

THE TWO WORLDS.

SENT POST FREE TO NEW READERS FOR 24 WEEKS FOR 2s. 6d.

No. 438—VOL. IX. REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.

FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1896.

PRICE TWOPENCE
WITH SUPPLEMENT.

THE DREAM OF HEAVEN.

BY A. F. COLBORNE.

While the poets have sung, the saints have enjoyed their ecstasy, the religions in faith have beheld, and the fervent aspired to a knowledge of immortality. At such times the angels have been knocking at the doors of the soul and whispering their message of deathless life, the sublimity of futurity, God's peace and goodwill to men; all the time that men have stolen from earthly pursuits to wonder at their witherward, a spirit has rocked soul and sense with sweetest lullaby, and brought them not wholly to the unseen but a glimpse, a gleam, or a dream of heaven.

A DREAM of heaven! Is it then but a dream? Not wholly so if we dream deep and sweetly, as the good and just may dream. If we but realise that sleep is a transient death, so shall we the better understand that death after all is but an awakening into the land of pure dreams. Beyond our bodily limits, but in the reach of our pure conception, is the Spirit-world. It is a dream yet, because we have not awakened into it, just as this existence will seem a dream presently, when it is forever left behind. As spiritual beings ourselves, temporarily materialised, we have senses alert and responsible to the higher conditions of our existence as well as the lower. When the will is active in the desire to know of spiritual verities, most assuredly will the knowledge be attracted to the interior channels opened up. We touch the subtle balance of our natures by this exercise of will, just as surely as night after night Nature herself touches the lever called sleep. It is a temporary withdrawal from a state of active materiality in both cases.

Beyond is the "Summerland" of the spirit, which we anticipate in the winter of life in Time. Sometimes our very selves dissociate from us and leave our mortal forms awhile for a breath of that heavenly ether; it is then that we are said to be in a "brown study," a condition bordering on sleep—almost trance—far away, with new faculties awake and alive, while bodily senses are benumbed and dormant. It is a shock, and a rude awakening, when someone breaks the spell and harks us back to normal life and mortal scenes. This is *how we dream*, when the outer senses are least acute, most sleepy, most dead; and, according to the proportion of our deadness to the waking world, in which our body lives, moves, and has its being, so the much more vivid is our dream of the Spiritual world, to which we shall presently be most completely alive.

Who are the greatest dreamers of our race, and what do they dream? The gift and "faculty divine" of seeing, sensing, and singing of the hidden things of our creation, has been chiefly enjoyed by men who have been designated as the poets and illuminati of the world, the poets in the æsthetical and lesser degree, and the illuminati in the greater, as practical religious teachers, reformers, and saviours. It is the religion of poets and all great souls who lead us, that behind the veil of things temporal are hidden the things eternal; that the veil is more or less dense or transparent to us as we are heavily or finely moulded in clay; that the true interpretation of all things is spiritual. Therefore, the poet's song is a song of verities made clear, rhapsodies on light seen through the shadows, of dawn and sunshine through the mists of night. All creation unfolds her tale, and so beautifully is it told, that the true poet lives only to hearken to the inspired story, and as he writes it down it becomes a song. He listens to the gospel of goodness and the plaint of wrong, and he learns that the one endures when the other shall have passed away. He is thrilled with the unquestionable truth that the author of all being is the end and beginning of all things good, and that all things must eventually return to him in the same perfection as when at first projected by the Divine will. Man is sent forth into the shadows to battle with the night. His light is within, a gleam from God. Woe be to the man in the darkness who, from carelessness, permits it to well-nigh expire. The dangers from "powers of the air" and the impenetrable gloom

make him exclaim that life is a mistake, rail against or deny God, while the man who tends his light finds it the brighter from his care, until it seems at last to penetrate and flood everything. Thus, to this man, the dark world becomes a brightening, broadening pathway into the dazzling glory of heaven.

So sing poets in their dreams, that God is good and all things praise Him.

"The song of woe is after all an earthly song." It is the plaintive minor key which will swell anon into the major triumphant melody. How much of this "woe" we can trace to ignorance of or opposition to the Divine will? Death the destroyer (?) if better understood, would not cause us to mourn as those without hope. Disease is due to a contravention of natural laws, whether physically or spiritually considered. Sin and evil are spiritual diseases, just as surely as those other states of *dis-ease* connected with a body *out-of-order*.

All the human race worship God, some grotesquely, some more perfectly, yet all feel His immanence, and all universally dream a dream of Immortality. By the more sensual of savage races, futurity is conceived to be a glorified state of semi-barbarism, while of our more civilised fellows we shall remark that all see more or less as through a glass darkly, but many have beheld golden gleams of heaven of a most exalted and noble character through the "bright burnished glass" of lustrous souls. Therefore, it may be said, that all men are poets in a degree, or recipients of a Divine inspiration, from which proceeds a knowledge of right and wrong. This, furthermore, leads to the realisation of a source of goodness and wisdom which is the predicate of a Being whose attributes are godness, and whose presence must be perfect holiness, sublimity, and heaven. He is indeed the "far off Divine event to which the whole creation moves," but the inconceivable immortal æons of time taken in the changing of our soiled garments for angel robes of purity may verily mean an eternity. There are many heavens—mansions—in which great happiness is to be found, but the last is the holy of holies which no mortal may more than dream of, and the mystery of which no angel has ever told. The glory, beauty, and perfection of those spheres, of which we learn something through the mouthpieces of the New Dispensation are enthralling. The dead live and the good are happy; that is enough and more than enough for us; the unprogressed, like John Brown's soul, are "marching on." What a march of creation is taking place; what an evolution towards the highest; what a stilly silence where we should expect to hear the tramp of thousands; what order, justice, wisdom, majesty, in the whole; what a stupendous tribute and testimony to the Almighty God!

To the Spiritualist it is a matter for no wonder that there is an universal worship and dream of immortality among all races of mankind. There are many creeds, but one Catholic Truth. If we look right through the individual esoteric dressings we shall discover the universal esoteric inspiration of the whole. From the far west to the extreme orient, and from pole to pole, old men have dreamed dreams, young men have prophesied, and the daughters of the race beheld visions. It has been in its higher aspects, the foundation of books and bibles, and the sole source of revelation. In Delphi and the sacred groves, within strange Druidic circles, in sun-blazoned temples of the Magi, in caves of the mystics, and by the waters of the sacred Nile and Ganges have the oracles spoken. To Buddha and Mahomet, Moses and Jesus, the call came to pronounce the inspiration each received. Every successive dispensation was suited to the needs of race and time.

Up the mountain path which leads to the pure, refined heaven above the peak of mortal earth there has appeared ever and anon one who cried "Excelsior!" In the valleys

they have witnessed the initial ascent and heard the first thrilling cry. Up higher the hermit hears the same triumphant voice. At length all feel rather than hear within them the unearthly distant sound, "Excelsior!"

The souls of all leap to the voice when it is first heard, leap and leap again, but solitary and alone this God-like Soul—whose name may be Krishna or Christ to the nations east or west—points upwards, and discovers to them by example the way of progress heavenward. He dies in the purity of virgin white around him, and once more they hear in silver tongue, a far off voice, "Excelsior!" They forthwith believe that his redemption and assumption ensures their own, instead of the fact that his way and merit is the merit and way of theirs. Let each make the progressive ascent from the valleys and through the mists of Māya, and surely every soul by reason of that same lofty will may attain farther sights and successive horizons, and cry in joy at length the same "Excelsior!"

The saviours of history are examples for all time of "men of God," nobly endowed with His spirit; but the life of many another great-soul in the dim past is unrecorded for us and forgotten, while, passing and lost in the death mists of to-day are countless hundreds—unheard of saviours and messiahs of Truth—whom God has called, God has loved, and God has chosen. Their tongues are silent whose words were golden, their hearts are dust which glowed with love, their light gone out from the world of men, and angels alone know their history. But perchance, their mission was as faithful, their gospel as pure, their inspiration as lofty, their souls as receptive to the truth as that of any saint or holy man who ever pilgrimaged on earth, and stood out silhouetted clear and bright against the world in barbaric ages past. In their souls was heard G. d's will as an enlightened conscience; pure in heart they saw God, and as active servants did His bidding. Holding the Koran, the Vedas, the Bible in their chilling hands they fell asleep, awakening in that glory dream of heaven which they beheld more and more clearly with their closing eyes. And God said to all and each, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The dream of heaven is part of the religion of the race. To the spiritual pilgrim here below, death is a going home, and God is in the "homeland." To be received in the near sunshine of His presence, it is necessary that our souls be full of light from exercise of its instincts in the body; the right use of our body argues for us, in the centre of our being, a righteous reward hereafter. Upon the brow of every son of man and child of God is an invisible but veritable Koh-i-nor, or mountain of light, which, when turned towards the bright face of our heavenly Parent, reflects a thousand hues of beauty, love, mercy, justice, charity, chastity, as the result of brilliant nearness to the Source of its reflected glory. When we turn away from Him, and take a retrograde path into the shadow, the jewel of the soul becomes a dim and lustreless possession. The spark of the Divine in man is turned away from the source of heavenly inspiration and a dream of heaven becomes shadowed over by a retributive vision of hell. Just as this hell becomes a most real, mocking, burning, torment to the soul, whose virgin delight is in its pure antipodes, so heaven to the faithful pilgrim pressing on is a pure paradise of super-sensuous delights unending.

Time exists only for the flesh: past, present, and future are one. As we look back with a strange vividness, so may we look forward with equal truth. It is one faculty of the soul which faces Time and Eternity. It is the sphinx of every man forever looking into the beyond, assailing the years, and gazing over the limitless golden sands of eternity before us. Thus the mystery of looking into the future is no more surprising to the psychological student than the mystery of beholding the past, and a dream of these earthly memories no more imagination (in the vulgar sense of the term) than is the dream of heaven.

Whether this dream be the happy hunting-ground of the savage, sweet, dreamless bodily sleep of the materialist, the paradise of the Mohammedan, blissful Nirvana of the Buddhist, Heaven of the Christian, or Summerland of those for whom I write—all agree in the one essential belief that death may be a boon, and the possible gate to happiness or peace, elysium or glory—home. What matters it, then, very greatly about the variations of our

dream? Man is responsible for earthly projections of fancy, God for the side-lights of Truth.

Our dreams of heaven are more than realised in this beautiful spiritual philosophy of death and the after life from the lips of the ascended, and we are inspired and taught and told in confessedly inadequate and imperfect words of home and the homeland, until we dream indeed, upon their words, a real dream of heaven.

THE RED CROSS.

By WESLEY NOAKES.

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED.)

"DO YOU wish to take us somewhere"? queried the doctor.

Miss Clifford nodded vigorously, and pointed in the direction of the village.

Vera grasped the situation instantly. "He wants us to go to Mr. De Benham's," she said. "What is to be done? If we attempt to bring Miss Clifford to herself, we shall in all probability do her a serious injury."

The Colonel pondered a moment, evidently making up his mind, and then looking at Dr. Campbell, said: "It is a very unconventional and unusual thing to invade a man's residence without his permission; but if Penelope goes, I go with her. Campbell, you must please yourself. I should like your company, but if you have any scruples, do not be afraid to mention them."

"My dear Colonel, this suits me down to the ground. We may lay ourselves open to an action for trespass, but that is a small matter."

Vera had put on her hat and jacket, and also wrapped a large cloak round Miss Clifford, who was stamping her feet and showing every sign of impatience.

"Wait a moment," said her brother, running to his study, to reappear quickly with a lantern and a thick stick.

Mary, my dear, you won't come, I know. Miss Ravenski, it is exceedingly kind, but are you sure you don't mind?"

"Miss Clifford may require my services," returned Vera.

"Then we may set off at once," he said, opening the hall door, and allowing them to pass through. As they reached the lodge gates they met Harry, who had been spending the evening with a neighbouring friend.

Dr. Campbell explained the matter to him in a few words.

"By Jove!" said the young man, "I wouldn't miss it for the world. Come along, Kenneth; don't let them get too far ahead. What do you make of it?" he enquired eagerly, as they followed quickly in the wake of the others.

"I hardly like to pass an opinion, Harry. On the face of it, the affair looks serious enough, yet it may lead to a common-place termination."

"I don't agree with you, doctor. Aunt Pen. never makes mistakes when she is under control. I don't thoroughly understand the Spiritualistic theory, but I should say that Castelli has been murdered, and that we shall meet with some startling revelations."

The doctor's thoughts almost coincided with those of his companion, but he had not cared to put them into words.

As they approached De Benham's house, Miss Clifford, followed by the rest, walked firmly up the drive past the front door, and finally stopped before one of the library windows. The room was all in darkness.

"I think De Benham is out," said the Colonel, "as he generally sits here when at home. What on earth is Pen. doing?"

Miss Clifford had taken a hair-pin from her head, and was twisting it in a peculiar fashion. This she inserted between the two portions of the window and pushed back the latch. Then opening the window she went boldly forward.

Doctor Campbell, looking at her eyes, saw that they were firmly closed, yet she never hesitated nor stumbled in her movements.

"Colonel Clifford," said Vera, "I think it would be best to ring for the servants and tell them what you intend doing."

"Good idea," he replied, proceeding to carry it into effect.

One of the maids answered the bell. She gave a

startled scream as her eyes fell upon the group and the light from the lantern.

"Don't be alarmed, please. I am Colonel Clifford. You know me?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"You think it is a strange way to enter a man's house, but we have a duty to perform. Where is your master?"

"I don't know, sir; but he said he should not be home till late."

"So much the better, I will take the entire responsibility of my action, so that you need be under no apprehension." The cook and the housemaid hearing their fellow-servant scream, had hastened to the scene and were standing in the doorway, their faces expressing intense wonderment and curiosity.

The cook, an elderly woman, then came forward. Being a native of Danesford, she had known Colonel Clifford for many years.

"Well, sir," she said, "I know you would not do this without some good reason. I suppose you do not mind me accompanying you?"

"Not at all, Mrs. Ketch. I was about to propose it. Go ahead, Vera."

Miss Clifford led the way upstairs and into De Benham's bedroom. Pointing to a large wardrobe, she made signs for them to open it.

The Colonel tried the door, but it was locked. "Break it open, Harry," he commanded; "I will make good all damage."

The young man promptly planted his foot in the centre of one of the panels, knocking it clean out.

Miss Clifford knelt down and drew out a large carpet bag. Making motions for them to follow, she then entered the room formerly occupied by Castelli.

Opening the bag, she took a narrow strip of carpet and two towels. The latter were almost covered with dark red stains.

"What are those stains, doctor?" asked Colonel Clifford.

"Blood," he replied tersely.

The cook screamed.

"Now, Mrs. Ketch, I must request you to compose yourself," said the Colonel, sternly. "There may be worse to follow."

In the meantime Miss Clifford had unrolled the strip of carpet and spread it alongside the bed. The towels she hung on a rail by the washing-stand. Then going into De Benham's room, she returned with a small revolver which she had taken from a drawer. Standing by the window, she pointed the pistol towards the door, at the same time making a loud noise, evidently trying to imitate the report of firearms.

Changing her position, she stood by the door and made signs for them to watch. Throwing up her arms, she fell forward on her face. After lying there a few seconds, she went to the rail, took the two towels, and began to dab the carpet with them.

"She is wiping up the blood," said Harry. "This is awful."

She then rolled up the carpet, and, in company with the towels, put it in the bag, and deposited them again in the wardrobe. Returning once more to the small room, she rolled the bedclothes into a long bundle and placed it on the floor in the position she had just occupied herself.

"That is to represent the body," exclaimed Dr. Campbell. "This is a ghastly drama. Where will it end?" They were soon to know.

Taking hold of the bundle, the medium drew it into the adjoining chamber. There she raised it in her arms, went along the corridor, downstairs, and stopped at the cellar door.

"Where is the key of this door?" demanded Colonel Clifford.

The housemaid ran into the kitchen, brought back the key, and unlocked the door.

"I shall stay here," sobbed the cook. "I can't bear to see any more."

One of the girls decided to keep her company, the other choosing to go along with the searchers.

Down the steps they all went and through the cellars, until they arrived at the passage blocked by the lumber.

The medium pointed along the passage, and made signs for them to clear it.

"This part of the cellar is never used, sir," said the maid; "I don't think you will find anything there."

The Colonel, who had been examining the old cases, drew Doctor Campbell's attention to something he had discovered.

"What do you call these?" he asked.

"Finger marks," answered the Doctor, without hesitation.

"Harry," said his father, "off with your coat, and let us clear away this rubbish," setting the example. "Hold the light, Vera. Come along, Campbell."

The three men worked with a will, and soon made sufficient room for them all to pass into the inner place, the medium going first and directing their attention to the partly covered safe.

"Colonel," whispered Dr. Campbell, "I can detect an odour which comes only from bodies in a state of decomposition."

"I can smell it," answered the other, setting to work to remove the dirt and rubbish which partly hid the safe from view.

A few minutes found this fully exposed.

"This is a terrible business," gasped the colonel, breathless from his exertions; "but we must go on with it. Put the end of my stick in here, Harry, and prise, while the doctor and I lift."

The heavy door creaked and then slowly opened, disclosing the interior and its contents. For a few moments a dead silence prevailed, then the housemaid, bursting into tears, cried: "Oh! let us go, I shall die if I stay here." "Harry," said his father, "take Vera and the girl upstairs. We will rejoin you in a few minutes." Then looking at his sister, he exclaimed: "Good heavens! she is coming round. Get her away, quick! She will lose her senses if she sees this."

After they had departed Dr. Campbell said: "We had better leave the body where it is. The safe seems almost air-tight and will keep it in better preservation."

"You know best, Doctor. Can we get a glimpse at his face?"

With a little trouble they managed to do so. The bullet-hole in the forehead was still visible. The Colonel pointed it out to his companions. Then he remarked: "There is no use our staying here any longer; in fact, I cannot stand this awful stench, it is sickening. How long has he been dead?" he enquired as they left the cellar.

"It is difficult to tell; but I should say about ten days."

They found Miss Clifford, who was quietly weeping, and the others, assembled in the library.

"Shall you wait and see Mr. De Benham, father?" Harry asked.

"I intended doing so; but I have had enough horrors for one night. We had better return home as quickly as possible. Your aunt I see is shivering with cold. Are you afraid to be left, cook?"

"No, sir; the poor man can't work us any harm now. What shall I say to the master?"

"If I were you, Mrs. Ketch, I should say nothing. He will hear from me in the morning."

"Look at the window," screamed one of the girls.

They all turned quickly and caught sight of a white agonised face pressed close to the glass.

The Colonel and Doctor Campbell ran to the window, but the face had vanished.

"Did you recognise it, Doctor?"

"Yes! It was De Benham himself."

"He won't return while we are here," the Colonel affirmed, "so we may leave without further delay. Come along, Pen. You look knocked up, and no wonder."

Dr. Campbell returned with them, but refused to enter the house, saying that he would come round early in the morning.

"What are you going to do, Richard?" asked Miss Clifford, as they entered the house.

"My duty is clear, Penelope. I shall issue a warrant for his—"

"Hush!" said Vera, warningly; but it was too late. Mary had caught the words as she came out of the drawing-room to meet them.

"A warrant! papa," she exclaimed. "For whom?"

"Mr. De Benham, Mary," answered her father.

"Poor girl," he muttered to himself. "It will be a blow, but it is no use putting off the evil day. She may as well know, and get it over."

Without a word Mary turned away and went to her room.

To be continued.

THE SPREADING CLOUD.

BY MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

ABOUT forty years ago, possibly not more than thirty-five, Lord Brougham said in England: "A little cloud has appeared in the west, not larger than a man's hand, which will overspread the entire earth; that little cloud is Spiritualism."

Modern Spiritualism, that little cloud, was almost unheeded. Many of Lord Brougham's contemporaries sneered at what they supposed to be infatuation, or the vagary of a diseased mind, and turned away from watching that little cloud in its rising.

It has gone forward, overspreading the earth. Its manifestations appeared almost simultaneously in many parts of this country, and later in Australia, and even in the east. It spread to England, France, Russia and Germany: touching crowned heads and peasants alike; touching men of science and philosophy.

Its indications have always been the same, its manifestations and announcements have been similar. It has been heard in the form of small raps, and from these to the loudest trumpet-tongued voices of music; it has been witnessed in appearances that correspond to the visions of ancient seers. It has revealed itself in the familiar faces, forms, voices, and minds of the loved ones of the household; it has spoken to the world with no uncertain sound, in the name of wife, husband, father, mother, brother, sister, child, and friend; it has taken the name of philosophers; it has given the identity of statesmen; it has encircled and overspread the earth with its light. Like all periods of human revelation it is the announcement of something greater and better for the human race.

It is not a subject any longer that requires to give the proofs of its existence, the "cloud in the west" has enlarged to include such portion of human interest and attention, such various, and in many ways complex, phases of human thought that the whole world of science and philosophy is, at this moment, affected by it, while the realm of religious thought is steadily being moulded by it to the theme of inspiration.

This "little cloud" has presented a new proposition to science.

When substances, supposed to be solid, or as solid as substances can be that adhere together by the law of cohesion innate in the nature of those substances, whether of wood or stone, or when manufactured fabrics, supposed to be held together by cohesion, are instantly separated and reunited without any visible or palpable violence or any adequate physical or dynamical change in those substances, it compels a new statement about matter.

When forms, apparently solid, possessing all the properties of solid bodies, as solid as any human body, appear out of the apparently empty air, possessing, seemingly, vital functions, the appearance of flesh, and all the attributes of the human form, and then disappear, as they have in hundreds of well-attested cases, leaving out all that are called fraudulent, or that are even doubtful, in this statement, and only accepting those that have been witnessed without the shadow of a doubt, by minds qualified to judge—when these forms appear, give every evidence of existence, and disappear as mysteriously as they came, it compels a restatement of science.

It has made a restatement of philosophy so broad and deep and high that it cannot be evaded nor gainsaid in any system of human thought. That statement is penetrating more and more into the mind of the age.

The thinking world at the present moment has given more thought concerning these philosophical propositions that relate to Spiritualism than to any other system or phase of thought. It is true that it has come, in many cases recently, in the form of what is called theosophy, and lately in the form of that which is called "metaphysics," "Christian science," "spiritual science," "mind cure," "faith cure," and the like, but every human mind of any degree of intelligence knows that there never was a thought upon these subjects in western nations, either in Europe or America, until after the advent of Spiritualism.

This "little cloud" has not only overspread the literature and the art of this day, but it has taken its place in the pulpit. It has caused a restatement of life and death; it has taken away the terrors and horrors of that change called death.

If it had not been for the advent of Spiritualism, nearly fifty years ago, a parliament of religions in 1893 in Chicago would have been impossible. Many say it was the result

of liberal thought. Let me correct their language. It was the result of spiritual thought, brought into the world by the message of modern Spiritualism, which has forbidden the statement that inspiration began with the book of Genesis or the Talmud, and ceased on the Isle of Patmos; which has compelled the world to extend its vision backward to all the nations of the earth and perceive those ancient themes, when disrobed of their forms and external ceremonies, are primal truths, and it shows where Christianity itself, the latest revelation of religious thought until the present time, when robbed of its external fetters and shadows, becomes the statement of a pure, perfect, spiritual proposition.

If Spiritualism were taken utterly and absolutely from the thought of the world it would be like turning out all the upper lights, and everybody would know that a great calamity had happened. It is the vital, spiritual sunshine of to-day, the essence of the philosophical thought of to-day. The vital scientific undercurrent of to-day is found in the phenomena of Spiritualism.

Was he not a true prophet who said that "This little cloud, not larger than a man's hand, will overspread the entire earth"? It is doing this to-day; not in the statement of the multitude of its believers, not in the external hands of material power, not even in the organisation of its forces, though that is an expression of its strength, but in the mighty dominating spirit of the upper world that moves like a "cloud of witnesses" upon the earth.

"PSYCHIC PHILOSOPHY."

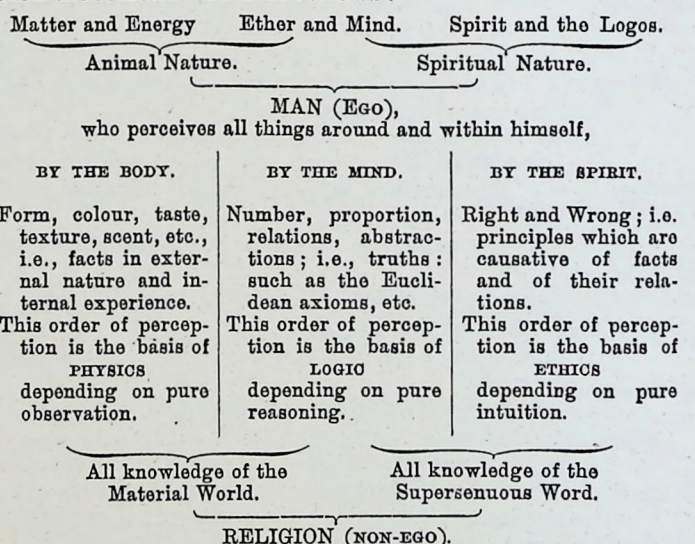
BY V. C. DESERTIS.

[George Redway, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, London, 5s. net.]

PART II.

IN OUR last issue we likened philosophers to policemen, and insisted on the necessity of such individuals in regulating the traffic, mental and mundane respectively, from strict analogy of the disturbances arising in each of those great departments.

Now the best policeman officiating on a special occasion is the one who best understands the humours of the crowd on normal occasions, and who ordains new matters in fitness with the old. So with the philosopher, and so with Mr. Desertis, who has admirably opened the second part of his work by expounding the nature of materialistic philosophy in its broad bearings, and showing that this new ground can be worked advantageously on lines which need not cause any violent commotion, though they be a little in advance of the old. He reminds the materialist that his best theories are dependent upon a certain substance termed ether, and shows by a perfectly orthodox manipulation of this entity that Spiritualistic traffic may work harmoniously with that which now occupies such an undue share of the street. He then firmly lays down certain principles in which "The orders of existence" are emphasised as material, psychic, and spiritual; or body, soul, and spirit. Body consists of matter, soul of ether, and spirit is the force that is behind the matter and ether in their co-ordination and complex associations. After showing that the soul parts from the body at "the gate of death," he sets out his scheme in a manner that should convey sure leading to those who seek some system for their movement. It is as follows:—



Soul is then dealt with in a chapter of great beauty of composition, as "The Forming Power," and Spirit as

"The Directing Will," but the finest chapter is the last, in which the psychic aspects of "The Human Family" are dealt with in terms that place the author in the highest category of rational spiritual philosophers.

