarian meetings, inaugurated by John Page Hopps, and after the evening service, I used to go round with the minister, Rev. W. Mitchell, and hold friendly converse with a few others. Here I was first startled, and got to think there might after all be something real behind ghost stories. Never before had I admitted the probability. A gentleman related a dream wherein he had seen people commit a robbery, not only observing the intricate way in which they had found an entrance to the premises, but detailed their entire movements. In the morning he found his dream true, and when several were arrested on suspicion

he had at once recognised the faces of those seen in the dream. I had such faith in the veracity of the narrator that I was considerably upset. This brought us round to Swedenborg and his wonderful life, which I heard about for the first time, at least to make any impression. I had at least drunk in something new and interesting through that night's conversation. The next day I bought Wm. White's "Life of Swedenborg," and for days after read it with considerable interest, but thought that after all a man now and again in the centuries might be born with some special characteristics which gave him strange experiences; but this was not enough for me to make clear and plain there was a future life. I suppose the book had its influence in breaking down my prejudices, and did more for me than I knew. I read now and again in the newspapers about Dr. Slade, but I was not ready to accept of marvels from that quarter. I rejoiced one morning when reading the *Scotsman* newspaper to find that he had been caught tricking. These people, thought I, are always found out, their wonders only last till sensible people weigh them up properly. I seemed to myself to be far away from accepting a new light, and yet I was on the borders of a land which all these years has yielded me intense delight. For the first time I faced the question, "What is behind it all, what substratum of truth, if any, is there?" Surely I can find out, I will seek for it and satisfy myself! But I had no high expectation that I would find anything serviceable. Had there crossed my mind the possibility of finding safe footing and rest on such a subject I would have been glad. I have written so much in the Spiritual journals all these years that it is not needful to repeat the oft-told tale. I called on my close friend to tell him of my impulse to get at Spiritualism, but found he had gone out. Scanning his bookshelves I saw a volume which was new, and taking it out read, "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," by Alfred Russel Wallace. Here was a discovery, a man of this standing to be associated with such a subject! My friend came back shortly after. "Where did you get this book?" I said, "Oh, a gentleman gave it to me the other day, and said it was worth reading." I was more of a reader than my friend, so he readily agreed that I should take it with me, and tell him what I found in it of worth. I sat up long reading the opening chapters, but these made little impression. I had come across similar arguments before, and it was facts I needed not arguments. Further on there were detailed many experiences which strongly affected me. If these things were true, why had not I met some of them? I had been observant, I thought, and surely if they were real I could get at them face to face, and solve the perplexing question. I had a little more reverence for the subject when I had finished the perusal of the volume. I was a bit nearer; I had walked a long way since I heard the dream narrated, and hoped I also might see phenomena which would bring home to me the actuality of living on after death. I saw my friend after, and he knew where the Spiritualists held their meetings. We went together, and listened to the paper read. I might have come away without gaining much, but at the close a Christian gentleman got up to reply to what had been spoken, and said, "We had no need of Spiritualism; we had the Bible and Jesus, which was completely satisfactory for the world." I felt forced to get up and state my position: That myth and tradition were of no service to me, that I had ceased to believe in the Bible as being in any sense authentic or historical, and that if there was in this world any evidence of an objective kind which could demonstrate a future life, I for one would welcome it and rejoice. I was known to some of the people present, and a lady promised to come to my home and help me. What transpired at the sitting which followed revolutionised all my thought and life. I was, indeed, agitated, transported with wonder at the discovery so close to my hand, and yet for all my life so far away. It came so suddenly upon me that I did not sleep for nights. No discoverer was ever more upset than I was with the movements of a table, which gave me back from memory to life my own loved ones. I held on my way, read everything on the subject with avidity, had several more meetings, the scope of the phenomena widened, and I had no hesitation in declaring myself a Spiritualist. I had read the writings of Theodore Parker and found much in the Spiritual Philosophy which was in harmony with what this great soul had set down. The writings of Andrew Jackson Davis I soon got through. The "Magic Staff" and "Great Harmonia" delighted me

with the masterly exposition of Nature, Life, and God, and I loved Parker, Carlyle, Emerson, and the Titan's of literature, because I saw that much which had come to them was from the same fountain which quickened Davis, Tuttle, Mrs. Britten, J. J. Morse, and other inspired spiritual workers. I saw a harmony I had never seen before. I had now become a man, and the despised Spiritualism had opened the avenues of a new vision. You ask me: Is it a religion? I know of no higher religion, nothing which inculcates a loftier morality, nothing so conducive to awaken the spiritual nature of man. Oftimes I have felt a presence that disturbs me with the joy of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused—a motion and a spirit that impels. It is warm and cheering, gives new life to the depressed, and lifts the soul to God. The coming religion wherein will be solved all that is highest and richest, will have as its central point, the great facts of demonstrated immortality: Spiritualism is the essence of religion and life.

The need of the hour is fidelity to the truth; standing out boldly and showing your devotion to a knowledge that is capable of so much blessing. A keen sense of the ability of Spiritualism to meet the world's needs will be a sufficient prompter of how to act and speak. If a thing is true it has the omnipotence of God on its side, and only those who are firm in the faith, who have left the realm of doubt and know clearly and surely of the spirit's return, should occupy our platform. Earnestness should be the outcome of this bright and cheery knowledge.

As to treatment of mediums, no greater blunder could be made than to treat them with suspicion. It is a limited view of life which makes us ever on the outlook for fraud. I have sat with many mediums, and have never yet come into touch with fraud. If I know my friend to be true and honest in all relations of life, why should I view him with other eyes when he becomes a recipient of spiritual gifts? I think so much is lost through sitters taking with them to the spirit circle the thought that they might be imposed upon. All this does not mean that we are to swallow everything which is presented, but rather with open, generous minds and hearts. View what is presented and wait results. I have the fullest confidence in very many workers on whom not only the breath of suspicion has fallen, but who have been, it is said, convicted of fraudulent purpose. We have much to learn yet from "exposures," so-called; there is less, much less, of real fraud than the world believes.

We are oftimes too hasty in admitting inquirers to our sittings. The mental, moral, and spiritual conditions of all beginners should be weighed. We have to ask ourselves would this or that temperament be likely to affect the medium? How many gatherings of friends are spoiled through the admission of a single individual? Some people destroy the spontaneity, the naturalness which might otherwise prevail. We have in our ranks many who are sceptical of each new bit of phenomena. Some Spiritualists won't admit the possibility of materialisation, some assert spirit photography has not yet been demonstrated. Some people at once find in Spiritualism the place for expressing their richest life, some take years to reach the points which others get with no effort. Spiritualism to me is the work of spirits, and is largely ruled by and guided from that other higher realm. If we have manifestations which would suggest only chaos, these also teach us a lesson. We have to be ourselves loving, nobly looking upwards and working ever with everything that is in harmony with the highest. If we do so, the grosser conditions will soon be subdued, and the republic of righteousness come to earth. What evidences of identity have I had? Well, I have been speaking and writing about these for many years. Had I not known my own dear ones return beyond the shadow of a doubt I could not be the strong Spiritualist I am. Your own pages have oftimes had the particulars of spirit identity which I have met day by day. I am conscious of the spirit's guidance. I know of nothing with greater certainty than that we live on, and I hope as the year's roll over my head to make greater efforts with tongue and pen to bring this consolation home to the hearts of many.

JAS. ROBERTSON.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## MRS. BARNES, THE NOTTINGHAM MEDIUM.

SIR.—This lady is now advanced in years, and has been working as a public medium over twenty years. The converts to Spiritualism due to her labours, are to be found all over the world, large numbers having left for America in particular. Her work has been continuous; she has always been at her post except when illness has prevented, and for many years took no fees. Her husband deserted her because she was a medium; and, lastly, the present Masonic Hall Society is due to her, as in all probability it would not have existed but for the light kept constantly burning by her at the Morley Hall.

She is now in need of our help; some three weeks ago she had an apoplectic fit, which will confine her to bed, I expect, for many a week, and it is doubtful if she can ever take the platform again.

Mrs Wallis, as secretary of the O. P. S. Sick and Benefit Fund, sent me £1 immediately she received my letter. Several Belper friends, per Mr. A. Smedley, have generously sent 20s.

From the President of the Stockport Society, Mr. Thomas A. Brown, I received 17s., which was generously collected last Sunday, and he writes, "It was through her mediumship that I first heard of Spiritualism, now over twenty years ago."

At the Masonic Hall we have collected 6s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. Mr. Blower; 1s. Mr. Brearley, 1s. X. Y. Z Total, £3 8s.

The O. P. S. Fund has already done very useful and important work in relieving the present wants of various workers in our cause; but it needs more general support throughout the country, as much more could be done by its council if they received more financial support. Spiritualists, please remember this, and give what your generosity and means prompt to this good work. If this fund was better provided for there would be no cause for special and spasmodic appeals to audiences and the TWO WORLDS. I hope the National Federation will take up this matter, and largely develop this most useful work.

Please send contributions for Mrs. Barnes to Mrs. M. H. Wallis, 164, Broughton-road, Manchester, or to the writer,

J. FRASER HEWES,

10, Forest Grove, Colville Street, Nottingham.

## YORKSHIRE UNION PLAN FOR JANUARY.

ARMLEY. No report.  
 ATTERCLIFFE. No report.  
 BATLEY. 19, Mr. Rowling.  
 BATLEY CARR. 12, Mrs. J. Waterhouse; 19, Mr. J. Armitage; 29 Mrs. Stretton  
 BRADFORD, Milton. 12, Mr. Hopwood; 19, Miss G. Hunter; 26, Mr. Todd,  
 Sunderland.  
 BRADFORD, Little Horton. 12, Mrs. France; 19, Mr. A. Walker; 26, Mrs.  
 Midgley.  
 BRADFORD, Otley Road. 12, Mrs. Shulver; 19, Y.U. Executive Visit (Mission  
 Work); 26, Mr. Pawson.  
 BRADFORD, Temperance Hall. 12, Miss G. Hunter; 19, Mr. Balmforth; 26,  
 Mr. A. Walker.  
 BRADFORD, Boynton Street. 12, Mr. J. C. Spencer; 19, Mrs. Taylor.  
 BRADFORD, St. James's. 12, Mr. Hoyle; 19, Mrs. Bentley; 26, Mr. W. Hopwood.  
 BRIGHOUSE. 19, Mr. Featherstone; Mrs. Crossby.  
 CLEWINGTON. 12, Mr. T. Hodgson; 19, Mr. Barraclough.  
 COWMS. No report.  
 DEWSBURY. No report.  
 ELLAND. 12, Mrs. Bury; 19, Mr. Williamson; 26, Mr. Smithson.  
 HALIFAX, No. 1. 12, Mr. Harrison; 19, Mr. Hoy; 19, Mr. Pawson; 20, Mrs.  
 Crosby; 26, Mr. Swindlehurst; 27, Mr. J. Moore.  
 HALIFAX, No. 2. 12, Anniversary, Mr. J. H. Stansfield; 19, Mrs. Stair; 26,  
 Mrs. Waterhouse.  
 HULL. No report.  
 HUDDERSFIELD, St. Peter's Assembly Rooms. 12, Mr. Marshall; 19, Mr. Todd,  
 Sunderland; 26, Mr. J. Armitage.  
 KEIGHLEY. 12, Mrs. Britten; 19, Mr. Hopwood; 26, Mrs. Ingham.  
 MORLEY. 12, Y.U. Conference; 19, Mr. Neal; 26, Mr. Long.  
 NORMANTON. 12, Mrs. Mercer; 19, Mr. C. Shaw; Mrs. Whitlock.  
 ROTHWELL. No report.  
 SOBERY BRIDGE. 12, Mr. Todd, Sunderland; 19, Mr. Marshall; 26, Mr.  
 Hepworth.  
 SHIPLEY. 12, Mrs. Stretton; 19, Mr. J. T. Todd; 26, Mr. C. Firth.  
 THORNHILL. No report.  
 WEST VALE. 19, Mr. Geo. Lewis; 26, Mr. Rowling.  
 WINDHILL.—No report.  
 YEAZON. 12, Mr. Geo. Lewis; 19, Mr. Smithson; 26, Y.U. Executive Visit  
 (Mission Work).

Will all those Societies whose dates are open in this plan send their secretaries addresses. Societies wishing to become affiliated with the above, please write to sec., John Jackson, 372, Harewood Street, Bradford.

ARMLEY, Spiritual Church, 374, Walton; 26, Mr. J. H. Barraclough.  
 BRADFORD, Spiritualist Church, Walton Street. 12, Mr. Rowling; 19, Mrs. Hunt; 26, Mr. Hilton.  
 BELPER, Jubilee Hall—Mr. H. N. Hardas, F.I.L.N., M.S.A., a native Hindoo; 12, Mr. W. J. Leader; 19, Mr. E. Inman; 26, Mrs. Stansfield.  
 CAMBOIS. 12, Mrs. M. Yeates, N. Shields; 19, J. G. Gray, South Shields; 26, John Scott, Crag Head.  
 COLNE—12, Locals; 19, Mr. Pilkington; 26, Mr. G. F. Manning.  
 HUNSLET, Top of Joseph Street. 12, Mrs. Bealand; 19, Mr. F. Wood; 26, Mr. W. Ripley.  
 HUNSLET, Albert Street—12, Mrs. J. Robinson; 19, Mrs. J. Crossley; 26, Mr. Joe Bolland.  
 HYDE. 12, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten; 19, Mr. Thos. Wild, Rochdale; 26, Mr. R. A. Brown.  
 SHAW. 12, Mrs. Johnston, of Rochdale; 19, Mr. W. E. Leaver, of Accrington; 26, Mrs. Duckworth, of Heywood.

## TESTIMONIALS.

Altrincham, Cheshire, Dec. 9th, 1895.

A lady writes to Mrs. Burchell, of Bradford.—Please forward me another box of stomach and liver pills; they are doing me good. You have described my state of health accurately.

Hitchin, Herts, Dec. 12th, 1895.

Dear Madam,—The medicine safe to hand. I feel more grateful than I can express in words for your kindness. Your delineation of my condition is quite correct. I cannot help but say to my friend, how do you get to know, not knowing me?

Poulton-le-Fylde, nr Preston, Dec. 2nd, 1895.

Dear Madam,—Will you please send me two boxes of pills for father, as he is not so well. I am pleased to tell you that your treatment has completely set me up, and I am now doing my house work again, after two years' illness. May God bless you in your grand work is the wish of your grateful patient.

[See Advertisement on Cover.]

## THE UNSEEN LAND.

We need not wait  
 At the shadowy gate  
 For the last faint breath,  
 For the door called death,  
 That lieth between  
 This and life unseen!

We need not wait  
 At that shadowy gate.  
 For the first sweet sight  
 Of that realm of light,  
 For that radiant land  
 That is close at hand!

"Seek now and here;  
 For it lieth near  
 To man's higher part,  
 To the pure in heart!"

By its river of peace  
 All turmoils cease,  
 And the lustrous gleam  
 Of its silvery stream,  
 Like a lamp at night,  
 Burns clear and bright!

If we turn from sin  
 We may enter in,  
 For our kingdom waits  
 With opened gates!

Close at hand  
 Is that glorious land!  
 By the soul's real might,  
 We may gain the height,  
 And claim as our own  
 Its star-lit throne.  
 In these earthly hours  
 We may taste its powers,  
 And leaving the ill  
 We may roam at will,  
 By its river of peace,  
 Where all turmoils cease!

Ella Dure.

102, CAMBERWELL ROAD (Mrs Clark's).—Dec. 18: Mr Peters was again controlled by Madame Blavatsky, in considerable agitation, expressed concern for the wrong she had done by building up a system in which there was but little truth, and asked Mrs. Clark to pray for her. In answer to a question whether Mrs. Besant would believe these statements, if she could be induced to come to a meeting, the control replied, "No; she would say it was all a delusion." Further statements were that Spiritualism was to be believed, and that she could not undo the wrong she had done through ambition.—A. J.

"HEAVEN REVISED: A Narrative of Personal Experiences after the change called Death," by Mrs. Duffoy, has been a long time before the public. It is a rather good specimen of a somewhat puzzling style of book—realistic and romantic, soberly sensible and dramatically morbid. It has a very tempting and useful opening, and the general framework of it is conceivably real, but some of its incidents or narratives are hardly credible. It is well written, and is published by the TWO WORLDS Publishing Company, Manchester.—*Light*.

SATAN WORSHIP.—The *Westminster Gazette* has published articles re "The worship of the devil," in which the writer laid a charge against Spiritualists. Our London correspondent replied thereto, but the *W.G.* has not seen fit to publish his letter up to date. Another instance of readiness to give publicity to charges against Spiritualism, and of unfairness in refusing to publish replies. The letter was to this effect:—"The statement that many Spiritualists had become Satanists, because a mind that sought for spirit voices and dark seances would soon hanker for something stronger, was comparable to the Pagan libel that Christians worshipped a crucified ass. Many Spiritualists could not have done so, supposing Satan worship to exist, because very few could have heard of such a thing, or have known where to find it. The writer, whatever he might or might not know of Satanism, clearly knew nothing of Spiritualism. A member of any denomination knew when it was slandered, as the meanest slave in the Roman empire knew the crucified ass story was false, though philosophers and *literati* might receive the slander as truth. And as evidence of the real character of the doctrines of Spiritualism, I enclosed some leaflets."

The sixth New Year number of the *Lycium Banner* will be issued on Friday, January 10, 1896, and will surpass in every respect all former New Year numbers. Features: This will be a double number, and consist of 32 pages (instead of 16) on specially prepared paper. It will be illustrated with 24 engravings and portraits, many of which are kindly lent by publishers of American Spiritual literature. Handsome thick cardboard cover with calendar for the year. The literary contents will be more diversified than ever, and consist of a New Year Address for Children, by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten. The opening chapters of a new serial story. The "Daisy Page," a special and new feature, devoted to the youngest children in the *Lyciums*, edited by "Daisy Dimple." An Autobiography of a Cat, by Miss M. Rea. The president's visits to our *Lyciums*. A visit to Charter-street Ragged School, Manchester. Our monthly chat. Our temperance column. Mr. Kitson's monthly notes. The Golden Group, edited by Aunt Editha. What our *Lyciums* are doing. Play-time page. Letter from Mr. Morse. *Lycium* Recitations—a new hymn. The lesson plan—Lesson syllabus. New Golden Chain recitations. Our college—Lessons for elder *Lyciumists*, by the Editor in Charge. The price of this extra double number will be twopence. As the number to be printed is limited, orders should be given to your *Lycium Banner* agent not later than Sunday, January 5. Publisher and Editor in Charge, Thomas Olman Todd, 7 Winifred-terrace Sunderland.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

**A GOOD NEW YEAR TO ALL.**  
**BARROW-IN-FURNESS.**—Meetings are being held on Sundays at 6-30 in the Philharmonic Hall, Warwick-street.

**REPORTS NEXT WEEK.**—Kindly be as brief as possible, about 30 or 40 words, as we expect to receive a large number.

**BACKF.**—Jan. 5, Mr. E. W. Wallis. Afternoon, "The use and abuse of war;" evening, answers to written questions.

"**BREAKING UP: A House Divided against Itself,**" is the title of an important article which will appear in our next issue.

**WE ARE NOW PREPARED** to undertake binding of last year's volume. Send in your papers at once, friends. Price 2s., return carriage extra.