Of course we do not expect that Mr. Desertis will become an absolute authority to any Spiritualist. Our metaphor would fail if this were so. There will still be those who will prefer to display special dexterity in crossing certain complicated thoroughfares, by showing that they can dodge beneath the heads of horses, stride over moving timber waggons, and otherwise make normal circumstances the subject of erratic gymnastics; but the sober rank and file will find that by following out the scheme here so beautifully wrought, both in its sentiment and literary setting, they will enrich their comprehension without overstraining their energies by such flights as are too often indulged in by those who come into the subject under the impression that it never existed before they themselves were convinced of the truth of certain of its phenomena.

The work is open to improvement in its second edition upon a few points. We would suggest that materialisation be given greater prominence than it has received; and also that many of the notes be incorporated with the text. This edition is introduced by Mr. A. R. Wallace, and we sincerely trust that its sale will be such that a larger volume will be shortly issued, when it will need no other support than the name of its author. B. H.

[We shall be pleased to supply copies of this work post free, 5s. 4½d.—Ed. T. W.]

SPIRITUALISM IN MANCHESTER: NOTES ON PRESENT STATE.

PENDLETON HALL OF PROGRESS, COBDEN STREET.

BY SAMPLER.

As the Society meeting in Tipping Street, Ardwick, may claim to be the parent, Pendleton Society (which started somewhere in the middle eighties as an outcome of certain home circles, and a leaking away of some of the members of the Manchester Society seeking a more convenient centre of action) may claim to be the parent organisation of the borough of Salford. Its history is an interesting story of struggle, vicissitude, trial within and trial without, opposition and contention, ups and downs, changes, parting, and reorganisation. It has been the parent of a few societies, some of which may be noticed as the time and opportunity may serve to make notes. In the years about 1884-85 it seemed to show much promise, and flourished under the chairmanship of Mr. (now Councillor) Boys and Mr. F. Tomlinson, and the able secretaryship of Mrs. Calvert. From rooms in Whitworth Street, Pendleton, to Pendleton Town Hall was a strong bid for public attention, but with an exceptionally strong platform—where appeared such subjects of inspiration as J. J. Morse, E. H. Britten, Mr. and Mrs. Wallis, Mr. Burns, J. W. Colville, Wm. Johnson, Mrs. Green, and Mr. McDonald, and others, who worthily upheld the standard of truth. Audiences of upwards of a thousand people assembled Sunday after Sunday. The effect of this work being to call forth most ardent opposition, which ended in a rowdy-like fizzle. Excited audiences and heated discussion, pro and con, resulted from the attack by the Rev. Showman and the defence by Mr. E. W. Wallis. After the Town Hall meetings, efforts were made in Salford—in Gardiner Street Free Library—and in the large hall of the Pendleton Co-operative Society. The many changes terminating in a settlement in the "Hall of Progress," in Cobden-street. Though the frequenter of those days may be pleased to note some well-known faces of those lively times, we must deplore the absence of some of the old leading spirits, who, still in the flesh, might take this hint and give the flavour of the old magnetic presence, and, forgetful of differences, lend the aid of their liberalising powers to the work now being done. The Hall of Progress is not well situated for approach, especially to strangers, and there is a more or less active feeling that a better place and more suitable room might prove advantageous; though the Society have invested much of their means to make the place comfortable to those who attend the meetings (and perhaps the large expenditure in this direction may account for the diminished liberality towards those who do the work of exposition on the platform and at circles). When one

thinks of how the earnest enthusiasm of about half-a-dozen workers could fill the largest halls, it is natural to ask, what are the large number of not less than 120 good standing members doing to merely hold on in such restricted quarters? Surely there is matter here for individual question! Spiritualism has within it all the elements for large work; then why, at a certain stage, do we stand still, and seem contented with the results, instead of pressing the matter home on the public mind? Why should not the palmy days of the Old Town Hall meetings permanently return?

A little while ago, when Mr. J. B. Tetlow took upon himself the secretaryship, which was going abegging, the prospects were gloomy indeed, but since then matters have brightened up, and the interest seems to be in an all-round glow. The old members, and many of those who have recently come, express much sympathy with the intellectual progress, though it may still be said that the phenomena which appeal to personal feeling hold greater sway. The attendances at the Sunday meetings average, afternoon about 50, and evening 250. The seating capacity of room is about 300, towards which it rises and overflows when a special clairvoyant or psychometric medium is to the front. The Sunday tone is now decidedly "progress," and the week-night meetings are fairly attended, while the socials on Wednesday are spoken of as a success. Altogether there appears to be the promise of good times for the work in this quarter, and with the present membership and a well-organised Visiting Committee, and determination to be free from the annoyance, to which the week-night attendances are subject from the room above, it is possible in a short time to see this society in much better quarters. The members have the advantage of a very well-selected library, of which a large number avail themselves—always a good sign—for after all the backbone of our movement is an intelligent view and earnest self-abnegation. The signs now presented are of an "onward" move. May God speed all earnest and well-timed effort, is the wish of "Sampler."

LONDON SPIRITUALISM.

A LONDON SPIRITUALIST'S IMPRESSIONS.

THE remaining meeting places advertised in the TWO WORLDS partake more largely of what may be called the "necessary evil of an undeveloped Spiritualism;" promiscuous seances. They, of course, vary in details of management and the quality of their manifestations. At one place I got the somewhat startling information that there was no such thing as physical manifestations. What was miscalled physical manifestation was subjective hallucination, the sitters being hypnotised by their own desire. I further learned that the moon gained its light from the fish in the sea, who always come to the top of the water at night. Other statements, which the average intellect would undoubtedly classify as whimsical absurdities, were also presented as absolutely authoritative because they presumed to emanate from spirit spheres. One statement I quite believed, and that was, that the author was far too advanced for the generality of Spiritualists, and consequently found but little favour among them. And no wonder! It is, however, a recognised fact that mediumship in many forms does not depend upon the education nor the personal spiritual growth of the individual; and whether we ought to bar those mediums from using our "Spiritual Press" to further their personal ends or promulgate their peculiar fads, must sooner or later become a "pressing problem." At present I have classed them under the head of "necessary evils," because, although many of them are susceptible to great improvements, it must not be forgotten that many societies owe their commencement to individual effort, and to the struggling and often imperfectly conducted promiscuous circle. Mediums have kept "open house" until their visitors have become too numerous to accommodate, and a society has resulted. In the present stage of Spiritualism we cannot afford to lose the least of our helpers, and as the movement grows and our "District Councils" become a "working reality," it should be an easy matter to take each of the "other meetings" and place them upon a firmer societary basis. If the meeting place refuses assistance, and is sustained for purely personal motives; if its teaching is a libel on the name of Spiritualism, or its character such that the movement may suffer from its being adver-

tised as a Spiritualist meeting place, then, after due investigation by the Executive, the secretary should be requested to write the editors of the Spiritualist press to refrain from advertising them among the society notices. When this is done, then, from sheer lack of support, "other meetings" will close their doors and be gradually drawn into the larger societies, or resolve themselves into private centres of development.

Many Spiritualists cleave to the idea that it is essential to the welfare of the "cause" to sweep away all that pertains to professionalism, from the incipient stage, which is satisfied with a "collection" to "defray expenses," to the special sittings at a guinea per seance. True it is that the conditioning and methods might with advantage be altered, but to hastily close any avenue of research, whether advertised as a society or an individual affair, would be to rob many inquirers of their only means of investigation.

Societies must first set their own house in order before extending their sphere of operations. They must become more fully alive to the fact that, so long as they do not offer experimental as well as philosophic assistance, so long will the public promiscuous circle, with its many disadvantages, flourish, and be misunderstood as portraying the nobler side of Spiritualism, whereas it is often the grossest caricature. We cannot, therefore, afford to knock away the ladder which has helped so many to conviction until we are able to supply a food better fitted to the growth of the movement.

LIBERALISING TENDENCIES IN THE ORTHODOX FOLD.

BY W. STANSFIELD.

THE outlook for the progress of theological reform in the various churches about us is most promising. Gradually, but surely, the ministers of light and leading, backed by a considerable lay element, are openly denying some of the chief tenets of the old orthodox "faith." First, the "eternal punishment" theory is almost universally condemned by such, and second, the "imputed righteousness" doctrine is following in its wake. Of course, the "verbal infallibility" of the Bible is only seldom taught, and that by the "residium of the old school." But we find the younger generation becoming more and more liberal in their interpretations of their "articles" of faith. The Revs. J. Hunter and Garrett Harder, with many others, have flung away the more extravagant "orthodoxy" of the past, and their popularity as preachers is not a whit lessened—but rather increased thereby.

The popular minister of the influential congregation meeting at Belgrave Chapel, Leeds (Rev. R. Westrope), has had a rupture with his church in consequence of his broadening tendencies, through his establishing a successful P.S.A. meeting at his place, and his sympathies being allowed to overcome his discretion as the minister of such a church. His final words to a packed house of working men, in speaking of the aspersion cast upon his hearers of having given up religion, were: "What they had given up was Churchianity, Congregationalism, Methodism, Wesleyanism, and all the other 'isms' to make way for the Christianity of Christ." Another remarkable deliverance of late fell from the lips of the "Merchants' Lecturer" (Rev. J. M. Gibbon) at London. To a large, influential, and appreciative audience he said: "Judaism was a complete and unmitigated failure, because the mediation of any man between the human soul and God was intolerable"; and further on he says: "If he [Jesus] came to us now as he came to the people of his day every altar of the Roman Church, and every pulpit of the Anglican Church and of many free churches must be closed against them by their very constitution." He also quoted Jesus in "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth," along with other broad and liberal expressions.

Our thoughts naturally run "amuck" at much that fell from the lips of Dr. Parker, as preacher at the congress of the "evangelicals" at Nottingham. But we gain encouragement to hope from his adverse criticism of some of his brethren of the cloth—that the "fold" of Christian theology is being undermined and "breached" with the leaven of a more "rational" thought, that will ultimately merge into an open conflict with the remains of the old theologies, and bring in its train a power from the spirit world, which will be of resistless tendency in opening out the knowledge of the "unseen" to mortal view. Let us hope that the Spiritualism we profess will be of solid value in aiding and helping on this progressive era. May the close of the present century see the development of this advance to an even larger extent than hitherto, and our hopes consummated to our heart's desire.

MRS. BRIGHAM'S TOUR.—This lady will arrive on April 24 or 25, and our Liverpool friends will give her cordial welcome. Arrangements are being made for a hearty reception in Manchester on Tuesday, April 28. The London Spiritualist Alliance will give her a reception in the great Metropolis on May 1, (doubtless she will be as welcome as the flowers in May). The Marylebone friends will be pleased to hear her at Cavendish Rooms on Sunday, May 3 and 10. On the 17th she will speak at the Surrey Masonic Hall, Camberwell; on the 24th, at Stratford; and on May 31 she will address the friends in Salford. June 7 and 14, July 19 and 26, and all August dates are open. Applications should be addressed to the editor of the Two WORLDS, who is anxious to plan a tour for Mrs. Brigham that she may be heard in all the principal centres of our movement. She will be very glad to give week-night addresses wherever possible.

AN EASTER HORROR.

THE TYRANT'S DOOM.

SOME six years ago one of our provincial papers published the following:—In the reign of Queen Anne a deserter was tried and condemned to death. The duty of carrying out the sentence fell on the Major, who must have been a tyrant of the deepest dye, as he conceived the horrible idea of augmenting the righteous example of the execution as a warning to all other truants, by ordering the condemned man's own brother (a soldier in the same regiment) to be the executioner. Both brothers, as well as officers, remonstrated, and begged another should be appointed, but to no purpose. The brother prepared to obey. At the third signal of the Major's cane the shot was to be fired. Suddenly Providence, or some other evangel, inspired the soldier to send the ball through the major's heart, at which it is recorded "no one seemed sorry." What of Easter-tide is there in this history that curdles our blood and makes our flesh creep on our bones? At this Easter of 1896 we look back on another legalised murder of which Christians affirm this is the anniversary. Nineteen hundred years ago a more revolting spectacle looms before us, and Catholic and Protestant of Christendom alike tell us that eternal justice, wisdom, and love decreed the slaughter, not of a deserter, but of an innocent victim, who "did no sin, nor was guile found in his mouth," and whose bitter cry, "If it be possible let this cup pass from me," was utterly disregarded by the Paternal Deity he supplicated.

The stern, relentless mandate must be carried out, the innocent one must suffer, bleed, and die; his own brothers are to be the executioners, and they have not the lesser task of striking a momentary brain pang, followed by exquisite ease, but must unrobe their brother, stretch and spike him to the cross, while he utters his forgiving dying words, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

True, the Roman soldiers were not the offspring of Joseph and Mary, but if Jesus' words have any meaning they were his brethren, for were they not doing the will of God? Wasn't Jesus delivered by the determinate council and foreknowledge of God? And in carrying out his will they proved their relationship, for he said, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father, who is in heaven, is mother, brother, and sister."

The monstrosity of this hideous doctrine of vicarious atonement is not only seen in its surpassingly cruel conception as compared with the tyrant of Queen Anne's reign, but in its matchless injustice and inutility. What human government could stand a week, acting on the ridiculous principle of punishing the innocent that the guilty may escape?

It is an insult to our understanding, and a blasphemy against heaven, to suppose that infinite wisdom devised any such "scheme" of salvation for fallen or unfallen man, and yet where in orthodox Christendom, from the "General" to the "Pope," do we not find this vestige of superstition, this relic of the astronomical religion (Baal worship)? Christians have brought down their feasts and fasts, days and seasons, by which they used to commemorate the passage of the sun through the heavens (as it was then thought). These notions of the heavenly bodies they personified, and drew their theories from them, which theories we find running through the Hebrew Scriptures into Christian dogmas in these times, so that even a Paul could write "without shedding of blood is no remission," forgetting for the moment that a prophet had said long before, "Come, let us reason together; Cease to do evil, and learn to do well." "What, O man, does the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?" BEVAN HARRIS.

THE "NEW WOMAN."

She does not "languish in her bower,"
Or squander all the golden day
In fashioning a gaudy flower
Upon a worsted spray;
Nor is she quite content to wait
Behind her "rose-wreathed lattice-pane,
Until beside her father's gate
The gallant prince draws rein."
The brave "New Woman" scorns to sigh,
And count it "such a grievous thing"
That year on year should hurry by,
And no gay suitor bring;
In labour's ranks she takes her place,
With skilful hands and cultured mind;
Not always foremost in the race,
But never far behind.
And now less lightly fall her feet,
Because they tread the busy ways;
She is no whit less fair or sweet
Than maids of olden days,
Who, gowned in samite or brocade,
Looked charming in their dainty guise,
But dwelt like violets in the shade,
With shy, half-opened eyes.
Of life she takes a clearer view,
And through the press serenely moves,
Unfettered, free; with judgment true
Avoiding narrow grooves.
She reasons, and she understands;
And sometimes 'tis her joy and crown
To lift with strong, yet tender hands
The burdens men lay down.

—E. MATHESON in "Chamber's Journal."

ANOTHER VISITOR.—Mr. Walter Howell's many friends will be pleased to hear that he intends visiting the old country again this summer, and will probably arrive the latter part of June. He should be kept busy.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

FULL REPORT of Good Friday's celebration next week.

PORTRAIT AND SKETCH next week of Mr. W. H. Robinson.

HAVE you read Mr. Gott's offers? Give him a turn if you can.

MR. VIOTOR WYLDEN advises us that he has replied to all his clients.

WE WERE delighted to see and speak to a host of old friends and new at Bradford last Saturday.

THE TWO WORLDS is printed on Tuesday this week owing to the holidays.

BRADFORD FRIENDS did well last Saturday. The audience demonstrated its approval of amalgamation.

THE SUN reports the death of Mr. Judge, the Theosophist, who was charged with sending bogus Mahatmic letters.

DO YOU WANT tunes for the hymns in the new hymn book? Get a Spiritual Songster, or the Spiritual Harp.—[See advts.]

HAVE you read the "Red Cross" story? You ought to have done so. We will supply the 12 back numbers post free for 1s. 3d.

THE 48th Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated in London at Surrey Masonic Hall, Camberwell New-road on Easter Sunday at 6-30 (see directory) and on Easter Monday by a social gathering at 7 p.m. Tickets 1s. All friends welcome.

"O, SUMMER LAND."—New hymn, with refrain, for public services, Lyceums, and private circles. Words and music by William Acfield, one penny; words only, 1s. 6d. 100, from the Composer, Surbiton Hill, Surrey, or Novello, London and New York.—[Advt.]

WE HOPE the "celebration" will have a lasting effect in Bradford and "call back" into the work many old-time zealous labourers, and lead to unity and a strong central effort. Evidently the rank and file will support the officers who will sink minor differences for the general good. Work for Spiritualism—not merely for Spiritualists—is needed.

OUR DELUGE.—By an unfortunate inability on the part of our London agent (Mr. E. W. Allen), the parcels containing the back numbers for "Scouts" in the metropolis and southern counties have been delayed. Mr. Allen promises to send them away as early as possible, but we do not know exactly when that will be, but trust they will reach our friends this week.

"RESURGAM" is the title of a beautiful new long metre tune, specially composed by Mr. Crossley (L. Mus., F. G'd, O.) for the hymn by Mr. Peter Lee in the new hymn book (No. 21) which can be had, music and words, for 1d., post free, 1½d.; on superior paper, post free, 2d.; at the Two WORLDS office, 18, Corporation-street, Manchester. Quantities for choirs, 12 for 9½d.; 85 for 1s. 7d.; 50 for 3s.; post free in all cases.

ANOTHER NEW SOCIETY.—Opening meetings at Chesterfield. Large attendance at Mr. Middleton's, 59, Spencer-street, who kindly lent us his room. Lecture by W. E. Hamson on "Spiritualism and its works." He also gave psychometry with splendid results. Mrs. Foster gave good clairvoyance. Mrs. McAlpine's sons gave good recitations. A pleasant evening spent. We hope to have and hear Mr. J. C. Macdonald soon.

CONWAY CASTLE.—We have received a specimen of this beautiful colotype photograph, and had it framed and hung in our office. It is a work of art, and hardly distinguishable from a fine steel engraving. It is rare value for the money, and friends who wish for a striking picture to adorn the walls of their home should cut out the coupon in our advertising columns and send 1s. to the address given. We are confident they will be pleased.—[See Advt.]

IN the course of a welcome, cheery private letter from our friend and brother, J. J. Morse, he says, referring to Mrs. Brigham: "I think she will do good, and would be glad if you would say so for me. She is without reproach, a pleasing and *spirituelle* speaker, and a gentle lady, whose faithful service to the spirit world and the cause entitle her to a warm welcome and all respect." Brother Morse is having good success in his work, and sends his kindest remembrances to all his friends.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—H. S. L.: It is very easy to find faults and flaws after the work is done, but it is quite another thing to do the work. Never mind; better luck next time. *Liberated*: Spiritualists can conduct their own funeral service in a cemetery, but the clergyman must receive due notice of their wish to do so in a churchyard. You should consult some of the leading workers in your local society; they know. C. H. Helps: You cannot legally register your society. That is why the "legal 100" is proposed.

MR. T. R. E. HOOPER, of 134, Grosvenor-road, Bristol, writes:—It seems to me a great pity there is not more activity shown in the South to promulgate the grand truth of spirit return by those who have the knowledge. There are many Spiritualists in Bath and towns near Bristol. Investigators must be convinced with phenomena. If any friends near Bristol care to organise circles, I am willing to help them with my gifts for expenses only. If any wish to avail themselves of the opportunity to spread the Cause and bring comfort to those who are grieving the loss of loved ones, I shall be most willing and pleased to help them.

COMMENTING UPON the New Hymn Book, our contemporary, *Light* says: "It is an important addition to what we may call the apparatus necessary for conducting meetings for religious worship and communion. It is admirably adapted for its purpose. But it will have other uses. As a reading book for the home, it may be strongly commended. It is literally crammed with spirited, racy, and beautiful poetry—and much of it more suitable for personal reading than for united singing. In a sense, it is the best because the brightest and cheeriest book we have seen for what we call 'The sick room'—the very thing to take up and turn over when one is not strong enough for tougher thoughts or longer pieces." We shall be thankful to receive the names of the authors of hymns to which no names are attached. An error by the composer in hymn No. 500 is pointed out, which was overlooked in the hurry to get the book out to meet the wishes of those who were clamouring for it; readers will do well to mark the correction in their books, put "holiness" instead of "foolishness" in the last line. These and other matters will be attended to in future editions.

READERS should carefully peruse "Heaven Revised." Price 6d., post-free, 6½d.

INQUIREES WOULD do well to purchase Florence Marryat's famous lecture on "There is no death," it gives good and helpful advice, price 3d., post free, 3½d.

NO REPORTS this week. A number of reports have reached us; it shows how much some people read the Two WORLDS, or they would have seen our several notices last week.

THE "Rise and Progress of Modern Spiritualism" published by the Two Worlds Co., Ltd., by Jas. Robertson, post-free 6½d, is the best handbook for beginners, and contains a large amount of information in a very readable form.

POST CARD "REPORTS" will be welcome if well and clearly written; and not too crowded. They will save the cost of postage to cor. sec.s, and save us time and trouble. Put name of town first, and be as brief as possible.

RE THE NEW HYMN BOOK.—The collection is on the whole an excellent one and will be a boon to the Cause. The print is clear, the topics well diversified, and the metrical arrangements numerous, so it now behoves our musicians to take advantage of the scope it offers them, and work up some really good tunes that will appropriately emphasize the true spirit of the poems.

THE TWO WORLDS penny pamphlets are all interesting and instructive: we will send a parcel containing one of each of "Does Man Live after the Death of the Body," "An Investigative Study of Spiritualism," "The True Basis of Spiritualism," "Homes in the Hereafter," "Mans Message to Man," "Re-Incarnation," post-free for 6d; or, including Mrs. Keeves Record's "Remarkable Mediumistic Experiences" post free for 8d.

THE UNSEEN.—If there is in England a man who is worthy to be called a scientific master in Israel, that man is Alfred Russel Wallace. His paper, read at the Chicago Congress, on "The Growth of Opinion as to Obscure Psychological Phenomena during the last Fifty Years," was a plain unvarnished tale. Dr. Wallace ends with frank, and, let us hope, fruitful testimony: "This brief, imperfect sketch of the progress of opinion on the questions this Congress has met to discuss, leads us, I think, to some valuable and reassuring conclusions. We are taught, first, that human nature is not so wholly and utterly the slave of delusion, as has sometimes been alleged, since almost every alleged superstition is now shown to have had a basis of fact. Secondly, those who believe, as I do, that spiritual beings can and do, subject to general laws, and for certain purposes, communicate with us, and even produce material effects in the world around us, must see in the steady advance of inquiry and of interest in these questions, the assurance that, so far as their beliefs are logical deductions from the phenomena they have witnessed, those beliefs will at no distant date be accepted by all truth-seeking inquirers."—*The Coming Day*.

FEDERATION PROPAGANDA. Weekly reports.—A week of active, arduous work by Mr. Swindlehurst has to be reported. Bootle claimed his attention on Monday evening, March 23. A good audience greeted and applauded him as he discoursed upon "Spiritualism, the need of the age." Mr. S. S. Chiswell rendered good assistance by his timely address, and Mr. Berry gave a few clairvoyant descriptions. "Bootle's Spiritual Baby" is a healthy offspring of the Liverpool society, with a future before it. Long may it live in the Spiritual movement. At the Everton meeting, on the Tuesday evening, a good and hearty reception was given to the missioner by the members of the Queen's-road society. For two nights, Wednesday and Thursday, Rishton has been the scene of active propaganda work. These meetings will long be remembered at Rishton. The church infant school was placed at the disposal of Mr. Swindlehurst and the local friends. Mr. T. King and Mr. J. T. Ward ably assisted in the chair. The room was crowded on both evenings. Excitement ran high at times, and on Thursday evening at the conclusion of Mrs. Best's clairvoyant descriptions the climax was reached by some mischievous individual getting to the gas meter and turning out the lights. Happily all kept their seats, at the request of the chairman, and, beyond the excitement, no personal damage was done. The excellent display of clairvoyant powers by Mrs. Griffin and Mrs. Best made a marked impression on the audiences. Miss Shakleton again rendered very effectively a solo, much to the gratification of the audience. One of the descriptions given by Mrs. Griffin is worthy of note. It had reference to a spirit who on earth was described as leaving his work to go and commit suicide. "Oh, no," cried a man in the audience, "they don't do that sort of thing at Rishton." The description was fully recognised by a lady present. Rishton can now boast of possessing a Spiritualists' Society as an outcome of Federation mission work, and Spiritualism is well to the fore there.

IN MEMORIAM.

In Memoriam Notices not over ten lines in length are published gratuitously when exceeding that number, sixpence for each additional line will be charged. Ten words on an average make a line. No poetry admitted under this heading.

AFTER only a few months of marriage, Charlotte Ellen, the beloved wife of G. H. Vincent Goddard, passed suddenly to the higher life on March 25th, aged 21. Will the numerous friends kindly accept thanks for their letters of sympathy and condolence.

ON March 17th, the spirit of our dear and respected friend Mr. James Hargreaves, aged 75 years, passed to the Great Beyond. His body was interred at Heaton Cemetery Bolton, on March 21st. A goodly number of both Spiritualists and non-Spiritualists being present, when our reverend friend R. A. Brown, who officiated as speaker, spoke in an eloquent and touching manner. The choir from Bradford-street Spiritual Hall, aided by Mr. Knight as conductor, sweetly rendered several hymns.—J. Pilkington.