**DR. J. M. PEEBLES,** the Spiritual pilgrim, has started on another voyage round the world. We shall be glad to give him welcome if he comes this way.

**BOW, LONDON.**—Mr. H. Harris, of 15, Archibald-street, is anxious to help to form a society in the district. Will friends communicate with him?

**THE "Mysteries of Maitland Castle,"** which appeared in last week's supplement, we are assured by the writer is founded on fact, the names being fictitious.

**EXPERIENCED CLERK,** with excellent testimonials, requires situation; well recommended, is also an inspirational (Handelian) organist. S.P.H., Ferncliffe, Cricklewood, N.W.

**NATURAL FOOD,** price 2d., is mainly devoted to the Denmore system of diet, viz., abstinence from bread, cereals, pulses, and starchy vegetables, and the substitution of food fruits.

"**BREVITY is the soul of wit.**" Our correspondents, whose courtesy and co-operation we value, will remember this familiar axiom, and the many demands on our limited columns.

**OWING TO THE HOLIDAYS** for Christmas and New Year, this and last week's papers had to be printed on the Monday morning, and reports, etc., have been crowded out in consequence.

**NEXT WEEK** we shall give the portrait and sketch of our old friend, Mr. John Culpan, of Halifax, who entered into life several years ago. We shall follow with the portrait of John Blackburn, and shall be thankful for some particulars regarding him from friends who know him. Who will supply us?

**MISS MCCREADIE** gave twelve highly successful descriptions of spirits, besides four word-pictures illustrating past incidents in the lives of various persons—three of which were fully recognised and one partially so—at Surrey Masonic Hall, on her first visit since her return from the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood."—W. P.

**THE PHOTOGRAM** is a threepenny monthly magazine, which should have a large circulation; it is well got up and ably edited. The January issue contains an editorial "pow-wow" or symposium on psychic photography. We have read it but get no "forrader"; it throws no new light on the subject. The discussion is interesting as showing the point of view of the outsider, and in some aspects is amusing.

**MR. J. J. MORSE,** during December, spoke for the California Psychical Society on "The doctrine of immortality: its foundation in nature; its basis in man; as a problem in ethics; and a justification of religion." Friday night meetings are also being held. Mr. Morse spoke on December 6 on "Psychic science and its suggestions." Other speakers are Dr. J. La Conte, Dr. D. S. Jordan, Dr. J. Voorzanger, a Jewish Rabbi, and Rev. C. W. Wendte, a Unitarian. Mr. Morse has been having over-crowded audiences.

"**THE PHRENOLOGICAL ANNUAL AND REGISTER,**" price 6d., edited by L. N. and J. A. Fowler, 7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, has reached a second edition, and will deservs to do so. It contains close upon a hundred pages of illustrations, portraits, and valuable articles of especial interest to phrenologists and students of human character. The portraits of a number of leading exponents of phrenology are an attractive feature, and form a "study" for phrenologists. We notice among them Mr. Timson, of Leicester, and Mr. Healy Fash, of Glasgow, both Spiritualists.

**DUNDEE SPIRITUALISTS** have had a good time with our friend Mr. Colbeck, of Glasgow, who has been holding meetings here, and good results are sure to follow; in fact, we are now holding regular meetings, and are anxious to get some mediums and speakers to help us along. Friend Colbeck is most anxious in the cause. His lectures were of the highest, given in the Gillillan Memorial Hall, and were well attended. We tender him our very heartiest thanks. Will some other medium now visit us? Please write me. We have a good band of earnest workers.—J. W. JAMES, Bellevue Terrace, Newport, Fifeshire.

**ANOTHER NEW SOCIETY.**—At a meeting at 97, Balliol-road, Bootle, Liverpool, on Sunday, Dec. 15, a society was formed for the investigation and propagation of Spiritualism; the following officers were elected: President, Mr. J. R. Dibble; treasurer, Mr. J. Owens; secretary, Mr. J. J. Parr, 165, Great Mersey-street, Liverpool. Suitable rooms have been engaged at the County Hall, Pembroke-road, Bootle, where the opening services were held on Sunday, Dec. 22, addresses being delivered by the president, and the controls of Mr. Owens and Mrs. Smith. The attendance (without advertising) was about fifty. A seance was held after, and several clairvoyant tests were given. All are cordially invited.

**MISS GAMBRILL** was recently controlled by a clergyman, at 102, Camberwell-road, who stated that he was much surprised when he had passed over to find that the after-life was so different from what he had believed and taught. He seemed rather unnecessarily despondent about Spiritualism, saying that it was being dragged down, and exhorting his hearers to lift it up and direct it to the highest issues. Mr. Peters gave clairvoyance, the spirits described being recognised in some cases, and in others not. Madame Blavatsky came again, still in grief for her deceptions. She was, she said, a medium in earth-life, and saw and heard spirits, but she wanted to be something original, and so she denied the spirits, and invented Mahatmas. When asked why she had come back, after saying she would not do so if she could, she replied that she came back for help—for help and sympathy, she repeated.

**THE FULL address** of Mr. Jackson, of Ravensthorpe, is wanted at this office.

**DON'T MISS "The Red Cross"** story this week, and then you will read it every week. Please recommend your friends to read it.

**SPIRITUALISM** is cropping up at the Cape, and the *Cape Times* for December 2, printed a long and able letter by S.L.G., commenting upon an editorial in that paper re Eusapia and Mr. Maskelyne.

**LET us take time** to be pleasant. The small courtesies which we often omit because they are small, will some day look larger to us than the wealth which we have coveted or the fame for which we have struggled.

**LIVERPOOL.** Dalby Hall.—Jan. 5, Mrs. Emma H. Britten, at 2-30, replies to questions; at 6-30, "The Gods of men and the God of the spirits." The first of a series of discourses to be delivered on the first Sunday in each month.

**MORSE'S LIBRARY,** 26, Osunaburgh-street, Regent's Park, N.W. On Friday Evening, January 17th, a meeting will be held at which Mr. J. J. Vango will give clairvoyant descriptions. Meeting to commence at 8 p.m., admission free.

"**WELFARE**" writes:—"Your Christmas greeting is an inspiration calculated to uplift any one under almost all conditions. May your message of love have reached all hearts as it reached mine, and help us all to look to the higher realms of thought."

Some pupils were asked by an examiner at a school examination whether they knew the meaning of the word "scandal." One little girl held up her hand, and being told to answer the question, she replied—"Nobody does nothing, and everybody goes telling of it everywhere."

**CORRESPONDENTS** who desire replies through the post must enclose a stamped envelope. We have been so hard pressed of late that many letters have had to lie unanswered—want of time, not want of will, is our excuse. We trust friends will please accept this explanation and wait a little longer.

**PREMATURE BURIAL.** Those who fear being buried in a trance should leave instructions that a lighted taper should be held against the flesh, if death has occurred no blister will follow; or the survivors should insert a needle into the body, if death has taken place the hole will not close up nor bleed, as it would do under ordinary circumstances.

**THE FUTURE OF LIBERALISM,** by J. M. Robertson, price 2s., of J. W. Gott, 2, Union-street, Bradford, is a timely pamphlet full of practical suggestions and progressive sentiments well worth studying. Liberals do not lack for candid friends just now, but certainly the time has arrived for reconstruction on new and humanitarian lines. See Mr. Gott's advt. on the back of the cover in this issue.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—T. W. D. Turner: Yes, we received your note re automatic writing, but do not think any good can come by publication. Such statements are as often wrong as right, and tend to unsettle people's minds. We know of cases where injury has been done by the asking for and receiving such information, especially so when it has not been private and the prediction has failed. No, we do not know of any Spiritualist in Norwich; perhaps some of our readers can inform us.

**CHEERY GREETINGS** from Mr. J. J. Morse.—We have just received an interesting letter from our friend and co-worker, who was well and having very successful meetings, over 700 people present at the opening on a Friday evening, and on a Sunday the hall, which comfortably seats 400, was jammed full, platform, ante-rooms, hallways, and windows being crowded. A larger hall was used the next Sunday. Mr. Morse promises us an open letter to our readers shortly. We wish him every success, and a truly happy and prosperous New Year!

**MR. MASKELYNE** and Eusapia *versus* Psychical Research. A "veteran investigator," in a special supplement to *Light*, for December 21, reviews the recent *fiasco* at Cambridge, and Mr. Maskelyne's pretentious claims in a thorough and scathing examination. He pokes his fun at the learned dons and the professional conjuror who he exposes the hollowness of their claims, and finishes with some sound and sensible advice. All Spiritualists who are interested in this pitiful business should certainly procure *Light* for December 21; it will certainly repay perusal.

**CAMBRIDGE.**—Spiritual Evidence Society. Mr. Wm. Groves, of Ashington, delivered two lectures in the Mechanic's Hall. Subjects: Afternoon, "Weighed in the balance, and found wanting"; evening, "Some experiences in Spiritualism." Moderate audience. A social was held in the house of Mr. John Murday on Christmas Day. After tea we had singing, recitations, readings, etc., which continued up till 10.30. Dancing at intervals led off by Master F. Henlyside and Mrs. M. Redhead. The meeting was ably presided over by Mr. H. Redhead. After a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Murday the proceedings came to a close.

Did it ever occur to you my boy,  
 As you've passed through this world of strife,  
 That the men who the greatest wealth enjoy  
 And the sunniest sort of life,  
 Are men who have brains and enterprise,  
 And the courage to dare and do,  
 Whose motto is always to advertise—  
 Did it ever occur to you?

IN MEMORIAM.

**DECEMBER 10,** suddenly from broncho-pneumonia, at his residence, Westoe, South Shields, aged 34 years, William John Chiswell, only brother of Mr. S. S. Chiswell. Interred at Anfield Cemetery, Liverpool.

In affectionate remembrance of Beatrice N. Bowmer, the beloved daughter of Hugh and J. E. Bowmer, who passed to the higher life on December 12th, 1895, and was interred at the Southern Cemetery, Manchester, on December 16th, in her seventh year. The funeral service was conducted by Joseph N. Bowmer, assisted by Mrs. Hardy, of Sheffield; Mrs. Brown, of Openshaw; and Mr. Dabbs. Although a great affliction to part with a dear girl at such an age, it is to a great extent compensated for by the knowledge that we have had for many years that the change is for the better.

## "THE TWO WORLDS" PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1896

EDITOR AND GENERAL MANAGER,

**E. W. WALLIS.**

ALL COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COMPANY'S REGISTERED OFFICE, AT 18, CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER. Private letters for the Editor should be addressed 164, Broughton-road, Pendleton, Manchester.

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

ANOTHER mile-stone on the road of life has been passed; another year opens before us with its hopes and fears, its sorrows and joys, its trials, duties and pleasures—who knows what its message will be to us individually or collectively? Some will pass behind the cloud into the light of day—may they go with the consciousness of a well-fought battle. Some will find life's sky clouded by bereavement—but the silver lining of angel ministry will help to illumine their way. Some will bear the burden of poverty, loss, disappointed hopes, sickness, or failure—but Spiritualists who catch the spirit of our sustaining philosophy know how to endure these things (if come they must), and face the worst with stalwart hearts and press onward undismayed. Some will find pleasure and prosperity—perhaps a harder and more trying road to travel than the paths of duty or adversity, for, success often spoils the spirit and hardens the heart. Surely, though, it will not, cannot do that with the true Spiritualist who feels his greater well-being lays him under heavier obligations of service and helpfulness to his less fortunate co-travellers into the unseen. Of one thing we may be sure, that for each and all of us the coming year will bring its lessons, its testing times, its spiritual experiences; may we all be found faithfully striving to study out the problems, and work into our life's patterns the threads of pure purpose, high endeavours, sweet sympathies, loving services, helpful examples and influences; that, come weal or woe, trial or triumph, temptation or success, we may persistently and consistently embody in our thoughts and actions the rich spirit of Love and Truth and Brotherhood, which the very name of Spiritualism implies.

1895 has been a year of steady progress for Spiritualism. The May meetings in London were a step in the right direction, and the Annual Conference of the National Federation at Walsall was characterized by a fine fraternal spirit, which augurs well for the future. Quite a number of new societies and meeting places have been opened during the year.

The visits of Messrs. Colville, Slater, and Spriggs were all helpful, and should tend to foster international sympathy, while the remarkable and very guarded testimony of the psychical researchers to Eusapia's mediumship, and the test phenomena in her presence when upon the island of Herés, has been offset by the absurd illustration they have given of "how not to do it" (aided by the professional conjuror) at Cambridge.

Spirit-photography has excited considerable discussion, especially since the discovery of Mr. Z., who, by the way, now declines to sit for believers or non-believers, in consequence of the reflections cast upon his good faith and who can blame him? Some people who ought to know, assert that they have received through his instrumentality portraits of their departed relatives. Mr. Traill Taylor, from whom we might have expected "light and leading," has passed behind the veil, and we hope he will find it

possible to now lift the veil a little higher and present the world with clear and convincing evidence from his new sphere of operations.

British Spiritualists will have to seriously take to heart the fact that they are being outdone by their American brethren in general appreciation and recognition of the worth of English mediums. The flattering call to Mr. J. J. Morse from California, and the adequate financial recompense awarded to him, added to the fact that Messrs. Colville, Howell, Wright, Greenwood, and other mediums have also made their homes in the States (when their work could have been so well devoted to the cause at home), should surely be matter for earnest consideration. Not only so, but, if our Cause is to be maintained, the reputation of our platform speakers enhanced, and our Sunday services made acceptable and attractive to the rapidly increasing army of educated thinkers who are swelling our ranks, *something must be speedily done* to supply the vacancies, and meet the pressing need for more and better platform workers. Here, as elsewhere, a really "living wage" must be paid, or those who are opposed to giving adequate payment to worthy people for efficient services and exemplary lives had better have the courage of their convictions and do the work themselves.

One thing the past year has made clear in a marked degree, viz., the time has come when *character and fitness* will be more and more demanded from those who stand forward as public exponents of Spiritualism, and not a moment too soon. The prosecution of Miss Smith and the subsequent agitation did something to clear the air of cant, and put the issue clearly before us, and the great Federation meeting of protest against legal interference with the rights of mediums, and also against the prostitution of mediumship (which *should* be used for spiritual, educational, and humanitarian purposes) to merely sordid ends and personal plans, marked an important step onward.

The appointment of an "organising worker" by the Federation, and his successful opening labours is a beginning only in a field that is ripe unto harvest. The proposed formation of District Councils will, we hope, be efficiently carried out, and thus secure the solidarity of the movement.

The legal status of our societies is a matter of grave concern. So many society building funds are being raised, that the *business* of the movement must be carried out on sound lines and secure foundations, hence the necessity for prompt action. We are glad to learn that steps will be immediately taken to ascertain what must be done to obtain recognition by the law of the land.

The readers of "our paper" know what we have done for them during 1895. With the cover we have been enabled to give them a series of portraits and interesting sketches of mediums and workers, and make a record in spiritual journalism that has never been equalled. We have stood boldly for Spiritualism, plain and unadorned; for our facts, philosophy and religion, and we are proud to be able to state that the progressive growth in our circulation, which has been going on for several years has been maintained during 1895, and to-day we are stronger than ever. With the continued and united support of Spiritualists, we are confident we shall ere long reach the self-supporting basis upon which it is essential that "our paper" should be worked.

We cordially acknowledge and thankfully appreciate the assistance rendered to us by many kindly friends, by their literary and other contributions, and by the efforts of hosts of sympathetic workers to extend our weekly sales. Our special holiday numbers, with supplements, have entailed upon us considerable additional labour, but we have been exceedingly gratified by the general appreciation and success which have attended them. Ours is a most difficult post. We know we have not been able to please everybody; we know we have sometimes hurt, vexed, disappointed, and tried the patience of some friends: but it has been our constant effort to do what we considered was right, wisest, and best; to avoid hasty action, and to calmly and sincerely strive to "do as we would be done by." Of course we cannot all see eye to eye, it is very difficult to "put yourself in his place," and although the joke has it that "everybody thinks they could fill the Editor's chair better than the one who fills it," we can only say to those who may have been displeased, we have never said or done aught to *intentionally* slight or wound any

one, and crave their indulgence. Our motto is, "with all and for all," and we will continue to strive to deserve the support of all truth lovers and friends of progress. The on-coming year is big with portents, trial times are ahead. While wishing each other most heartily "A Happy New Year," let us *all work, work, work* in a happy and hopeful spirit to make the world better for our influence and example.

## TWELVE LECTURES ON MENTAL SCIENCE.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

### LESSON VIII.—INTUITION THE TRUE EDUCATOR.

THE word intuition, though frequently employed, is seldom clearly interpreted. It literally signifies inward or interior teaching, *i.e.*, instruction received in ways unknown to outward sense. Let us look at this great subject as simply as one can. People often confound *intuition* with *impression*, but the two are widely dissimilar; the distinction between them may be expressed thus: When you enter a room for the first time, certain objects in it immediately strike your eyes and you unhesitatingly affirm I see such and such things; you do not feel in the least doubtful or distrustful of your senses; you instinctively regard yourself in the light of a competent observer, and arrive instantly at the unargued conclusion that your observations are correct. On the psychic or spiritual plane, intuition does for us what vision does on the so-called *physical* plane, and what intellectual discrimination does on the strictly *mental* plane. Impression is something received by way of impress from without; it is hearsay evidence, proffered testimony, about which we may reasonably argue, and which we are at full liberty to accept or to reject after due deliberation and inquiry. There are no absolutely certain impressions, and there can be no uncertain intuition.

The two great lights, the greater of which rules our mental and moral day, the lesser of which rules our mental and moral night, differ from each other exactly at the point where we accept truth for authority, or authority for truth. Jesus said to the multitude "If I proclaim truth, why do ye not accept it?" So have all truly illumined teachers addressed the throng before them, for the *great* teacher, the veritable *master* is he who discerns in all humanity both the love of truth and the capacity to embrace it. Were we to claim possession of *all* truth we should indeed be vain braggarts, senseless egotists, but we have the right to claim, and also the ability to receive, all *necessary* truth. No word is more commonly employed than *duty*; we say flippantly that we *ought* to do certain things, without pausing to inquire into the nature and origin of duty. Obligation implies ability; no one can reasonably be expected to perform a task beyond his power; therefore the simile of the horse and the goat is always *apropos*. The reason why it can never be the duty of a goat to do a horse's work is because the goat is constitutionally unfitted to perform such heavy labour, and just law never expects any creature to transcend its possibilities, though divine law expects us all to live up to them instead of grovelling, as we so often do, far beneath them. Impressions received from without are seldom lasting unless there is a response within to an outward appeal. Present educational methods are in many instances worse than useless; they are positively detrimental, as forcing and cramming are still shamefully in vogue both in ordinary schools and distinguished universities. Teachers are not usually very much to blame for this bad state of affairs, as they are almost invariably painfully fettered in the iron-clad bondage of a prescribed curriculum. Froebel taught that no more than fifteen children should ever be allotted to a single teacher, and that every study should be made delightful to the pupils, and be in the truest sense educational. Education and evolution mean almost the same, as the former word is derived from *educere*, to lead out, and the latter from *evolvere*, to unroll. Now, can it be possible to lead out what is not already in, or to unroll what is not infolded? To prate of evolution and ignore involution is to argue in favour of a self-evident absurdity, contradicted by the growth of every seed and the universal phenomena of nature. Emerson taught that the soul is mature in the infant, and so it is. Education is the process of leading forth into manifest expression the latent properties of the germ. We *possess* all things, but we sometimes feel we *have* nothing, for we

are like people who live on land richly stored with precious metals, and priceless gems, but by reason of ignorance and indolence, or both, they subsist in penury. Penuriousness is the fruit of faithlessness or idleness, and should never be encouraged or permitted, as it saps the very springs of health at their source. Though interdependence is the law of life, there is a glorious sense of independence in every soul, and when it comes to a realisation of its dormant potencies it throws overboard every prop on which it formerly leaned, and hence forward steers its own course with the aid of no other pilot than the light within. Cowardice masquerading as humility is a veritable wolf in sheep's clothing; for while humility is rightly esteemed a virtue its counterfeit is decidedly a vice. Reliance upon God is a much misunderstood and frequently misapplied term, for people insist upon reliance upon outside aids when they claim to be trusting implicitly in the Infinite, who is no respecter of persons, times or places. Churches, Bibles, schools, and all such agencies are helps when they are diaphanous, but only hindrances when they are opaque. Kindred souls can profitably unite for study into the deepest mysteries of being, but one must never assume the *role* of dictator to the rest. It is surely no more presumptuous to declare that the Most High can speak to us than to our neighbours, for we are all alike, God's children. Two grave errors must be contradicted before the channel will be open to permit the water of life to flow in an uninterrupted healing stream. These twin errors are pride and false humility. Pride bars the door to the advent of truth by proclaiming, "I am holier than thou;" false humility bars it by saying, "You can receive a message from the eternal, but I cannot;" but if not, why not? We have all conceded to ourselves and others the right to use our own eyes, ears, palate, nostrils and touch irrespective of the use made of such faculties or members by our brethren. Each one claims the right to exclaim, "I see, hear, taste, touch, smell," and in every law court in the civilised world individual testimony furnished by an eye witness is regarded as far more conclusive than second-hand information. There is a perfect correspondence between the visible and the invisible. The ancient hermetic axiom, "As above, so below," or its equivalent, "As within, so without," is unmistakably accurate, and whoever trusts it fully will never miscalculate. The outer world appears to each one of us as though there were never another spectator of the scene; we individually venture to pass judgment upon all that we behold, and with what delighted exultation does the seer pronounce the word "*Eureka*" (I have found it).

To be continued.

## STRAIGHT TALK.

IN A COPY of the *Spiritualist* for June 1st, 1877, an extract was given from a sermon by Rev. H. R. Haweis, which shows that he at least has not been afraid or ashamed to speak boldly and plainly of the sins of the times which cause the suffering of the people, and demoralise both the sinner and his victims.—Here in this very congregation are men forgetful of principles of right dealing one with another, forgetful of purity, shut up in their own selfishness, in their own prayerlessness, and along with their own lawlessness, I say, O God, teach them to apply the divine principles which rule the world, and by which men's hearts are to be won, and by which their individual happiness and the happiness of the world is to be built up; teach them to apply these principles to their own practices, and let them see that God is not mocked. Let them understand that in their commercial avocations when they are doing that which is ruining the character of England for truth and honesty, that they are "sinning against heaven and before Thee." Let them feel that when they are undertaking a contract dishonestly and carrying it out dishonestly that they are not clean in Thy sight, that the money they hoard up is worse than waste, for it will become inward rotteness in the spiritual bones, that it will enter like iron into their heart's core and wither their soul. Let them feel this—and the man of commerce—the young man, when he is tempted to make money by connivance, when he is engaged as inspector to see that someone else has fulfilled his contract, and when he takes a bribe, or is cozened out of his opinion by another man, or garbles his statement, and refuses to inform his employer of the truth, although he is paid to inform him—let him feel at that moment he

has sinned against heaven and before Thee. And that crowd of speculators, mixed up with the unsuspecting, who go the public with rotten concerns, who take in the fatherless and the widow, and fatten on the honest savings of the poor but industrious community, let them not lie down and sleep with the ill-gotten gain, but evermore plague them, plague them with bad dreams. Let them see the rotten ship go down which they have sent to sea. Let them hear the voice of Rachel crying for her children, who will not be comforted. Let them see the visions of misery, the poor innocent babes unclothed and unfed, and honest women brought to low depths of shame, and strong hearts broken, and many who have been brought up in ease and luxury driven from their own doors, deceived and ruined in these vile speculations, on which they, the malefactors, are fattening, like bad and noisome pest-flies on a rotten carcase! And let such an one spring from his bed as a murderer springs in the wilderness of his dreams from his solitary couch, and know the terror and blackness of his crime, and let him, broken at last with deep self-abhorrence and contrition, cry out, "Father, Father, great is my sin!—what shall I do to be saved? Am I indeed Thy son? I have not chosen Thee, but Thou has claimed me, and therefore I can never be anything but Thine—Thy reckless, Thy rebellious son—yet a cloud has been before my eyes, I have tampered with the happiness of Thy creatures, and with my own responsibilities, with all that a man should hold most honourable and dear, and in the stillness of this awful night, in the depths of my soul, Thou hast tried me and searched me out, and convinced me of judgment, and of righteousness, and of sin—Father, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in Thy sight, and I am no more worthy to be called Thy son!"

#### FOR LYCEUM LADS AND LASSES.

FOR two weeks the *Clarion* has published very interesting extracts from letters to the editor giving the opinions of boys about girls, and girls' opinions about boys, and *Nunquam* sums up in a manner which, we think, it will do our Lyceum lads and lasses good to read and remember, and act up to. He says:—

"I have read all the letters, and one or two things have struck me. The first is, nearly all the girls complain of the boys' rudeness and roughness; the second is, that many of the boys accuse the girls of telling tales. I hope our *Clarion* boys and girls will try to cure these faults. According to the boys' code of honour, tale-tellers are "sneaks." Perhaps this is not known to the girls. Perhaps the code of honour is different amongst the girls; anyhow, it is a mean, unworthy thing to tell tales, and if any of our girls are guilty I hope they will repent and amend their ways.

"As for you boys, you can't help being rough, I know, for you are built so, but remember that what is play to you is annoyance to the girls, who are naturally quieter, and care more for their dress and appearance.

"That as to play. As to rudeness, there is a more serious thing to be said. As a tell-tale is a sneak, so the male person who is rude to girls or women is not a boy nor a man, but a cad. There is no surer mark of vulgarity than disregard for the feelings of those you meet. No man, no gentleman, young or old, will ever willingly offend or give pain, to anyone; but to a girl, or a woman, to be rude, or cruel, or over-bearing—that is a depth of baseness to which only cads can descend.

"I'm not going to preach sermons to you boys, nor am I going to give a score of learned reasons for what I say, but I am going to tell you, as a man of years and experience, that every boy ought to be kind and gentle towards all girls and all women. If all our boys were taught this old-world faith, that a woman is to be loved, defended, honoured, and served just because she is a woman, and no matter whether she be rich or poor, plain or pretty, old or young, good or bad—if all our boys were taught this natural and right conduct towards women, much of the misery and nearly all the shame would very soon disappear from this brutal and unhappy England.

"Some of you boys will wonder at these words. But they are true. Be sure of this, if ever you see a boy unkind to a girl, that boy is a cad.

"There must be a sadly large number of cads in England, or the things done to women commonly in all our towns would be impossible.

"I'm talking seriously to you, because it is a serious thing. I am talking to you boys because you will soon be the men of England, and because I feel sure that you can be taught no finer lesson than the lesson of right behaviour to women and girls. Until you have learned that lesson you will never be men, and in learning it you must become gentle men."

ACCORDING to orthodox teachings the foul murderer swings off into eternity with the name of Jesus on his lips, and blackness in his nature from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet, is made a fit associate for saints and angels by the confession wrung from him by the near prospect of death and the fear of hell. His mouth utters what his nature belies, and it passes for genuine faith and purification and salvation from the consequences of sin by the dictum of priest and church. And the world looks on, one class in careless acquiescence with the doctrine; another in amazement that the civilisation of the age can be so belied by its religion, and with a protest against the immoral tendency of teachings so repugnant to reason.—*Mrs. M. E. King.*

#### A LOST SOUL'S PLAIN.

[Hypocrisy, the deadly crime, which, like Judas, kisses Hell at the lips of Redemption.—S. T. COLERIDGE.]

I thought within the Peace of God  
My soul would have lain now,  
But, oh! before His mighty will  
I faint and cannot bow.

The dolorous pain, the fearful ire,  
The dreadful love of God,  
Consumes me like a living fire,  
And pierces like a rod.

More awful than I dare express,  
That glorious majesty!  
Of strength incomprehensible,  
Profund infinity!

And I, scorched by Love's quenchless flame,  
Intenser than Hell's fire,  
Am sunk in abject wretchedness,  
And racked by vain desire.

And what my sin was, who can tell?  
On earth none thought me vile;  
I never did the "fearful thing,"  
Nor sought that might defile.

An upright man; stern, fearless, just,  
And righteous thought to be;  
Yet 'neath that mask of godliness  
Lurked foul hypocrisy.

Appals for mercy, cries for help,  
The suffering children's tear,  
I ruthless spurned, and now I mourn  
A soul, sunk, warped and sear.

I see myself, a shrivelled shape,  
Loathsome, misformed and mean;  
A semblance uglier than I am,  
The devils dare not feign.

Condemned in the vast wilds of heaven  
To wander forth alone,  
And in deep sorrow and remorse  
To reap what I have sown.

A fallen angel, I must bear  
For ages yet, my sin:  
Scarce may I thro' eternity  
God's dear forgiveness win.

The soul I starved, almost dethroned,  
Must climb a toilsome hill,  
Ere it can love and yield unto  
The Divine Perfect Will.

—W. KYLE.

AN OLD miller who was widely known in his neighbourhood for never conceding a point nor yielding an iota where he was one-eighth right, always advised others when in trouble to "bear and forbear," as this, he said, lifted us above our enemies and subdued all troubles. "Is that the principle you follow out in life?" one day asked a neighbour whom the miller had just given the usual advice. "Eh, yer—why, I guess so," stammered our moralist, evidently in doubt as to himself. "Not except you were cornered and couldn't help yourself," came a voice from the rear. His wife had overheard the conversation, and was delighted to find an opportunity of questioning her husband's consistency. Moral: Never preach a doctrine too near home that you do not practice.

SPIRITUALISM is the only holmsman which can save science from shipwreck; and preserve the foremost races in the world from being submerged beneath the ever-rising waves of materialism. Religion is perfectly impotent to combat it. It is the mop of Mrs. Pargeton, over again. In rolls an ocean of doubt and unbelief, and there stand the theologians, mop in hand, making the most frantic and futile endeavours to push back the breakers. Men are asking for proofs of an after-life, and of the persistent existence of the human soul; and the Churches have none to offer. Spiritualism and Spiritism alone, can supply the incontrovertible evidence; evidence which no one is expected to receive on mere hearsay, but to investigate and examine for himself.—*Harbinger of Light.*

FROM WITHIN OUTWARDS.—Spiritual growth the basis of reform. "We who grieve over human suffering would sweep it from the earth at one stroke, applying outside force and execute legislation to prevent the commission of all wrong. Such a mode of procedure is like, to use a homely phrase, 'putting the cart before the horse.' All reform, to be lasting and effective, works out from within. To reform the world by the development of one's individual character seems a slow way. It is a slow way, but it is the way by which all steady and lasting growth proceeds. It took unnumbered ages to gradually develop this earth to be the home of human beings. This was not done in six days, as superstitious minds have ignorantly believed. The oak tree takes many years to develop its giant strength, and to make the solid wood so useful by its durability. Many years are required to develop a human being from the embryotic stage to complete manhood. Lasting, strong character is not built in a day, nor does it influence others in an hour. Still it influences others to build the same, and in this normal, natural method will the human race go on unto that perfection that is its destined goal, from the very conditions of its origin. The main duty for you and for me is to begin with ourselves, to develop, truth, purity, justice, love, reverence and aspiration in ourselves. In this way can we do our part effectively toward the improvement of the human race; and true improvement, from core to outer expression, will bring increased prosperity in material conditions."—*Abby A. Judson.*

**GLEANINGS.**

THE spiritual philosophy is so simple that a child can grasp its alpha, but the highest developed scientist cannot fathom its omega.

WHEN a man feels nettled by criticism in regard to his thoughts or actions, there is truth in the criticism. A tender chord has been touched.

ENDEAVOUR to keep your heart in the duty of cherishing good-will to all, thinking and speaking evil of no one, and always with a kind word for everybody.

SOME preach love and charity, but are unwittingly selfish when their own ends or aims are involved, becoming blind for the time to the discomforts or sacrifices imposed on others.

JUDGMENT concluded on personal likes or dislikes is but relative, and can not hold with that based on intuition; for intuition is nature's verdict given at a moment when the personality of the judge is at rest.

SELISHNESS is its own curse; it is a starving vice, and the man who does no good gets none; he is like the heath in a desert, neither yielding fruit nor seeing whence good cometh, a stunted, dwarfish, miserable shrub. Let all your influences be exerted for the purpose of doing all you can for the common good and individual welfare of everyone.

A GREAT deal of the mysticism and superstition of the past can be explained on the hypothesis that the two worlds, the spiritual and material, so completely merge, one into the other, that the influence of the former on the latter naturally produces certain results, which, though vaguely understood, and of course, not correctly interpreted, have yet made a deep impress upon humanity, and have laid a foundation for much of the folk lore and superstition that have come up from the past.

WHEN THE DIVINITY of mediumship is fully revealed to the world, then shall we walk and talk daily with the unseen, yet real world of spirit. In that day how the mists shall clear, and human life be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Spiritualists, of all people under the sun, should be happy. Death and the grave robbed of their terror; life not a blind, aimless pathway among the thorns, but a growing time, a blossoming out of mind, heart and soul, into the elysian garden fields of the hereafter.

A LUDICROUS mistake happened in a church at Syracuse, N. Y., which has been much afflicted in its two last pastors, one of whom has died, and the other become so debilitated that he has gone south to pass the winter. At a prayer meeting the other night one of the brethren arose to report, but by a singular infelicity got the deceased pastor's name into the place of the debilitated one, and remarked: "He says the weather is very warm—indeed unusually and uncomfortably warm in that locality."

THE significant message of Spiritualism has made the circuit of the globe. The powers that have been accustomed to sway the world and arrest the march of human progress are struck with astonishment, that is fast intensifying into dismay. They of all others are intelligent enough to understand how widespread are the irresistible consequences of this humble and despised beginning. They know too well that the sounding of the summons for open and general revolt against the tyranny of iron-clad dogmas and the incarceration of the human spirit in the dungeons of bigotry and creedal hatreds, will arouse humanity, already civilised, socialised, and fraternised by the marvellous advance of science and industry, to a pitch of determination that will render the rule of the times of the past again impossible.

LET IT BE recognised that the success of a speaker depends very largely upon the degree of sympathy and good-will, and of appreciative interest manifested by the audience; if the sitters will rally round, sympathetic friends sit near the platform, and their expectancy shine in their good-humoured faces, the medium will feel that there is a battery of love-force around and about to sustain, while the spirits will gather it up and use it, and give a far deeper, truer, and more effective speech that will fill the hearers with joy and zeal, and each one will go away feeling "it was good to be there." If Spiritualists only studied these matters more, and learnt that they "get just what they make conditions for," there would be far more interest shown, and far more successful services. We want more of this co-operation, more love and sympathy, more trust and mutual helpfulness, more fellowship and unity in our services, where we can all feel thoroughly happy and at home.

PARENTS, we believe, are too apt to correct their children, while themselves under the influence of ill-temper. They are irritated and provoked, and the despot, which sits in the dark corner of every man's heart, rises up and smites the unresisting child, who, in most cases, quite unthinkingly and undesignedly, has caused the provocation. The kindlier feeling of the parents begins to operate when his anger has had time to cool, and in his lonely hours, the crying, the piteous face of his poor child rises up before him; but the mischief is done, the child has been wronged, and perhaps, a sense of injustice and rancorous bitterness excited in his heart. We can never think, without pity, of the parent who lost a noble and promising son by death, and was haunted through life after by the recollection of his parental severity. "My boy," he said to a friend, "was used to think me severe, and he had too much reason to do so; he did not know how I loved him at the bottom of my heart; and it is now too late."

AN INVOCATION.—We thank thee, Infinite Spirit, that to spiritual eyes there is no death, no grave; that thy life once imparted endureth, and that the dissolution of the visible is the release of the immortal. Lord of the seraph and the worm; Ruler of the universe; we are in the hollow of thy hand; do unto us as thou deemest best, for what thou doest is well done. Thou art Life, and while thou art, we shall be. Thou art Love, and we need not fear. Thou art Light; O, illumine us with thy truth. Through the saints and blessed societies that do thy errands, that delight in thy service, and whose joy it is to deliver from sin, shed thy gracious influences around us, and lift us above those clouds of time that we may share, if only for a brief moment, in their celestial peace. Sanctify unto us all our trials, all our afflictions. Give us hope; give us resignation; give us the lively faith that looks through death. Watch over our beloved and prosper them with a true prosperity. Fit us all for the better life, and keep us in the plenitude of thy infinite love. Amen.

SELF-RESPECT is always forfeited by bitterness or ill-feeling towards another.

MR. AND MRS. UNDERWOOD have retired from the editorial chair, but will continue to contribute articles to the "Philosophical Journal," and the proprietor, Mr. T. G. Newman, promises to maintain the high tone of this excellent journal. We wish him every success.

TAKING THE OATH. As this matter recently cropped up in a question to "Nemo," we give the section 5 of the Oaths Act: "If any person to whom an oath is administered desires to swear with uplifted hand in the form and manner in which an oath is administered in Scotland he shall be permitted so to do, and the oath shall be administered to him in such form and manner without further question." The form of the Scotch oath has been duly prescribed, and every person who administers an oath is bound to know it, and to use it whenever it is asked for, and every person has a right to be so sworn if he wishes, "without further question."

PUBLIC lectures and spiritual services should be characterized by a true spirit of love, encouraging in the statement of the principles of the spiritual philosophy, building up the nature of man spiritually with the holier, sweeter, and more heavenly impulses from the angel side of life, softening and smoothing the rough angularities, helping us all to be wiser, purer, nobler, gentler, and more true and tender. We ought all to feel our need of more spirituality and less harshness; the censorious spirit and condemnatory frame of mind, the critical, cynical, and judicial disposition that so often wounds, and for lack of full information unjustly condemns, is not the spirit of Spiritualism. The spirit world teaches us forgiveness, self-sacrifice, the brotherhood of man, and fatherhood of God. Oh, let us all strive to help one another, be more gentle and kind, admit extenuating circumstances, and in the spirit of fraternal love and fellowship bear each other's burdens, and make our meetings seasons of spiritual refreshing, our aspiration answered with inspiration, till we are all able to give a reason for the faith we hold.