OUR OLD FRIEND Mr. W. J. Champornowne, of Kingston-on-Thames, writes to say that our mutual friend Mr. J. G. Pilborough passed away on March 28th, in the 88th year of his age. He was a staunch Spiritualist for forty years. Was expelled from his chapel for his Spiritualism, but by his persistent and faithful devotion to his convictions he set many people inquiring. By his demise we are carried back in thought some twenty years, when we used to sit in circle with the above-named and other Kingston friends for development. We feel confident our old friend has received a hearty welcome home on the other side.—Ed. W.

"THE TWO WORLDS" PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED

OFFICE, 18, CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER.

DIRECTORS:

S. S. CHISWELL, CHAIRMAN.	
F. TOMLINSON, VICE-CHAIRMAN.	
W. T. BRAHAM,	PETER LEE,
R. FITTON,	J. PEMBERTON,
G. HILL,	T. SIMKIN,
W. JOHNSON,	J. B. TETLOW,
J. T. WARD.	GEO. COLBECK.
Secretary - - -	E. W. WALLIS.

THE TWO WORLDS.

The People's Popular Penny Spiritual Paper.

Subscription rates to all parts of the world:—

One year, 6s. 6d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; three months, 1s. 8d.;
post free, including all Supplements.

LONDON WHOLESALE AGENTS.

E. W. Allen, 4, Ave Maria-lane; John Heywood, 2, Amen Corner
Marshall and Sons, 125, Fleet Street; West End Agents, Nichols
and Co., 23, Oxford-street, W.

FRIDAY, APRIL 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.

SPECIAL TERMS. A *trial* subscription of 2s. 6d. will entitle
new readers to receive the Two WORLDS post free for 24 weeks

GROWTH.

FORTY-EIGHT years ago, Spiritualism, as we understand it, was unknown; to-day it is the leaven of thought that is operating everywhere; the spirit of the times is progressive, hopeful, affirmative, and constructive. The Materialistic tendency which fifty years ago threatened to drag faith and hope into the slough of pessimistic despair; to dethrone Deity, and exalt Death as the reigning monarch of the Universe; which sought to derive mind and consciousness from insensate matter and unreasoning force, only to fool man with vain hopes and torture him with ideals of perfection never to be realised, because death would inevitably sweep him into oblivion, thus destroying the thinker while the results of his thought continued—this tendency has been successfully combatted and defeated by the despised "spirits" through their scorned and persecuted mediums. The "phenomena called spiritual" have given firm foothold upon fact for rational faith, and the tendency of thought to-day is towards the spiritual and away from the mechanical; to discover Cause in the Conscious, and recognise the persistency of Life. The "Imagination" which was scoffed at and repudiated has had to be admitted to its true place, and trained into the service of science.

The "Unseen" has been admitted as a legitimate realm for investigation, and the power, permanency, and potency of Ideas will now be readily conceded where half a century ago those who dared to claim that thoughts were as real as things, and that Thinkers were as indestructible as either matter or force, were laughed to scorn.

Spiritualism has laid the "ghosts," and dispersed devils and angels alike by explaining them, and revealing that they are human beings who are still progressive, rational, and moral agents. The people who dreaded the Unseen from fear, now venture boldly across the borderland.

"Miracle," "Supernatural," "Devil," "Impossible," "Hell," are discredited words. The reign of SPIRITUAL LAW has been ascertained and demonstrated, and modern Spiritualism has forced physicists and theologians alike to reconsider their position. It has not only challenged them to prove their claim to infallibility, but has compelled them to admit their defeat.

"Psychic force" is now recognised on all sides, and the powers and possibilities of the Soul, such as clairvoyance, healing, psychometry, inspiration, and clair-audience, are being studied with avidity—the danger is that from the extreme of incredulity too many will swing to the other extreme and accept irrational doctrines and mistake so-called "mystical" assertions for Spiritual Science. Care must be employed not to lose ones head or feet either. Authority, Revelation, Divine Wisdom, etc., are dangerous terms. Truth must prove itself. Mere speculative assertions will not suffice for rational minds.

In less than half a century (and that the most critical) scientific, and hard-headed the world has ever known, there has grown up a movement, which, without prestige, power, or favour, has faced and triumphed over the bitterest opposition, and transformed foes into friends. Even our opponents, who are still blinded by the blinkers of Evangelistic prejudice, and cry "Blasphemy," "Devil," etc., are compelled to admit the marvellous revolution which Spiritualism is effecting in the world: thus in a little booklet, entitled "Is Spiritualism of God?" the writer says, "Spiritualism has made a tremendous advance in this and other Christian countries. It is leavening all classes, its literature pours from the press, powerful pens support it, eloquent voices proclaim it as a blessing to humanity, numbers boldly avow that they are under the control of spirits, who give through their hands or tongues, messages and teachings from the other world. Ignorance brands it as an imposture. An imposture it is not. That there have been and are imposters connected with it is true, but Scripture and profane history alike prove that there is a power working behind Spiritualism that is neither human nor divine." What a lame and impotent conclusion! But the admission of the growth of Spiritualism and the ability and intelligence of its adherents is significant; the last words indicate the prejudice and misconception of the author, that is all.

In another passage this Daniel says: "It is not confined to one class. People in all stations of life have eagerly embraced it. Rich and poor, noble and plebian, educated and illiterate have joined its ranks. It is hailed as a new religion, a fresh revelation; its votaries boast of newly-discovered powers, of secrets made known concerning the spirit-world and the hereafter, whereby the dread of death is taken away, and deliverance effected from the enslaving dogmas of an effete Christianity." All this is perfectly true, and if the author, W.H.S., imagines he is going to frighten the 10,000,000 Spiritualists he speaks of with black bogey tales about the Devil and a few misunderstood and misapplied texts he is sorely mistaken. If he understood human nature he would know that the very testimony he bears to the wonders, the successes, and the spread and strength of Spiritualism will inevitably prompt people to inquire. His frantic appeals to his readers to "flee from Spiritualism" will have the opposite effect of arousing their curiosity and setting them investigating, and when once they *know*, he will never win them back to *believe*.

Two years hence we shall joyfully celebrate the Jubilee of this most remarkable spiritual dispensation, and well we may. No religious movement ever grew so rapidly or exerted such wide-spread influence, and by 1900 it will be the basis of the religious faith of the world.

Mr. A. R. WALLACE.

POSSIBLY there is no man living to whom Spiritualists are more deeply indebted than the gentleman whose portrait adorns this issue of THE TWO WORLDS. His eminence in the world of students, science, and letters, his proven ability and power, his modest bearing and unswerving fidelity, his outspoken manliness in expressing his latest thoughts, together with his progressiveness, have won for him the esteem and respect of all sorts and conditions of men. Even those who differ from him are compelled to admit and admire his sterling integrity; and *character* always tells in the long-run.

Mr. Wallace was, as he himself tells us in his work on "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," (a new revised edition of which has just been issued by Mr. Geo. Redway, of 9, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, London), a philosophical materialist, believing only in matter and force, having an "ingrained prejudice against even such a word as spirit," he came to the investigation of spiritual phenomena "utterly unbiassed by hopes or fears, because I knew that my belief could not affect the reality."

About 1843 he became interested in Mesmerism as a result of the discussion arising out of Dr. Elliotson's experiments, and in 1843 heard an able lecture by Mr. Spencer Hall upon the subject. As a result Mr. Wallace commenced making experiments, and succeeded in obtaining the usual results, which satisfied him of the genuineness of the phenomena. He says:—"I thus learnt my first great lesson in the inquiry into these obscure fields of knowledge, never to accept the disbelief of great

men or their accusations of imposture or of imbecility, as of any weight when opposed to the repeated observation of facts by other men, admittedly sane and honest. The whole history of science shows us, that whenever the educated and scientific men of any age have denied the facts of other investigators on *a priori* grounds of absurdity or impossibility, the deniers have always been wrong." Just over thirty years ago Mr. Wallace attended his first sittings, and witnessed table movements, heard the "raps" and became "satisfied that there is an unknown power developed from the bodies of a number of persons placed in connection by sitting round a table with all their hands upon it." From these initial experiences he was led to make further inquiries, and the story of his observations and conclusions is so lucidly set forth in the book already referred to that we should earnestly recommend all our readers who have not become possessed of that volume to most certainly purchase one. It is a veritable store house of information, illustration, argument, and experience, which no Spiritualist, who desires to be up to date and well informed, can afford to be without. The preface to the third edition and the papers on "Are there objective apparitions?" and "What are phantasms, and why do they appear?" deal with the latest phases of thought and investigation, especially the attitude of Psychical Researchers, and give Mr. Wallace's latest words upon the all-important theme. In addition to his Spiritualistic investigations, Mr. Wallace is a progressive thinker and worker in other directions: anti-vaccination, land nationalisation, the woman question, the causes of bad trade, and finally Socialism, have all engaged his thought, and by voice and pen he has striven to serve the cause of humanity and brotherhood in all these fields. In a recent work on Darwinism he has applied his spiritual knowledge, and concludes that certain definite portions of man's mental and moral nature could not have been developed by variation and natural selection alone, and that, therefore, some other influence, law, or agency, is needed to account for them. He examines in turn the mathematical, musical, and artistic faculties, and successfully demonstrates that their successive stages of improvement bear no relation to the life or death of their possessors; no relation to the struggles of tribe with tribe, or nation with nation; no relation to the ultimate survival of one race and the extinction of another, and thus proves that the Darwinian theory of natural selection is inadequate to cover the whole ground of the facts, which facts, Mr. Wallace contends, point to the existence in man of something which he would describe as being of a spiritual essence or nature, capable of progressive development under favourable conditions. Physical scientists will some day recognise that life is spiritual, not breathed into one "primordial form," nor by special influx in three epochs, leaving all the rest to physical evolution, but is rather an ever-present immanent energy which is constantly operating to originate favourable conditions as well as to take advantage of them.

Mr. Wallace's position is made clear in his famous Californian lecture under the title, "If a man die shall he live again?" He says:

This is perhaps the most important characteristic of these phenomena—they are from beginning to end essentially human. They come to us with human actions, with human ideas; they make use of human speech, of writing and drawing; they manifest wit and logic, humour and pathos, that we can all appreciate and enjoy; the communications vary in character as do those from human beings; some rank with the lowest, some with the very highest, but all are essentially human. When the spirits speak audibly, the voice is a human voice; when they appear visibly, the hands and the faces are absolutely human; when we can touch the forms and examine them closely we find them human in character, not those of any other kind of being. The photographs are always the photographs of our fellow-creatures; never those of demons or angels. When hands, feet, or faces are produced in paraffin moulds they are all in minutest details those of men and women, though not those of the medium. All of these various phenomena are of this human character. There are not two groups or two classes, one of which is human and the other sub-human, but all are alike.

In the face of this overwhelming mass of evidence, what are we to think of the sense or the logic of those who tell us we are all deceived, and that almost all these communications and these phenomena come from what they term elemental spirits, or rather low spirits who have never been human? Evidence for this belief I can find none whatever that is not of the most flimsy description. It might be illustrated by our receiving a letter from Central Africa written in good English writing, on American or European paper, written with a steel pen, good chemical ink, and simply because it is signed Satan or Elemental we jump to the conclusion that all that region was inhabited by devils or elemental spirits.

He follows on with instances of manifestations from personal friends which prove the "identity" of the spirit operator at the other end of the line, and shows that the Spiritualist conclusion is the most rational, as it is the one which best covers the ground of all the facts.

48th ANNIVERSARY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

GRAND CELEBRATION of the above will take place in the Large Co-operative Hall, Downing-street, Ardwick, Manchester, on *Good Friday, April 3, 1896*, by a monstrous TEA PARTY AND ENTERTAINMENT. Chairman, J. Armitage, Esq., of Dewsbury. The following Mediums and Speakers have kindly consented to take part:—Mrs. E. H. Britten, Mrs. Craven, Mr. W. Rooke, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. S. S. Chiswell, Mr. J. Lamont, and others. The following Ladies and Gentlemen have also kindly offered to take part in the entertainment:—Mrs. Green, Miss A. French, Mr. E. W. Wallis, Mr. A. Smith, Mr. T. Simkins, Mr. Fred Roche. Accompanist, Mr. A. H. Roche. Tea to commence at 4 o'clock prompt. Entertainment at 6 o'clock. Tickets for Tea and Entertainment 1s. each. Entertainment only, 6d. May be had from all the Manchester Societies and District, or at the TWO WORLDS Office, 18, Corporation Street, Manchester. Further particulars can be had from the Official Committee: Messrs. Hill, Tetlow, Leigh, Savage, and Stone.

THE HEAVENLY VISION.

By MISS A. E. FITTON.

"I WAS NOT disobedient to the heavenly vision." Thus St. Paul comments, in words which arrest the attention, upon his startling experience when journeying to Damascus on his persecuting mission, with never a doubt that he was doing God and man loyal service. The simple yet graphic phrase seems to me capable of a wide application.

We are not all favoured as was the great apostle. We do not pass from error to truth, from darkness to light, with the same sure, unfaltering confidence with which Saul of Tarsus emerged from Judaism to Christianity. The conversion of most of us is the work of a lifetime, with a good deal left to accomplish when this chapter of one's history is completed and another entered upon, with improved conditions for the writing thereof.

The world's reformers have in all ages been the conscious or unconscious agents of the forces that direct and guide humanity. The men and women destined to a certain work, born for a purpose, whether to found a religion, to abolish an injustice, to redress crying wrongs, to make vivid and palpable protest against some fashionable vice or some soul-enslaving dogma, have been impelled thereto by a mandate they dared not disobey. Visionaries or fanatics or even madmen, has been the verdict of their contemporaries, but history has been kinder and more enlightened in its judgment, and in Buddha and in Mahomet, in Francis of Assisi, and in Joan of Arc, in Luther and in Savonarola, in Abraham Lincoln and in Wilberforce, we are confronted with this same impelling force, varied, as were the men and women acted upon by it, but a spiritual force, nevertheless, bringing them into touch with unseen realities, and lifting them out of the selfish and commonplace into a rarer atmosphere of spiritual thought and practical endeavour.

These men and women with a mission *lived*. They were not disobedient to the heavenly vision, whether taking objective form or not, and it led them on, if not always to success as the world counts success, it rescued them from spiritual decay, and enriched their lives as only a noble aim can enrich and dignify existence.

But we are not all prophets and heroes and reformers. We are only ordinary folk, with a narrow sphere and limited attainments, and perhaps few ideals. But to all there comes some time or another the heavenly vision. It may be of a far less exalted character than the one which proved the turning-point of a great career. No flash of supernatural light may accompany it; no voice from the unseen may startle the ear as the spiritual illumination is imparted.

A crisis in life occurs; two roads widely divergent open to the view. One may be the "primrose path," pleasant to the eye and tempting to the feet; the other a rougher, sterner road, but thereon, as in a flash, duty

reveals herself, no shadow of doubt gives excuse for hesitation, and only by obedience to her beckoning hand can right assert itself and the straight road be followed.

Truth discloses herself in many ways and comes through varied channels. From platform and from pulpit, from poet and from novelist, from contact with other minds, or as the blessed reward of those who in all sincerity and earnestness seek, there comes the guiding vision, pointing to no finality, but affording a sure standpoint from which to rise to further heights.

As Spiritualists, we may surely feel that many an illumination has been flashed through the doors that forty-eight years ago were opened and left ajar. Visions of truth, of duty, and of beauty, glimpses into the hitherto "undiscovered country," that mysterious future awaiting all. It should be ours to keep open eye and open mind, eager for light to guide, receptive to truth, no matter from whence it may come, anxious only to follow wherever it may lead, and so, obedient to the heavenly vision, we may realise that the seekers find, and that to they who ask is the blessing accorded.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' NATIONAL FEDERATION.

THE following notice of motion by the Clitheroe Society of Spiritualists is published in accordance with Art. XII of the Constitution:

1. That it is highly desirable that a *Board of Examination* for those aspiring to platform mediumship be constituted in connection with the National Federation of Spiritualists.

2. That the number of examiners be left with the Conference; that they be elected annually by the Conference, retiring members being eligible for re-election.

3. That the examinations be held half-yearly at suitable centres, to be fixed by Conference, and that mediums wishing to present themselves for examination, should give not less than three months' notice to the secretary, and attend the examinations at their own expense.

4. That any medium successfully passing the *Board of Examination* be entitled to use the words, "*Approved by the Board of Examination*," such to be a guide to Societies that the medium is capable of conducting services.

5. That all affiliated Societies receive annually a list of approved mediums and their addresses.

6. That no "platform medium," in the recognised sense of the word, be eligible to serve on the Board of Examination.

Affiliated Societies and Associates who have not yet sent their annual subscriptions should send them to the secretary as early as possible. Those who are not affiliated with the S.N.F. should apply to the hon. sec., who will gladly send all particulars.

In view of the great increase and importance of the work already accomplished by the Spiritualists' National Federation, all Spiritualists and Societies should extend their practical help and sympathy, thus showing appreciation of the work already done. If every society would join and strengthen the Cause by a united organisation Spiritualism would soon occupy a position in Great Britain commensurate with the grandeur of our facts and philosophy, which successfully demonstrate a scientific religion. See ye to it. Organisation is heaven's eternal law.

W. ROOKE, hon. sec.

165, Stockport-road, Levenshulme, Manchester.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION IN YORKSHIRE.

ON Saturday last, in the Temperance Hall, Leeds Road, Bradford, under the auspices of seven of the local Spiritualist Societies, a grand demonstration took place. Upwards of 450 people sat down to a substantial meat tea, and shortly after seven p.m. some five to six hundred people assembled in the large hall, and the united choirs from Otley Road, Boynton Road, and Temperance Hall Lyceums, opened the proceedings with concerted singing of a stirring character, ably conducted by Mr. Swires, and during the evening some six or seven hymns were capitably sung. It was an inspiration alone to hear the hearty and united singing, the large audience joining until the body of harmonious sounds seemed to thrill the listeners with responsive vibrations.

Mrs. CRAVEN opened with an earnest and spiritual invocation, and the chairman, Mr. DAVID JAGGER, struck the right note at once, claiming that Spiritualism is founded on the rock of truth, which implied solidity, soundness, security and durability. It was impregnable, and afforded refuge, comfort, and home to all.

Mr. SMITHSON, of Dewsbury, is a speaker of ability and power, and quickly won applause by affirming that Spiritualism had grown to such dimensions that it bid fair to speedily become the religion of the world. While thinking of the pioneers with pride and thankfulness, the time had come for new methods. He urged Spiritualists to band together, and get halls more suitable and worthy to entertain angels and earthly visitors. Spiritualism had been too long identified with rooms up innumerable stairs. He was fully conscious of the responsibility he incurred, he was not carping, but Keighley friends had united and obtained a splendid hall for their services, Arnley friends had done the same, and Bradford Spiritualists could surely obtain a Central Temple worthy of the foremost religious movement of the age.

Mrs. BEARDSHALL, in a fine speech that went straight to the hearts of her hearers, said, Spiritualism had come as a Saviour. Men had been teaching that man had a never-dying soul, but Spiritualism proved it, and she was pleased to represent the Spiritual philosophy, which does not teach people to have long faces, but broad, happy ones, and be devotional in fact. There is great need of men and women who will proclaim new ideas, and work for heaven there and now, to bring the one-ness of brotherhood upon the earth. Death brings no

terror to the Spiritualist—but we must dare to be Daniels, so that a ray from the star of truth may help the dissatisfied and weary to feel that life is worth living. Let us work unitedly; there must always be differences in opinions, but we can all unite for liberty of thought and action, for the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, and unity of purpose to bless humanity.

Mr. PAWSON, in an effective and thoughtful speech, maintained the enthusiasm. He declared that Spiritualism came at a time of mental darkness and unrest, and convinced hard-headed Materialists; it comforts the sorrowing ones and those who fear annihilation with the message of love from their risen ones. Missionaries were sent abroad with Bibles, beer, and bullets, but Spiritualism has gained its conquests without force or the shedding of blood. By its phenomenal proofs it met the needs of truth seekers, put them in touch with the spiritual realms, and placed their hands in the hands of the risen dead.

Miss MANCHESTER, a young girl of some twelve years of age, gave a recitation with much elocutionary power and fine effect.

Mrs. CRAVEN, recovering from her recent illness, was warmly welcomed on rising, and in a quiet but moving address she earnestly pleaded for all to take courage, go on, and persevere. Her experience had proved that there was always a helping hand in the darkest day, the loving ones were ever near, and in her sorest trials she never felt inclined to turn back from Spiritualism, but found light, joy, and happiness instead. She urged that a grand memento of the meeting might be preserved by each one carrying its influence home and becoming truly representative of the great truth. Let us all feel that we have caught a sunbeam from on high, and go on trying to see which can get nearest unto God.

Mr. J. SWINDLEHURST was warmly received, and his rousing speech was much enjoyed. Spiritualism had taught us universal principles, and our "Union Federation" and missionaries all speak of co-operation and brotherhood. There is so much spiritual darkness, superstition, and uncertainty in England that our missionaries don't go to the Zulus, but stay at home to teach the people to be true to themselves, and in the knowledge of Spiritualism live up to the highest right. He wished some of the Metropolitan folk who talk of the decadence of Spiritualism would come North; they wouldn't be so pessimistic then. The time had certainly come for a Central Temple in Bradford, with a library, reading rooms, seance rooms, and all other requisites to teach people that man lives on. Spiritualism came through young girls. The angels gave woman a call, for it will be through her that redemption must come. We are progressing, the spirit of inquiry is aroused everywhere; let us be true to the spirits, and success will attend our labours.

Mr. E. W. WALLIS spoke for unity, for clear recognition of the fact of spirit-intercourse, and urged that we should meet the angels half way. He contended for the recognition of women's inalienable rights as equal, comrade, and helper to man, and while rejoicing because of the growth of the movement, urged the application of spiritual principles in daily life.

Mrs. STAR is a magnetic speaker whose earnest manner affected the audience. She breathed the same spirit as the previous speakers, and felt well-nigh overwhelmed by the sense of the possibilities and responsibilities of the hour. She remembered how as a child her father used to take her Sunday after Sunday to hear what the spirits had to say. He had passed into the Summerland, but the Cause had grown mightily ever since then, and our aim should be to make Spiritualism the Religion of the Future, and practically apply it in all conditions of life, and listen to the pleading of the spirits to live the higher life.

Mr. J. ARMITAGE, in his usual racy manner hit out straight, and caused considerable amusement. Twenty-three years ago he went to Bradford to stop Spiritualism, but it stopped him instead; although he got stopped, he also got started. He felt it his duty to speak and fight for truth—if you get hold of truth and the truth gets hold of you, you'll work, and he would work for Spiritualism till he found something better.

Mr. CHALLIS, a London comrade, was heartily received; he felt it good to be present; it was one of the happiest days he had spent in Spiritualism. He was a member of one of the London societies, and wished to convey the hearty greetings and good wishes of London friends to their north country co-workers. The lack of unity was also experienced in the metropolis. He had found that "the one word that spells 'ruin' to a society is jealousy." What they suffered from most in London was not persecution but *indifference*—an indifference which was worse than opposition. To rob Spiritualism of the phenomena would be to destroy it. Mediums should be well protected, and the manifestations developed on a high level. He urged that every member of a society should feel that the success of the work required their earnest and faithful attendance and labour, and then success would be secured.

Mr. WHITEHEAD, Bradford, as a secretary of the amalgamated committee, made a number of announcements, and felt that we had established one "record," for never before had there been such a thoroughly representative gathering in Yorkshire, and he hoped it was but a prelude to still better results.

[We understand that a good balance remains after paying all expenses, which will be used for similar efforts on future occasions—one of the first being, in all probability, a warm welcome to Brother Walter Howell.]

Mr. T. A. TODD, editor of the *Lyceum Banner*, in a brief but happy speech, won his way into the hearts of the audience, and appealed for the children and the lyceum in a unique story.

Mr. J. O. MACDONALD enjoyed the bath of enthusiasm he had been getting, and looked forward to the time when a great central hall would be possessed by Bradford Spiritualists. He rejoiced that, as in forty-eight years about as many million Spiritualists had been made, and that without force or shedding of blood, the spirits who had done so much would undoubtedly carry on the work even more successfully, especially if every Spiritualist would, with earnest devotion, do their utmost for the spread of the glad tidings of immortality; then, in a year or two, there would be no hall in Bradford large enough to hold the hosts who would assemble to celebrate our anniversary.

AUSTRALIAN ECHOES.

I HAVE thought that perhaps a few occasional notes and news items from this far-off land would be interesting to the many readers of the TWO WORLDS.

Our work as Spiritualists in Australia is by no means remarkably encouraging, nor are the efforts made to spread the truths of the Newer Light attended with any great success. I have tried to find out how many Spiritualists there are in Australia, but it is a task attended with considerable difficulty. At the last census of Victoria, the total number of persons who gave their names in as "Spiritists" and Spiritualists was 790. If the same average applies to the other colonies of the Australian group, then total would must be about 5,000 altogether and perhaps this is fairly accurate, but it is absolutely impossible to get anything like satisfactory returns. Amongst the Unitarians and Universalists there are many Spiritualists. In Sydney, the Rev. Geo. Walters, the minister of Hyde Park Unitarian Church, is a confirmed Spiritualist, and has delivered many lectures in its favour. The "Stewards of Truth" in the same city, are all Spiritualists. In Melbourne, among the members of the Australian Church, the Society of Truth and other bodies, will be found many who support and deeply sympathise with the spiritual philosophy.

In Australia there are three periodicals devoted to Spiritualism. *The Harbinger of Light* is the oldest and largest. It is conducted with much ability by the veteran worker, William H. Terry, and has been published in Melbourne every month for more than a quarter of a century. *This World and the Next* is also published monthly in Melbourne, and is full of interesting and readable matter. In Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, there is a monthly paper called *The Seen and the Unseen*. This is less distinctly Spiritualistic than the others are, but still is very friendly towards the movement.