THE SUN AND STARS.—The sun itself is almost as nothing compared with the dimensions of the solar system. Sirius is calculated to be a thousand times as great as the Sun, and a million times as far away. The solar system itself travels in one region of space, sailing between worlds and worlds, and is surrounded by many other systems at least as great and complex; while we know that even then we have not reached the limits of the Universe itself. There are stars so distant that their light, though travelling 180,000 miles in a second, yet takes years to reach us; and beyond all these are other systems of stars which are so far away that they cannot be perceived singly, but even in our most powerful telescopes appear only as minute clouds or nebulae. It is, indeed, but a feeble expression of the truth to say that the infinities revealed to us by Science—the infinitely great in the one direction, and the infinitely small in the other—go far beyond anything which had occurred to the unaided imagination of man, and are not only a never-failing source of pleasure and interest, but seem to lift us out of the petty troubles and sorrows of life.—*Sir John Lubbock.*

HOW GREAT THE CHANGE in the fields of literature, science, theology, and every department of human life and thought since this world of mortality was invaded by the inhabitants of that other sphere—the world of spirits! Study, for instance, the remarkable modifications of the pulpit teachings, suppressing the old dogmas about which the modern preachers refuse to hear, and vitalizing their Sunday inculcations with spiritual truths to be learned from no creeds, catechisms or councils. Hell's fires are only smoking now; heaven is not proposed as a sweetmeat bribe; the judgment-day is not to be waited for. It is not culture, merely, the growth of religious thought, or the revolutions of science, that has wrought these changes. It is nothing more nor less than the influx of an entirely new inspiration, that which SPIRITUALISM alone has wrought; making its silent way through the barricades of immovable materialism; dissolving the dogmas and dethroning the doctrines of pride-swollen ecclesiastical power; pushing back to a far larger expanse the horizon of human knowledge, thought and aspiration; impressing wider and truer views of life, conduct and duty; placing human responsibility for its actions on human shoulders, where it belongs; bringing heaven from its far-away distance into the limits of our daily lives; and dissolving without further notice the old partnership of "the world, the flesh and the devil."—*Banner of Light.*

**LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.**

I know even from my early years  
A haunting horror dark and grim—  
Awakener of my deepest fears,  
Of eyeless head and fleshless limb—  
A transient terror, ill defined,  
And alien to the youthful mind.

And deeper still the shadow grew  
When years were added to my span;  
And many a troubled breath I drew  
When pondering o'er the lot of man,  
So vain and full of toil and strife  
And noisy nothings seemed his life.

The shadow deepened, for I said:  
The life beyond is but a dream,  
The dead are surely wholly dead,  
And no wise other than they seem.  
Life ripens but to fall, and rot,  
And perish, and be clean forgot.

Sweet is the light, and doubly sweet  
To those who long have dwelt in gloom.  
And light has come to guide my feet  
Through life, and death, and mortal doom—  
A steady light that shall not fail,  
A radiance from behind the veil.

R. PHILLIPS.

## A NIGHT WITH GLASGOW SPIRITUALISTS. SPIRIT RAPPING AND SPIRIT PAINTING. LONG LOST RELATIVES APPEAR.

ALTHOUGH it may not generally be known there are a great many Spiritualists in Glasgow, and also a society known as the Glasgow Spiritualistic Society. Private seances take place in the houses of members, while on Sundays meetings are held, forenoon and evening, in a hall in Carlton Place, on the south side of the city. A correspondent of the *Weekly Scotsman* attended a seance in the house of Mr. Duguid, of Devon Street, South Side, on a Wednesday the other week. It is said for Mr. Duguid that for the past twenty-five years, without fee or reward of any kind, he has devoted the first evening of each month to a painting seance for the benefit of investigators or incredulous persons, and upwards of 6000 visitors from all parts of the world have witnessed the production of beautiful

### SPIRIT PAINTINGS,

about 1,800 of which are now widely distributed. Besides these painting seances, however, some wonderful physical manifestations also occur, and our representative was fortunate in being present when a number of well known clairvoyants from London helped to make up the circle, and by their knowledge of the spirit world were able—so they said—to see many shadowy figures flitting about the room.

But let our representative tell his story in his own way. He says:—

The night on which I started off on this strange mission was about as disagreeable as could well be imagined. A gale was raging and when passing over Jamaica Bridge, or rather the service bridge, I had to creep well in lest I might be dashed against the shelving buttresses. The wind shrieked and howled in demoniacal fury, while the swollen river tossed and tumbled underneath on its way oceanwards. Whether it was that the nature of my errand reused any latent Highland superstition within me I know not, but as I fought my way across, inch by inch, I could fancy in looking river-wards into the inky darkness, that I could see weird and fantastic imps of Satan mocking at me. But at the corner of Eglinton-street I was fortunate enough to catch a car, and my journey was then easy.

On reaching Devon-street I found a gentleman waiting to escort me upstairs, and I was soon seated comfortably in a well-furnished parlour-sitting-room, where already over twenty persons had assembled. The sexes were fairly equally represented, and every one was in the best possible humour. The circle was soon formed, a lady and gentleman being placed beside each other as far as the numbers allowed. Then the door was opened, and

### THE MEDIUM,

Mr. Duguid, quietly bowed to the company. There were not a few present who were well known to Mr. Duguid, while others again saw him for the first time. This was my own case, and I must confess that his personality impressed me not a little. Somewhat above the medium height, his strong, determined-looking face gave one the idea that, having formed an opinion, he could not be easily turned from it. His hair is long and inclined to be curly, while his benevolent-looking and furrowed face, albeit strong and determined jaw, made one feel kindly towards him.

He brought into the room a palette containing brushes and various colours in oil, and these he arranged to his liking. Two musical boxes were then exhibited to the company with their keys firmly sealed, and after a few minutes spent in pleasant conversation, Mr. Duguid, who had been a silent onlooker, was seen to have passed into what is termed

### A SPIRITUALISTIC TRANCE.

Quite unconscious of his surroundings, he rocked to and fro in his chair, his eyes rolled about in his head in a wild-like fashion. Then the pupils disappeared, nothing but the white of the eyes being seen. I should say he sat in this state for a couple of minutes, and then his hand groped its way to the palette. All this was done with the gas fully turned up. Having found a pencil, his other hand sought and grasped a large piece of prepared cardboard. On this he rapidly pencilled out a sketch, his eyes, however, which were close shut, never once resting on the quickly-forming sketch. After having completed a rough draft brushes were next applied. With deft fingers each individual oil was visited, and duly prepared on the palette. Not once did the eyes open; not once did the medium exhibit any signs of consciousness; he sat quietly on his chair, his eyes, in which there was no light, looking everywhere but on the picture. In eighteen minutes he laid the brushes down and pushed across the table a beautiful representation in oils of Portincross Castle on the Clyde. The sea piece was especially fine; the colouring showing careful manipulation and fine discernment.

Hastily two small pieces of card, the size of a carte-de-visite, were pushed forward to Mr. Duguid. Corners from each were cut off so as to provide against any possible deception, while all present had an opportunity of inspecting them. Then for the first time the lights were lowered, and the windows being shuttered the company was enveloped in the darkness of night. Hands were linked, and every one waited impatiently, some with considerable dread, for what was to come. All at once the table evinced signs of life, and rocked to and fro. Then from the key-locked music boxes issued forth a delightful dreamy sort of music, and

### A DARK PURPLISH COLOURED MIST

seemed to rise from the table. Only four minutes lapsed before the lights were again turned up, and then, to the wonder of many present, two miniature paintings in oil had been completed. The cards, still wet, were handed round, and the corners fitted in exactly. One painting was a replica of the large one, while the other was a fine bit of landscape. These last two pictures were said to be performed by no earthly hand, being the work of spirits, while Mr. Duguid's picture was also completed by spirits, although he was the medium in their hands. The small pictures were, therefore, called "direct paintings." Whether the work of mortals or of those who know the mysteries of the border world, they showed considerable skill, and

the spirits were really smart and lost no time. The spirits of Jans Steene and Ruysdael, two Dutch painters of the sixteenth century, are said by Mr. Duguid to guide his hand, and while he can use a brush a little when not under their spell, his work is nothing when compared to that done unconsciously by him.

Some of the company being anxious to know a little about spiritualistic phenomena, the medium was asked if it was possible, and in a dreamy sort of voice he made answer that there was much spiritualistic power in the room. Once more the lights were lowered, and once more did the table open the programme with a series of what may be termed "high kicking." Then was it also that the lady clairvoyants from the Metropolis showed their skill in detecting

### SPIRITS FROM THE NETHER WORLD,

who had been pleased to visit the parlour at Devon-street.

"Oh, I see such a beautiful light right above the table," said one lady. "It is standing with quite a halo round it."

This, I thought, was getting quite interesting, and I was about to have a look round for some of my lost kin, when, as if resenting my low-born curiosity, the table reared itself on end, and became a barrier; a black wall shut out the light the lady spoke of, while, on the other side, the fair one went into ecstasy over the beautiful form. I was enshrouded in darkness; she was basking in light.

Again the room was flooded with music, while even I could make out, or at least thought I did, several lights which evolved themselves into shape akin to human. Becoming a little excited with my glimpse of the unseen, I pushed a rather large note-book off my knee in the darkness, and in the silence which prevailed it made a startling sound.

"What was that?" asked one.

"Did you hear that noise?" said another; and as there was likely to be some dabistry about its origin, I mumbled out from my corner that my book had fallen. Whether this had a disturbing element in it I know not, but certainly the lights vanished for a time. But the spell was not broken. Again the clairvoyants began to tell what they saw, and this time

### A TALL SPIRIT

was said to be standing at my shoulder, with hand resting lovingly on mine. The London clairvoyant began to describe her appearance, and I was startled to find her giving a most minute personal description of an aunt of mine who had died in the north country more than eighteen years ago. Her hair, eyes, features, and height were all given, and that quite accurately. I slyly put up my hand in the dark, and touched the shoulder her spirit hand was said to be resting on, but I felt only my rough Harris tweed, and nothing else. In reply to a question of mine as to whether her visit boded good or evil to me, I was told it was a good sign.

I was not the only person signalled out. One lady was told of a sister who had gone out of her sight for many years, and was comforted by the thought that she might see her again soon; while another lady—a married one—was advised never to enter a circle again, as it did not suit her. The medium who delivered this judgment said she could feel

### A CURRENT OF PAIN

coming from her, and the lady admitted that she was terribly troubled with headaches. Several other persons had knowledge from the spirit-world imparted to them, and one young fellow got so enraptured that it was found that he had gone off on a visit to spirit-land himself, having fallen into a trance.

All this time Mr. Duguid, the real medium, was breathing heavily, and still in a trance, and to prevent further exhaustion the lights were raised, and in five minutes or so he was back again to the matter-of-fact world, where spirits are at a discount.—*The Weekly Scotsman.*

## PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

CAMBOIS.—5th, Mr. W. H. Robinson; afternoon, "Mediumship: its facts, laws, and utility;" evening, "Do the dead really return?" and startling incidents in a twenty years' inquiry.

HYDE.—Mr. Thos. Wild, the celebrated clairvoyant, of Rochdale, is now open to take Sunday engagements during 1896. For particulars as to terms, etc., write Mr. Wm. France, 33, George-street, Hyde, or Mr. Wm. Johnson, 148, Mottram Road, Hyde.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.—Mrs. Wallis, of Manchester, will give an address in the French Drawing Room, St. James's Hall, on Thursday evening, January 9th, on "Spiritual gifts: what they are and how they should be exercised," followed by experiments in clairvoyance.

LONDON. Islington, Wellington Hall, Upper-street, N.—Under the auspices of the North London Spiritualists, a grand Conversatione, concluding with a Cinderella Dance, will take place in the Great Hall on Thursday, January 2nd, 1896. Doors open at 7 p.m., commence at 7-30 p.m. Many well-known friends of the cause have promised to be present. Various objects of interest, photographs, &c., will be on view. A programme of songs, music, and recitations will be arranged. Refreshments provided at moderate charges. Admission, one shilling; children, sixpence. Tickets may be had of the hall-keeper, and of the various London Societies, or James Burns, 56, Great Queen-street, W.C.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Spiritual Evidence Society's Annual Tea, Entertainment, and Dance will be held in the Good Templar Hall, 2, Clayton-street, corner of Blackett-street, on Thursday, the 2nd of January, 1896. All friends are cordially invited. Tea on the tables at 5 p.m.; entertainment at 7 p.m.; dancing about 9 p.m. till 2 a.m.

NORTH SHIELDS. Hall 6, Camden Street.—Thursday, Jan. 2, a Social. Tickets 6d. Refreshments at moderate prices.

YOUR NEWSAGENT wants business; tell him to supply you with two copies of the *TWO WORLDS* weekly, you'll never miss the money, it will help him, do you good, benefit the people to whom you give the paper, enable you to be generous, spread the truth, besides assisting to advertise your society's work.

**SPIRIT MINISTRY.**

[The following poem was given under inspiration at Barrow-in-Furness some years ago; it was crowded out last week.]

Down from the shining portals,  
 All radiant with bliss;  
 Down from their homes in heaven,  
 & Down, even unto this;  
 Your weary way, the angels come  
 To guide you to your spirit's home.  
 Lo, neither tone nor space divide  
 Nor dark impedes their way,  
 They halt not in their ministry  
 'Till near you, with a ray  
 Of hope and light, they stand  
 Revealed a loving spirit band.  
 And lo, they catch, like incense,  
 Those holiest thoughts that rise,  
 And bear them in their loving hearts  
 Far, far beyond the skies:  
 Those thoughts of God so true and fair,  
 To bloom as flowers in heaven's pure air.  
 O sacred is their message;  
 They tire not day or night,  
 But evermore are ready,  
 To bear, with onward flight,  
 Your holiest aspirations,  
 Into that land of love,  
 Where angels weave your garments  
 To deck you souls above.  
 And, soft as silvery moonbeams,  
 They touch you when they glide  
 Down from their homes in heaven,  
 Back to your earthly side.  
 All silent as the twinkling  
 Of yonder stars at night,  
 They come when you are weary,  
 And fill your souls with light;  
 Yea, 'mid the darkest nightfalls  
 That e'er oppress your way,  
 E'en as the orb of heaven  
 Brings back the beautiful day.  
 O grieve not, then, the spirits  
 But kindly hear their voice;  
 With solemn, holy accents,  
 They bid your hearts rejoice;  
 And overcome they linger,  
 Your hearts to fill with love,  
 And fit you for those mansions,  
 The spirit's home above.

THERE IS NO DEATH.—I am pleased to see in your issue of the 13th inst. that you are going to publish "There is no death" in pamphlet form, and our grateful thanks are due to Miss Merryat for her kind permission, given without the slightest hesitation, for the publication of her lecture in this form. Might I venture to suggest that all who can afford a little outlay will take a supply of these pamphlets and send them to each of their recently bereaved friends. There are many such, to whom for various reasons it might be advisable to bring the subject of Spiritualism in a quiet sort of a way, and I know of no better method than asking the bereaved ones to read this little work, which is exactly suited to their case, and if they are interested they can get larger books on the same subject afterwards. I will be glad to take 100 copies to begin with, and I trust other orders will soon flow in.—R. J. Atkinson. [This pamphlet is now ready, price 3d. post-free, and can be had at the Two Worlds Office, 18, Corporation-street, Manchester. Ed. T. W.]

MATERIALISM DESTRUCTIVE OF ITSELF.—"J. F." in a recent number of the *Monist*, comments on the following extract from an article by Professor A. E. Dolbear:—"Physical knowledge is doubtless far from complete, but has been pursued far enough to make it clear that matter and ether are two radically different substances, and more, if there be any approach to truth in the position that the elements of ordinary matter are forms of vortical motion of ether in the ether, then it follows that the ether existed prior to the elements, for the latter are made of the former. If the ether be the frictionless medium it is assumed to be, then no physical process with which we are acquainted could possibly be the condition for the formation of a single atom, and this makes it philosophically needful to assume some agency radically different from any physical agency in our experience which could act upon ether, endow it with energy of a particular sort and make permanent structures. In other words, it makes needful the assumption that matter and ether, with such forms of energy as come into our experience, are not sufficient to account for the physical universe as we find it, and therefore any scheme of philosophy which builds on these alone is a defective one. Such materialism has no warrant from the vortex ring theory of matter." [After this *coup de grace*, this vigorous *coup de pied*, it is only reasonable to suppose that no Materialist will hereafter have the hardihood to raise the unclean thing from the gutter, and again present it as a claimant to philosophical recognition. The overthrow of Materialism by physical science is literally a case of self-destruction; for physical science has all along been its foundation and stronghold. From the days of Rochefoucauld, Locke, and Hume, down to those of Buchner and Schopenhauer, this destroyer of hope, this sensual inciter, has been strenuously at work undermining all moral motive, thereby sapping insidiously the foundations of society, by aiming at the destruction of man's rational sense of moral obligation. Look at Chatterton, Swift, and Byron, and the endless train of noble minds whom it sent tossing down to misanthropic graves! And all the while its only *raison d'être* turns out to be nothing better than the sophistries of pseudo-science! Long ago did Professor Huxley, in replying to Mr. Lilly, utterly repudiate it: and Mr. Herbert Spencer has expressed indignation at being classified as a Materialist.—J. F.]

**WANTED, FOR SALE, SITUATIONS, ETC.**

Terms—4d. per line, four lines for 1s., four insertions for the price of three. Ten words to line. Cash with advertisement.

MEDIUMS with open dates for Jan. 5 and Jan 12, 1896, please correspond with R. Clark, 13, Tower-street, Darwen, stating fees and gifts.

- **ASTROLOGY.**—On Sale in MS., "Thrasher's Second Book" and "Worsdale's Lectures. What offers. Address Ph. Heydon, 15, Beechwood Place, Cardigan-place, Leeds.

WANTED, homely Lodgings or Apartments; Spiritualists preferred.—Address G., c/o Mr. Bowland, Broom-road, Altrincham.

WANTED Spiritualists to give their Orders to Mr. Gott, and support one who supports the Two WORLDS, although not a Spiritualist himself. He will serve you well. See his offer this week.

"THE MYSTERIES OF MEDIUMSHIP."—The pamphlet, under the above title, containing the portraits of Mr. Morse and his control, "Tien Sien Tie," and a full account of Mr. Morse's career, is almost all sold. A few copies can still be had from this office.

"HEAVEN REVISED; or Personal Experiences of Life after Death," through Mrs. E. B. Duffey. Manchester: The Two Worlds Publishing Co., 18, Corporation Street. Paper covers, 6d.; neat cloth covers, 1s.; 72pp. The Two Worlds publishing company have just issued an English edition of Mrs. E. B. Duffey's most popular little work, descriptive of life "over there," many thousands of which have been sold in the United States, and also in Great Britain. It is just the work to put in the hands of inquirers; its eminently sober statements, filled with pure spiritual sentiments, at once appealing to the reverent and thoughtful questioner upon the experiences described. It is neatly printed, and its attractively devised and printed paper covers, makes a neat looking booklet. For Lyceum lessons it will be invaluable, and all our Lyceums should procure supplies of the cloth covered copies for use. A further extension of the career of this useful work is now marked out for it, as its present price brings it within the reach of all. Neat in appearance, nicely printed, cheap in price, and full of really good things, sums up all that could be said, unless a detailed examination of the contents was made, and that we have not room for.—*Lyceum Banner*.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

**THE NEW HYMN BOOK OF THE SPIRITUALISTS' NATIONAL FEDERATION.**

THE large number of hymns required, and the pressure of work at this busy season upon the printers, have rendered it impossible to get this book out before Christmas, as we had hoped to do. The work will, however, gain in completeness by the slight delay. It will be ready early in the new year, and will consist of 320 pages, and contain over 700 hymns. The One Shilling Edition will be bound in Strong Cloth Covers, and will be the best and cheapest book ever published in the interests of Spiritualism. The Two Shilling Edition will be bound in fine leather, limp covers, with the words "Hymn Book" in gold letters on the side. Both editions will have coloured edges.