Mr. Terry has published a large number of books, pamphlets, etc., in advocacy of the truths he loves so well, and although now at an advanced age he is still as earnest and as energetic as ever in promoting the great work. Spiritualism owes Mr. Terry a deep debt of gratitude for the work he has done in Australia. The future historian of Spiritualism in these southern lands will give Mr. Terry a high and honourable place in his records.

One of the most voluminous writers in defence and advocacy of Spiritualism is Mr. Hugh Junor Brown, who has published quite a number of books and pamphlets on the subject. He is an able and vigorous writer, and has done good work on behalf of Truth.

The progress and prosperity of Spiritualism, and indeed liberal religion of any kind, is much hindered by the opposition of a fierce and intolerant orthodoxy. In Victoria, and even elsewhere in Australia, orthodoxy is "respectable," and "it pays." Scores and hundreds of people are compelled to go to church and to give an outward adherence to the creeds who do not in any way believe in what they are doing, but their very living depends upon it, and thus it comes to pass that hypocrisy is encouraged.

I grant, of course, that the efforts of bigoted priests and others to impede the progress of Spiritualism and other allied movements are not to be despised, because they constitute a recognition of the power of the opposed force, and an admission that there is something strong enough to be resisted.

Someone has said that the violence of creedal Christianity towards Spiritualism, etc., is "the last despairing groan of an effete orthodoxy." This is about correct.

The newspaper press of Australia is to a great extent under the influence of the orthodox party. I have been a journalist in these Colonies for nearly thirty years, and I have contributed more or less to all the leading papers in Australia. I do not know at this moment if half a dozen papers which would admit in its columns an article in favour of Spiritualism. It is not that the editors or the proprietors are adverse to the truths advocated by the Spiritualist, but it is, as they have told me dozens of times, they dare not publish such articles. If they did, they would lose half of their subscribers and two-thirds of their advertisements. So you see that fear is really at the bottom of the opposition of the orthodox, and rather than see Spiritualism defended, they would boycott the newspapers.

I hope to send you, at least once a month, a letter from this colony, and I will show you from time to time how our work is impeded here by the actions of the orthodox party. But at the same time I will point out how we improve our position in spite of all opposing influences. I am half inclined to think that our Spiritualistic friends are often too pessimistic, and bow before the opposing Goliath of orthodoxy. They forget that the sling of truth held by the little obscure David contains a stone which will yet smite the bold giant, and lay him low amid the wails and groans of the departing Philistines.

Melbourne, Victoria, Feb., 5, 1896.

WHAT IS GOD AND WHAT IS MAN?

BIRMINGHAM SPIRITUALIST UNION.

MR. W. G. OSBOND, of Plympton, lectured on "What is God?" on March 22, at eleven o'clock. The different conceptions of God recorded in the Scriptures were first dealt with. Adam regarded God as a man walking about in the Garden of Eden. This primitive idea of Deity is still largely held by persons of orthodox views, who believe God is a great king seated on a white throne in an unknown region. Joshua considered God to be a man of war, having supernatural strength; hence he besought God to destroy His enemies. This idea of God is largely held by people who combat evil in its varied forms, and constantly beseech God to arise and scatter His foes." One of the psalm-writers considered God to be something higher and nobler than himself, and said: "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness"; and this conception represented people of the present day, who were earnestly though ignorantly seeking God, and, like another writer, were saying: "Oh, that I might find the living God!" To such the question of Job came: "Canst thou by searching find the living God?" It is here the scientist can give practical help by showing where and what God is, and hence where and how He is to be found. The highest conception yet obtained was stated by Jesus when he said: "I and my Father are one," not as an

exclusive individual possession, but on world-wide principle, so that everyone who believed in God (or First Cause or Principle or whatever title may be chosen to represent Deity) may realise oneness with the source of love, wisdom, and power. The manifestation of God is seen in the love manifested by the mother in the family circle. Its manifestation is of God, but not God; but the principle of love behind the manifestation—called the manifestor—is God. All action is the manifestation of God. Action is the manifestation of power. Action is not God, but is of God. The power by which action becomes possible is God. All manifestations of wisdom, intelligence, and skill are manifestations of God. The manifestations of intellect are not God, but the wisdom and intelligence which lie behind and are the cause of the manifestations are God. And so with all that is lovely. In nature, art, or science all good is the manifestation of God. Good is God manifested. Evil (so-called) is God unmanifested. Love, wisdom, and power are manifested by man in various degrees; hence, as love, wisdom, and power are spirit or God. God is inhabiting the body of man and manifesting through the physical body. God, then, is found in man, and hence we know the reality of the term, "God manifest in the flesh." Man can therefore claim (and with perfect knowledge of what he does) that God and man are one; that the all of God was not manifested in Jesus alone, and the rest of humanity left in a dark condition. The statement in the psalm, "I said ye are all gods," the parable of the Vine, the spirit of the prayer in the Garden, showed clearly that God, Jesus, and humanity are one, and the whole Creation a Uni-verse.

The evening subject was "What is man?" One writer asked "What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?" Here the main ideas are separateness and unworthiness, and opposed to the Christ-idea of unity or oneness. Another says "I was born in sin and shapen in iniquity." This conception has been almost universalised by orthodoxy, and has brought a large trouble into the world by causing people to imagine from it the untruth that they can do no good thing, and that "there is none who do good, no not one." This phrase is not a universal truth. It may have represented the writer's conception of his condition, but that all men were under such a curse was emphatically denied by quotation from Scripture, appeal to reason, intelligence, and love principle. Man in the past has considered himself to be governed by his environments, his health arranged or disarranged by externals. His business successful or failing by the amount of toil and labour bestowed on it. His happiness dependent upon comforts of home, society, etc. While all good external conditions are very beautiful, they are not what make the happiness and health of man. Man is a thinking being, and as "he thinks so is he." Thought is the creative power, and shapes the body and all environment. When a negative attitude of thought is assumed reverses are experienced. When man says "I can't," he closes the door against "possibilities," but when man says "I can," he closes the door to "impossibility," by intelligently denying negative conditions. Ill-health and misfortune arise from thought of disease, weakness, failure, impossibility, which are manifested in the body by the power of Life. For the same power which grows the good thought and manifests it, grows the bad thought and manifests it. Life manifesting itself through thought expresses its quality in the eternal in exactly the same way as in mathematics: a positive and a negative produce a negative. So the positive spirit (love) and the negative thought (hatred) produce in the body and environments hatred and discord, and in like manner the positive spirit (love) and the positive thought (love) produce love manifestations in the body, which are joy, peace, prosperity: the true fruit of the spirit.

The lecturer also related cases of known healing by the power of thought, the whole of the discourses being listened to with rapt attention by a large audience, many of whom expressed the help received in viewing truth from a spiritual standpoint, and of having been started on a new line of thought, which was considered to be beneficial.

SPIRITUALISM IN EDINBURGH.

FROM October, 1895, public meetings have been held in the Free Gardeners' Institute every Sunday evening, and without one exception, all well attended. Mr. Alex. Duguid has mostly contributed his services, giving addresses on themes of popular interest to those engaged in the investigation of Spiritualistic phenomena, and thereby showing the clear and evident meaning for the varied phases of spiritual action which have culminated in this special spiritual outpouring. Besides these lectures, subjects have been dealt with which disturb the thinking mind in general, such as the "Origin of the Soul, of Life"; "The Development of human consciousness"; the "Problem of physical and moral evil"; "Socialistic Communism, from a spiritual standpoint"; "Spiritualism, a mighty factor of the social and religious future"; so that a wide field has been traversed in thought by Mr. Duguid and his guides. It was predicted by some old and sedate heads, who have long held a sympathetic feeling towards Spiritualism, in a retiring and secret form, that there would be nothing but confusion and ultimate disaster in attempting these meetings on an open and free platform in Edinburgh; but the reverse has been our experience. Attentive, orderly, and sympathetic audiences have graced the meeting room each evening, and all expenses have been met by a simple collection at the door, without soliciting aid from anyone.

We state this fact in illustration of the confident feeling which was in the mind of the promoters that the time had come for a more forward and demonstrative movement for Spiritualism in this city, and the success of the enterprise had emboldened the friends to take a firm stand and secure popular and well-known inspirational speakers to maintain the public advocacy of Spiritualism in one of the large halls of the city, beginning work in the month of September.

As this movement will certainly entail far more expense, we trust those friends who have a little to spare may give something to promote this laudable object before entering on active propaganda work, and in the meantime Mr. James Murray, 14, Crichton Place, Leith Walk, Edinburgh, will kindly receive donations.

The conclusion of the present series of meetings brought

together a number of the friends for a tea and conference in St. Giles' Dining Rooms, and the consideration of the continuance of the meetings in a more private form during the summer months. Mr. Laughton took the chair, and in a neat speech gave a *resumé* of the work which had been done and the appreciative character of the audiences, and the altogether satisfactory results of the work. Dr. Bowie, an invited guest, gave a very exhaustive description of his experience in "Psychic Photography," with copious illustrations of the work accomplished in this disputed territory of the soul's existence, which he handed out amongst the company for inspection, and afforded means for much speculation and thought. Mr. A. Duguid gave several illustrations of psychometry, and while handling one article in the shape of a paper cutter, entered into the description of an ancient mansion of the city, and also related scenes of the disturbed and rebellious state of the times, giving the description of a man possessing high intellectual qualities, a genius of his time, also a brilliant company in the same mansion from whence the article came. Afterward the party to whom this article belonged gave its history as having been a piece of oak taken from a house now demolished in which John Knox lived and died. Other delineations took place more or less accurate, proving the truth of the science. Violin and piano selections of music rendered by Messrs. Hunter, Tait, and Topping, were very much appreciated. Miss Laughton, quite a young girl, delighted the company with music on the piano, showing exquisite touch and harmony. Mr. Corstorphine told a most wonderful story of the power of love and memory of the disembodied spirit in the retention of an act of kindness while that spirit was in the material body. It is well worth recording for future reference. Mr. C. was invited to attend a seance at the house of Mr. Angus, where Madame Grock, a London clairvoyant, was to be the medium. The proceedings had gone on for some time, when Madame G. got suddenly controlled by an American Indian spirit, and in a broken dialect she called out "I know you; I know you," pointing over to where Mr. C. was sitting, and said he came to her wigwam when she was a little squaw, and gave her sweets and other little niceties. Mr. C. remembered at once the incident while he was resident in Western Canada; he used to go out on Sunday and visit a camp of Red Indians located near the town, and he took with him such things recalled to his memory by this spirit, who had by this time entered the unseen world, but retained the memory of this kindly act recounted in this curious way, showing that love never dies.

Towards the close of the interesting meeting, Mr. Anderson observed that he would like Spiritualism to take a more respectable position and status in the city, and made the observation that in future all lecturing and preaching of Spiritualism should be confined to Bible phenomena, and the model of such framed on the life of Jesus Christ, which would commend the subject to a decent and respectable class of people, and lift it out of the rut of unpopularity with clergymen and church goers. This idea seemed so foreign to the drift of other speakers that it took them by surprise, although a number present endorsed the sentiment and requisitioned the speaker to adopt this line of action. Independent of this curious clerical invasion the meeting was harmonious, and how far this *blend* will take we can afford to wait, but in the past the lesson should be sufficient to show the absurdity and disastrous issue of such an attempt, and it would be well for everyone handling spiritual matters to keep clear of ground so much open to the intervention of Jesuitical spirits. A meeting will be held in St. Giles' Dining Rooms on the evening of Sunday, March 29th, at half-past six o'clock.

MONTHLY PLANS FOR APRIL.

BACUP—12, Miss Foster; 19, Miss Whiteley; 26, Mrs. E. A. Marshall.
 BELPER—12, Mr. Walker; 19, Mr. Kitson; 26, Mr. Wyldes.
 BIRMINGHAM. Pyschical Debating Section, 7, Broad Street corner—7, Mr. A. J. Smith; 14, Dr. Anderson; 21, Mr. O. H. Duffell; 28, Mr. Smyth and Mrs. Groom.
 BIRMINGHAM. Smethwick—12, Mrs. Groom; 19, Mr. Knibb; 26, Mr. Swinfield.
 BLACKBURN—Freckleton Street—12, Madam Henry; 19, Mrs. E. Johnstone; 26, Mrs. Gartside Fletcher.
 BLACKPOOL—12, Mr. V. Wyldes; 19, Miss Cotterill; 26, Mr. J. Walsh.
 BOLTON—12, Mrs. Duckworth; 19, Miss E. Schofield; 26, Miss Cotterill.
 BRADFORD. College Road—12, Mr. Widdop; 19, Mr. Firth; 26, Mr. Bedford.
 BRADFORD. Spiritual Mission, 421, Manchester Road—12, Mrs. Stair; 19, Mr. Todd and Mrs. Webster; 26, Mrs. Levitte.
 BRADFORD. Walton Street—12, Mr. Barraclough; 19, Mr. Rowling; 26, Mr. Shadforth.
 BURNLEY. North Street—12, Mr. G. Featherstone; 19, Miss Craven; 21, Mr. F. Hepworth.
 BYKER—12, Mr. J. Graham; 26, Mrs. Young.
 GATESHEAD. 47, Kingsboro' Terrace—19, Mr. C. Thomson; 26, Mr. R. Rostron.
 HECKMONDWIKE. Church Lane—8, Mr. Lodge; 15, Mr. Wilson; 22, Mrs. Woner; 29, Mrs. Crossley.
 HECKMONDWIKE. Thomas Street—12, Mr. Chas. Firth; 19, Mrs. Midgley; 26, open.
 HUDDERSFIELD. Brook Street—12, Mr. J. B. Tetlow; 19, Mr. Johnson; 26, ...
 HUNSLLET. Albert Street—12, Mr. F. Ainsworth; 19, Miss R. E. Hall; 26, Mrs. Abson.
 HUNSLLET. Joseph Street—12, Mrs. Shulver; 19, Mrs. J. Brook; 26, Mr. J. Oliffe.
 HYDE—12, Mr. S. Featherstone; 19, Mrs. Dixon; 26, Mr. J. C. Macdonald.
 LEEDS. Progressive Hall—12, Mr. Barraclough; 19, Mrs. Levitt; 26, Mrs. M. Smith.
 LEEDS. Psychological Hall—12, Mrs. Midgley; 19, Mr. Inman; 26, Madam Henry.
 LIVEREDGE. Carr Street, Little Town—12, Mrs. Mason; 19, Mr. Shillitoe; 26, Mrs. Crossley.
 MONKWEARMOUTH—12, Mr. J. Wilkinson; 19, Mr. J. Clare; 26, Mr. McKellar.
 NELSON. Bradley Fold—12, Miss Patefield; 19, Mrs. Hyde; 26, Mr. Adams.
 NEWCASTLE—5, Mr. J. B. Tetlow; 19 and 20, Mrs. J. A. Stansfield; 26 and 27, Mrs. E. Gregg.
 NOTTINGHAM. Masonic Hall—12, Mr. E. W. Wallis; 19, Mrs. Green; 26, Mr. G. Featherstone.
 PARKGATE—12, Miss Wheeldon; 19, Mr. S. Featherstone; 26, Miss Halkyard.
 PRESTON. Weavers' Hall—12, Mrs. Fletcher *nee* Gartside; 19, Mrs. Pilkington; 26, Mrs. Best.
 RAWENSTALL—12, Mr. Plant; 19, Mrs. Summersgill; 26, Miss Hunter.
 SOWERBY BRIDGE—12, Miss Cotterill; 19, Mrs. Crossley; 26, Mr. J. Swindlehurst.
 WALSALL—12, Mrs. Green; 19, Mr. Plant; 26, Mrs. Groom.
 WAKEFIELD. Barstow Square—12, Mrs. Shaw; 19, Local; 26, Mrs. France.
 WAKEFIELD. Queen Street—12, Miss Shaw; 19, Mrs. Russell; 26, Mr. J. T. Todd.

LONDON.—Mr. W. Goddard will be out of town on Good Friday and for a week or ten days.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

ARMLEY. Theaker Lane.—Grand Ham Tea on Easter Monday, at 4-30 p.m., and Entertainment. Adults 8d. and 6d. After tea 2d.
 BAILEY CARR.—Sale of Work, Ham Tea, and Entertainment on Easter Monday. Sale to be opened at 3 o'clock by Mr. A. Kitson. Admission for Sale and Entertainment, 3d; tickets for tea, 9d. and 6d. Mr. Frank Hepworth and others will take part in the entertainment; all welcome.—J. Armitage.
 BELPER.—April 5, Mrs. Wallis. Morning, "The resurrection, how and when." Evening, "The power of the spirit."
 BRADFORD. Little Horton, Spicer Street.—Easter Monday: April 6: Annual Tea at 4-30 and Entertainment. Adults, 9d; children 6d. and 4d.
 COLLYHURST STREET.—Easter Monday, annual tea party and social. The following artistes have kindly proffered their services: Misses Pollard, Plant, Barrow, Millar and E. Plant; Messrs. Ben Wheeler, H. Booth, A. Smith, Fred Barker and E. Brooks. Glees, duets, and choruses will be rendered by the efficient choir of the society. Conductor: Mr. P. Smith. Tea at 4-30, concert at 7 p.m. Tickets 1s.
 DEWSBURY. Bond Street.—Easter Monday, Lyceum Tea at 4-30, and Entertainment, prices 9d., 6d., and 4d., entertainment 3d.
 HALIFAX. Winding Road.—Monday, March 30, at 7-30, Mr. J. Foulds and Mrs. Wilcock, of Bradford, will give their experiences on behalf of the Building Fund.
 HECKMONDWIKE. Thomas Street.—Annual Tea at 4-30, and Sale of work on Easter Monday; tickets 9d. and 6d.
 HUDDERSFIELD. Brook Street.—Easter Monday, at 4-30 p.m., A Meat Tea and Dramatic Entertainment. Adults 9d., children 6d. Friends, come and spend a happy evening.
 HUNSLLET. Albert Street.—A Public Tea at 5 p.m., Easter Saturday, April 4, tickets 6d. After tea, meeting to be addressed by Mrs. J. Crossley and other friends.
 HUNSLLET. Top of Joseph Street.—Easter Monday, a grand Public Ham Tea at 5 p.m. Adults 8d., children 6d. Social to commence at 7-30; speaker, Mr. W. Ripley. Friends heartily invited to make it a success. Any donation (small or large) towards this tea will be thankfully received.—Sec., B. Wellock, 5, Milner-place, Anchor-road.
 ISLINGTON. Wellington Hall.—For Good Friday's Social see advt.
 LANCASHIRE LYCEUM DEMONSTRATION.—Next meeting of delegates at Church Bank Street, Darwen, Saturday, April 11. Tea at 4-30, meeting afterwards, and concert by Darwen Lyceum. Friends from Blackburn and district are cordially invited, as it will perhaps be the only meeting in their neighbourhood this year. Lyceums desiring to take part in the preliminary arrangements are requested to send the names of the two delegates they wish to represent them on or before Wednesday, April 8th, to the hon. sec., J. B. Longstaff, 28, Caton-street, Moss Side, Manchester.
 LEEDS. Grove House Lane.—Annual Tea at 4-30, Good Friday tickets, adults 8d., children 6d. and 4d.
 LEEDS. Progressive Hall. Tea and Social on Good Friday April 3. Tickets 6d. and 4d. Social only, 2d. All cordially invited.
 LEICESTER. Town Hall Square.—Usual tea on Easter Tuesday. Tea at 5 p.m. Tickets 6d. All friends earnestly invited. H. W. C.
 LIVERPOOL. Eaton Hall, Breck Road.—Anniversary, Tea Party and Entertainment, Tuesday, April 7. A good programme; dancing; long night.
 LIVERPOOL. Daulby Hall.—Mrs. E. H. Britten, Apl. 5, at 2-30, answers to questions. At 6-30, "Magic, Witchcraft, and Spiritualism."
 LONDON MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION.—A social gathering in the French Drawing Room, St. James's Hall (entrance in Piccadilly), Monday, April 13, at 8 p.m., music and refreshments. Single tickets, 1s., tickets to admit two, 1s. 6d., to be obtained of the hon. sec., Mr. Leigh Hunt, 82, East Street, Marylebone Road, W.
 MEDIUMS visiting Morcambe at Easter are cordially invited to pay a visit to Lancaster Society. Tram fares allowed. Services, 2-30 and 6-30.—John Dawes, 2, St Leonard's Terrace.
 MONKWEARMOUTH.—Good Friday, a tea and social in the Masonic Hall, Bridge-street. Tickets of any of the committee.
 MORLEY. Cross Church Street.—Lyceum children's Public Ham Tea at 5, Saturday, April 4, tickets 9d., 6d., 4d. After tea an "At Home." Proceeds to the Organ Fund. All friends cordially invited.
 MR. THOMAS 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.—(Advt.)
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—April 5: Mr. J. B. Tetlow, 10-45 and 6-30, addresses and psychometry.
 NORTH SHIELDS. Oddfellows' Hall, Saville Street.—Tea and concert on Good Friday.
 NORTH SHIELDS. 6, Camden Street.—April 7 (Easter Tuesday), Social at 7 p.m. Admission 1s. All are cordially invited.
 PARKGATE. Ashwood Road.—April 5, Mr. Inman. Public Ham Tea at 5 p.m., on Easter Monday. Tickets, 9d. Public meeting after. Notice: Change of Secretary through removal. All correspondence to Mr. E. Marklew, 37, Lleyd-street, Parkgate, near Rotherham.
 PRESTON. Weavers' Hall, Walker Street.—Easter Monday, a Grand Miscellaneous and Dramatic Entertainment by the members of the Lyceum, for Lyceum funds. Admission, 4d. and 2d. Children under 14 half price.
 ROTHWELL.—Easter Monday, Public Tea (at 5) and Social. Tea 6d., social 3d. Friends heartily invited.
 SOWERBY BRIDGE.—A Grand Tea (at 4-30) and Entertainment (at 7) in the Lyceum, on Saturday, April 4. Entertainment will consist of songs, recitations, action songs, drills, dances, and tableaux, amusing and interesting. Admission: tea and entertainment 1s., entertainment only 6d.
 WAKEFIELD. Queen Street.—Public Tea at 5 p.m. and Social at 7 on Easter Monday. Tickets 6d. and 3d. Social 3d., by ticket.
 ALL business communications should be addressed to 18, Corporation-street. Private letters and literary matter should be sent to Mr. E. W. Wallis, at 164, Broughton-road, Pendleton, Manchester.

WANTED, FOR SALE, SITUATIONS, ETC.

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

BLACKPOOL.—To visitors: Mrs. Hardy, Sheffield House, 10' Great Marton Road.

GASALIER, with reflector, suitable for shop, for sale, at Two Worlds Office, 18, Corporation-street.

WANTED, a Situation as Housekeeper to widower, or attendant on Invalid Lady. Apply by letter to Mrs. C., Two Worlds' Office.

Mr. L. THOMPSON has pleasure in informing his friends he has commenced as a Medical Botanist, etc., 114, Alexandra-road, Moss Side, Manchester.

WANTED, for Collyhurst Society, good powerful speakers for '97, phenomena not essential.—State terms and qualifications to H. Anderson, cor. sec., 33, School-street, Harpurhey, Manchester.

TESTIMONIALS RECEIVED BY MRS. BURCHELL.

Rochdale, March 5th, 1896.

Dear Friend,—I write to thank you for the benefit I have derived from taking your medicine and pills. Will you please forward me another supply, also one box of indigestion pills, as I have found such great relief from taking them.

To Mrs. Burchell.

Kendal, Westmoreland, March 16th.

Dear Madam,—I am very glad to tell you I am feeling very much better. Your treatment has done me a lot of good. I am better now than I have been for some time past. Accept my best thanks, and I hope you will be spared to carry on your grand work.—Believe me yours sincerely.

To Mrs. Burchell.

Burnley, Lancashire, March 18th, 1896.

Dear Madam,—I beg to enclose postal order 3s. 6d. for another supply of your valuable medicine, you having told me quite true about all my complaints. And I am pleased to say I am feeling much better, and trust ere long to be quite better again, and shall be pleased to recommend you to all my friends.—Your very truly.

To Mrs. Burchell.

Clayton, near Bradford, March 25th, 1896.

Dear Mrs. Burchell,—Please accept my heartfelt thanks for the grand care you have made of my case, having been ill so long, and nearly lost all hope till I heard of you, and my eyes being so bad as well. I am happy to say that your treatment has quite made a new man of me, and my eyes are quite well again.—Yours truly, a Grateful Patient.

[ADVT.]

READ THE *A SPIRITUALIST LOVE STORY*
Grinstead & Wallis **SPIRIT GUIDED.**

DEBATE By E. W. WALLIS.

FULL REPORT (Two Nights)
Post Free, 6d.

PRICE 1S., POST FREE.

A Good Story in the Song
Service—

SINGERS NEED A COPY OF
CHOICE

An Angel in Disguise **SONGS & SOLOS.**

By Mrs. M. H. Wallis.

Post Free 4d.

COMPILED BY E. W. WALLIS.

SPECIAL TERMS FOR QUANTITIES. Post Free, 1s. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. and 2s. 3d.

All of Mrs. M. H. Wallis, 164, Broughton Rd., Pendleton, Manch^{str}.

O.P.S.

What do the above letters mean? They are the initials of the ORDER OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS, and in monogram form, constitute the

RECOGNITION SYMBOL,

now being worn by hundreds of Spiritualists all over the country as Brooches or Chain Pendants by ladies, and as Scarf Pins, Watch Chain Pendants and Badges by gentlemen.

VERY SPECIAL LINE—Gold Fronted Brooches, 10/6 (SPLENDID VALUE).

SYMBOLS IN SOLID SILVER, HALL MARKED.

Brooches, 3/6, enamelled blue or ruby, 6/-; Scarf Pin, 2/- (with or without the laurel wreath), enamelled 3/6; Badge (for lady or gentleman), 2/-; Pendant, 2/9; Pendant (with design on both sides), 3/9 Small-size Pins, 1/6, enamelled blue or ruby, 3/- Sleeve Links, Studs, and Solitaires made to order.