To meet the wishes of friends, a still better binding in morocco, with gilt edges, will be done for Three Shillings each.

**IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.**

To help meet the cost of production, remarkably low subscription prices have been offered to societies affiliated with the National Federation. Now that the book is almost ready those subscription rates will not hold good, and societies wishing to avail themselves of those favourable terms must write and forward orders and cash at once. All orders booked to affiliated societies this year will be executed as soon as the books are ready, at the advertised subscription rates, but cash must now be sent in as speedily as possible.

**TERMS TO SOCIETIES AFFILIATED WITH THE NATIONAL FEDERATION, ON AND AFTER JAN. 1, 1896.**

For the Cloth Bound Edition (1s.)—12 copies, 9s.; 25 copies, 18s. 6d.; 50 copies, £1 16s.; 100 copies for £3 11s.

For the Leather Bound Edition (2s.)—12 copies, 18s.; 25 copies, £1 17s. 6d.; 50 copies, £3 14s. 6d.; 100 for £7 8s. Carriage forward in all cases.

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Cloth Bound Edition (1s.)—12 copies, 9s. 6d.; 25 copies, 19s.; 50 copies, £1 18s. 6d.; 100 copies, £3 15s.

Leather Bound Edition (2s.)—12 copies, 19s.; 25 copies, £1 19s.; 50 copies, £3 18s.; 100 copies, £7 15s. Carriage forward in all cases.

Orders should be sent to Mr. E. W. Wallis, 18, Corporation Street, Manchester.

[Will those societies who have notified their intention to subscribe, when sending their payments, please enclose careful directions for the forwarding of the parcels, giving the name and address of persons to whom the books are to be sent?—ED. T. W.]



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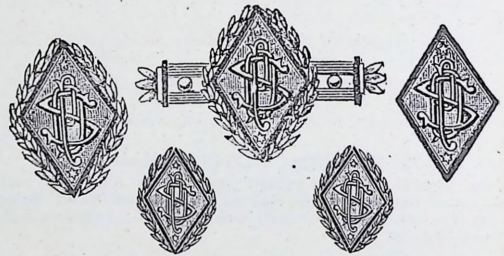
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# SUPPLEMENT TO THE TWO WORLDS.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1896.

## THE GOOD-NATURED FARMER AND THE RATS: A FABLE.

By PETER LEE.

A GOOD-NATURED FARMER was very much troubled with rats. They infested his corn stacks and granaries in such numbers, and consumed and spoiled his grain to such a large extent that he invented a trap in which to catch them alive, his extremely kind heart forbidding the thought of killing them. As he watched their graceful movements in their imprisonment, as he pondered over the Great Author of Nature and saw in them His mighty handiwork, his heart swelled with admiration; and although he had suffered so much from them, he yearned to give them again their freedom. But what could he do? If he turned them loose near his own homestead they would trouble him again; kill them he would not, and at last he took them and let them loose on his neighbour's land. By and by some of them returned, only to renew their mischief, while the others stayed to commit similar depredations upon his neighbour's farm and granaries.

Moral, "Of two evils choose the lesser." Every pest reproduces its own species, therefore the lesser evil is to remove the pest when it is in our power rather than to perpetuate it by the adoption of impractical methods.

The above simple fable is intended to illustrate what is going on around us every day in human society. Ours is a Christian country. We have a great many kind-hearted men and women among us; we have a far greater number among us who are of a very practical turn of mind for anything they know, and they would strenuously resent any charge, direct or implied, which meant the opposite of benevolence. Some years ago we were standing on the platform at Knutsford railway station. Presently one or two wardens from the jail appeared, and they were accompanied by about a dozen men who had just completed their respective terms of imprisonment. One of the wardens obtained tickets for the released prisoners respectively, and on enquiry I was informed that these men were being sent part way by rail in the direction of the various towns from which they had been sent to the prison. Some of the men wore the dress which so often characterises the professional tramp—torn and weather-beaten, whilst they were nearly as bad as barefoot; in a word, they were effectually damned to the fastidious and ordinary smug and well-to-do persons who usually regard such unfortunate wretches with a shudder of abhorrence. Pests to society! lazy! no'er-do-wells! drunkards! thieves! These and similar epithets are lavishly applied by the "unco guid" upon these men who, did we know their life's history and circumstances, would excite in every human breast feelings of the deepest pity and respect. But Society has made laws, and the laws must be obeyed; probably it is the law that has contributed largely to make this class of individuals what they are. The law has made it a crime for those men to beg; the law has made it a crime, even though hungry, to steal. Work they cannot get to do, either because they have lost their character, or their appearance is against them, and so between begging and stealing they find their way back to the jail. Those who made the law were like the kind-hearted farmer in the fable; they could not find it in their hearts to kill these wretched fellow creatures, and so, after catching them and caging them, like so many rats for a time, they turned them loose among society to renew their depredations. Surely this is not the way to get rid of these people. Indeed, there must be something grossly inconsistent with all our professed goodness as long as this state of things continues. Are these poor outcasts of so-called respectable society of less consequence in the sight of heaven than those who dwell in palaces, who clothe themselves with "purple and fine linen, and who fare sumptuously every day?" If one of these men or women be murdered, the law follows the murderer even to the gallows, and yet those who make these rigorous laws permit the existence of such a state of society that makes it possible for the class of individuals on whose behalf we write to be eking out an existence worse than death, in very many instances, from the cradle to the grave. Let anyone who doubts this statement betake himself to the road side near to one of our large workhouses at that time when the tramps are being discharged after resting for the night, and after having done the tale of work which is supposed to compensate for the miserable meal in the morning with which they are supplied.

Note the cripples, see the blind, mark the limping and the shoeless creatures; survey the shivering, half-clad men, women, and children on a bitter winter's day, tramping in such conditions from town to town, now in the workhouse, then in jail, with no means whatever to change the conditions which bind them in this miserable state. The sun shines in all his stupendous lustre; the moon sheds her light and keeps nightly watch over all nature as she sleeps, while the stars as they twinkle seem to sing a song to our inmost souls of rippling melody. The earth is clad in all her varied greenness, the loveliest flowers bedeck her bosom, and the richest perfumes scent the morning breeze; the woods and valleys ring with the sweet music of the birds as hour by hour they sing their songs of freedom; the cattle low, and the lambs innocently bleat upon a thousand hills; birds of loveliest plumage hop from tree to tree, while myriads of insects of various form and exquisite beauty besport themselves among the grasses or in the balmy air. But alas, the heart darkened by the cloud of adversity, struggling its weary way among the shoals and rocks of time, thinks but of that change which death alone can bring, and so nature in all her beauty is but to them a "waste and howling wilderness."

Are these homeless wayfarers not God's children? Are they

not our brothers and sisters? Are they not fashioned after the same plan? Are they insensible to pain and hunger's pang? Are they void of human affections and human woes? Or have the caprices of fate's untoward hand so blunted their human susceptibilities that they have become callous to their lot, having lost all hope of rising to a serenest state of life when all their noblest possibilities may have a chance of coming into action?

Could we open their hearts and read the inscriptions written thereon by the unerring hand of experience; could we pull aside the curtain that divides their own existence from that hereditary chain of which they are the last link! should we not discover a secret that would put us all to shame? should we not, obeying the highest instincts of the human heart, weep for their misfortune and extend to them our tenderest sympathies and our readiest help? Dives knew not of the miseries of Lazarus at his gate; Dives in affliction was made aware of human pain and sorrow!

But we turn from these speculations to a more practical phase of our theme. The earth is beautiful. Nature is bounteous in her gifts; she gives to us enough and to spare. Man, nature's noblest work, endowed with mental possibilities surpassing every other creature upon earth, able of rolling back the scroll of records of long bygone ages; capable, by a knowledge of Nature's laws, to look into futurity with the prophetic eye, must be held responsible for those inequalities, those irrational and unjust states and conditions that prevail among the various classes that go to make up human society. With regard to our homeless, unemployed, and floating population, it is clearly the duty of the State to take the needs of these comparatively helpless people into its serious consideration, and make it possible that they shall have the opportunity of performing the part of law-abiding citizens, instead of being, as many of them are now, a prey upon the more fortunate classes of society. It must be quite clear to any thinking mind that these wretched men and women, who are sunk so low that it is utterly impossible they can rise without help, must be helped to rise, and that in a practical manner. As the case stands now, this class is supported from two main sources—the rates to support them in jails, by parochial relief, or by the voluntary gifts of benevolent people, who relieve them at their doors, and by the means of the charity-organisation societies. Of course, we must allow that some of them exist by their own depredations, but this has to be borne individually by those who become their prey. Put their case as we will, the fact remains that they do live and have to live as an aggregated burden upon the rest of society. Seeing then that they must have an existence at the expense of the community, it becomes the duty of every citizen to join in some scheme under which to live would be possible for these outcasts of society, at an expense to be borne either through imperial or local taxation. It is quite clear the jail, the workhouse, and private benevolence do not meet the case, and therefore some untried remedy must be adopted.

A few important questions here present themselves. Would these people who are now moving about from place to place, now in jail and workhouse, then out—would they work if some congenial occupation were found for them? Would those who never learnt a skilled trade be willing to learn some occupation that would make them useful? Would it be possible, instead of treating them harshly as paupers and criminals, to treat them as individuals mentally and bodily diseased, and socially unfortunate, with due respect and kindness, make them feel life was worth living, and enable them to take the fullest advantage of the opportunity given to them of mental, moral, physical and social improvement?

To provide the means for an experiment of this kind might mean a tax upon the community at first; but it might in the long run prove the lesser evil. But if the utility were manifest, the cost would be only a secondary consideration. An experiment might be tried on a small scale. Any municipality might establish a central institution provided with a dining-hall and the appliances for supplying plentifully meals at a small cost. The work to be done should form a set-off to the meal and, of course, other necessary accommodation which might be designated in the phrase, general accommodation; and if the work done more than paid the expenses of maintaining the individual, he should receive value direct, or it should go to his credit with the general fund and be at his disposal at any time and in any way he might choose. This is practically what is done in the jails as regards the employment of the prisoners, minus any pecuniary acknowledgment, the difference being that one set of persons would be free and not regarded as criminal, while the others are confined and under strict and unsympathetic discipline. The plan or scheme suggested is nothing more nor less than the prison system turned from a penal into a curative institution; from a harsh and barbarous method to one of the purest benevolence, one in which human kindness and consideration would be the prevailing characteristics. In the event of wilful obstinacy where the individual would not work, or where he might be violent and apparently incorrigible, then it would be necessary to safeguard others by some rigorous treatment of him which, while constituting a punishment, would not at the same time do more than act as an incentive to better behaviour. There can be little doubt but that among the tramps who go from town to town there must be many who would work and settle down if it were possible to get suitable conditions under which they could be sufficiently fed, kept clean, and comfortably housed. As regards the cripples, the diseased, and the aged, they have every claim upon our sympathies, and should be kindly treated.

Whatever the remedy may be, by means of which the outcasts of society may be treated as God's creatures ought to be in a Christian country, it will have to be practical. As hath been shown, it is now

neither Christian nor practical. In the great race for material wealth the devotees of Croesus have not time to think seriously of the welfare of the poor by whom they are surrounded, and if only they achieve their miserably sordid ends, it is of little consequence to them who starves to death in the streets or drags out a miserable existence in the jail or in the workhouse. This is not a question that the rich will ever practically deal with. The greatest human benevolence is not found in spheres of ease and luxury, but among those whose daily needs make life a continuous care, and into whose hearts have been developed the tenderest feelings through every variety of human struggles and afflictions. It is from this source the remedy will ultimately come. When the great mass of the toiling and suffering members of the community rise to a true sense of their power and responsibility, they will themselves change the conditions which make the hard worker poor and miserable, while the lazy rich live in luxury and contentment. The day is fast passing away when wealth is synonymous with intelligence, capability and integrity, and a new condition is dawning which is opening the eyes of the people to see that wealth in the majority of cases is associated with greed, dishonesty, rapacity and tyranny, and as a natural consequence the possessors of wealth are being more and more mistrusted by the toiling population, and that instead of our rulers being chosen almost entirely from the ranks of the affluent, those who produce the wealth are choosing representatives from their own body to control it. It would seem, then, that in proportion as this class of law-maker increases the day draws nearer when the great problem of poverty amid plenty will be solved. We will not say that some rich men are not possessed of large hearts and the tenderest sympathies, and there can be no reason why they may not be of the greatest service to humanity. But only those who employ what they possess in the reasonable interests of the commonwealth should be allowed any recognition as human benefactors. What we speak of may be a dream of a far distant day, or it may be near. That it is near is also possible, and its nearness and possibility are proportionate to the march of education and intelligence of the great mass of our toiling population. Free education and fewer hours of labour are steps in the right direction, especially if more time be spent in individual mental development, and less in mere sensuous enjoyment. The philosopher may think out schemes and plans for making men's circumstances better, but he rests at last with the individual whether he will or will not take advantage of what is suggested for his own good, "for one man may take a horse to the water but twenty men could not make him drink." It comes to this, therefore, that society will have to rid itself of whatever may be its pests by destroying the conditions that makes it possible for them to exist; and that they will exist as long as the present social conditions exist, is as certain as day follows night.

Let all men and women rise to a sense of their manhood and their womanhood; let them no longer be slaves of conditions which it is in their power to change; let them understand that laws made by men can be changed by men, that all human laws not in harmony with our natural needs are bad and ought to be destroyed; let all men see that the God of Nature has provided for all His creatures with a bounteous hand, and that poverty is not God-ordained, but that it is the result of some devilish condition which it is man's duty to remove, and which must be removed before his highest ideals can be realised.

### NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

In his popular work on the above subject, Prof. Drummond answers the question, "What is Spiritual environment?" thus: "This term obviously demands some further definition, for death is a relative term, and before we can define death in the spiritual world we must first apprehend the particular relation with reference to which the expression is to be employed. We shall best reach the nature of this relation by considering for a moment the subject of environment generally. By the natural environment we mean the entire surroundings of the natural man, the entire external world in which he lives and moves and has his being. It is not involved in the idea that either with all or part of this environment he is in immediate correspondence. Whether he correspond with it or not, it is there. There is in fact a conscious environment and an environment of which he is not conscious, and it must be borne in mind that the conscious environment is not all the environment that is; all that surrounds him, all that environs him, conscious or unconscious, is environment; the moon and stars are part of it, though in the daytime he may not see them; the polar regions are parts of it, though he is seldom aware of their influence. In its widest sense environment simply means all else that is."

Now it will next be manifest that different organisms correspond with this environment in varying degrees of completeness or incompleteness. At the bottom of the biological scale we find organisms which have only the most limited correspondence with their surroundings. A tree, for example, corresponds with the soil about its stem, with the sunlight, and with the air in contact with its leaves, but it is shut off by its comparatively low development from a whole world, to which higher forms of life have additional access; the want of locomotion alone circumscribes most seriously its area of correspondence, so that to a large part of surrounding nature it may truly be said to be dead. So far as consciousness is concerned, we should be justified indeed in saying that it was not alive at all: the murmur of the stream which bathes its roots, affects it not; the marvellous insect life beneath its shadow excites it in no wonder; the tender maternity of the bird, which has its nest among its leaves, stirs no responsive sympathy. It cannot correspond with those things; to stream and insect and bird it is insensible, torpid, dead. For this is death, this irresponsiveness.

The bird, again, which is higher in the scale of life, corresponds with a wider environment. The stream is real to it, and the insect. It knows what lies behind the hill; it listens to the love-song of its mate. And to much besides beyond the simple world of the tree this higher organism is alive. The bird, we should say, is more living than the tree; it has a correspondence with a larger area of environment. But this bird-life is not yet the highest life. Even

within the immediate bird-environment there is much to which the bird must still be held to be dead.

Introduce a higher organism, place man himself within this same environment, and see how much more living he is. A hundred things which the bird never saw in insect, stream, and tree appeal to him. Each single sense has something to correspond with. Each faculty finds an appropriate exercise. Man is a mass of correspondences, and because of these, because he is alive to countless objects and influences to which lower organisms are dead, he is the most living of all creatures.

The relativity of Death will now have become sufficiently obvious. Man being left out of account, all organisms are seen as it were to be partly living and partly dead. The tree, in correspondence with a narrow area of environment, is to that extent alive; to all beyond, to the all but infinite area beyond, it is dead. A still wider portion of this vast area is the possession of the insect and the bird. Their's also, nevertheless, is but a little world, and to an immense further area insect and bird are dead. All organisms likewise are living and dead—living to all within the circumference of their correspondences, dead to all beyond. As we rise in the scale of life, however, it will be observed that the sway of Death is gradually weakened. More and more of the environment becomes accessible as we ascend, and the domain of life in this way slowly extends in ever-widening circles. But until man appears there is no organism to correspond with the whole environment. Till then the outermost circles have no correspondence. To the inhabitants of the innermost spheres they are as if they were not. Now follows a momentous question.

Is Man in correspondence with the whole environment? When we reach the highest living organism, is the final blow dealt to the Kingdom of Death? Has the last acre of the infinite area been taken in by his finite faculties? Is his conscious environment the whole environment? Or is there, among these outermost circles, one which with his multitudinous correspondents he fails to reach? If so, this is death? The question of Life or Death to him is the question of the amount of remaining environment he is able to compass. If there be one circle, or one segment of a circle which he yet fails to reach, to correspond with, to know, to be influenced by, he is, with regard to that circle or segment, dead.

What then practically is the state of the case? Is man in correspondence with the whole environment, or is he not? There is but one answer. He is not. Of men generally, it cannot be said that they are in living contact with that part of the environment which is called the spiritual world. In introducing this new term (spiritual world) observe, we are not interpolating a new factor. This is an essential part of an old idea. We have been following out an ever widening environment from point to point, and now we reach the outermost zones. The spiritual world is simply the outermost segment, circle, or circles, of the natural world. For purposes or convenience we separate the two just as we separate the animal world from the plant. But the animal world and the plant world are the same world. They are different parts of one environment, and the natural and spiritual are likewise one. The inner circles are called the natural, the outer the spiritual, and we call them spiritual simply because they are beyond us or beyond a part of us. What we have correspondence with, that we call natural; what we have little or no correspondence with, that we call spiritual. But when the appropriate corresponding organism appears, the organism, that is, which can freely communicate with these outer circles, the distinction necessarily disappears. The spiritual to it becomes the outer circle of the natural.

Professor Drummond's "Natural law in Spiritual World," page 152—157, and as attached to 158:—

"Now of the great mass of living organisms, of the great mass of men, is it not to be affirmed that they are out of correspondence with this outer circle? Suppose, to make the final issue more real, we give this outermost circle of environment a name. Suppose we call it God. Suppose also we substitute a word for 'correspondence' to express more intimately the personal relation. Let us call it communion. We can now determine accurately the spiritual relation of different sections of mankind. Those who are in communion with God live, those who are not are dead."

[If instead of calling the spiritual world "God" we realise that our dear ones who have passed behind the veil are now living in that spiritual world, the personal relation of the communion would be expressed still more intimately.—S. A. M.]