Gold-Fronted Badges, 7/6; Gold Plated Pendants, 3/6; Gold Pendants, 9c., 17/6; Gold Fronted Pins, small size, 4/-

They can be easily cleaned with a small brush, and are strong, durable and useful.

MRS. M. H. WALLIS,

164, BROUGHTON ROAD, PENDLETON, MANCHESTER.

NORTH LONDON SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY,

Wellington Hall, Upper Street, Islington.

A SPIRITUAL SERVICE every Sunday Evening, commencing at 7 o'clock. Week Night Meetings at 8 o'clock p.m. MEMBERS' CIRCLE.—April 1st, 15th, 29th, May 13th, 27th. DISCUSSION AND QUESTIONS.—March 25, Mr. Jones; April 8, Mr. Rodger; 22, Mr. Jones; May 6, Mr. Rodger; 20, Mr. Jones.

TEA PARTY AND SOIREE, Good Friday, April 3rd, 1896. Tickets 1s., may be had of the Hall-keeper.

Open-air Work, Finsbury Park, Sunday Morning at 11 a.m., from May to October.

SPIRITUAL TRUTH and COMMON SENSE.

A PLEA FOR SPIRITUALISM. By BRIAN HODGSON.

Interesting and thought-provoking.—Two Worlds.

A first-rate fighting pamphlet.—*Light*.

States case with a moderation as commendable as arguments are convincing.—*Literary World*.

Terse and logical in style.—*Mid. Inst. Mag.*

A strong indictment against ignorant prejudices.—*Pop. Phenologist*.

Hard-hitting, humorous, and convincing presentation of the Spiritualists' case.—*The Coming Day*. Post Free, Sevenpence.

CORNISH BROS., Birmingham.

"Two Worlds" Publishing Co., Corporation-st., Manchester

READERS OF SPIRITUALISTIC LITERATURE GENERALLY.

PLEASE NOTE—

W. H. ROBINSON,

CENTRAL BOOK STORES, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,

Has secured another Great Bargain:

"*THE GHOST WORLD*," by Dyer.

A book of 447 pp., large 8vo. Usually sold at 10s. 6d.; offered free for 4s. A big repository of information.

CONTENTS OF BOOK.—Chapter 1.—The Soul's Exit at Death. 2.—Temporary Exit of Soul. 3.—The Nature of the Soul. 4.—The Unburied Dead. 5.—Why Ghosts Wander. 6.—Ghosts of the Murdered. 7.—Phantom Birds. 8.—Animal Ghosts. 9.—Phantom Lights. 10.—The Headless Ghost. 11.—Phantom Butterflies. 12.—Raising Ghosts. 13.—Ghost Laying. 14.—Ghosts of the Drowned. 15.—Ghost Seers. 16.—Ghostly Death-warnings. 17.—'Second Sight.' 18.—Compacts between the Living and Dead. 19.—Miners' Ghosts. 20.—The Banshee. 21.—Sea Phantoms. 22.—Phantom Dress. 23.—Haunted Houses. 24.—Haunted Localities. 25.—Checks and Spells against Ghosts. 26.—Wraith-seeking. 27.—Ghostly Times and Seasons. 28.—Spirit-haunted Trees. 29.—Ghosts and Hidden Treasures. 30.—Phantom Music. 31.—Phantom Sounds.

THE SPIRITUAL HARP.

A collection of Vocal Music for the Choir, Congregation, and Social Circles.

By J. M. PEEBLES and J. O. BARRETT.

E. H. BAILEY, Musical Editor.

NEW EDITION.

Culled from a wide field of literature with the most critical care; free from all theological bias; throbbing with the soul of inspiration; embodying the principles and virtues of the Spiritual philosophy; set to most cheerful and popular music (nearly all original), and adapted to all occasions. It is, doubtless, the most attractive work of the kind ever published. Its beautiful songs, duets and quartets, with piano, organ, or melodeon accompaniment, adapted both to public meetings and social circle.

Cloth 8s. 6d., post free, 9s.

JUST OUT! Cro. 8vo., 304 pages. Cloth.

LIGHT THROUGH THE CRANNIES,

By EMILY E. READER.

This Volume contains one of the best series of Spiritual Communications ever published. Beautifully written, simple yet, deep occult teachings.

PRESS OPINIONS ON THE FIRST EDITION.

The writer's diction is chaste, clear, and expressive; her thoughts are singularly elevated, and her Spiritualism is as far removed from the vagaries of table rapping as the east is from the west.—*The Rock*.

There are many noble and large-hearted truths written here, which, no matter how they come, are well worth receiving.—*The Teacher's Aid*.

This is a wonderful book. As a work of imagination it will rank with the "Dream of Gerontius," or the inspirations of Swedenborg.—*Hampshire Telegraph*. So delicate are their style and thought that even those who cannot accept this explanation of their origin will admit them to have rare spiritual significance.—*Bradford Observer*.

The parables are suffused with a high tone spirituality, and are the most sensibly written articles we have yet seen avowedly coming from the spirit-land.—*Dundee Advertiser*.

They are either, as Dr. Johnson might say, unholy lies, or utterances of the first importance. *Philadelphia Press*.

Price 3s. 6d., Post Free.

SPECIAL. Will forward "Echoes of Thought," by the same author (2s. 6d.), on receipt of Postal Order for 5s.

Address the Publisher:

HY. A. COPLEY, Canning Town, London, E.

NEXT SUNDAY'S PLATFORM

SOCIETIES AFFILIATED WITH THE NATIONAL FEDERATION

Accrington.—Temple, St. James-street, Lyceum 10-30; 2-30 and 6, and on Mon. Wed., 7-30, Members' Circle.

26, China-street, Lyceum, 10-30, 2-30, 6.

Armley (near Leeds).—Theaker-lane, Lyceum, 10-30, 2-30, 6-30, Mrs. Stair. Mon., 2-30, developing circle. 7-30, Service.

Ashton.—Church-st. (off Warrington-st.), 2-30, 5-30, Public Circle, Tues., 7-30.

Ashington.—Spiritual Temple, 5, Mrs. Young.

Attercliffe.—Vestry Hall, at 3 & 6-30, Mr. W. Fielding

Bacup.—Victoria Hall, Market-st., Lyceum, at 10 2-30, 6-30. Lyceum, Mr. T. O. Todd.

Barrow-in-Furness.—Psychological Hall, Dalketh-st. 11 and 6-30.

Batley Carr.—Town-st., Lyceum, at 10 & 2-30; 6, Mr. Rowling. Mon., Mothers' Meeting 3, & Choir Practice at 7-45. Thursday evening, a Members' Developing Circle, 7-45 prompt.

Belper.—Jubilee Hall, Lyceum, 10, 2; 10-30, 6-30, Mrs. M. H. Wallis. Wednesday, 7-30.

Birmingham.—Masonic Hall, Union, 11, 6-30.

Smethwick.—Central Hall, Cape Hill, opp. Windmill Lane. Lyceum at 3; 6-30. Mr. Griffin Hodson.

Blackburn.—Old Grammar School Freckleton-st. 9, Lyceum; 11, Circle; 2-30, 6-30. Mr. E. W. Wallis

Boothle, Liverpool.—County Hall, Pembroke Road, 2-30, Open Circle; 6-30. Mon., 8, members only. Tuesday, 8, Seance, admission by ticket.

Bolton.—Bradford-street, Lyceum, 9-30; 2-30, 6-30, Mr. Standish.

Bradford.—Milton Hall, 32, Rebecca-st., City-rd. Lyceum, 10; 2-30, 6, Mr. Williamson.

Brighouse.—Martin-st. Lyceum, at 10; 2-30, 6, Mrs. Berry.

Burnley.—North-st., 9-30, 2-30 and 6, Mr. Leeder. Tuesday, 7-30.

Hammerton-street, Lyceum at 9-30; Services at 2-30 and 6 p.m., Mr. Mayoh.

Bury.—Spiritual Hall, Georgiana-street, Lyceum at 10; 2-30, 6, Mrs. Johnson. Wednesday, 7-30, Mrs. Hyde.

Cardiff.—St. John's Hall, St. John's Square, Lyceum at 2-45; 11, 6-30

Cardiff.—Spiritualists' Association, Swiss Hall, Queen Street. Lyceum, 2-45. Service at 6-30, speaker, Mr. H. G. Allen. Seances, 10, Custom House-st. Mon. & Thurs., 8.

Clitheroe.—Liberal Club, Wellgate, Members' Circle. 10-45. Lyceum; at 2-30 & 6, Miss Cotterill.

Colne.—Cloth Hall, Lyceum, 10; 2-30, and 6-30, 6-30.

Cowans.—Lepton, near Huddersfield, at 2-30 and 6.

Darwen.—Church Bank-st., Lyceum 9-30 and 1-45. Circle, 11, 3-6-30. Wed., at 8.

Glazow.—4, Carlton-place, 11-30, 6-30.

Haywood.—Temple, William-st., Lyceum, 10; 2-30 and 6. Tuesday, 7-30.

Huddersfield.—Brook-street, Lyceum, 10, 2-30 and 6-30, Mr. Farnworth.

Hyde.—Mount-street, Travis-street, Lyceum at 10 & 2-30, 6-30, Mr. J. Swindlehurst. Tues., 7-30

Lancaster.—Athenaeum, St. Leonard's Gates, 2-30, 6-30.

Leeds.—Psychological Hall, Lyceum 10; 2-30, 6-30, Local. Monday, 7-30.

Leicester.—People's Hall, Millstone Lane, 6-30, Tues. and Thurs. at 8.

Liberal Club.—Town Hall Square, 11 and 6-30, Thurs., 8, Public Circle.

Liverpool.—Daulby Hall, Daulby-st., 11 a.m. Children's Lyceum; 2-30 & 6-30, Mrs. E. H. Britten (see Prospectives).

London.—Camberwell New Road—Surrey Masonic Hall, 6-30, Mrs. Bliss. Easter Sunday, 48th Anniversary. Easter Monday, Social Evening, 7-0, tickets 1s. each.

Stratford.—Workman's Hall, West Ham Lane, E., 7, "Emergal" Christ and Resurrection. Great experience meeting. Thursday, 8.

Macclesfield.—Cumberland-st., Lyceum, 10-30; 3, 6-30

Manchester.—Ardwick: Temperance Hall, Tippling-st., Lyceum, 10-30; 2-45, 6-30, Tuesday at 8, Choir practice. Wednesday, at 8. Friday, 8, Members' developing circle. Sun., 8-30, circle for members.

Harpurhey.—Collyhurst-road, Lyceum, 10-15, 2-45; 6-30. Thurs., 8, Public Circle.

Patricroft.—New Lane Winton, Lyceum at 10, at 3 & 6-30. Monday, Mr. C. Willis. Tues., 8, Circle. Wed., at 8, Public Circle, Mrs. Rennie.

Pendleton.—Cobden-street, Lyceum, 10; 2-45, 6-30, Thurs., 8, Public Circle.

Salford.—Co-op. Stores, Chapel-st., 6-30, 8-15, Mr. A. Bracegirde's Public Circle. Mon., 8, Social. Tues., 8, special members' meeting. Wed., at 8-15.

Janor Park, Essex.—115, White Post Lane. Sunday, at 11, Mr. J. Allen. Advice to inquirers and Members' Developing Class, also the last Sunday in each month at 7 p.m. Monday, Reading Room open at 7 p.m.

Millom.—Lyceum 10 and 2; Platform 6; Public Circle 7-30. Wednesday, 7.

Nelson.—Bradley Fold, 2-30, 6, Mr. Hoskin.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.—Spiritual Evidence Society, Good Templars' Hall, 2, Clayton-street, off Blackett-street. Lyceum at 2-30; 10-45 a.m., 6-30 p.m., Mr. J. B. Tetlow, psychometrist. Wed., 7-30.

Newport (Mon.).—Psychological Society, Skinner-st. Chambers, 6-30. Thursday, 7-30.

Nottingham.—Masonic Lecture Hall, 10-45, 6-30, Mrs. Griffin.

Oldham.—Temple Society, corner of Coronation-st., Mumps, at 3 & 6-30, Mrs. Johnson. Tuesday, 7-45, Mrs. Beresford.

Parkgate.—Spiritual Temple, Ashwood-road Lyceum at 10 and 1-45; 2-30 and 6, Mr. Inman.

Preston.—Weavers' Hall, Walker-street, Lyceum 9-45; 2-30, 6-30. Mrs. J. A. Stansfield. Monday, 7-30, Thurs., 8, members only.

Rawtenstall.—Lyceum, 10-30; at 2-30, 6. Mr. Sanders

Royton.—Lyceum, at 10 and 1-45; 2-45 and 6, Mon., 7-30. Wed., 7-30.

Sheffield.—Hollis Hall, Bridge-st., 3 & 7.

Slaitwaite.—Laith Lane, 2-30, 6.

Sowerby Bridge.—Hollis Lane, Lyceum, 10 and 2; 2-30, 6, Mr. G. Featherstone.

Stalybridge.—Grand Theatre Buildings. Lyceum, 10, and 1-30; at 3 & 6-30, Wed., at 7-30, Thurs., Choir practice at 7. Members' Developing Circle at 8.

Trinity Street; 3 and 6-30, Mr. Geo. Smith. Tues., 7-30. Wed., 7-30, Mr. Collins.

Stockport.—Hall, Wellington-road, nr. Heaton lane, Lyceum, at 10-30; 3-0, Lyceum Open Session. 6-30, Mr. Ormerod.

Walsail.—Central Hall, Lyceum, at 10, and 2-30. 11, 6-30, Mr. Findlay.

West Vale.—Green Lane, 2-30, 6, Mr. R. A. Brown

Wisbeck.—Lecture Room, Public Hall, 6-45, Mr. Ward

NON-AFFILIATED SOCIETIES.

Accrington.—Tabernacle, Whalley-rd, Lyceum 10-30 at 2-30 & 6-15, Miss Skipper. Mon., 7-30, Public Circle. Wednesday, at 7-30.

Barnoldswick.—Spiritual Hall, Lyceum, 10 2-30, 6.

Barrow.—Philharmonic Hall, Warwick-street, Newbarns, 2-45 and 6-30.

Batley.—Wellington-street, Lyceum, at 10 and 1-45, 2-30, 6, Ms. Hunter.

Bishop Auckland.—Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa. at 2 and 6.

Birmingham.—Bloomsbury, 6-30, Mrs. Rennie.

Birstall.—Railway Terrace, 2-30 & 6-0. Wed., 7-45

Blackburn.—15, New Market-st., W., Northgate, Circle. 11, 2-30, 6-30. Mon., 7-30, Members. Wednesday, 7-45, Public Circle.

Blackpool.—Liberal Club, Church st., Lyceum 9-30. 11, 2-30, 6-30, Mrs. Rennie.

Bradford.—Bowling: Harker-street, 10-30, Public Circle; 2-30, 6, Mr. Lewis. Mon., 2-30, Wed., 7-30.

Little Horton-lane, Spicer-street, 2-30, 6, Mrs. Midgley.

Lower Temperance Hall, Leeds-rd, 11, Developing Circle; 2-30 & 6-30. Mrs. Greenwood. Mon. & Wed., 7-45.

Otley-road, Lyceum, at 10-30; at 2-30 and 6, Mrs. Stretton. Tuesday.

St. James' Church, Lower Ernest-st., 10-30, Developing Circle; 2-30, 6-30, Mr. Gardener. Wed. at 7-45.

Walton-street Hall-lane, 2-30, 6, Mrs. Mercer. Monday, 7-30.

West Bowling.—Boyton-st., at 10, Lyceum, 2-30, 6, Mr. Spencer. Thurs., 7-45.

Burnley.—Guy-st., Gannow Top. Lyceum, 10-30; 2-30, 6-30. Mon., 8, Wed., Members' Circle at 8.

Hull-street, Lyceum, 10. 2-30 and 6. Wed., 7-30.

Burton-on-Trent.—Cafe near the Station, at 6.

Carlisle.—1, Crown Street, 6-30 Open Circle. Wed., 7-45, Developing Circle.

Cambos.—Spiritual Evidence Society, 2 and 5-30.

Cleckheaton.—Walker Street, Lyceum, 10; at 2-45 and 6, Mr. Thornton. Mon., in old room, 7-30. Developing Circle. Thurs., 7-30, Public Meeting.

Derby.—1A, Normanton-rd., 2-30 and 6-30, Wed., 7-30.

Dewsbury.—Bond-street, Lyceum, 10 and 1-45. 3 and 6 Mrs. Brook. Thursday, 7-30.

Edmonton.—The Dairy, 7.

Elland.—Spiritualists' Church, Newcombe-street, Lyceum at 9-30 and 1-30; at 2-30 and 6, Miss Hunter. Thursday, 8, Public Circle.

Exeter.—Friars' Hall, Friars' Walks, 6-30.

Felling.—Hall of Progress, Charlton Row, 2-30 and 6.

Foleshill.—Edgwick, 10-45 and 6-30. Monday, 8, Developing Circle.

Gateshead.—15, Wakefield Terrace. Sunday, 6-30. Thursday, 7-30.

Halifax.—Winding-road, at 2-30 and 6, Madam Henry. Monday.

Raven Street, West End Assembly Rooms, Queen's-road, 2-30 and 6, Mr. Barraclough.

Heckmondwike.—Thomas-street, at 10, Lyceum; 2-30, and 6, Mr. Offite. Thursday, 7-30.

Hollinwood.—Factory Fold, 2-30, 6-30.

Huddersfield.—St. Peter's-street Assembly Rooms, Lyceum, 10 a.m.; services at 2-30 and 6-30, Mr. Watkin.

Hull.—Psychological Society, No. 4 Room, St. George's Hall, Story-street, at 2-30, and Cobden Hall, 6-30. Pu. li. Circle, Wed. 8.

Members' Developing Circle, Thursday, 8, both at No. 8 Room, Friendly Societies' Hall.

St. George's Hall, Psychical Research, Room No. 1, at 2-30 p.m.

Hunslet (Leeds).—Institute, Joseph-street, 2-30 & 6, Mr. W. Ripley. Tuesday, 7-45, Private Circle Sat., Public Circle at 8.

Albert Street: 2-30 and 6. Tues. at 7-30, Public Circle. Saturday, at 7-30, Public Circle.

Keighley.—Heber Street Spiritual Temple, 2-30, 6, Mr. C. A. Holmes. Monday, 7-30.

Leicester.—Crafter-street, at 11 and 6-30, Wed., 8, Public Circle.

Leigh.—Newton-street, 2-30, 6-15.

Leeds.—Progressive Hall, 16, Castle-st. (near G.N.R. Station), at 2-30 and 6-30, Mr. Halliday. Monday, 2-30, 7-30, Public circles, Thursday and Saturday, at 7-30.

Liveredge.—Carr-street, Little Town Lyceum at 10; 2-30 and 6, Miss Smith

London.—Marylebone—Cavendish Rooms, 51, Mortimer-st. W., at 7, Miss Rowan Vincent, "The 48th Anniversary of Spiritualism." Clairvoyance, at close. All communications to Mr. Leigh Hunt, 82, East-st., Marylebone-road.

Canning Town, 2, Fords Park-road, Trinity-street, Sunday, at 7, Mr. and Mrs. Brencley. Doors closed at 7-15. Wed. 8, Mrs. Barrell, trance and clairvoyance.

47, Hermit-rd. Tuesday, 7-30. Private Circle. Thursday, Public Circle.

Islington.—Wellington Hall, 6-45, Spiritual service Wednesday, 8, Members' Circle. Good Friday, Tea and Soiree. Tickets 1s.

Mid End.—Welcome Hall 218, Jubilee-st., at 7, Mr. Ronald Brailey. Thursdays 8, public meeting.

Paddington.—227, Shirland-road, at 7. Tuesday, Provident Society visitors welcome. Wed., 8, Circle. Saturday, 8.

Longton.—Post Office Buildings, King-st, 2-30, 6. Monday, 7-45.

Manchester.—Openshaw Granville Hall (Liberal Club), George street, at 10-30 and 6-30, Mr. Fielding. Thurs., at 8.

Cheetham, Ash Lodge, Halliwell Lane: Sunday, 2-30 and 6-30, Mon., 8, Public Circle, Thurs., 7-30.

West Gorton: Labour Hall, 24, Grey-street, Longsight, Lyceum, 10-30; 6-30, Mr. Jones, Tues. 8, Mrs. Uren. Thursday 8, Public circle.

South Salford, 4, West Craven-street, Regent-rd., 6, After-circle at 8. Wed., Circle at 8. Thurs., 8, Choir Practice.

Mexborough.—Market Hall, 2-30 & 6. Mr. Armitage

Middlesborough.—Spiritual Hall, Newport Crescent. Lyceum, 10-30 & 2. 3 & 6-30.

Middlesborough.—Spiritualistic Progressive Church, 77, Grange-road, 2-30, 6-30. Tues. & Thurs., 7-30

Morley.—2-30 and 6-30, Mr. Hopwood.

Nelson.—Pendle-st., 2-30, 6, Mr. Murray. Tues., 7-30

Nelson.—Ann-street, 2-30 and 6, Miss Pickles.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.—Heaton and Byker, Spiritual Institute, 3, Addison road, Heaton, at 6-30.

Normanton.—Queen-st., 2-30 & 6, Mrs. Mercer.

North Kensington.—251, Ladbroke Grove, London, N., Mondays & Thursdays, at 8 for 8-30.

North Shields.—6, Camden-st., 10-45 and 6-30.

Northampton.—Spiritualists' Hall, St. Michael-rd. 11, 6-30.

Nottingham.—Morley Hall, 2-30, Lyceum; 10-45, 6-30.

Oldham.—Hall, Bartlam Place, Lyceum, 10; 3 and 6-30. Thurs., 7-45, Circle.

Osselt.—Queen-st., Lyceum at 10, 2-30, 6, Mrs. Colbeck

Plymouth.—8, The Octagon, 10, 6-30, Wednesdays & Preston—Central Buildings, 2-30 & 6-30.

Rishton.—2-30 & 6.

Rochdale.—Regent Hall, Lyceum, 9-45; 2-30 and 6. Wednesday, 7-45, Circle.

Water Street, 3, 6-30. Tuesday, 8, Public Circles.

Penn-street, 2-30, 6. Wed., 7-30.

Shaw.—Broadbelt's Assembly Rooms, off Sandy-lane, at 3 and 6-30. Wed. at 8.

Shipley.—Westgate, 2-30, 6, Mr. C. Firth.

Skipton.—Lecture Room, Temperance Hall, 2-30 & 6

South Shields.—16, Cambridge-st., 6. Mr. J. Scott. Tues., 7-30.

Spennymoor.—Central Hall, 2-30, 6. Thursday, 7-30.

Sunderland.—The Spiritual Students' Institute, 27, Ann-street, Sundays at 6-30. Every evening, 8.

Monkwearmouth, Miners' Hall, Roker Avenue, 6-30.

Wakefield.—1, Barstow-square, Westgate, at 2-30 and 6, Mr. Widdop. Wednesday, 7-30.

1, Baker's Yard, 2-30 and 6.

Queen St., Westgate—2-30 and 6, Mr. C. Shaw. Wednesday, 7-30.

West Pelton.—Cottage Meetings at 5-30.

Whitworth.—Market-st., 2-30, 6. Mr. Manning.

Yeadon.—Town Side, Lyceum, at 10; 2-30 and 6, Mr. A. Walker. Mon., 8, Members' Circle.

OTHER MEETINGS.

Birkenhead—78, Woodchurch-road, Oxton, L. Walker, late of Allerton-road, Tranmere, public circles, Wednesday, at 8.

Bradford.—421, Manchesters-road Mission Room, 10-30, Circle. 2-30, 6, Mr. & Mrs. Marshall.

South Field Lane Mission, Monday and Wednesday, circle at 7-30.

Bristol.—134, Grosvenor rd., Sun., 7. Thurs., 8 sharp

Burnley.—102, Padiham-rd., at 2-30 and 6. Every evening, 7-30. Wednesday, Members only.

Clitheroe.—8 Little Moor Road, Saturday, 7-30. Tuesday, at 7-30, 5, Church Brow.

Gateshead.—97, Coatsworth Road, Receptions Mondays, 7-30.

81, High West st., 6-30, Reception. Tuesday, 8.

Herbert-street, 6-30. Wednesdays, 7-30.

47, Kingsboro-terrace, at 6-30, Mr. J. E. Wright. Thursday at 7-30.

Heckmondwike.—Bethel Lodge, meetings at 7-30.

Church Lane, 7-45, Wednesday, Saturday, 7-45, Public Developing Circles.

High Shields.—1, South Eldon-street, Lyceum, 2-30, 11 and 6.

Hunslet.—Goodman-terrace, 2-30 and 6, Mr. Wood. Circles, Tues., Thurs., Sat., and Sunday, 7-30.

Albert-street, 2-30 and 6, Mrs. Crossley. Tues., 7-30. Sat., public circle at 7-30.

Leeds.—28, Back Adelphi-street, 2-30 and 6-30, Circles, Mondays & Thursdays, 7-30.

Liverpool.—103, Queen's Rd., Everton, 3 and Thurs. at 8.

Eaton Hall: Breck-road, 6-30, Tues., 8.

London.—102, Camberwell Road (Mrs. Clark's).—Sunday, at 7, Open circle. Wednesdays at 7, Free Healing, 8, Open Circle.

113, Lisson Grove, Marylebone, N.W.—Tues., 8, Mr. H. Towns, clairvoyant.

16, Harpur-street, Theobald Road, W.C.—Open for Healing every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock Monday and Thursday evening seances at 8 p.m.

113, Edgware-road (Mr. H. Hunt's), 7, "The second coming of Christ in the light of Spiritualism." Impromptu poems, Clairvoyance. Silver collection. Every evening, except Tuesdays, at 7-30; 1/-.

Kenilworth.—85, Fortress-rd., N.W., 7-30. Thursday, 8.

7, Lydhurst Grove, Vestry Road, Camberwell, S.E., Wednesday at 8-30.

2, Millmen street, W.C., Mrs. Ashton Bingham medium, will hold meetings. Thursdays, 7 to 8, for investigators; 8, seance.