### THE SPIRIT CIRCLE.

#### HINTS TO MEDIUMS AND SITTERS.

- BE always punctual, patient, and persevering.
- Be frank, kindly, and courteous to your fellow sitters.
- Do not sit when fatigued, or when angry, or excited.
- Keep your mind in a calm and passive state during the seance.
- Belief or unbelief does not affect the manifestations, but a bitter vindictive feeling against them hinders their occurrence.
- Be happy, cheerful, and bright, it will conduce to success; but a too serious or solemn demeanour checks the manifestations.
- Be prepared to remain the full time of the "sitting" without any anxiety as to its close.
- Abstinence from intoxicants, tobacco, and a heavy diet, on the day the circle is held is earnestly enjoined.
- If you are medumistic the foregoing should be firmly adhered to. ]
- Arrange that there be no interruption whilst the circle is sitting.
- Do not permit any discussion or remarks during the seance, and questions only one at a time when called for.
- Sit in a subdued light but still sufficient to enable everything to be clearly seen.
- Begin the sitting with earnest prayer and a sincere desire for the truth, and nothing but the truth.
- Beware of all frivolity, or levity, as such attracts Spirits of a low order.
- A friendly, confident feeling, among the sitters, in each other's good faith will aid success, as also the singing of hymns of a happy religious, or devotional nature in which all should join both in heart and voice.

## THE MAN OF GOD—WHO IS HE?

MOSES HULL IN THE "PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

The world generally supposes the phrase, "Man of God," in the Bible, means a good man, a church member, or something of the sort. I have carefully hunted up every place where it occurs in the Bible—it never means anything else than medium. There is not a place where the phrase occurs in the Bible where it could not be taken out and the word "medium" inserted in its stead, to the improvement of the text. The following are a few of the important places where it occurs. I will ask the printer to put "man of God" in italics every time; then I will ask the reader to read each text twice, putting the word "medium" in the second reading instead of the words in italic letters:—

"And this is the blessing wherewith Moses the man of God blessed the children of Israel before his death."—Deut. xxx. 1.

Now, if the reader will turn and read those blessings, filling the entire chapter, he will discover that Moses was simply giving a reading to the twelve tribes of Israel—nothing more.

"Thou knowest the thing that the Lord said unto Moses, the man of God, concerning me and thee. — Josh. xiv. 6.

Who could and did the Lord talk to except mediums? In one or two instances the phrase "man of God" meant spirits. One will be found in Judges, xiii. 6, where Mrs. Manoah said to her husband:

"A man of God came unto me, and his countenance was like the countenance of an angel of God, very terrible; but I asked him not whence he was, neither told he me his name."

Verse 8, the same, says:

"Then Manoah entreated the Lord, and said, O, my Lord, let the man of God which thou didst send, come again unto us and teach us what we shall do unto the child that shall be born."

This "man of God" is, in this chapter, called an angel nine times; a man of God twice, a man twice, the Lord once, God once, and the spirit of the Lord once.

In 1 Sam. ii. 27 to 36, a "man of God" came to the priest Eli, and made sundry predictions, too long to quote here.

In 1 Sam. ix. 6, 7, Saul and his servant called the prophet Samuel a "man of God" three times, as follows:

"And he said unto him, Behold, now, there is in this city a man of God, and he is an honourable man; and all that he saith cometh surely to pass; now let us go thither; peradventure he can show us our way that we should go. Then said Saul to his servant, what shall we bring the man? for the bread is spent in our vessels, and there is not a present to bring to the man of God. What have we? And the servant answered Saul again, and said, Behold, I have here at hand the fourth part of a shekel [62½ cts.] of silver; that will I give the man of God to tell us our way."

Is it possible to come to any other conclusion than that Samuel, the prophet, and "man of God" was a fortune-telling medium?

In the 9th verse of this same chapter a later editor, perhaps, puts in a parenthetical sentence which throws much light on the subject. It reads as follows:

"Before time in Israel, when a man went to inquire of God, thus he spake, Come and let us go to the seer. For he that is now called a prophet was before time called a seer."

While the phrase "man of God" always means what Spiritualists mean by the term "medium," when it did not mean a spirit or an angel, the expression "word of God," and "word of the Lord," never, in the Bible, means anything else than an expression of mediumship. I will prove this in a future lesson; I mention it now because both of these expressions occur in the next quotation to be made. In 1 Kings xii. 22 to 24, will be found the following:

"But the word of God came to Shemaiah, the man of God, saying: Speak unto Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, king of Judah, and unto all the house of Judah and Benjamin, and to the remnant of the people, saying: Thus saith the Lord, Ye shall not go up, nor fight against your brethren, the children of Israel; return every man to his house; for this thing is from me. They hearkened, therefore, to the word of the Lord."

In the next instance a "man of God" gives the "word of the Lord," or a medium gives a Spiritualistic message, to King Jeroboam as follows:

"And behold there came a man of God out of Judah, by the word of the Lord unto Bethel, and Jeroboam stood by the altar to burn incense, and he cried against the altar in the word of the Lord, and said: O, altar, altar, thus saith the Lord: Behold, a child shall be born unto the house of David, Josiah by name: and upon thee shall he offer the priests of the high places that burn incense upon thee, and men's bones shall be burnt upon thee."

This medium's prophecy is said to have proven true. This medium is in this chapter nine times called a "man of God," and his message from an angel (see verse 18) is four times called "the word of the Lord." When the angel gave this "man of God" "the word of the Lord" for this occasion, he charged him not to eat anything there, nor to return by the way he came; and by his disobedience to the message to himself, he was slain. See verse 26.

Elijah, the medium, was called a "man of God" for the same reason that the name was given to others. In 1 Kings xvii. 18, the Shunamite woman said to Elijah:

"O, thou man of God, art thou come unto me to call my sin to remembrance, and to slay my son?"

In verse 24, she said:

"Now, by this I know that thou art a man of God, and that the word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth."

In 1 Kings xx. 28, the record says:

"And there came a man of God, and spake unto the king of Israel, and said: Thus saith the Lord: Because the Syrians have said the Lord is the God of the hills, but he is not the God of the valleys, therefore will I deliver all this great multitude into his hand, and ye shall know that I am the Lord."

"And he spake unto him, Thou man of God, the king hath said, come down. And Elijah answered and said to the captain of fifty, If I be a man of God, then let fire come down from heaven and consume thee and thy fifty. And there came down a fire from heaven and

consumed him and his fifty."—11 Kings i. 9, 10. See also verses 11, 12 and 13.

I cannot ask for space to quote all the scripture there is on this subject, but I will tell the reader where to find the most of them, and anyone can find them at his or her leisure. Here they are:

2 Kings iv. 7, 9, 16, 22, 25, 27, 40, 42; v. 14, 20; vi. 10, 15; vii. 2, 17, 19; viii. 2, 7, 13, 19; xxiii. 16, 17; 2 Chron. xxv. 7 to 9; Jer. xxxv. 4; 1 Tim. xvi. 11; 2 Tim. iii. 16.

## MIND AND MATTER.

ALL POWER, in its last analysis, is will-power. Everywhere do we see matter as ruled by its lord and master. Mind: how then can it be the progenitor of mind? Can the transient produce the permanent? Can the lower call into existence the higher? Can the less include and produce the greater? Can blind diversity summon into being conscious unity?—in a word, can mud produce mind, or body create soul.

It is no answer to this to say that we cannot comprehend or explain any form of existence beyond the reach of our physical senses; for it is not a question of what we can comprehend or explain, but of what we are bound to infer. It is true that we may not be able to say anything about the origin of mind, or to explain how mind became active in producing matter, but neither can we explain how thought comes to be thought, even at the moment of reflection here and now.

The phenomenon of thought in the case of the dullest rustic, is every whit as wonderful and inexplicable as the thought of God. Can the Materialist tell what matter is? Nay, the blade of grass defies him as much as Deity. The difficulty of comprehending, then, or of giving explanations, is no hindrance here to the theistic conception. The only valid question is, Are we or are we not compelled to draw the conclusion that mind is first and deepest, and matter last and superficial?

We may admit that the world of spirit is a world of mystery; but are we not driven to infer its reality? What mind may be apart from matter, we may not know; but are we not compelled to date matter from mind in the descending scale? The whole tendency of science is to show that this is inevitable. Matter is purposeless and multitudinous, and it is mind that has to come in to set in order, to unite, to direct, to combine the whole, and to form a conception of the whole as a universe. And surely, if mind is necessary to form the conception of an universe, it is not less necessary for the production of an universe.

If materialism were all the truth, that is, if matter were first and supreme, the dominant forces should be all solid and most palpably material. But the fact is, that the nearer we get to the controlling forces of nature, the farther we get away from the palpable and solid. It is uncessingly urged upon us by nature that the unseen world is a world of causes, of primary forces, of permanent powers. All the most powerful and universal forces are now referred to minute vibrations of an almost infinitely attenuated form of matter. Light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and probably vitality and gravitation, are believed to be but modes of the motion of a space-filling ether. Thus all the manifestations of force in the material world are produced by a form of matter so impalpable that only by its effects does it become known to us.

How easy, then, is it to infer, nay! how inevitable is the inference that the unseen universe is the universe of abiding energies! And how surely we are led on to the conclusion that an order of beings may dwell there, who have the tremendous advantage of the use of those ethereal forces which are the overflowing fountain from all which forces, all motion, all life upon the earth originate!

Every atom of the tree's trunk, every fibre of the corn-blade, and every tint of the rose, is but an outward and visible effect of an inward and spiritual essence. A ceaseless ebb and flow of life between the seen and unseen is going on, and the life seems to begin in the unseen. With what solemnity and pathos does nature, in her loftiest movements and monitions, proclaim that "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal!"

Not the least of the many reasons for holding by our faith in the Spirit-world as the world of causes is this: that it supplies the key to some of life's darkest problems; gives unity and direction to all forms of being; explains the stream of tendencies that works for righteousness by working for perfection through personal or structural development; suggests that nothing is high or low, great or small to the one Infinite Power; obliterates the distinction between natural and supernatural, and presents the inspiration of the overlying spirit as a permanent means of intercourse between the human and the divine; and while it shows us that all things are moving on to vaster, fuller, diviner life, it interprets and transfigures all the world's religions, and endorses justice to every living thing as the supreme law of the universe.

Here, then, in the facts and promises of Spiritualism, we find not only the philosophy but the religion of the future. Its brain will be the brain of science, its heart the heart of universal love; and its eye the eye of the seer, recognising eternal realities through the veil of the temporal. This religion will help men to know that there is something higher than the things which perish in the using, and turn to ashes in the over eager hand; it will make God a reality in a life, and not merely a name in a prayer; it will make immortality a present fact and not a distant hope: it will intertwine matter and spirit, the unseen and the seen, earth and heaven; it will triumph over death, giving beauty for ashes; and restore to breaking hearts a companionship that seemed forever at an end; it will give the blindest motives, the divinest aids, the surest reasons for living a noble life.

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**LONGFELLOW'S SPIRITUALISM.**

LONGFELLOW diffused in his poems the essence of Spiritualism. On the death of Charles Sumner, he wrote:

"Were a star quenched on high,  
For ages would its light,  
Still travelling downward from the sky,  
Shine on our mortal sight.  
So when a great man dies,  
For years beyond our ken,  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men."

In his prose poem, "Hyperion," he makes his hero, Paul Fleming, say:

"Thou glorious spirit land! O, that I could behold thee as thou art,—the region of life, and light and love, and the dwelling place of those beloved ones whose being has flowed onward like a silver-clear stream into the solemn-sounding main, into the ocean of Eternity."

From "The Two Angels":

"Angels of Life and Death are His;  
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;  
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,  
Against His messengers to shut the door?"

From "Endymion":

"O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!  
O drooping souls, whose destinies  
Are fraught with fear and pain,  
Ye shall be loved again!

In "Hiawatha" the poet thus describes an Indian singer, but the reader sees the poet in the song:

"All the many sounds of nature  
Borrowed sweetness from his singing:  
All the hearts of men were softened  
By the pathos of his music;  
For he sang of peace and freedom,  
Sang of beauty, love and longing;  
Sang of death, and life undying  
In the Islands of the Blessed.

From "Resignation":

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

From "Consolation," a translation from Malherbe:

"To murmur against death in petulant defiance,  
Is never for the best;  
To will what God doth will, that is the only science  
That gives us any rest."

In "Hyperion," we find another beautiful message: "This earthly life, when seen hereafter from heaven, will seem like an hour passed long ago, and dimly remembered."

And again: "The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart; death was no longer there, but an angel clothed in white, and looking into the bright morning heaven, he said, 'I will be strong.'"

Again he says:

"As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,  
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,  
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,  
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,  
Still gazing at them through the open door,  
Nor wholly reassured and comforted  
By promises of others in their stead  
Which, though more splendid, may not please him  
So Nature deals with us, and takes away  
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand  
Leads us to rest so gently that we go  
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,  
Being too full of sleep to understand  
How far the unknown transcends the what we know."

**THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.**

I had read in ancient story how the starry worlds on high  
Ring like magic golden circlelets with eternal harmony,  
And to pure souls and noble God had in mercy given,  
To hear the mystic glories of those sparkling hosts of Heaven.

Was it a dream? I know not! But methought I stood one night  
On some lone mountain drinking in a vision of delight.  
All around me, all beneath me, did the heavenly music roll,  
And with soft and soothing influence crept deep into my soul.

As I listened, lost in rapture, with my inmost soul laid bare,  
Floating slowly, lightly, round me rose that music thro' the air,  
Rose up quivering to the stars, and from those radiant orbs of light

Drew down an answering harmony that filled the silent night.

I know not how long thus I stood, for listenin' go that chime,  
In reverent, glad adoring, I lost all note of time,  
But it ceased, and left my spirit too full of awe for fears,  
Too glad for exultation, too solemn far for tears.

The music of those Heaven spheres I have never heard again,  
But its echo lives within me, turning life's discordant pain  
Into anthems pure and holy; and with fervent, child-like love  
I bless the great God-Father for that music from above.

And if sometimes life's dark passions make thy pulse beat fierce  
and high,

Or my heart grows chill and weary with life's depths of mystery,  
In my spirit's deepest cloisters sound those bell-like numbers  
pure,  
And a fresh strength rises in my soul to strive and to endure.

Mildred Kent.

**AN EVENING'S REFLECTIONS.**

A COLLIER ON THE SCIENTIFIC, MORAL, AND SCRIPTURAL ASPECTS OF SPIRITUALISM.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

It was a very cold night, and not feeling well, it was with thankfulness that I reached home. After tea I placed my feet in a comfortable pair of slippers. I sat for some time feeling at peace with the world. Thoughts, however, began to flow in upon me, and all at once I shivered violently. Turning round, I espied in one corner of the room the form of a man, over four feet in height, covered with an animal's skin, only his face being visible, the covering coming right over his ears. He gave me a sharp look when he saw that I had seen him, but I recognised him as an Esquimaux. I turned to the other side, where I also saw another spirit, whom I recognised as a collier, an old friend. He startled me by a merry peal of laughter. I addressed him, saying:—

"I say, friend, don't you think it quite cold enough outside, without having to contend with that 'icey' condition of your Esquimaux friend?"

"Naa, Naa, Jock. Thou seems very comfortable. We jus' thowt t' gae ye a touch up. Aa expe' ye didna think o' the wee bonnie bairns this bitter neet without a shelter, shiverin' with th' cauld outside."

As I looked at these two "forms" my mind went back a few years, when, but a very young inexperienced Spiritualist, they were made known to me, especially the collier. I recalled the violent shaking he used to give me on account of my resistance to his influence, and how I was advised by a certain medium at that time to get rid of these spirits, because they were "ignorant and uncultured," and would do me no good. I have proved the foolishness of that advice, for the collier, in spite of his roughness of speech, has a noble heart, and he has been enabled to answer many a question which has puzzled educated minds. He told me I had helped him to rise by my sympathy, but I replied that if I had helped him I must have done it unconsciously, for I never thought much of him as far as I remember.

I again look toward the corner where I had seen the Esquimaux, but his appearance had changed, for he now wore a beautiful robe, and approached me with a look of affection, and remarked,

"As you have helped me, so now I help you."

"When and how have I helped you to progress?"

"By those loving angels around you allowing me to use your organism."

"I am not aware that you have done so?"

"I have many times, unknown to you. You have given me sympathy too, and those little discussions you have had with friends, to pass an idle hour, have been a great help. That being so, brother, is it not very important that you should mark your conversation, and take care that it is always of an elevating character?"

This was from a spirit friend whom I had been advised to order about his business, for he would drag me down to his own condition.

O YE WISEACRES!

"Aa say, Jock," chimed in the collier.

"Well."

"What dee ye eae these writins when a parson meyks sartin statements, and th' editor o' th' TWA WARLDS replies tu him?"

"You mean an 'open letter.'"

"Yaas, that's it. Weel, aa waant ya t' get pen and paper and write wat aa say, as an open letter t' th' editor o' th' TWA WARLDS."

"He has too much to do to bother with you and your open letter, and his space is only limited to meet the demands of more advanced minds than yours."

"Aa expe' ye hev ones o' them, seein' thou as been taskin' about an auld wify who lived some thousands o' yeers sin', yet there is a doot in th' case whether she lived at aa. Ye put down wat aa say."

"It can only be nonsense."

"Weel, if thou kens aa about it wat aa's gan t' say, thou mon get it doon, an' it'll save me th' bother o' taakin' t' th'."

"How can I know what you want to say?"

"Thou mon ken when thou says it's aa nonsense. If thou dianna ken, thou has been condemnin' somethin' thou kens nowt about. Hence thou's a numskull."

"Well, what has this open letter to be about?"

"A chop lert neet was sayin' that Spiritualists ken nowt about scientific subjees."

"Well?"

"Weel, Spiritualism is a science. Science is knowledge. It's somethin' beyon' imaginashin, because it's that which is proved to be a fac'. Noo, then, thou kens varry weel that aa likes things put just so canny folks like messal' can understand. Aa want nee joabreakers."

"You will have to talk plain English if you want Mr. Wallis to understand you; I cannot follow you with your mixed dialects. It is a mixture of chiorcy and coffee."

"Put down wat aa say, because Waalis is not see thick as thou."

"You are very personal."

"Weel, keep aa them opinions t' th' sel'. It's me that's taakin' at praint. Weel, as aa was sayin', Spiritualism is a science. Thou has proved it beyond aa'll doot. Dee ye remember when thou was in Newcassel on a sartin day some moons sin'? Ye was see weery o' th' life th' thowt, so thou one day gets a sharp instrumint and waas intendin' t' toyk th' life. A couple o' seconds had hev done it."

"Come, come, that will do; that is a private matter."

"As thou was jus' about deeing a deed which thou wad hev been sorry for, we stiffs yer arm and ye couldn't move it, maa bonnie lad. Oh, as kens thou's ashamed to own it, but thou's gettin' just a little mair sense than thou used t' hev."

"What has that to do with science?"

"Didn't aa tell ye that science was knowledge. It waas somethin' beyond imaginashin because it's that which is proved to be a fac'. Weel, we demonstrated the presence o' spirit t' yer by stoppin' yer from making cold meat o' th' sel'. Hence thou got a knowledges

o' spirit, and knowledge being science, Spiritualism mon be a scientific fac'. See?"

"You don't suppose I will send this to Mr. Wallis?"