North Kensington.—43, Cambridge Gardens, Monday and Thursdays, at 8 for 8-30.

251, Ladbroke Grove, Mon. & Thurs., 8, Mrs. Purveys.

Nothing Hill Gate, W..—51, Ladbroke-road. Sun., 11, Free Healing, Mr. W. Goddard; 7, Seance Mon. 8, Tues. & Fri., 8, Mr. Goddard. Sat., open meeting.

Stepney.—Mrs. Ayers, 45, Jubilee-st., Tues., at 8.

5, Wansley-st., Walworth-rd., Tues. & Friday, 8.

Stockwell.—4, Sidney-rd., Tues, 6-30, Free Healing.

Walthamstow.—Developing circle at 107, Chewton Road, Pretoria Avenue, Monday at 8 p.m.

Manchester.—Bradford: Church Street, Shakespeare street. Lyceum, 2; 3 and 6-30. Tuesday, 8, Members' Circle. Thurs., 8, Public Circle.

Hulme: Corner of Junction-st., 6-30, Public Circle. Monday, 8, Thurs., 8, Mr. Lamb's Circle.

396, Oldham Road: Co-operative Hall, Mutual Improvement Class at 11. Lyceum, 2-30, & 6-30

Mirfield.—Oddfellows' Hall, at 7-15.

Newport (Mon.).—Spiritual Institute, Arundel Villa Barrack Hill, 6-30. Healing free

Nottingham.—2, Porter's-yard, Holden-street, Public Meetings Wednesday and Thursday at 8 p.m.

Rochdale.—Baillie St.: 2-30, 6, Public Circle. Wed., 7-45.

Milnrow Rd..—2-30 & 6, Public circles. Tues., 7-45.

Rothwell.—2-30 and 6, Mrs. Burcroft.

Sheffield.—Midland Cate, 175, Pond-street, 7-30. Tuesday and Thursday at 8-30.

Tunstall.—13, Rathbone-street, 6-30.

Woodhouse.—Talbot Building, Station-road 6-30

Whitworth.—2-30 and 6.

Windhill.—Local Board Office, Cragg-road, Lyceum 10-15; 2-30 and 6, Mr. T. Hodgson.

APARTMENTS.

Blackpool.—Visitors will find home comforts at Mrs. G. Galley's, 3, Mostyn Terrace, near Royal Oak Hotel, Lytham-road, South Shore. Trams pass the street and close to sea.

Blackpool.—Friends will find home comforts at Mrs. C. L. Hilton, 8, Charnley-grove, Charnley-rd. (late of Bradford). Three minutes walk from Station, Sea, Wheel, and Tower. Piano.

Blackpool.—Mrs. Milner begs to inform her friends and visitors, she has removed from 81, Albert-rd. to 30, Regent-rd., where they will find home comforts. Near station, sea, and tower. Terms moderate. Piano

Morecambe.—Opening of the W.E. Pier. Mrs. Whitaker, 25, Regent-road, thanks her numerous patrons for past favours, and hopes to have a continuance of same.

Morecambe.—Comfortable apartments, terms moderate. Two minutes from tram and sea and new pier.—Mrs. Hargreaves, 28, Parliament Street, off Regent Road, West End, Morecambe.

DR. BEAUMONT'S SPECIFIC.

For all diseases, arising from Indigestion, such as Flatulency, or Wind in the Stomach, Bilious or Liver Complaints, Dimness of Sight, Nervous or Sick Head-ache; all disorders arising from a Weak and Debilitated State of the Liver,

TRY **DR. BEAUMONT'S PILLS**, in 7d. & 1/- Boxes.

A. H. WOODWARD, NOTTINGHAM ROAD, BELPER.

MOTHERS should keep at hand WOODWARD'S BROWN OINTMENT,

For Burns, Scalds, Soreness of the Chest and Lungs, Sore Throat. Well rubbed in to the parts affected. A never-failing remedy for Croup. Try it. 7d., 1/2. 1/9 Jars. Post free from

(MRS.) **A. H. WOODWARD,**
NOTTINGHAM ROAD, BELPER.

—: HEALING. :—

THE
"Human Restorer" Pills.

RECIPE BY GUIDE OF

J. MOSS, GATESHEAD.

Hundreds of suffering humanity have been cured of Nervous Headaches, Indigestion, Lumbago, Kidney and Liver Complaints, Dispepsia.

9d. PER BOX, POST 1½d. EXTRA.

Only to be had from—

Mr. MOSS, 28, Denmark Street, Gateshead,

Or from Sole Manufacturing Agent—

GEORGE GREENER, Blakett House,
WYLAM-ON-TYNE.

A MODERN ASTROLOGER.

Those in difficulty or contemplating a new enterprise, should consult

MR. WILDE,

(who will calculate the horoscope for a small fee). Address **Railway Terrace, Brighouse, Yorks.**

[From "Borderland."]

Mr. W. T. Stead on Mr. Wilde's Test Horoscope:—

"It would be difficult for anyone to ignore the test horoscope of Mr. Pearson, of *Pearson's Weekly*, which is published in this number, from the pen of Mr. Wilde, and to deny that it is possible for an astrologer to use his curious science in such a way as to obtain extraordinarily accurate results, both as to the character and history of the person, whose horoscope he casts. No doubt mistakes are frequent, and there may be more misses than hits, but a series of hits such as Mr. Wilde seems to have made in the case of Mr. Pearson, is hardly explicable on the hypothesis of mere coincidence."

Extract from the Christmas Number, 1895, of "Pearson's Weekly":

Mr. Pearson says:—"I do not think there is the least doubt about the fact that Mr. Wilde had not the smallest knowledge of the personality of the individual whose horoscope he was casting. . . . So many points in this horoscope are so curiously accurate, that I thought almost anybody would probably be interested in glancing through it."

THE WELL-KNOWN PSYCHOMETRIST, ETC.

Mr. Victor Wyldes will send a delineation of Character, Health, Mediumship, etc., with Test Record and Full Prospectus, for 1s. and Stamped Envelope. Address: 40, Dudley Road, Birmingham, Personal interviews by appointment.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND MEDIUMS.

TERMS CASH WITH ADVERTISEMENT IN ADVANCE

1 Line	13 weeks....	3s. 6d.
2 Lines	"	6s.
3 Lines	"	8s.
4 Lines	"	10s.
5 Lines	"	11s. 6d.

Mrs. Alvinza Lambert, Natural Clairvoyant, 144, Branch-rd., Burnley.

Southport.—Mrs. W. Stansfield, 17, Promenade. Apartments. Easy terms.

Ida Ellis, Kent-road, Blackpool. Send Photo, Letter, or Hair. Fee 2s. 6d.

Spirit Surroundings by letter, 2/2. Miss Blake, 3, Herbert-street, Pendleton.

J. N. Bowmer Inspirational Speaker and Psychometrist, Hayfield, Stockport.

Spirit Surroundings by letter 2s. 2d. Miss Blake, 3, Herbert-street, Pendleton

Mrs. Thos. Riley, Bury and Pendleton House, 8, Vance-road, Blackpool. Apart ments. Piano. One minute's walk from Central Station and sea.

Absent Treatment and Lessons. Van. W. Healy, Occultist, Wichita, Kansas, U.S.A. Apply first instance to the Hon. Sec., Miss Ley 160, White Ladies-rd, Clifton, Bristol

Miss McCreadie, Clairvoyant and Psychometrist, at home daily (Saturday's excepted) from 2 till 6, or by appointment, stamped envelope for reply. 1, Portsea Place, Connaught Square, W.

Mrs. Duckworth, 19, Oak Street, Shaw, late of Heywood.

Zoleni, Palmist, c/o 14, Church-square, Harrogate. Fee 1/6, no photo needed.

Mrs. King, Clairvoyant, 67, Andrews-st., Leicester. Private sittings by appointment.

J. Young, Clairvoyant, Psychometrist, Healer.—119, Edward-street, Werneth, Oldham.

Mrs. Gray, Clairvoyant and Test, 27, St. John's-road, Moseley-road, Birmingham.

Wade, Test Medium, Delineator of Character from hand-writing Fee 1s. 6d. Address, 7, Blossom-street, Manchester.

Diagnosis of Ailments, Time to Cure, etc., send 1/1, age and sex, to Mrs. Gavau, 19, Walter Street, West Gorton, Manchester.

Advice given on all subjects by highly-gifted medium. 5s. Write to B. A., Cantab, 4, Devonshire Terrace, Duncan Road, Ramsgate.

Prof. and Madame Henri, 10, James's-street, Winchester, Magnetic Healers, Psychometrists. Send photo, letter, or hair. Fee 2s. 6d

Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, Herbalists, 94, Oldfield-road, Salford (late of Stockport), Clairvoyants, Medical Psychometrists, and Healing Mediums.

H. Towns (son of the late Wm. Towns) Clairvoyant, Business and Test Medium. At home daily. 113, Lisson Grove, Marylebone, N.W. (Letter first.)

Mrs. Brenchley, Normal Clairvoyant and Healing Medium. Certified Lady's Nurse, Hours 12 till 4, or by appointment. 111, St. Thomas's-road, Finsbury Park, N.

Mrs. H. Whiteoak, Trance and Clairvoyant (medical and business) 471, Manchester-road, Bradford, near Corporation Baths. Ladies only. Closed on Fridays.

Clairvoyant and Psychometrist by letter, hair, or photo. Fee 2s. Also Magnetic Healer, herbal remedies given. Address: W. E. Harrison, 6, Cavendish-street, Chesterfield.

W. G. Coote, Clairvoyant and Psychometrist. Private Sittings and Seances by appointment. Spiritual and Material Delineations. Hair etc., 1s. 1d. 18, Tavistock Place, Russell Square, W. C.

Mr. W. Goddard, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium. Public Seances, Tuesdays and Fridays, 8. At home daily, from 11 till 5, or by appointment.—51, Ladbroke-road, Notting Hill Gate, W.

Clairvoyant and Psychometrist, by photo, letter, or hair, also herbal remedies given. Fee 2s. Address W. E. Harrison, 6, Cavendish-street, Chesterfield. - Note. Open dates for 1896.

Prof. C. Willis, Thought Reader, etc., gives advice upon all affairs of life, handwriting, photo. "Any question answered through the post." 1s., 2s. 6d. 5s.—21, Egerton-st., Chester-rd., Hulme, M'chester

Mr. J. J. Yango, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium. At home daily from 10 till 5, or by appointment. Public Seances Mondays and Thursdays at 8 for 8-30. 43, Cambridge Gardens, North Kensington, Close to Notting Hill Station.

Clairvoyant, Psychometrist, Phrenologist, Pathologist, Magnetic Mesmerist, etc. Send photo, letter, or hair. Fee 2s. 6d. Character, health, business, etc. A brief description of principal symptoms of disease should be sent. Hours 1 to 9 p.m. Medicine post free. Address W. Hall, herbalist, 15, Harewood-street, Vicar Lane, Leeds.

MEDICAL HYPNOTISM,

MESMERISM, MAGNETISM.

MR. A. W. LAUNDY treats Derangements of the Nervous System and attendant evils by the most approved methods. Subjects Hypnotised at moderate fees. By appointment. **LONDON or BRIGHTON. 45, HAVELOCK ROAD, BRIGHTON**

Astrology: R. H. Neptune, 11, Bridge Street, Bristol.

Bolan, the Modern Astrologer and Natural Clairvoyant, 93, Greenacres-road Oldham

Astrological Advice: send stamp for complete list to "Libra," c/o W. J. Leeder, 6, Charnley-grove, Charnley-road, Blackpool.

Virgo advises on Health, Disposition, Business, Marriage, Prospects, etc., 2s. 6d.; Sex, birthtime—35, Water street, Blackburn.

Astrology.—Helios (commended by J. J. Morse, the late M. A. Oxon, and J. Burns) delineates Character, Abilities, Business Prospects, Health, Marriage, &c., &c. Write for Circular to J. Helios, 1, Pratt Street, Halifax.

PROGRESSIVE LITERATURE AGENCY

(ESTABLISHED 1878),

26, Osnaburgh Street, Euston Road, London, N.W.

J. J. MORSE, Proprietor.

American Department.—The P.L.A. deals in all the American periodicals and books upon Spiritual and Progressive subjects. It is the appointed European Depot of COLBY AND RICH, "BANNER OF LIGHT" Publishing House, Boston. The largest and oldest publishing house for Spiritual Literature in the world.

Book Department.—The P.L.A. supplies all the latest publications upon Spiritual science, and Psychic research, &c., issued at home or abroad. Customers can be supplied in all cases, through the post.

Postal Department.—The P.L.A. makes the supplying of books by Post and Parcels Post a distinctive feature of its trade. Customers at a distance are thus placed upon the same footing as personal purchasers, as, in nearly all cases, parcels are sent post paid. Large Catalogue post free.

Subscription Department.—The P.L.A. receives subscriptions for the various periodicals connected with Spiritualism at home and abroad, in which it does a large and recognised business.

The Proprietor at all times will do his best to meet the requirements of customers, and prompt and strict attention will be bestowed upon all commissions entrusted to his care. The P.L.A. having gained the confidence of the public in all parts of the world, it is a recognised medium for the distribution of the literature in which it deals.

J. J. MORSE.

Morse's Library and Reading Rooms,

AND
SPIRITUALISTS' HEADQUARTERS.
ESTABLISHED 1893.

MR. J. J. MORSE PROPRIETOR.

FLORENCE HOUSE,
26, OSNABURGH STREET, REGENTS PARK, LONDON, N.W.
(Adjoining Portland Road Station.)

Upwards of 500 Volumes to select from.

TERMS FOR LONDON SUBSCRIBERS:

One Volume at the time, to be changed as often as desired

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION 10s. 6d.
HALF-YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION 5s. 6d.
QUARTERLY SUBSCRIPTION 3s. 0d.

TERMS FOR COUNTRY SUBSCRIBERS:

Two Volumes at the time, to change as often as desired. Subscribers pays carriage both ways.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION 10s. 6d.
HALF-YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION 5s. 6d.

Reading Rooms open every week day from 3 to 10 p.m.

For further particulars address FLORENCE MORSE, Librarian, as above.

SPHERES AND OVOIDS (Solid and Hollow, White and Tinted) for Crystal Vision.

MR. VENMAN is supplying these celebrated instruments of translucent composition (the result of forty years occult research) in two qualities, irrespective of size (No. 1 and No. 2), the former of special hard Bohemian Glass, the latter of pure flint. The No. 1 are specially recommended. Descriptive Price Lists can be obtained by sending one rd. Postage Stamp to the Psychic Research Department, London Science Depot, 20, Pimlico-road, S.W. These Spheres and Ovoids are highly praised in the Spiritualistic and Occult Journals and by Miss X and other authorities, and are the only kind used by the Incorporated Society for Psychic Research.

MR. VENMAN also supplies OUIJA BOARDS, PLANCHETTES, 5s. 6d.; PSYCHOGRAPHS, 5s. 6d.; PYTHOS and CHRAOS, 7s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.; "TAROT" PACKS and BOOK, 7s. 6d.; DIAL-PLANCHETTES, 2s. 6d. HYPNOTIC DISCS, 3s. 6d.; SHELLS for Clairaudience and all instruments or psycho-physical research.

THE TWO WORLDS, 18, CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER.

THE HOLY TRUTH,

BY

HUGH JUNOR BROWNE, Esq.

This Valuable Contribution to the Literature of Spiritualism can now be procured post free for 3/6, from the Two WORLDS Office, 18, Corporation Street, Manchester.

No. 1 Coupon.

SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY.

SEND ONE SHILLING!

And you will obtain a surprise that will beautify any home of whatever degree. A permanent Collotype photograph, 2 1/4 x 1 7/8 inches,

"Conway Castle,"

will be sent securely packed, post free.

This Coupon must be enclosed with Postal Order; and as there are only a limited number of these choice pictures left, we cannot guarantee to supply No. 1 when No. 2 is advertised. So first come, first served.

PHOTO PUBLISHING CO.,

41, HIGH STREET, ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

**** Magnetism is Life; it Invigorates both Body and Mind. ****

Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, Magnetic Healers. At home daily from 12 till 5 p.m. Patients visited at their own homes. Mrs. Hawkins gives Sittings for Clairvoyance, at 16, Harpur Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.—Healing Seances, Sunday morning, 11 o'clock.

[COPYRIGHT].

New CHART of SPIRITUAL GIFTS & MEDIUMISTIC CAPABILITIES

Most valuable advice upon the different phases of Spiritual Gifts, and how to develop each gift, post free 7d., cloth 1s. 6d.; your special capacities marked therein, 5s. 6d.; written particulars, 10s. 6d. "The general information, divisions and descriptions are good, and persons studying mediumship and desiring to develop will here find useful hints."—*Two Worlds* From the author, Prof. Timson, The Hydro. Museum-square, Leicester. Special terms to medium and examiners.

CURATIVE MAGNETISM.

MR. W. H. EDWARDS, the well-known Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healer, will, for the benefit of the POORER CLASSES, undertake cases on Wednesday evenings from 7 till 10, and on Sunday mornings from 9 till 1 at a fee of 3s. 6d. Other days and hours, consultation only, 5s. 4, Montpelier-road, Peckham.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Yielding to the pressure of numerous Yorkshire and Lancashire friends,

W. J. LEEDER,

Doctor of Magnetics, Medical Botanist, Clairvoyant, and Psychometrist,

late of Nottingham, has removed to Blackpool, where he will be in more convenient touch with his numerous clients who desire personal consultations.

Those who cannot personally should send full particulars of their ailments, with stamped addressed envelope for reply, and the case will be considered FREE OF CHARGE.

All Medicines are purely high class Herbal Preparations.

Mr. LEEDER does not pretend to be a miracle worker or to cure every ailment, but in any reasonable case of suffering, relief and ultimate cure may be expected.

Consultations daily for treatment, and advice on health, business, etc., from 10 to 12 a.m. and 2 to 8 p.m. Address:—

6, CHARNLEY GROVE, CHARNLEY ROAD, BLACKPOOL.

(5 minutes walk from Central Station.)

DR. MACK'S

COUGH REMEDY

CURES COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, and all difficulties of the Respiratory Organs, not only of Adults, but also Children and Infants.

It combines soothing, balsamic, expectorant, and healing properties. To be obtained from Messrs. Barclay and Sons, Farringdon-street, E.C., and all Chemists, or post free from the Proprietor.

Price, per Bottle, 1s. 1 1/2d.

DR. MACK'S HAIR VITALIZER,

Price 2/6 & 4/6, Post Free.

Prepared only by **JAMES McGEARY, 10, Sillwood Place, Brighton.**

MAGNETISM IS LIFE.

PROF. J. R. de ROSS,

Hypnotist & Magnetic Healer,

CURES FITS, DEAFNESS, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, PARALYSIS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, &c.

BY MAGNETIC TREATMENT.

N.B.—Patients attended to at their own homes.

6, Lily Street, Lower Broughton, Manchester.

CONSULTATIONS BY APPOINTMENT.

FOR THE SKILFUL AND SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF ALL DISEASES BY NATURE'S REMEDIES, CONSULT

WILFRED ROOKE,

THE EMINENT HEALER, HERBALIST, CURATIVE HYPNOTIST, ETC.

165, STOCKPORT ROAD, LEVENSHULME, MANCHESTER.

Consultations daily, 2 till 9 p.m., Saturday to Monday excepted Visits by appointment.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE TWO WORLDS.

No. 2.

FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1896.

THE MISSION OF SPIRITUALISM.

ITS CONSOLING AND STRENGTHENING POWER.

BY CARRIE E. S. TWING.

"No! I have friends in spirit land,
Not shadows in a shadowy band,
Not others, but themselves are they."

I HAVE chosen the above subject because I have known so many people who have come out of the valley and shadow of a great sorrow, made by the loss of loved ones, into the sunlight of the truths of Spiritualism, and it has changed the mourning over the graves of the departed to a sweet peace; for those graves have become the mountain peaks from which they could, with the knowledge gained, get a soul glimpse of the "country that hath no pain," and, with every sense awakened to the spiritual, cheering words from the land of souls have touched their souls, and, instead of the old impatient grief, they have taken up the burden of life again, knowing their translated ones are indeed their "ministering spirits," and that they may still be aided by them to overcome in the conflicts of life.

It is indeed a strange nature that has no longing for the "touch of a vanished hand, or the sound of a voice that is still."

Once, while visiting the now arisen poet Whittier at his Amesbury home, I said to him, while looking at a portrait of his sister Elizabeth, whom in his "Snow Bound" he describes as—

"Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes
Now bathed within the fadeless green,
And holy peace of Paradise,
O! looking from some heavenly hill
Or, from the shade of saintly palm,
Or, silver reach of river calm;
Do those dear eyes behold me still?"

Has the question in your poem, "Do those dear eyes behold me still?" ever been answered. He smiled and answered, "Oh, yes, does thee not remember?"

"I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are."

And then he said musingly: "I feel a something like a benediction over me when I am writing, and then again I doubt their presence and heaven seems further away. I would give a great deal to feel as sure as thee does, but I shall soon know," and he has learned now how good God is in making the worlds of the seen and unseen so nearly together.

I have found, sometimes to my surprise, that very many who have felt this "healing balm" of having the question answered, "If a man die, shall he live again?" have never listened to a spiritual lecture or attended a public seance, but have sought mediums unknown among Spiritualists—mediums who have become so without seeking for it, and who are at present known only by the favoured few. A young lady who had investigated only with such mediums visited me not long since, and seemed delighted with the message which that interview brought out. I asked her if she attended the Spiritualistic meetings, and she said: "Oh, no; I couldn't do that. I am orthodox, and not one of my people knows I have ever received a message from my brother; but he was everything to me, and I should have gone insane or died of grief if I had not learned he was not lost. You see, he never professed religion, and was quite wild, and with our faith there did not seem much hope for him, but now I know he is growing better and better."

"Would not your people like the same assurance that you have?" I asked.

"No; they say he is in the Lord's hands, and if he is lost it is just, and if he is saved it is because the Lord saw something better in him than they did. I seldom hear his name in my home."

When I looked at that frail girl, and saw how soon that family might have another "vacant chair," I blessed the angel world that the future to her was not an unmapped country, but a home where her loved ones dwelt.

During a brief stay in Denver, Col., a lady, having seen my name as a delegate to a convention being held there, sought me out and said: "I have read the books written automatically through your hand, and have desired to see you and tell you that they helped me to seek the truths of Spiritualism. I was a member of an orthodox church, and my husband and myself were no half-way believers in its creed and doctrine; therefore, we felt that anyone dying unrepentant would surely go to everlasting hell. We had one child, a boy, the pride of our hearts, but, like many other only sons, whose parents have tried to bring them up too strictly, he would seek company that we did not approve of, and at the age of 19 we found our boy had habits that were fast leading him downwards. Sometimes, when we would plead tenderly with him, he would do better for a while, but anything like a threat would send him still deeper into degradation.

One Sunday morning we found he had gone out without even the servants seeing him, and it was with heavy hearts we went to church that day, praying for our boy. At twilight he was brought home dead. He had joined a hunting party that was going out into the mountains, and even his companions did not know just how the end came, but thought it must have been from the accidental discharge of his gun, for there was a cruel wound in his head.

"The shock was terrible, but husband and I said we must be consistent. If our belief was true, there was no hope for our boy. We asked our minister not to spare us, but to preach the truth as a warning to other boys. In a way he did, but, even mildly as he put

it, every word was like a clod dropping on a coffin lid to our tortured hearts. My boy was no longer the wayward boy, but the loving, laughing boy of other years, and he was being spoken of as one beyond the reach of God's love. My mother heart was rebellious. I shuddered when I thought that I had asked him to be 'plain of speech.'

"My hair was brown then, but it was soon as white as you see it now, and my husband, not over strong, sank under the load until he, too, was taken from me. When dying a glorified look came over his face, and he said: 'Oh! Mary, I see Willie, and he looks happy.' Soon after that a friend handed me one of your books, 'Experiences in Spirit Life,' and I read it eagerly, then bought many others, from various authors. Soon the great longing came to see a medium and hear from my loved ones, and during a visit to Chicago I was thus favoured, for I carried my own slates to a medium. They did not leave my hands for an instant. I distinctly heard the writing between them, and the medium's fingers only touched the upper slate. And when I read the message my joy was complete. My boy wrote: 'I am not lost, dear mother, but I have been very sorry that I caused you so much pain, and being sorry is our punishment. I'm happier since father came,' etc. Both slates were nearly covered with writing, No one knew me; I was sure of that. I wrote no names on paper, yet both my husband and my son had written messages applicable to the past and present, and signed their names in full.

"I then felt I could not be consistent if, when I returned home, I did not impart this new knowledge to my friends, and I have been, I think, with the help of the angels, instrumental in opening the hearts of many of my church friends to this new light, and when I attend church I know I hear 'divine love' talked about more than I do the 'terrors of the law.'"

A woman who had suffered much because of losing her loved ones out of her life concluded there was no loving Father, no Heaven, that death ended all, and determined to keep the very name of death as long as possible from her little boy. When his grandma died he was told she had gone away. After a while he was taken ill, and when he was passing away he looked up to her with a joyful face and said: "What place is that over the mountain, Mamma? I see grandma there." All the cold materialism of her nature gave way, and she said: "It is Heaven, my child," and when his spirit departed it had left the gate of the unknown and unbelieving world ajar for her, for the little child had led her to know that if her mother still lived, if one soul had withstood the wreck of matter, that there was a place for all souls.

A clergyman of my acquaintance, who used to very much deplore my being a Spiritualist, declared the whole tendency was wrong and showed a distrust of God to manage the souls He had created and a desire to draw the heavens down to the earthly plane, came to me after an absence of years and said: "I owe you an apology," and related experiences that had come into his own life. He said: "It's very easy to be brave for others, and point them to the source of life and love—very easy to point out the hope of a future re-union, when we will just clasp hands and go on praising God, so easy to tell others to bide their time, and after, perhaps, long years all would be well; but after our only child, Lily, died, and I stood face to face with my first great grief, just such a sermon was preached as I had preached many a time—but, oh! how hollow the words sounded!—death was death and nothing else, and the horror of its darkness shrouded me with gloom. A part of my life was gone. Faith lifted no curtain. God seemed far away. My mental pictures were of the open grave, not of the starry heaven. There were weeks that I could not occupy my pulpit or visit my people.