"Well, aa's proved Spiritualism t' be scientific. The next point is it moral, and, thrudly, as the parson puts it, is it scriptural? Aa'll noo teyk th' moral side o' th' subject. In the first place, waat is morals? It's a fulfillin' o' th' duties of life. Th' three principles o' duty which meyk us th' moral man, as the Socialist says, and aa quite agree with him, firstly, a desire for self-improvement, and after that principle is put into practice, comes number two: to bring by his example and teachin' his wife and bonnie bairns t' th' same moral standpoint as hissel'. Thurdly, and o' th' greeat importance (havin' meyd his hame like a beacon light in the darkness, and shovin' up with th' glare o' th' spiritual light social corrupshin), he mon throw in his heart an' soul into the wark for social and spiritual upliftment o' th' human family. No need to compliment th' man that dis this, for he's simply deeing his duty, and if he disna larn noo, then he wad hev larn on the spiritual side o' life. Noo, Spiritualism teaches the Brotherhood o' Man; its aims and objects bein' that spiritual progress can only teyk place when man gets rid o' aal' selfishness, and there is a willin'ness within his heart to help his brother—the weaker brother. In fac', t' cut a lang story short, it meyks him feel his personal responsibility, and there comes a knowledge o' his duties in life, and, as morals, as aa was sayin', is fulfillin' th' duties o' life, then Spiritualism mon be a moral agent. See?"

Noo, th' next point, is Spiritualism scriptural? If yer look through th' scriptures, ye'll find how angels appeared to Abraham at different times; the account o' Samuel appearin' t' Saul at Endor; the moont o' transfigurashun when Moses and Elias appeared t' Jesus and his disciples; and gan a bit farther and yer see Paul stop on his way t' Damascus with a leet fra Hivin, and a voice cryin', "Saul, Saul, why persecutist thou me?" Farther on ageyn ye'll see how Peter and another got out o' prisin through th' doors bein' opened by th' spirit, an th' jailars was sent t' sleep soundly. Why, bliss me, dis th' think th' needs t' hev a parson t' tell folk Spiritualism is unscriptural. Th' waants t' read th' Bible and put they brains int' steep in th' operashin. Paul says, "Every man mon work out his salvation." So says aa, and so says Spiritualist teachin'.

"You'll make a fine parson if you go on at that rate."

"Thou moont insult me by callin' me a parson. It's an infringement on ma dignity as a coal hever."

"In conclusion, Mr. Editor, aa hev managed soom way t' get ma letter writtin. An ken yer weel thou disna ken me, but aa ken thou, an' that is half th' introducsin. There's one point which aa wad like t' say, an' that is, there seems t' be a greet amount o' laziness about Spiritualists. Maa mind gans back lang afore thou was thowt on. Aa was a Ranter. Thou kens waat that is. An thowt aa had th' true gospel, and mesel' and chums was anxious that others wad share wi' me and them the gospel trooth. Afore we went out we met for prayer and guidance, and thou wad hev thowt that it was the Pentecostal shower ower ageyn. One canny chep wad pray first, and it wad gan somethin' like this:— 'O Lord, thou kens aal' on us. Waa jus' homble folk, but we aa desirous t' let others share th' happiness and joy we possess. We hev noe larnin', but thou promises that out o' th' mouths o' babes and sucklins shall come forth wisdom in abundance. We teyk hold o' that promise, and believe it. Amen.' If yer could er seen the toers runnin' doon cheeks o' hard-workin' cheps like mesel'! We wad travel—tramp it—miles fra hame, with th' enaw twa and three feet deep, t' preach th' gospel. Noo-a-days Spiritualists is ower high-minded and stuck up. Noo, aa must close with love t' aal' th' folk o' Tynesido and Glasga. Aa hopes Mother W. 'ill keep up her pecker, because it'll not be lang noo. James Booman says he's getting on varra well. Aa disna ken that chep, Jock."

"Space! space!"

"Thou's got space on the brain, and there's plenty room for improvement."

"Weel, Mr. Editor, aa hopes aal' Spiritualists that's worth th' salt, it'll be a strong pull, long pull, and a pull aa t'gither for the spreadin' o' the trooth o' the immortality o' the soul. One hymn aa's fond on, but aa's altered it just a little—

Aa'll hail th' power o' Trooth's greet name  
Let Angels prostrate fa',  
Bring forth the Royal Diadem,  
An crown him Lord o' aa'.

Aa remain ever yours in trooth and justice.

JACK SAWYER."

I felt a change in the influence, which I recognised as the "Socialist."

"Well, my lad, you are busy, I see?"

He seemed to gather what I had written, and I heard a slight laugh, and as I began to see his features he appeared to be greatly amused.

"You seemed to 'sense' who it was when I approached," said he

"Yes. Each spirit friend who takes possession of my organism has peculiar individual characteristics. You, for instance, approach me at times in a very stern manner; the 'collier' is always merry and sharp; the 'missionary' comes in quite a prayerful sort of way, making me believe that I am turning sanctimonious."

"You might answer one or two questions for me," said I, addressing him.

"I will, if possible."

"Weel, let it be put so that canny folk can understand. Nee joabreakers!" interrupted the irrepressible collier.

"Why is it that you and others take names other than your own? You call yourself 'Socialist.'"

"My name betrays what I am, 'a Socialist.' It is only by social emancipation that we can hope to see a greater incentive to spiritual progress. Selfishness makes up your Government; the reign of brotherhood is unknown; man against his brother is the condition of life. This selfishness is an obstruction, which has blasted the domestic happiness of husband, wives, and children."

"Do you not think that Socialists ask too much when they demand that a man should give up that which he has earned, say, by bringing out patents which have cost severe mental labour?"

"Ah! The usual individualistic argument. There is not a patent existing but what has been the outcome of collective thought."

"What do you mean?"

"We mean what we say. There are master minds in spirit who take a deep interest in science and kindred subjects. Those minds meet in conference for the discussion of their particular subject, and, having come to a decision, seek some mind on earth akin to their own, and impress him with their plans; y' how to effect what men call 'a new discovery.' It is always given for the good of the whole human family and not for the select few. In short, it is the collective 'we' and not the individual 'I' which dominate the progressive mind in the spiritual sphere. Self, indeed, is forgotten in the desire to help others. To advocate the Brotherhood of Man and individualism in the same breath proves your inconsistency. We can't reconcile the teachings of Spiritualism with individualism. If it were possible, so is Christian Spiritualism."

"But only one man or two, in the first place, dare to denounce great wrongs and demand reforms?"

"Probably. Our previous answer will apply to your present question. They have been simply the mediums through whom the collective decision of spirits has been proclaimed."

"Maybe in some instances."

"Every instance. If you read history you will see that these particular men you refer to recognised that the success of their mission solely depended on the organisation of their fellows; to meet for discussion, and to formulate some plan by which their cherished hopes could be realised. Collectivism, if you please. A beating of human hearts in unison and love in a determination for liberty and justice."

"Education now-a-days, is reaching a high pitch?"

"We have no fault to find with the progress in education if it be of the right kind. There are, however, two kinds of education. First, there is the moral; secondly, what we term the *polite* education. By polite, we mean that kind of education which has for its object the maintaining of class distinction, or a widening of the gulf which at present exists between different sections of the human family. When John Bull thinks himself, for instance, so much superior to his neighbours, and imagines that his blood must be of a different colour or order. Moral education, on the other hand, will conduce to a breaking down of class distinction, each recognising that they have a duty towards the other. Again you perceive the collective principle, for it is a divine law. We believe if you had a moral education it would be the death-blow to crime. Allow us to quote Socrates when speaking of the Athenians, for he breathed a nobility of spirit—"They write not their laws on dead walls, nor content themselves with having ordained punishments for crime, but they provide, by the education of their youth, there may be no crimes for punishment." What wisdom there is in these words! Inducements to good or evil are moral causes whether in government, in religion, in the spheres, or in the material. We refer to governments as virtuous or vicious causes, assisting or impeding the general goodness, and, as an old friend puts it, 'all political and religious prejudice should be dropped.' We should think as for the world, not for any division or denomination of the inhabitants. Again you have the collective principle."

"To bring about all you desire would mean an exceptional mind to carry it out. What qualificati ons should constitute an educational reformer?"

"In the first place. What is education? It is a duty, an art, a science, on which your being, virtue, and happiness depend. It is the art, as Williams aptly puts it, of teaching a child the duties of life. These duties, having general similitudes, may be referred to principles having a common and general influence for the good of the whole. Again, the collective principle! Now, your question, if you please, 'What should be the principles necessary to an educational reformer?' If a man thoroughly comprehends what constitutes education; if he has clear views of the nature and design of man; of these simple and universal principles by which he is actuated; if he perceives the numerous points where religions, governments, laws, manners and custom coincide, retard, obstruct, or in any manner affect these principles, and thoroughly understand the subject of education, he deserves your greatest support. The first object of attention would be the body, to assist its growth and health, and to form the first organs of sensibility to receive just impressions. Here the general principles of nature are to be obeyed by all men. You must liken the educational reformer to a gardener, who, having a tender plant, sees that it is placed in suitable conditions necessary to growth. Strictly speaking, the educational reformer must be a social reformer. He must see that the children live in such conditions as will ensure good health and healthy minds, they will then be in a condition to receive those impressions or principles, which, having been grafted into their minds will have, as an outcome, the social or moral well-being of their fellows."

"You have put the matter plainly. I now realise what I have not done hitherto, that we must put into practice this collective principle in the small affairs of life."

"No man must live for himself but for others. Do you never think what a kind word might do sometime in turning the life of a brother for good? It costs you nothing, yet it often means a great deal to the one to whom you speak kindly."

"You will forgive me for going over old ground. I was thinking, seeing that your views coincide with Socialist friends, you might give your opinion with reference to their 'clubs.' I think they are great inducements to intemperance."

"We are not here to discuss personalities but principles. No doubt there are defects in organisation. Can you inform us where a perfect organisation is to be found? As that particular organisation grows stronger, its members will have been gaining experience, and they will, gradually, seek to remove defects which hinder the realisation of their ideal. One worker is worth legions of those who only possess sufficient intelligence to find fault. Our remark will apply likewise to those who refuse to co-operate with a national organisation for the dissemination of the truths of Spiritualism."

"You seem to know something about organisation?"

"Yes. My greatest object in life was to see working men co-operate to protect themselves against injustice. It was hard work; we had to surmount greater difficulties than they have to-day, and I have suffered for my convictions. They thought they had finished the old man, and he had been consigned to Davy Jones's Locker. With greater power, along with many comrades, he approaches the social question, and is still determined to work towards that ideal for which he had made so many sacrifices. Behind the social movement there is a force which means victory. Every comfort you now enjoy is a result of organisation. It has been said recently that the liberties you now enjoy have been the result of the benevolence of a certain section of the community! Those who now pose as benefactors were numbered with our persecutors, but when they realised that in numbers we needed to be reckoned with, they deliberately turned round and finished the work we began, and took to themselves the laurels of victory. The remains of the real men who fought for liberty and fell in the struggle, now lie in unhonoured graves, while our persecutors have erected to their memories huge monuments. There is a mighty, a grand, a noble work for the men who will put aside personal avarice, and seek to improve the condition of their fellows."

"You spoke of Spiritual organisation. There is a great need for improvement."

"We shall have something to say at the proper time. We are quite in accord with a National organisation (and district councils will be a step in the right direction), and with experience it can be perfected."

"What do you think of Reincarnation?"

"The doctrine of Reincarnation was promulgated in Europe many years ago. We remember Kardec and his 'Book of Spirits,' and the hold his doctrines took on the French mind. As a subject in itself it is not worthy of consideration, if it were not for the evil it causes in leading intelligent men astray. What experience we have had, and information acquired, will not permit us to come to any other decision than that the principles of Reincarnation exist only in the minds of its adherents—not in actual fact. Of course, in reply, we shall be informed that we have not progressed sufficiently to realise these (so-called) 'truths.' If we come to the state of mind which certain friends of Theosophy declare we shall eventually, and make the extraordinary discovery that the editor of the Two Worlds is William the Conqueror reincarnated, we will gladly publish it to the world."

We will conclude, for we must take care not to use up your vitality. We should like, however, to make known to you an experience. After concluding our discourse [Sept. 29, 1895], at Shipley, we had a desire to visit some friends in Scotland's metropolis. Arriving in one of its principal thoroughfares we felt an attraction towards two solitary figures at a distance; one was of medium height and stout, his companion being much taller, but well made. They seemed to be greatly engrossed in discussing Spiritualism and Theosophy. The lesser of the two had much to say, while his companion listened attentively. The "leanings" of the gentlemen seemed to be towards Theosophy. We were greatly amused by a statement which the least of the two gentlemen made. He informed his companion that mediums "simply reflected the opinions of an audience," and he mentioned one medium in particular (whom we recognised as one of the foremost workers in the Spiritual movement) who had been unconsciously, he alleged, experimented with. The medium, he stated, throughout "the whole course of his address merely gave expression to the ideas which were passing through his mind." We would just like to inform the gentleman in question, seeing that he is a Theosophist, that we have never heard the medium deliver a discourse in favour of Theosophy, and, to be consistent with his statement, the medium must have done so. There is one very important fact which must be borne in mind—that is, we are men and women desirous of giving to humanity that which we have experienced and are taught by those who are more advanced than ourselves. We have no connection with the firm of Spookdom and Co., nor are we wondering whether we are Adams or Moses' reincarnated, for we have not the slightest doubt as to our own individuality. If the gentleman is so advanced as to be the battery from whence mediums obtain their knowledge, it is a pity Spiritualists in that quarter of the globe are put to such great expense to bring mediums from a distance. The gentleman had better communicate with the president and members and explain how they have been deceived. We are sure the president would be very anxious to have this particular address and others first hand. There is a great future for the gentleman!"

"We are as the spirit friends of 'well-regulated' mediums are the world over—able to protect ourselves from being annoyed by such 'oracles.'"

"What do you mean by 'well-regulated'?"

"A medium whose life is consistent with the teachings of the spirit. Mediumship is, indeed, a great responsibility, and the person who seeks a development must realise that his life is a moral one. No person should seek development unless prepared to do what is right, and carry out in his daily life the Principle of the Brotherhood of Man. With a well-regulated life they make the chain of love stronger between spirit friends and mediums; hence, they are enabled to repel any thought which may emanate from spirit embodied or disembodied not in harmony with the medium's welfare. In addressing an audience, the clairvoyant will perceive that medium and operator for the time being are in the centre of a circle. Sometimes there is an inner circle, much depending, however, on the class of audience whom they may be addressing. Every precaution is taken to protect mediums if they comply with the principle we have already referred to. You will perceive how reasonable is our statements when you bring to mind that mediums (genuine) are cool and collected when in debate, while at the same moment his opponent and audience are often greatly excited. If our Theosophist friend's conclusions were true why are not the mediums in an excited condition. (1) If they only reflect the opinions or feelings of their audience! Perhaps the oracle was not there, and that would, of course, make a great deal of difference. Adieu."

## GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

It is human nature to want something a little better than you neighbour possesses—to be considered of a little finer pedigree and bluer blood. Hence, Christian Scientists and Theosophists may be pardoned for the manifestation of a vanity which they will outgrow when they ascend to higher spiritual planes.

Prove that spirits of departed human beings do not and cannot communicate with mortals to-day, and what becomes of the song sung by "Angels" on the plains of Judaea, nearly nineteen hundred years ago. Prove that spirits do not and cannot materialize to-day, and what becomes of Moses and Elias upon the mount of transfiguration. Prove that spirits have not power to act upon material substances, and you have Paul and Silas still in prison.

WE STAND FOR Spiritualism, pure and simple, not, of course, the kind that rests satisfied simply with a knowledge of the fact of spirit return, or that would forever be content to sit in open-eyed wonder of the phenomena. Spiritualism that recognises the unity of the movement, ever seeking for the best, and bringing its beautiful teachings home to human hearts, is the kind we believe in. We would advance with the phenomena, and not out of it.

THE haunted house is no myth. Often spirits remain for a long time in the very houses that their bodies were removed from by death. Others take up their immediate abode just above their former homes, casting upon them a powerful psychological influence. Doing this they gratify their domestic tendencies. Others still, more aspirational, pure and highly unfolded, pass onward and upward till they reach those etherialised planes of spirituality, where resurrected souls have no desire to engage in any social activities beneath their positions. These heavenly souls have become baptised into the celestial life of love. They desire to cultivate the spiritual, the pure and the holy, that they may be instrumental in spiritualising others. Quite forgetting the things beneath, they seek that ideal of perfection which must ever lie in the infinite beyond.

THE SPIRITUALISTS, so far as I know, do not venture to outrage right reason so boldly as the ecclesiastics. They do not sneer at "evidence," nor repudiate the requirement of legal proofs. In fact, there can be no doubt that the Spiritualists produce better evidence for their manifestations than can be shown either for the miraculous death of Arius, or for the Invention of the Cross. From the "levitation" of the axe at one end of a period of near three thousand years to the "levitation" of Sludge & Co. at the other end, there is a complete continuity of the miraculous, with every gradation, from the childish to the stupendous, from the gratification of a caprice to the illustration of a sublime truth. There is no drawing a line in the series that might be set out of plausibly attested cases of spirit intervention. If one is true, all may be true; if one is false, all may be false.—Prof. Huxley.

THE Land Tax in Great Britain is an utter sham and fraud, and a disgrace to our legislation. Last year it only produced £1,035,000, whereas even in 1810 it yielded £1,500,000, and the value of land in this country has increased many fold since then. Originally it was four shillings in the pound, but in 1699 the landholders secured a reduction of the tax to one shilling in the pound; and more iniquitous still, fixed the valuation of land in that year to be the valuation in perpetuity for Land Tax purposes. What a priceless boon it would be to Ireland, and indeed an invaluable good to Great Britain as well, if a tax of 20 per cent. were imposed on all absentee landlords as well. It would either add immensely to the revenue, or what would, perhaps, be of more real service to the prosperity of the country, it would compel landlords to abide on their estates, and to pay some small attention to the welfare and well-being of their tenantry.—Cardiff Paper.

A LOT of truth in this, more's the pity: "A banker in New York wrote to a large manufacturer asking him his opinion of the outcome of the present labour agitation. The manufacturer replied: 'A willing slave is no more willing to have the shackles struck from his limbs than the working people are to lift a hand on behalf of their rights. Some of their leaders howl and try to arouse them. It's all wind. Nothing will come of it. One half deride the rest, and hence, will remain helpless. Look at their votes; that tells the tale; they want masters; they don't desire to be free. All we have to do is to smile on one and kick another. The fact of the matter is, they think they are helpless. It's our duty to make them believe it. An empty stomach, a naked back, is our argument. This is all we need to remain masters. With all their growling during their secret meetings, next day they are the first to discredit their leaders, who work for principle and without remuneration. The whole thing in a nutshell is this,—they are so cowardly they are unwilling to even vote for themselves. They realize they are our slaves. Let them believe it, it pays us. We would be fools not to use them in every way to coin money out of them. Have no fear of the working men; they'll never disturb our mastery, for where cowardice is added to ignorance, resistance to power is impossible.'"

VICTOR HUGO'S SPIRITUAL VIEWS.—"We do not die altogether," he would say; "our individuality survives; and, while I am talking to you, I am certain that all around me are the souls of all the dear ones that I have lost and who hear me." He could never quite reconcile himself to the fact that his favourite daughter, who was drowned, was really dead. He often thought he heard her footsteps in the house and her hand on the handle of the door:

... Silence! elle a parlé!  
Tenez! voici le bruit de sa main sur la clé!  
Attendez! elle vient. Laissez-moi que j'écoute;  
Car elle est quelque part dans la maison, sans doute!"

Imperfectly rendered in our tongue these lines read:

... Silence! she speaks!  
There! Her hand is on the door knob!  
Wait! she is coming. Let me listen;  
She is doubtless in the house somewhere!

Surely all this is the clear and beautiful expression, the deep feeling of the fact of spirit presence. The great Frenchman, so widely honoured and loved, was a Spiritualist.

Read "The Red Cross."

"If the material universe is governed by immutable laws or unchangeable rules of action, from whence came they? and when and where did they originate?" ask the inquiring mind. I answer, from the unfathomable depths of eternity. Coeval with matter, force, and intelligence, they exist not as an attribute and power of a God that preceded creation, but as a part of the infinite whole, that had no beginning in the past, and can have no ending in the future—not an anthropomorphic God, but an Infinite Spirit that pervades the universe and of which our conscious ego is a part, or as the poet Dryden so well expresses it:—

"Who of himself is none  
But that eternal Infinite, and one  
Who never did begin, who never can end,  
On whom all beings as their source depend."

For a long time it has been no secret (writes a Spiritualist) that spirits haunt the royal palace in Stockholm. Some time ago the Danish Crown Prince and his wife, whilst visiting the Stockholm Court, lived in the haunted palace. On the first night there was an extraordinary manifestation. A chamberlain was lifted from his bed by invisible hands and was laid on a table at the end of a bedroom farthest from the bed. On the evening of the same day the Princess Louise was writing in a room brilliantly lighted. Suddenly a woman appeared and began extinguishing the lights. The Princess Louise, who is celebrated for her courage, tried to lay hands on the woman, but the latter vanished as suddenly as she appeared. Prince Christian, the eldest son of the Crown Prince, wished late one afternoon to fetch something from a dimly-lighted room. He left his father and mother, only to return a few minutes later empty-handed, white and trembling. He said that he had found the room filled with strange figures, which barred his way and made threatening gestures. — *Exchange.*

WHAT benefit can a working man derive from listening to a long "expository sermon," in which the preacher flounders about among Alpha and Omega, stars, churches, and candlesticks in sevens, talking trumpets, lightnings and thunderings, marvellous beasts with strange attributes and powers of speech, elders, white robes and pale horses, serpents, earthquakes, chains, and I know not what? I could not decide whether the preacher meant the congregation to understand that these things were actualities or merely allegorical allusions. Supposing the chapel had been filled with working men, there were not in the whole discourse half a dozen thoughts which they could have carried away with them, or from which they could have extracted any comfort or help to face the week's trials and the week's toil. It may be the privilege of the minister to "dwell in the clouds," but the working man is compelled by the conditions of his surroundings to take a very materialistic view of life. — *South Wales Echo.*

If to the question, "Have we any knowledge of a life beyond the grave?" the Secularist answers with decision, "No;" there is another member of the community, the Spiritualist, who answers with equal emphasis, "Yes." The influence of Modern Spiritualism upon thought generally has probably been greater than most persons who have considered the question at all, imagine. It has modified the ideas of the future world even in the minds of those who most bitterly oppose it. A number of old foolish fancies have taken their departure, while new and more rational ideas have come in their place. The dread and horror which were formerly associated with death are banished from many souls, like a fearful nightmare, which only lingers in the memory of waking hours. The words of Longfellow, "There is no death; what seems so is transition," come upon the heart with force of comfort and joy. The valley of the shadow is only as the night from which we waken into a new and better day. — *Rev. G. Walters.*

REPENTANCE, which is the first step the delinquent can take toward regeneration, does not, at once, open wide the door of heaven to the erring soul. There is a radical work to be done to get at the root of the cancer that is eating at the vitals; and true repentance prompts to individual effort, self-examination that sees the foulness; realises all the bitterness of self-accusation; feels the force of the act done against another as though it were done to itself; and bows in abject humiliation. This must be the mental state that saves the sinner. How saves, say you? Saves by actuating the being to its profoundest depths, to make it hate sin. The monster that has prompted to such acts so befouled the nature, caused such suffering to one's self and others, is be-shunned like the deadly viper that stings to death. When "the exceeding sinfulness of sin" is fully perceived, the being is on the high road to true regeneration, and not until then. Not until then is he prepared to use the utmost powers he possesses to resist the tempter and lay hold of the help offered in the order of nature. Oh! the road the black offender must travel to gain a state of innocence and purity! *Mrs. Maria M. King.*

On every hand I hear the evidence told that they whom we call dead are around us still; visit us when we know not, and exert an influence upon our actions through means undreamed of. "There are sad hearts for whom death has made this world a tomb, which have been cheered and lifted into light and glory by the scintillations of love from an unknown world, which, unseen, lies around us all." "Here is a force which trains men and women into the life of right by the simplest though subtlest influence—the love of unseen ones, who are ever anxious for their higher growth." "I knew a man who was the roughest of the uncouth phases in this western life, full of blunt, repulsive speeches, heedless acts, and intolerant deeds. One day, he said, an angel came to him, then another; they talked to him, they broke him of his evil habits; they gave him a broader vision of human life, and enforced him to his duty to his fellow-man, and built within him a beautiful faith in a future life; in this way his dead wife and boy (the two angels) subdued his whole life, and sustained him till he died. Before such force as that the dreariest life would soon be glorified. If all humanity could be touched by it to-day it would be the regenerating power of the race." "Now, if these things be genuine, they furnish incontrovertible evidence of a continued life!" They have better evidence in their favour than the religious revelations on which the mass of people hang their hope and faith. — *Rev. E. R. Sanborn.*

An inanimate thing of iron and steam, with a power in it greater than that of fabled giants, is now made the yoke mate of the modern free labourer; a yoke mate with which we could live on the very best of terms if its owner and ours would only let us put some of our burdens upon his huge shoulders. But, at present, his greater power is only used like the clenched fist and big strides of an angry man dragging his little boy after him. The child's hand is almost broken in that grasp; he is hardly able to keep pace with his tormentor, and at the end of all is a whip. This is a brief biography of the labourer's life since driven into partnership with the machine. — *Burrows.*

HUMOURS OF RUSTIC PSALMODY.—A congregation would be heard lustily proclaiming their defiance of the decalogue in "I love to steal—I love to steal," while all they meant to do was "to steal awhile away" to some imaginary realm of spiritual blessedness. "Stir up this stu—stir up this stu" was only the "fuguing" form of "stir up this stupid heart to pray." And so with "And take thy pill—and tike thy pilgrim home." "My poor pol—my poor polluted heart;" "And more eggs—more eggs—and more exalt our joys;" "I love thee bet—I love thee better than before;" "And catch the flee—and catch the fleeing hour," and many other entertaining instances of perverted sense in song. Two trebles sang, "And learn to kiss;" two trebles and alto, "And learn to kiss;" two trebles alto and tenor, "And learn to kiss;" bass solos, "the rod."

"With reverence let the saints appear  
And bow before the Lord."

And bow—wov—wov, And bow—ow—ow, and so on until treble, alto, tenor, and bass (bass enough in all conscience!) had bow-wowed themselves hoarse and, perceptibly, apoplectic. The same writer in the *Cornhill* gives Jack Tar's explanation of a "hantem," which is by no means bad in its way. "If I was to say to you, 'Here Bill, give me that hand-spike, that wouldn't be a hantem; but if I was to say to you, Bill, Bill, Bill, give, give, give, give me, that, that, that, handspike, spike, spike, spike, why, that would be a hantem.'"

Who knows that the conscious ego was evolved from matter? Science does not even know that the lowest form of life is thus evolved; and if it is not proven that the simplest, feeblest vitality is inherent in matter and evolved therefrom, much less does it know of the origin of intellectual consciousness; when and where it was begotten, when and where born, or whence its parentage. It is an old scientific maxim that "all life comes from the living." This doctrine has been denied by a few scientists of modern times, and that of spontaneous evolution, or what is now known as "abiogenesis," has been adopted by them, only to be confuted by investigation. Huxley says: "It may be true of the occurrence of 'abiogenesis' at some time, but if the present day or any recorded epoch of geological time be a question, the exact contrary holds good." And he continues: "Of the causes which have led to the origination of living matter, it may be said that we know absolutely nothing." This is the opinion of one of earth's greatest scientists, who is also a materialist, yet he admits that there is no evidence of potential life in matter. How, then, can it be said that the intellectual, conscious ego is the offspring of its inherent tendencies towards a higher form of being? Is it not evident, then, that there are two kingdoms in nature? one of matter, the other the realm of mind—both governed by immutable laws—and that "the glory of the one is not the glory of the other." It is true that these two sovereignties are not independent of each other, yet the tie that binds them together is as yet unknown or undiscovered.

"IN THAT very chair where you are sitting now," said Mr. W. T. Stead to an interviewer of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, "the spirit of a relation of my own who has been dead for years has often sat, and I have heard him described, to the minutest details of dress and bearing, by seers who could by no calculable possibility have known him or his peculiarities, or have even heard of him. All this time he has been invisible to me. The same relation was also once described with the same particularity as standing near me, by an illiterate girl, a well-known clairvoyant, in Lancashire. But, in this direction, I could fill a volume almost with what I have heard both here and in America; obscure people who scarcely knew who I was have described to me friends that no one there could possibly have known as connected with my early career. As to another point, this egg-shaped piece of glass is for crystal-gazing, and this identical glass bears a long and somewhat tragic history in connection with what it has revealed. I cannot go into all this, but I may tell you on what I deem indubitable authority that the fate of the late Prince Imperial was foretold by a seer from this crystal before he started for Africa. It is a mere piece of glass to me, save for its associations, and it reveals no pictures to my eye, but I have known people who have sat in the chair you now occupy, and have told me of the pictures—particulars of which I have noted down—they have conjured up in this glass—picture which have actually been realised, to my knowledge, some time afterwards. Concerning spirit-writing, my pen or pencil often moves unwittingly over the paper, whilst at the same time I believe and know I am writing words dictated by some intelligence, not myself."

TRUE MEDIATORS.—Medium spirits, all the way down from the highest to the sleeping Jacob—physical man, interact between the two extremes of intelligent life, joining them in perpetual union, and furnishing the means whereby the necessary good can be done for the race in materiality. The last link in the chain is the physical medium—the one inspired by spiritual beings to do a good work for man, or such as are impelled by their own philanthropy, and have the necessary ability, to act the part of mediators—helpers in the truest sense to their fellow-man. It is not because God is a merciless despot, needing a propitiation of blood, that this office is necessary. The red-handed murderer, pointing to the writhing victim on the cross, saying, "I have slain your sacrificial victim, inflicted the torture due to transgression; behold the savor of blood ascends to the heavens"—is not required by the dispensation that reveals the true God. "Thou shalt do no murder," was the command written on the stony tablet—not with finger of earthly man; and does God transgress his own law, and reveal himself as a tyrant whom nothing but blood can appease? Misconception of the true law of justice on the part of

mankind, is what has transformed the character of Deity into something like that of an African chief, whose bloody sacrifices appal civilised humanity. Yet it is doubtful if heathenism ever conceived an idea more at variance with the exact truth in regard to the claims of Divine justice on individual man, than that of vicarious atonement. Blood, burning flames, eternal tortures, do not satisfy God's justice. The law of right is God's law. And what is not right in human character is to be made right by that sort of discipline that is reformatory. What tortures the sinner endures are not to propitiate anybody that has been outraged by his acts. They are retributive as expressive of the outrages he has committed against himself and his brothers; and suffering is as sure to follow the breaking of a law of the spirit as of the body. They are compensatory in this sense. Suffering itself is a merciful provision of nature. The one who tears or burns his body has outraged the law of physical justice. Lacerated flesh will smart; and the healing process is attended with suffering. Nature asserts itself in the penalties that follow broken law; and man has to learn by these how fatal is transgression, and how happy the state of innocence.

WHAT more important at this crisis in the world's history than for people to study the principles involved in the claim of the Christian Church that man is saved by vicarious atonement; and that Christ is sole mediator between an offended God and offending man; and that there is an order of beings between man the Creator, and angels, which is supposed to be subdivided into other orders. Society will continue to be ruled in degree by the dicta of priests, schools, and sects, as long as the people allow anybody to do their thinking for them. There is no other way for society to escape the thralldom of ecclesiastical rule than for the masses to reason out the problem of vicarious atonement, and of man's relation to God, independent of dogmas and church rule, of bibles and the fear of condemnation. The direct road to just conclusions on these paramount questions has been obliterated by the ignorance, the perverted judgment, and the depraved passions of leaders of the people. The intuitional nature of man gives no assent to vicarious atonement as the means of salvation. It is only when this nature is warped by education and bigotry, and is so utterly smothered by materiality or sensuality that its voice is hushed into an inaudible whisper, that the minds accept the absurd dogma. Nature never entamped upon the soul of man a capacity so contradictory to true reason as that of comprehending how it can be that the righteousness of one can be transferred to another by a mere act of faith.

### THE EDUCATION STRUGGLE.

WE ARE IN FOR A BIG FIGHT over the schools. The Church party are determined to capture them, and feather their own nest at the expense of the national exchequer, but Nonconformists are awaking to their duty (if it is not too late now that the party of "privilege" is in power), and at a recent meeting in London a letter from Dr. Clifford was read in which he charged the Anglican Church with aiming a "blow at the very existence of the Board schools, and they are prepared to go through seas of misrepresentation to accomplish their ends. It is false and misleading to call their intensely sectarian schools by the name of Voluntary. Their buildings have cost the people more than a million and a half of money, and every year they draw two millions and a half from the same source, that is, from the pockets of the whole community. It is false to say that the Nonconformists have their own religious beliefs taught in the Board schools. The Free Churches ask for nothing but citizens' rights, and refuse to take anything for themselves as Churches. In short, this movement is for a fresh endowment of one sect, and it must be resisted with all our strength. We must fight. (Loud cheers.) Education is menaced. Our liberty is at stake. The persecuting tyrannies of the past are returning upon us, and we must resist them as those who are charged to care for the economic and moral welfare of the children of England, and for the retention of the rights of the citizens of England, in the interests not only of England, but of the religion and progress of the world." (Cheers).—A Mr. Kensit read some correspondence between a lady teacher and Father Gace, in which the lady requested advice how to enforce the teachings of the Father's catechism of Catholic principles without getting herself into trouble or endangering her appointment, and the Rev. Father in God, instead of rebuking the lady for her proposed duplicity, and pointing out how dishonourable such a course of action would be, actually replied as follows:—"The best way of teaching the Catechism, when the book cannot be conveniently employed, is to write down as many questions and answers as may be required for the day on a piece of paper, which can afterwards be destroyed (laughter, hisses, and cries of " Jesuit "), or, better still, to have both by heart, when they can be judiciously put to the children, who should know both the answer and the question which drew it forth. In these days clear teaching is absolutely needful. The Bible supposes a groundwork of religious principles to be instilled before it can be of any use. (Laughter.) A Christian life is one supported by the use of the means of grace, and not a mere moral existence which takes little notice of the worship of God required by the Commandments. You may safely trust me openly. Wishing you all success through God's grace ("shame") in your endeavour to impart that teaching which is alone invaluable. Yours faithfully, Fred. A. Gace." Yet we are told that the time has come for "re-union," that we should "unite for the truth" and not encroach where other churches are at work! Some time ago we pointed out that there could not be any unity or re-union so long as Christians arrogantly claim that Christianity and the Bible constitute a perfect revelation of God to man, and that salvation can alone be secured through belief in the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and events are proving that we were right. The fight which must come will be between Rome and Reason, between dogmatic Authority and creedal slavery on the one side and enlightened, moral, rational, and spiritual freemen on the other, who will stand for the Authority of Truth alone and individual rights to follow Truth wherever she may lead. Clear the lists, let the fight begin. The sooner truth and false pretences grapple in death struggle the better.

### "SPIRITUAL TRUTH AND COMMON SENSE."

BY BRIAN HODGSON.

THE author of this interesting pamphlet says: "I first attended a public Spiritualistic meeting in the city, under the Birmingham Spiritualists' Union, where clairvoyance or spirit-seeing was manifested. Now, the clairvoyant asserts that he can see spirits at all times, though some conditions favour him more than others. I was singled out, and a spirit was described as being 'with me.' He was described in reference to physical build, mental and social status, color of hair, eyes, age at death, and in several minor particulars, all tallying exactly with the material aspect of my own father. One part of the description seemed to me incorrect. The beard was described as being short, whereas I always knew him with it long. I found, however, on inquiry, that he had it cut short three months before his death, during which time I had not seen him. Later, a further description was given me corresponding exactly with that of my maternal grandfather, who was of totally different build from my father; and again the description was true, with the exception that he was described as having a beard, whereas I had never known him with one, but again found that he had grown one some years before death, during which time I had not seen him. Continuing my examination in this branch of the subject, I have had these same spirits, with several others whose descriptions tally with the aspect of persons known to me in the flesh, described by four different clairvoyants, one of whom was physically blind, all of whom were unknown to those they described, unknown to me, and unknown to each other in three cases."—[This testimony is not unique, but it is valuable, and it is a great pity that more experiences of this character are not carefully written out and published. We should be glad to receive well authenticated test experiences from our readers.—Ed. T. W.]

### A HIGHER POWER FOR GOOD.

WHEN the mind is silent, passive,  
And secluded from distraction,  
Then through all its busy chambers  
Thought-forms bright are swiftly speeding,  
Casting gleams of transient brightness;  
Thought-forms, too, with darkness laden  
Wend their way in swift succession;  
Passing through its golden portals,  
Transient, fleeting, ever-changing;  
Some with lingering footsteps, leaving  
Slight impressions; others quicker  
Leave upon the walls no picture;  
Some with mission bright intended,  
From some Higher Mind ejected  
With a purpose pure and holy,  
Leave an impress to be studied,  
Raise the mind a little higher;  
These are they that come with footsteps  
Soft and easy, calmly entering  
Like some heaven-sent inspiration,  
Helping us along the pathway,  
If the silent voice is heeded.

Could we but for one brief moment  
Taste a drop of Lethe's waters,  
And permit the thoughts of others  
Enter in the mind's recesses;  
Then we gather their shortcomings,  
Their temptations, and their sorrows,  
Utilising silent hours  
Learn how most we may be helpful  
To our fellow-mortals round us,  
And accomplish good enduring  
On a higher plane of action.

For the good we do in sending  
Thought-forms with a holy mission  
To our struggling brother-toilers,  
Helping in perfection's pathway,  
If we act with motives selfless;  
For we know the only witness  
Is our ever watchful Father.

Every thought we scatter broadcast  
Speeds on airy wings, alighting  
Where we send,—although perceived not,  
Ever active, ever living,  
Leaves its impress in the mind-world,  
Flits along the silvery pathways  
To its goal and destination,  
Working out its given mission.

Thus our will-power cultivated,  
Wisely used—a power for good is,  
Evil follows when perverted.

How much purer, how much brighter;  
Would the world we live in be,  
If each thought we formed was holy,  
If each thought was purity.  
For good thoughts beget good actions,  
And good actions holy life;  
Thus we travel ever upwards  
Farther from this world of strife.  
If we drank from Wisdom's Fountain  
Waters for the thirsty soul,  
Waters cooling and refreshing  
From Minerva's sacred bowl,  
Thought, and word, and every action  
Would partake of Deity,  
And the weary Race of Mortals  
Clothed be Immortally.

ELUSINIAN