One day after a restless night, I threw myself upon the sofa in my library, for I could not read, and I know I did not sleep, but in the silence of that room my child came to me, she touched me and said, 'See, papa, I am no longer sick,' and indeed she was a glorious vision of beauty. I do not think I gave utterance to words, but she responded to my mental questionings, "My spirit home is very near you, papa, and I will come often, comfort the people whom death makes sad." When I arose from that couch life had a different meaning, but I did not dare tell even my wife then for fear she would judge me as I had judged others many a time, and think it only the indication of an unbalanced brain. But would she come again? I tried many times before she did, but when at last the barriers were so removed that she could come often she gave me more insight into the spiritual world and its relations to the material, and to-day my work, especially my work with those who are bereaved by death, is largely planned during the time of sweet communion with my child. I feel I am living a better life, preaching a better gospel, and, as it is given to me, I will give it out to others, but carefully, very carefully, for, if in any sense I am a Spiritualist, I am a Methodist Spiritualist."

"Have you ever visited mediums?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, hesitatingly.

"Did you get good results?"

"Well, in most instances," he replied, "but not nearly as good as when they come to me. I pray God I may teach my people the new thought of passing away."

"Leaves have their glad recall

And blossoms open to the south wind's breath.

And stars that set shall rise again, for all—

All things shall triumph o'er the spoiler Death."

Thus might I multiply instances of the power of the spirit world to heal the hearts of the bereaved. One experience of my own stands out like a "beacon light" when the way was dark.

It was years ago, when the only little one that was spared to

bless my life even for a few months listened to a louder, sweeter call than mine, and entered the "angel world." No one can describe his feelings when he stands face to face with such bereavement; the heart can feel, but tongue or pen cannot portray. It was a cold day in January, and when the night came a heavy storm beat the snow against the windows, and seemed keeping time with my rebellious heart. I could shed no tears; my sense of loss was too great for that, and as the night deepened I stole away from the others to see my child. The room was cold and baby was alone. She had never been alone nor so cold but that I could warm her, and somehow the feeling came that she would come back to me, I took the little stiffened form from the crib, I called her by the old sweet name, but no answering smile came to the cold, pale face. The waxen lips kept close guard over the azure eyes, and the cold head upon my arm chilled me to the heart. The storm beating outside seemed to enter into a sad refrain. "The world is cold, and love is dead." At last I put her back into the crib and tucked her up with the blankets, as I had done a hundred times when her sleep had been lighter. Then came a feeling to me that I must pray, and you who have sorrowed too much for words may know what I mean by a "wordless prayer," yet it was far-reaching, for the pitying angels heard and acted as God's messengers to me.

I never knew how long I knelt there, but I do know there came a change in everything. The room seemed filled with a new light; I no longer heard the storm. It was no longer cold, for there was a presence there with me that stood on the other side of the "crib" and spoke to me—a spirit that I knew was that of my father, who passed away in my childhood, and unto my soul he spoke these words: "Oh, child, child, call this not death. It is life immortal." And I, selfish mortal, had been willing to bring my child back to the land of shadows when the greatest gifts of heaven were already hers. A new joy came into my heart. The earthly garment of flesh that my child had worn put on new beauty, and she, safe in the guardianship of those well loved, was my own still. Death, or that which has been termed so, has never been the same to me since. Although from childhood I had been a medium, the heart must love and have that love transplanted before one can fully understand all that the priceless truths of Spiritualism can teach him.

You say there is no proof of what I have written, perhaps. You have viewed this belief from its scientific, philosophical and ethical standpoints, now view it from the heart standpoint. But, my Christian friends, remember that every argument brought against modern Spiritualism is an argument against the Bible. If these glimpses into the other life, made possible by the same infinite power, are not true, then John, upon the Isle of Patmos, was only dreaming, and the Revelator was exercising the powers of his imagination in describing heaven. If trances are a myth to-day, then Peter upon the housetop, and Cornelius, and numbers of prophets upon whom a "deep sleep" was wont to fall, were but the victims of a diseased condition, and the fulfillments of prophecies mere coincidences. If those who are wise will tell when the Almighty took back the words, "That which hath been shall be," and "There is nothing new under the sun," then we might be better able to see that Paul's request, "Now concerning spiritual gifts, I would not have you ignorant," and his description of different phases of mediumship belonged entirely to the generations of the past; but as it is, we know love builds a bridge over the "little step to sea," and our beloved ones are our "ministering spirits."—*New York Recorder.*

TO MY BODY.

M. G. T. STEMPEL.

You do not possess me, Oh body mine,
But are possessed by me.
These things you fondly call your eyes
I made that I might see
The things I must see, in an earthly way—
The earthly doings of this day.
They are my servants; I master them,
And when they no longer see,
'Tis because I am weary of earthly sights,
And rest in eternity.

And what you consider your hands and feet,
They are my servants too;
I made them to do my earthly work;
They do not belong to you.
And if they grow useless, if they are still,
It is because such is my will.

And what you boast of as your thoughts—
This thing you call your brain—
I fashioned it for my own use.
Chaos in it would reign,
If my care from it I withdrew.
And it must do as I bid it do.

When your mission, my body, shall be o'er,
To dust you will return;
And I will leave you to your fate;
And when I come back to learn
The lessons that this life does not teach,
To climb the heights that I must reach,
Another body my will shall rear;
And wiser that body I'll build;
For I'll be nearer my Father's face,
And more with His Wisdom filled.

So cease your rebellion, O body mine,
For you are possessed by me,
All you can hope to do,
And all you can hope to be,
Is to help me a step on my homeward way,
To be a short hour of my earthly day.

In the *Universal Republic.*

A HAUNTED CHAMBER.

A TRUE STORY.

BY OREDOR LAOMER, Author of "Riches in Poverty," "Death the Gate of Life," "The Real Presence," etc.

"All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses; through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

"We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.

"There are more guests at table than the hosts
Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall."

—LONGFELLOW.

WHEN a young man I entered the Methodist ministry, and was subsequently stationed in the Eastern counties. I had three colleagues, one of whom was an author, and frequently went to the city to see his publisher and to correct his proofs. On one occasion I accompanied him. We spent the first part of the day at the printer's going through the proofs, and then wandered *ad libitum* to see the sights of London. We selected a hotel in a quiet secluded spot, away from the noise and bustle of the city. It was not large, but very comfortable and suitable for a bookworm, who required freedom from the distraction of city life.

It had formerly been a gentleman's residence surrounded by a garden, which was now built up, and hid the hotel from the main thoroughfare. The house had a "history," and great events had taken place in troublous times. There was in the centre a large old-fashioned oak staircase. On the right of the entrance was a commodious dining room, the walls surrounded by dark oak panels, in the centre of which were hung ancient portraits of some of the previous occupants of the house, who had been prominent characters in the nation in the days of Charles I. In this room many a daring scheme had been formulated by a party in the state. On the left was a drawing room, now used by commercials, similarly panelled and pictured. A room behind this is now a smoke room, and another on the opposite side of the hall is used as a library and writing room. On the first floor there is a long corridor leading right and left with various sleeping apartments on each side. At the end of the right-hand passage is a long chamber, having two large windows at one end, which formerly looked into the back garden or park. The door was at the other end, the fireplace being between these half way up the room. The bedstead, which was a four-poled tester, stood between the door and windows with the foot opposite the chimney breast. This apartment was very commodious, well furnished with old-fashioned oak furniture. It had been the guest chamber in days of yore, but was now only used occasionally when the house was full.

We retired to rest about eleven o'clock, and, both being testotallers, were in our normal senses. About two in the morning I suddenly awoke as by some impulse, as though someone had touched me. Being young and strong, I usually slept soundly, and seldom awoke in the middle of the night. I was, however, now wide awake, wondering what had aroused me, when, to my surprise, I saw a lady enter the room as if through the door. But I did not see the door open. Besides, I was under the impression that it had been properly fastened by my companion before getting into bed.

It was full moonlight, and I could see the door very distinctly; but how the lady had entered without it opening was a puzzle to me. She seemed to be clad in a light pink silk dress—I could hear the rustling—with a white wrap of woolly appearance over her shoulders, and with a frilled stand-up collar, such as was worn during the reign of the first Charles. She was tall and erect, appeared to be of middle age; her features were remarkably pretty, but her countenance seemed to indicate sorrow and distress.

She passed from the staircase entrance to the fireplace, where she stood a few minutes looking round, as if in search of someone. She then walked towards one of the windows, and looked out into what had once been a garden. She then turned and retraced her steps to the fireplace and sat upon a chair in the attitude of contemplation. Then she arose and came round to my side of the bed, and stood looking upon me, at first as if she recognised someone she knew, but immediately raised her hands in disappointment, as if she discovered that I was a stranger. She made curtsey, turned towards the door, and seemed to disappear through it in the same mysterious manner in which she had entered.

At that moment I had no other thought than that she was a lady in the flesh who had made a mistake and got into the wrong room; she looked so very human. But the door puzzled me, as I did not see it open. In the semi-darkness I fancied that I might be mistaken.

As soon as she had departed I awoke my friend and asked him whether he had fastened the door before retiring. He assured me that he had done so, and both locked and bolted it. I at once sprang out of bed and examined it, and certainly found it fastened, as he had stated. No doubt I looked dumbfounded.

"What about the door? What is the matter?" asked my colleague.

I then told him what I had seen, and we concluded that there must be another door which we had not noticed close to the one we had locked. We lit the candle and then closely examined the walls on each side and all round the room, but no other opening was visible. I then came to the conclusion that I must have been mistaken as to the door not opening, and that the lady had a key by which she had unlocked it.

"But what about the bolt?" said my friend. "She could not unfasten that."

"Ah! to be sure! there was the bolt fastened also," said I, "that is certainly very funny. I cannot understand it. Oh, there must be another way of entrance."

We were both much puzzled and returned to bed, but we had not been there five minutes when lo! to our horror, the nocturnal visitor made her appearance again through the closed door, as I had seen her come before. We both distinctly saw her pass through the wood without the door opening. She was now surrounded by a slight phosphorescent light, which clearly revealed the door and the walls adjacent to it, and we were now fully satisfied that the chamber door did not open, but that the lady emerged from the centre thereof, and once more walked up to the fireplace and sat down upon a chair, remaining in a passive state for about fifteen minutes. She then arose and repeated her visit to one of the windows looking into the area. She appeared to be in deep distress, wringing her hands and tearing her hair, showing every sign of mental anguish. A second time she approached the bedside, both of us gazing at her in astonishment and some degree of alarm, for we were now fully convinced that she was no mortal, but one from the world unseen.

My companion at length mustered courage to speak, saying, "My dear Madam, what is the meaning of your venturing into our bedroom?"

She tried to speak, the lips moved, but no sound came therefrom. At length she audibly replied: "It is my room which you have ventured into uninvited. I dwell in it night and day. In this room I have lived for an eternity. In it I quarrelled with my husband, and here I took my own life, and I have been chained to it ever since. I have never been able to leave it beyond passing into the next room, where my spirit left the body. When I find mortals here like you, who can aid me, I try to manifest myself, as I have done twice to-night."

"How can *we* help you, my friend?" asked my colleague.

"You can assist me by your sympathy and prayers, that God will forgive me and raise me out of this earth-bound condition," she replied.

"If our prayers will avail to assist you, we will most gladly help you."

"They will; they will considerably," exclaimed the spirit excitedly. "I have tried to speak to many mortals whom I have found in this chamber, but all seemed so alarmed when I have made myself manifest to them that they had not the courage to speak, or else spoke as if I were going to injure them. Unless I am spoken to first I cannot find voice. O, I am so thankful. You will confer a great favour upon a poor imprisoned soul by your sympathy and prayers, and if I can once break the bonds that bind me to this dreadful place, I can rise out of this condition and find light and freedom. O, do, do; pray for a poor lost spirit?"

My colleague at once put up a most earnest prayer, that, if it were God's will, this poor soul might be liberated from her spiritual bondage, and rise to a brighter life.

The apparition manifested the greatest thankfulness, and with a smile on her countenance instantly vanished, and we were left in the semi-darkness of the room.

When daylight appeared we were glad, and then examined closely the door and its surroundings. It was certainly fastened by both lock and bolt, we sought carefully for another opening but there was none to be found.

"What do you make of it?" I said to my friend.

"What can we make of it? There is no other conclusion at which we can arrive, than that we have seen the spirit of a lady who took her own life in this room, and as a result she is earth-bound, and cannot get away from the spot where she committed the deed, she is consequently miserable, that is her hell."

"But," said I, "our praying for her is contrary to the doctrine which we preach. We cannot assist her now, she is beyond our sympathy and influence."

"It may be so, yet it does not seem contrary to the spirit of Peter's statement that lost souls are in prison and may be preached to, and may perhaps be delivered or assisted by sympathy and prayer. Jesus "went and preached to the spirits in prison." This house is that poor soul's prison, and who knows but what our prayers may be available in her case. If I can help her I will. At any rate my prayers can do her no harm."

"I very much doubt it, my friend," I replied.

"The exorcising of ghosts (so-called) is effected by nothing less than sympathy and prayer, exercised by good men for the poor wandering spirit, which enables it to rise out of its earthliness and pass into a higher state, and then it troubles the place no longer."

"My friend," I replied, "that is rank Popery."

"I care not," he said, "whether it is rank Popery or not. I take it to be the truth, and I shall pray for the repose of the soul of that poor lady."

"Well, that is certainly new light to me. I have always been of opinion that when a person dies the soul is beyond our sympathy and influence."

"True," replied my companion "The dead have passed from us, and are gone from our sight and control, yet we may do them great service, and I am afraid that the Protestant Church has much to answer for, in neglecting so important a duty as praying for the dead. Let us never forget to help the poor soul whom we have spoken to this morning, for it is really no dream, but a reality which I shall never forget."

I made no reply to this remark. We decided to inform the landlady of the event at breakfast time.

There was no aid at the table but our two selves and the landlady. My friend said to her, "You put us in a very uncanny room last night, madam."

"Uncanny! in what way?" she replied, evidently with some degree of agitation.

"Why," said he, "there were more in it than us two."

"Ah!" she asked, "who else was there, pray?"

"Well, a very strange visitor—a lady of two centuries ago—made her appearance, and she came in without opening the door."

"Oh, goodness gracious! Mercy on us! Have you seen her?"

"Yes, madam," we both replied, "we have, and spoken to her."

"Oh, good Lord! what shall I do? My business will be ruined," she exclaimed in the utmost alarm.

"You need not be so alarmed. We have, I think, laid the

ghost," said my friend, "and I don't think you will be troubled with her any more. If you are, write and tell me, and I will come again."

"Why, how have you done that?" asked the woman. "She has been here ever since we came and for many years before, and nobody dare sleep in that room who knows of it. Many have seen nothing. I only put people in when the house is full, as it was last night."

"Well, I think no one else will be troubled with her," stated my colleague.

We then told the landlady all that had occurred, and she seemed greatly relieved. Years after, on inquiry, we found that no one had seen the *lady* since the night we slept there. Sympathy and prayer may have assisted her to rise out of her earth-bound condition, and hence she will visit the house no more.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

A LYCEUM LESSON.

How should I consider this? Should it convey to me the impression of being a merciless critic of my fellow-man's character, a frustrator of all his actions for which I have no liking, and an authority to sit in judgment upon his every fault? Or should I regard it as meaning that I should, as a friend, stretch out a supporting arm to my neighbour, and guide my conduct to inspire in him that trust which is the great safeguard of honesty. Surely the latter is the only noble and broad-minded view of my responsibility in my fellow's welfare. Why should I add to my own list of shortcomings by trifling with the feelings of my neighbour in a fruitless endeavour to worry him in to what I, in my presumption, consider to be the right path? What pleasure shall I obtain by continually spreading before his eyes what may be no more than the common property of all men, myself included? I must be willing to learn, and I must join hands with the earnest desire to draw such lessons from my neighbour as will induce him to place before my notice more of that true manhood to which I must appeal in order to work with him for mutual good. My object should not be to forget the evil that I see, but to bear in mind that, in proportion as true and pure qualities are cultivated, vice is eradicated. And to whom am I to extend this friendly help? To all. There are opportunities everywhere and at every hour of the day. If my religion is sincere it is the cultivation of those qualities of which no intelligent being is devoid, and which form my higher nature. My compassion, my sympathy, my love of purity and honesty are ever ready to expand and give to my whole being that satisfaction and happiness which I can get from no other source. I need go to no church; I need open no book to see the misery and feel the suffering in which my companions exist, and I cannot, if I would, disregard the remedy which my own heart proposes. I cannot say why I feel for and with my fellows; it is yet my province to learn, but I know that I involuntarily do so, and as surely am I conscious that it is my duty to alleviate wrong with all my strength. No man is wholly evil, and many of those who are deepest in sin too often seek vainly for support. It is by them of all men that I should take my stand with greater pleasure, knowing that I do so against the prejudice and narrow-mindedness of the "virtuous" portion of mankind. No woman has sunk or has been driven so low in the social scale but appeals to me as much by her need of sympathy as by her helplessness. A word of sorrowful meaning, a tender look in the midst of vice afford me an opportunity of showing my willingness to lighten a heavy burden. Can I be true to my better nature if I disregard these striking appeals; I cannot escape a reprimand as certain to be painful as it is inevitable. If I think upon the condition of humanity at the present day my heart boils with indignation and anger at the terrible and widespread results of man's selfishness and ignorance, and I almost despair at the sight of the apathy and small effort that is made to rise not *from* but *with* our fellows out of the mire of our so-called civilisation. Yet, though I follow my true impulses, I might be tempted to exclaim "What am I among so many?" but for the fact that the same sympathy which attracts me to individuals enables me to attach myself to thousands of earnest men who recognise that only by unity and organised action can the opportunities for human felicity be obtained.

I must consider the social problems and acquaint myself with the broad and general facts of human existence. I must analyse and pass through my mind the propaganda of reforming factions, and carefully treasure the pure principles in each. I need not bind myself to a system of thought or action but work with all who are leading the van in the struggle for the attainment of sound social conditions, no matter what my position or what value may be put upon my help. Thus I may have an object for which I can exercise all my manly powers, and for the attainment and enjoyment of which nothing will fit me better than to endeavour in all my dealings with my fellows to act upon our nobler feelings, whose exercise will produce that everlasting happiness which has ever been the theme of poets and the underlying principle of religious teaching. J. H. CLIFTON.

AN UNTRUTHFUL man is taking his first lesson in learning the language that fills the vocabulary of crimes.

AN INVOCATION.—Lord of all life, thou who art Wisdom and Love, put thy spirit into our hearts, that we, being made pure and holy in our secret thoughts, may not fail to perform all that is good and acceptable in thy sight. May no self-indulgent propensity, no love of pleasure or of ease, no dread of opposition, no fear of shame, prevent our laying out our lives heartily in the service of truth and human advancement, which is thine own reasonable service. Grant unto every member of this household thy peace and the consolation of the heavenly sphere. If we have wandered from the right way, do thou in love bring us back, and lead us into the paths of righteousness and duty. Establish us in right and good, and enlighten us that we may understand thy whole will concerning us. May we watch our hearts, and bridle our tongues, and govern our tempers. May we fear no human judgments while we feel that we are on the side of truth and God. Teach us to prize at their true worth the changing opinions of men, and to find in Thee the absolutely and eternally true. Save us from the delusions of self-love, and all pharisaical conceit; from bigotry, tyranny, and pride. Let Thy pure truth and love be the inspiration of our souls. Amen.

THIS LONGING FOR IMMORTALITY.

And while they look steadfastly toward heaven.—Acts i. 10.

We did not come into the world of our own accord, and are therefore not responsible for being here.

It is evident, however, that we are here for a purpose, and it is perfectly clear what that purpose is.

When we arrive it is with a perfectly helpless body. For a time we must be taken care of—our necessities supplied by some person or persons who have been appointed to that end. After a few years we obtain possession of ourselves, and begin to think and act on our own judgment.

The body goes through the mysterious processes of growth, and continues to develop until it reaches a certain stature. Then the growth ceases, and by slow degrees the body declines in strength, until at last we enter the stage of childhood a second time.

The law is that the body shall increase until it reaches its maximum of energy. It is safe, therefore, to generalise, and say that everything has a purpose ahead of it, and ought to have such an environment that this purpose can be reached, provided the laws which govern it are obeyed. That statement proves itself, and is not subject to denial.

The mind and the soul, like the body, are merely dormant possibilities at birth. They know nothing and have experienced nothing. Knowledge and experience come little by little, and in that way mind and soul commence to develop.

Now, if it be true that the body grows by what it feeds on to its full height and strength, we ought to say without fear or contradiction that there is also an ideal perfection for mind and soul to reach, and that in some way or somewhere the opportunity will be offered to attain that ideal. It would be strange to declare that one part of us can come to its maturity, but the other part never will, for it is plainly true that no human soul has ever yet reached that point where there was nothing more or better—than it could do or become.

We have then, this curious anomaly—namely, that so far as this present life is concerned—counting a man as consisting of body, soul, and spirit—one third of us is accorded fair play for itself with a generous hand, while two thirds of us, and altogether the best part of us are denied the chance to attain their legitimate end.

The idea of immortality, therefore originates in the very necessity of the case, and we rightly argue that if God is just He will give us hereafter the opportunity which not even He can furnish us within the narrow limits of earthly life. We may reverently assert that no soul ever can, under any conceivable circumstances, achieve in these seventy years a moral perfection which corresponds with the physical perfection which the body easily attains. There is something wanting to the soul, then, and that something is an extended opportunity which can only result from an extended existence.

The fact is everywhere patent that the spiritual part of man has hardly more than waked up when Death drops the curtain. The first act has been put on the stage, and is being played well or badly as the case may be. We see at a glance that there is a plot, and we become interested in it. The first act suggests the second and the third, and so on to the end. The characters are all there, the dramatic material for a tragedy or a comedy is abundant, and when the curtain falls on that mere prologue we have a right to expect—why not the right to demand?—that the play shall continue until the plot has been fully developed, and the purpose which the author had in view has been attained.

Now, we have a large number of great men in the world, who rise like pyramids from the level plain, but the greatest of them all is conscious of inexhaustible resources and feels capable of doing grander things than any yet achieved. This is a very startling fact. No man ever got to the end of himself, for somehow a great deed simply opens the door to other deeds still greater.

But there is another fact which is painfully pathetic—namely, that there are hosts of men in every rank of life who are striving hard to make both ends meet and who have the undeveloped capacity for greatness. Give them the opportunities of education and environment and they will attain an eminence now beyond the reach of their vision. The earth is full of undeveloped greatness, greatness suppressed by circumstance.

Therefore, there will be a second and third act to this drama. Another life will furnish what has for a time been refused. The purpose wrought into the soul by its Creator will be attained hereafter. Death is only the servant who opens the door when Providence rings the bell, and ushers you into the larger building where you will have the chance to become a larger man.

Amid the drudgery and hardship of life keep that truth in mind and it will clear the fogs away and leave you in sunshine. We are on the road Home, and the way is sometimes dark and dreary, but when we get there we shall see that every experience of earth was intended to fit us for the higher joys of heaven. GEO. H. HEPWORTH.

PEACE, like a mighty river, flows through the soul of him who has learned to think no ill. It is then he becomes one with the All Good, and is ready to mount, as on eagles' wings, to the infinite heights of being.

ALL THROUGH the long ages of the past, disembodied man ever has been, and through the countless aeons of the future ever will remain, in closest sympathetic union with those left on earth, guiding and influencing them onward to the diviner harmonies of the "Great Beyond."—THEODORE PARKER, in spirit, through H.A.K.

A HEAVENLY MOTHER.—Why, my friend, how long have you got along without a heavenly mother? I could get along without a Heavenly Father better than without a heavenly mother. Do you suppose if there had been a heavenly mother she would have let that snake into the garden of Eden to tempt and destroy the children a Heavenly Father stood ready to curse for doing what they could not help? Not she indeed. She would never have allowed her charge to fall under the terrible denunciations God was about to inflict. She would have seized that serpent and scotched him in an instant! Would she have made a hell wherein to plunge her children for eternal ages? Not so; and if the Heavenly Father had done it, her tears would have drowned its fires for ever!—WM. DENTON.

SAVE HIM! SAVE HIM!

By W.

"SHALL not the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose? Shall not the night give place to day? Shall not the glorious summer sunshine once again dispel the dark dreary days of winter? Yea, all these things shall be. Rejoice! Rejoice!"

So my hand wrote, obedient to some mysterious power, instead of answering to the dictates of my own brain. My heart and soul were in the very depths of misery; my life had become a burden too great to be borne. All my efforts to keep in the ranks and fight the battle of life manfully had resulted in failure—utter and hopeless failure. Here was I, at 50 years of age, broken down and wretched, fearing the to-morrow of the great hereafter, when we must render up our account to the God of—what? I knew not. I had sought peace, salvation, religion, but what had I found? That life was a misery to 99 out of every 100; to a few—and, unfortunately, I was one of the few—it could become such a burden that, even though I feared the unknown terrors of what might be after death, the thought kept coming, with greater and greater force—end it; why be a slave when by one stroke of the poniard, or one draught of forgetfulness you might be free? "Forgetfulness?" Ah! there was the doubt, there was the fear; would it be a forgetting, or what? Is there really a Hell for the damned over there? and permitted too by a God of love! Love! Well, whatever my fate may be in the next life, surely if anyone ever felt damned and in hell in *this* life it is I.

Such were my thoughts when my hand, forgetting its subjection to my brain, my will, wrote as if guided by another brain and will the words written at the heading of my story. I started; stared at them with brain all on fire. Was I going mad? or what was it? How came my hand to write words of comfort and hope when my life was an utter wreck? Whatever marriage may be—and that is said to be a lottery—I know life is one, and I have drawn a blank—or was it my parents who drew it for me? Wretched man that I am, that I ever saw the light. But I'll end it to-night. I was certainly mad when I wrote those words of comfort and hope, for there is no hope for me, either in this world or the next—none! none!

"Who says there is no hope?" whispered a voice near me. "Listen and you shall know that no one who strives to do right and live right is ever utterly forsaken by God."

"Who speaks?" said I, jumping up from my chair and looking round the room in bewilderment. "Tell me, who was it spoke just now?" I waited and listened, then said, "Will no one reply? Who is here now beside my miserable self?"

"Your better self. Your conscience—the stamp of divinity in man—he is with you."

"Enough, enough!" I cried impatiently, "now I know it, and I am surely justified in putting an end to life when I hear voices speaking of the divinity in man, when that divinity—if it be such—has led me into nothing but evil."

I took the phial which I had carried about with me for many weary months, ever hoping, till the last shadow of a foundation for hope seemed to have vanished; I poured the contents into a glass and said: "Now shall I soon know where the soul goes to after death—if I have a soul; where the damned are held in their misery; where the burning, fiery lake is, which a *loving* (!) God has prepared for the devil and his angels. Loving? When I have drunk this I shall soon be free from the sight of my own miserable prospects here anyway. Death—my invited guest—I drink to thee!"

"Amen," said a deep, stern voice near me, "I came when called, faithful to the summons. Drink, and we part not again."

The sudden change of voice so startled me I dropped the glass, and the contents were spilled upon the floor. Nerveless, trembling like an aspen leaf, I sat down for fear of falling—thinking to myself: one more weary day must I travel the old road; one more—but no! for once I will be successful—there is the river! "Death," I cried, "I will still meet thee to-night."

"Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning" whispered the same, sweet voice which first spoke to me.

"Joy! who speaks of joy to a man who has made a compact with Death! The house is haunted, and I am mad!" I rushed from the room and out into the cool night air; then with feverish haste I hurried down towards the river, hoping to find peace in its deep waters.

"Stop!" said someone near me, and an old friend, whose company I had avoided for some time, took hold of my arm, "Where are you off to in such a hurry?"

"To the devil," said I, "I have an appointment and it is late. Let me go."

"Oh, he can wait," replied my friend; "tell him you had a prior engagement, and come with me."

I hesitated, but, weakened by worry and privation, I felt his will was stronger than mine, and I yielded to his entreaty. He put his arm through mine, and with listless steps I walked beside him. When we arrived at his home he asked if I had dined. Dined! I had not tasted food for two days, but simply said "No."

He left me in a room alone for a while, when instantly all my weight of care returned with a rush, and I again saw the gloom of my prospects like a tangible, impenetrable cloud, crushing me to the earth. I jumped up and sprang to the door, where, meeting my friend, I cried vehemently, "Why do you keep me here? Let me go!"

"Not till you have dined," said he; "then you may go."

For the first time I looked full into his face, and the kindness and sympathy I saw there, mingled with a strong expression of determination, completely conquered me, and I sat down and simply wept like a child. My friend said nothing, but just waited till I was quiet again; then, when my physical wants had been satisfied, we turned our chairs to the fire, and he said, putting his hand on my arm: "Now, Will, out with it; what's the trouble?"

"Trouble enough," I replied, "when a fellow falls ill, can't get work, has spent all his savings, and not a soul to look to for help, curse it."

"Never mind the curses. We will take them for granted, and put them in at the end of the story—if need be."

"There is no story, nothing but failure, and I am going to the devil, as I told you."

First of all let us see if something can't be done," said he, "you are a good accountant, come to my office in the morning and I will give you work till something better turns up."

It is needless to go into the details of what followed, sufficient to say that, with my friend's help, a situation was found and I was saved. Saved, not only in body, but soul.

My friend was a Spiritualist—that I had always known, but as yet the subject had little interest for me. When, however, I was once again in a prosperous condition, and consequently in my right mind also, he told me that the night he met me rushing madly to the river, a voice kept saying to him: "Save him! save him." "Save who?" he asked, but the only reply he got was the everlasting "Save him! save him!" Putting on his hat, but without the least idea what he had to do, he walked in the direction he felt to be guided, and met me, with the result already described. But confidence did not beget confidence on this occasion, for I did not tell him of my experience that awful night when I thought myself to be going mad—for it is one thing to think one's self mad, and quite another to have others confirm that opinion. One evening, however, when having five o'clock tea at his house, he told me it was the evening for their weekly seance and cordially invited me to stay. With less scepticism than I used formerly to show, but still more with a feeling of amusement than aught else I accepted his invitation.

The medium was a young man named Edward Marshall, quiet and gentlemanly in appearance and manner, but somewhat delicate looking. Almost directly we had taken our seats round the table, he stretched out his hand towards me and said: "A female spirit is standing behind you, she says she once saved you from suicide."

I looked "daggers" at my friend. Why had he betrayed my confidence? That he had done so I was sure, for he alone knew of my miserable condition that awful night. I, however, said nothing then, but felt a strong inclination to strangle that medium for a fraud. Presently he continued:—

"She says that you are a medium, and it was because of you possessing that gift she was able to speak to you and control your hand to write words of hope, which eventually resulted in turning you from your purpose."

I sat silent and bewildered. What did it all mean? Here was a man, a complete stranger, telling me of things which no one knew but myself. Prophecies of future happiness were given, which were soon amply fulfilled.

That was the beginning of my investigation into the phenomena of Spiritualism; the beginning of my turning from the darkness of materialism to the light of truth. I had been saved from suicide by spirit-power, and now I was convinced of the fact. Am I not justified, then, in thinking that Spiritualism is the grandest gift ever bestowed on poor humanity? It is yet but in its infancy; as the years roll on and more and better mediums are developed, the truth will spread, making an ever widening circle, till, in God's good time, all humanity will be embraced in one vast Brotherhood of Peace and Love.

The bond-servant of love alone is free;
All other freedom is but slavery.

Nothing is true but love, nor aught of worth;
Love is the incense which doth sweeten earth.

WHAT SPIRITUALISM HAS DONE AND IS DOING FOR HUMANITY.

"It was a potent instrumentality in the accomplishment of the downfall of African slavery in America and of Russian serfdom. It necessarily asserts the equality of the sexes, and it has done much to advance the progress of the Woman's Rights movement during the last forty years or more. It antagonises the deadly scourges of war and intemperance. It urges the settlement of international controversies by arbitration, rather than by the sword, and that the ill will and malevolence so conspicuous in life be abandoned. It urges men to abandon all filthy habits, and lead clean, chaste lives. Regarding the body as the temple of the spirit, it demands the abstention from everything inimical to its health and purity.

It is in sympathy with all genuine reformatory movements, looking to the amelioration of human ills and grievances, or to the improvement of mankind in any department of being. Capital punishment is specially abhorrent to it, and it declares that all punishment should be strictly remedial and reformatory, never vindictive or retaliatory. It is a mighty agent for the relief of the physical ills of diseased humanity through its many healing and clairvoyant mediums. It urges the utilisation of the present world while inhabiting it—then we are placed in this world to cultivate to the fullest extent possible all our powers and faculties, doing all the good we can, and the best preparation for the next world is to make the best use of this world. It encourages all rational and innocent amusements, so often tabooed by the creedal religionists of to-day, it being merely their abuse and misuse that are interdicted. It emphasises the primary importance of liberty in all its manifold relations, including freedom of thought, speech and action, provided that no infringement be made upon the exercise of a like liberty in others. Be free it says, and strive to make all others similarly free! It demands the complete secularisation of the state, that everything of a theological character be eliminated from statutory enactment from governmental usages and customs, the disassociation of Church and State in every particular.

It restrains and reforms, in many cases, those viciously inclined, through the realisation of the abiding presence of their spirit friends—mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, etc.—conscious of their every thought, word and deed. It comforts, with a lasting joy, the sorrowing mourner for the loss of departed friends and loved ones. And, lastly, it bestows upon those realising its heavenly truths a happiness unspeakable

—N.Y. Recorder.

Where the Natural Scientist stops in his theory of evolution, the Spiritual Scientist steps in and carries forward the process from man to the Angel, from the Angel to the God.—*New Age*.

THE LEFT-HANDED PAINTER.

FOUNDED ON TRUE EXPERIENCES.

BY ENIGMA.

"GEORGE ROBSON is a Spiritualist; there is no gainsaying that. When a man talks about 'earth-planes,' 'mundane spheres,' 'things material and things ethereal,' you need no Oxford Wrangler to tell you how to put two and two together," said Ella.

"He is nothing of the kind," replied Mary, "and if he is, and a model of his class, I don't see anything to sneer at."

"A model of his class indeed! They used to say he was the soul and spirit of it, and in argument and debate the head of the class, if that is what you mean," answered her sister.

"Ella, you know I meant nothing of the kind; and if you are inclined to be cantankerous I shall leave you till the fit passes off."

"But you don't mean to say you could continue friendship with a man who holds his level with such a mean set as these vile Spiritualists, and their vile Spiritualism?"

"I don't understand you," said Mary indignantly, "and I won't comprehend you."

At this juncture the door-bell rang, and the elder of the two sisters whisked out of the room remarking, "It's Mr. Harcourt, the vicar, so if you don't wish your morals to be criticised you had better not betray yourself."

With this parting shot, spoken in a half-mischievous and half-malicious tone, she vanished.

These two girls were sisters, and, being orphans, they were mother and sister to each other. They lived on a small income left them by their father, who, up to the time of his death was a wool merchant. His wife had only survived him five years, and died seven years before the conversation above quoted took place, and the girls had since lived alone, in the presence of Nature, sublime and beautiful scenery, together with a well-filled library, can be called "alone."

Ella, the eldest, was about 23, and Mary just 20 years of age. They attended "the church" of the village. The chief peculiarity of the 2,000 inhabitants was the idea of their own importance as a municipality, which idea was often asserted individually.

As the vicar stalked into the room, his pastoral pomposity and patronising smile somewhat irritated the younger sister, and her greeting was rather colder than usual. If good manners would have permitted she would have escaped from his presence.

"It is a lovely afternoon," said the Vicar, when he had comfortably ensconced himself. "Strolling this way, I thought I'd just drop in. By-the-by, how are you liking your new class, Miss Ella?"

"Fairly well; there is a slight inclination to rowdiness, but with a little management I think that can be suppressed."

"Boys are naturally more boisterous than girls," said the vicar, "but I suppose"—turning a sly look at Mary, and emphasising the "your"—"it is your first attempt at moulding the sterner sex?"

Ella had been quick enough to note the side play of the unning vicar, and followed up with, "Yes, therefore I am inexperienced as to their peculiarities."

"Ah!" exclaimed the vicar, glancing, as if for the first time, at a photo on the mantel; "that is a good picture of young Robson. Fine-looking fellow, but appearances are often deceitful though," adding with a sneer that betrayed hypocrisy, "but I hope appearances are all right there."

"I know of nothing which can cast the least shadow of a doubt on the integrity of Mr. Robson," chimed in Mary somewhat hurriedly.

"I didn't mean any reflection or insinuation upon Robson's character," added the vicar apologetically, "though of late his actions have appeared to me somewhat mysterious."

"We are all free agents, I think," said Mary, "no man can be another man's judge."

"Granted," said the vicar, "but if a man be a member of a community, practically sworn to the promulgation of the ideas of that society, in swerving from the path of duty, is there no right to hold him up as a traitor?"

"If you mean Mr. Robson," said Mary, colouring slightly, "you might as well say so at once," which remark brought a reproachful look from Ella, who, as if apologising for her sister's boldness in speaking so plainly, added, "We have just been having an argument upon that question, Mr. Harcourt, and I think Mary is a little upset."

"Well, well," exclaimed the vicar, "to be candid it is about that same subject that I have come. Things have lately come to light, which have made me feel rather anxious for you, with all due respect to your feelings, Miss Mary, and the delicacy of the subject. The fact is, we held a meeting after service last evening, and it was decided to expel young Robson from the church. He is no longer of any good to the society. I hope you will accept my counsel and be warned in time," he added with a wise look, "and keep out of the snare. He is given to backsliding lately, and is on the high road to ruin if not to the devil, with whom I am given to understand he is in constant communication."

"All the more shame to turn him out," said Mary. "But Mr. Robson, whatever his views, is more what a Christian ought to be than many who profess more. No one can cast reproach upon or prove anything detrimental to George Robson's character, which, by-the-by is irreproachable, compared with many who are at present croaking about what they please to call his 'weakness.' Whatever he professes, he is no hypocrite, and what is more, he does what nine-tenths of the people of St. Thomas's never attempt, he tries 'to do unto others as he would have others do to him.'"

"Tut, tut," replied the vicar, "there is no truth outside the pale of the Church; there alone you are infallible; all else is blasphemy. No one has the right to doubt one passage of Scripture, which condemns most strongly this so-called communion of souls."

"On that principle," argued Mary, "I henceforth withhold myself from the holy communion of church. If there is such a thing as 'spirit communion,' it cannot be otherwise than right, and the empty ceremony as practised can be but a mere sham. There is no wrong in searching for truth, which, by the way, is not necessarily 'doubting castle.'"

Much discourse followed of a more or less interesting nature, but the vicar took himself off in a less self-complacent manner than he had come, musing no doubt on the depravity of the rising generation.

Less than an hour afterwards George Robson sauntered up the path, after an effusive greeting between Mary and he, and a few exchanges with Ella, he said, "I suppose Mr. Harcourt has been?"

"How do you know that?" said Ella.

"I am aware of the fact, but how I know I can't very well tell you. I suppose he will have told you all he cared to?"

"That you have been turned out of church?" said Mary. "Never mind, so have I."

"From what I have heard, it is the vicar's intention to have me boycotted, which intention has been put into practice already, for not a single pennyworth of goods has been fetched from 'the stores' today; all my customers have gone to that reprobate Smith."

"Christianity!" ejaculated Ella.

"Hypocrisy!" added Mary. "But, George, they say that Spiritualism borders upon Atheism; and although we cannot countenance the action of the church people against you, yet I hope you are not deteriorating in your views."

"They say," said George, "and on what authority do they say? They who know the least always croak most. It is simply the attitude of blind ignorance. When 'they' have investigated sufficiently to test the truth of spiritual phenomena, then, and not till then, can they be competent judges. I have offered them the best advantages for impartial criticism, invited them to come at what time was most convenient to them to hear a medium whose expense I myself would have borne. But some would have looked out of curiosity, and, observing the truth of the statements, would not have dared to reveal them publicly, while others choose the safer path and refused to have anything to do with it. The fact is, they enjoy a fool's paradise. They have been caged up amid the fusty volumes of theology so long that, like birds borne in captivity, they are loth to fly into the pure atmosphere of free, unfettered thought, where shines God's true sun of reason. Reason is righteousness; blind acceptance of unaccountable wonders is a degradation of the mind, and then those who please to call themselves teachers of God's truth forbid us the use of what alone places us above the animals, on pain of being treated as heretics, to be scoffed, scorned, and spat upon. 'Practical religion'! Bah! I feel myself turning cynic."

"George! Not by any means a praiseworthy accomplishment."

"Well, Mary, their bigotry approaches as near the perfectly ridiculous as anything I have before witnessed. To see the shallowness of your own shell you must come outside of it, and see yourself as others see you. That is what 'the church' Christians need to do, and then they will be surprised at the unsubstantiability of their cloaks."

"Perhaps it is but child's play to test your sincerity," ventured Ella.

"I don't think so; but if they hold out, as I think they will, it will mean—well I don't know what it will mean."

"Leaving the place?" asked Ella.

"I suppose so! Still it is only what everybody considered heretical has had to endure from the church! It is a good thing for me they do not possess the power they had 200 or 300 years ago. The intention is there, they only lack the power, or I should by this be nought but ashes—to the mortal eye."

George's sarcasm gradually wore itself out as the two sisters showed increasing interest in the subject which he had been investigating so diligently. In the enthusiasm which he felt as he eulogised the wonderful phenomena, the glorious truths, and the sublime teachings as testified by those who had lived before, he gradually lost consciousness of the wrong that had been done him. He had just been speaking about the blessings conferred upon mankind in the return of the dear departed to guide and comfort us in the time when we most need their succour, and was bewailing that people so stubbornly pushed away from themselves, out of sheer folly and priest-admiration, the blessings held out to them, when he noticed that Mary gave a convulsive shiver, and found that she had closed her eyes. He quieted Ella's fears, and asked her to remain still and watch.

It seemed as if Mary's soul was endeavouring to free itself from its mortal fetters, and at intervals the struggling seemed so severe that Ella would have gone to her sister, but was restrained by George with a few words of explanation. After a time Mary became quieter, and her hand was seen to oscillate.

At George's request Ella procured a pencil and some sheets of writing paper, these being given to Mary, she almost immediately wrote with her left hand: "The gloom is but temporary; place your trust in us and it shall not be misplaced. Give us an hour each morning, with easel, brushes, and paints."—The Left-handed Control.

At this mysterious message and Mary's more mysterious manner, Ella seemed dumbfounded. In his explanation George impressed upon her the necessity of allowing Mary to sit in perfect quiet for an hour each morning, and they would wait the issue.

After a lengthy conversation with the sisters, when Mary had resumed her normal condition, George went home, and though he was overjoyed he did not expect any great issue from Mary's development.

Next morning Ella came running, almost breathless, into the "stores," and exclaimed, "Do come up to the house, George, Mary has done such a lovely picture."

"I was just thinking of putting up the shutters in defiance; the boycott has become quite hot. I have had Mr. Harcourt down, chuckling at what he thinks my discomforture. But I am quite equal to the siege for some weeks," and with that he locked up his shop and took the arm of his friend, and together they walked quickly to her home.

Ella went quickly into the dining-room, and though she had given George to expect much, the sight far exceeded his most sanguine expectations. There, in the most delicate hues, coloured as only a master hand knows how, was a picture representing "The spirit's awakening; so-called death." It was a living monument to the existence of one who had once lived the earth life, but who now was wishful to carry on his work on the other side.

As Ella explained, Mary had not been seated long before she went through the same manoeuvres as on the previous night, and rising up, with closed eyes, and apparently unconscious, picked up the brushes and palette, and standing before the easel commenced in a most masterly style, and with her left hand, to manipulate the brushes; an art which she had never understood or practised. If it had been Ella (who had dabbled in an amateur way) it would have been less surprising; but Mary! not that Mary did not possess those instincts and nobler feelings of human nature; it was an art in which she had longed to make herself proficient, but other duties devolving upon her, her time was fully occupied.

That evening they held a circle, and the same spirit wrote most comforting and encouraging messages to George to hold out against the siege, as it would soon pass over, himself the victor. More than that, promises of more pictures to come, and, as development became more perfect, pictures of greater value, that would bring both means and fame to Mary, served as a stimulus to the ill-treated young man.

In less than a week, in spite of the vicar's wild denunciation, one by one George's friends were prevailed upon to look at the pictures of Mary's production, who was well-known to be no artist, and in a half critical, half fearful way, George's invitations to seances were accepted, and some of the most reasonable convinced. The vicar's plot was thus foiled by a counter-plot, which brought Smith's non-Churchgoing customers and Spiritualists to George's place of business, so that he was far from being the loser in the end, as most of his old customers came back.

Mary had many friends by whom she was esteemed, and together they soon gave the vicar much cause for anxiety at the sparsity of his congregation.

During an harangue, in which he worked himself into a fearful passion, the vicar went so far as to tell the sisters they were "the children of the devil," and needed "praying for," but when Mary assured him his prayers would avail them nothing, that each was his own redeemer, and the crown of life eternal was one self-jewelled, and not secured on a penitent death-bed, all his pastoral dignity went to the winds, and, "tell it not in Gath," he pronounced them "the damned of the devil"! [Truth.]

Needless to say, when the nuptials of George Robson and Mary Maude were solemnised, Mr. Harcourt had another practical demonstration of the injurious effect of Spiritualism on the clerical purse, as his official participation in the ceremony was not deemed necessary to the future happiness of the bride and bridegroom.

A FLORAL PHANTASY.

IN MEMORY OF ONE PASSED ON.

AN ORTHODOX VIEW.

I hold a bunch of golden Daffodils,
And with most bitter pain my heart o'erfills;
The Daffodils bloom on—
But thou, alas! art gone.

In May when dainty Lilies of the Vale
Unfold their fragrant bells, serene and pale,
Tears 'dew their beauty fair—
Thou art no longer there.

In June when Mary Lilies, white and tall,
Ope golden hearts—the loveliest blooms of all—
Then I remember thee,
As pure, as fair to see.

And when the Roses snow the garden o'er—
The Roses that *thou* loved'st so much of yore—
Bitter the thought to me
They are unseen by thee.

And as I linger 'mid our garden bowers,
I think of Heaven's myriad stainless flowers,
And thou content to be
So far apart from me.

A SPIRITUALISTIC VIEW.

Away such thoughts! I know each Daffodil,
Is haunted by thy presence sweet and still.
Touched by thy gentle touch *
Since loved by thee so much.

I know that where Vale Lilies blossom fair,
Often thy gentle presence lingers there,
Delighting in their bloom
And exquisite perfume.

And when the Mary Lilies blossom tall,
I know then thou delightest most of all,
Heaven may have fairer flowers,
But these, most loved, are ours.

And when thy Roses bloom as long ago,
Thou lay'st thy soft cheek 'gainst thy fragrant snow.
Caressing whisp'ers come †
Roses of Home—of Home."

O, ever come? No pallid haunting ghost,
But the sweet gracious † Lady loved the most
To make it home to me,
As it was wont to be.

KATE TAYLOR-ROBINSON.

Tweed Green House, Whalley Range, Feb. 17, 1896.

* Eight years ago, a private medium who did not know me, described the lady of this poem as moving gracefully round our drawing room and touching the flowers in the vases daintily. † Mrs. Hyde, controlled by her, asked for the roses of home that were pinned in my dolman, left upstairs in the friend's house I was then in—they had not been seen by Mrs. Hyde at all. ‡ "My lady" of my "Book of Poems."

THE RETURN.

[The following story is to some extent symbolical. The house and its neighbourhood stand for the spiritual life, and the woman *revenant* for spiritual truth; the second attainable only through the first.]

THE drizzle had begun to languish when the dark young man reached the gateway, but the mist still swam and hovered among the limes. Far beyond these the house could be discerned in an open space, darkling, shadowy, and still. It was the sound of voices in the lodge that brought the pedestrian to a pause, and while he stood wondering who the caretaker's companion might be, the door of the cottage opened, a flicker of firelight peeped into the grey damp evening, and a white-haired figure in clerical style came out. There was no time to withdraw to the trees if the traveller had desired to do so. He was at once caught sight of and, apparently, recognised.

"Oliphant! It is Oliphant!"

The young man passed through the gateway. To a quick eye he would have seemed to hesitate before the outstretched hand, while something like a flush struggled into his temples. "You see, I have come back," he said.

"Mr. Robert, sir!" cried a thin delighted voice from the doorway of the lodge.

Oliphant turned to the old servant with a sad smile. "Yes, it is I, old friend. You are not looking well, I think; are you ill?"

"Let us step us inside a moment," said the minister. "John has been a little indisposed—not seriously; but it is well to call sometimes and remind even such staunch adherents as he of what may happen. So you have returned. Some day, perhaps, you'll tell me where you have been. I have heard strange stories, Robert! You are back for good, I hope?"

"I hope so, Mr. Ferguson."

"Your departure was very incontinent, do you not think? Even her father bore the blow, if I may say so, more bravely bore it, in short, like a Christian. But perhaps I do wrong to recall it?"

"You may speak freely; I can bow my head now."

"And is it too much to hope you have become reconciled in yet another way?" asked the minister, with a sort of timorous eagerness.

"Not yet, I fear."

The light sank in the minister's face, and he turned to another point. "Where do you sleep to-night?" Oliphant answering by a gesture in the direction of the house.

"There!" said the minister. "It will be quite unprepared; nothing but damp and cobwebs and echoes. And (let me see your face), I believe you, too, are ill. You shall come home with me to-night."

"Pardon me, it is my whim to sleep near *her* to-night and henceforward. Be sure I can make myself comfortable until the place can be put into shape."

"I'll go with you, sir, and help you."

"You must stay where you are, John; it is rather you who need help. You have no notion how I have lived lately! Do you know what it is to sleep beneath the open heaven? One thing that I have learned is to be of less trouble to those about me."

"I wish you had learned what I half looked forward to," said the minister wistfully. "You have been restless and ill at ease, my boy, and I can tell you the reason. There is only one road to peace, and that is through Christ. Oh, if I could make you see and feel this thing as I do!"

"I almost wish you could," said Oliphant, "if only because it would place me on common ground with one of the best of men."

His words were sincere, for, apart from the old clergyman's title to regard as father of the woman he had loved, Oliphant held in genuine respect the forthright goodness of the man. And as he returned along the dark road after accompanying the minister some way toward the village the subject occupied him tenderly. To have someone show a little concern for him seemed, after his isolation in the crowded world, a new experience; and the gratification of it perhaps helped him to a warmer estimate of the religious temperament, with which he was not by nature in the closest sympathy. And yet his sentiment was not without a tinge of pity; such as, indeed, the logical mind must always feel toward those who strive—how passionately and how vainly!—to narrow the Infinite into a single figure and a little table of laws.

He stood for a moment in the porch of the house, looking out upon the world. The drizzle had ceased; the mist was so near vanished that one could see a few small, far-off lights where the village might be judged to lie; and above, the face of heaven was brightening, and a few stars already began to twinkle down at him. From this point the sea was invisible, but its voice was everywhere, now rising into a faint roar, and falling anon to a continual hoarse murmur; symbolic of the elemental forces, which break out violently or feebly, as destiny may choose, but never quite cease to thrill at the heart of things.

Inside, the stillness he broke upon seemed centuries old. The door closed with a hollow clang—it was long before he heard the last reverberation, and even then a soundless quiver lingered in the air. Eerie shadows fled before and closed in stealthily behind as he passed along the corridors bearing a lighted candle. And somewhat to his chagrin he caught himself wondering whether, for all his resolution and the desire for old scenes, he would ever again be able to settle contentedly in the house, which was the same, indeed, yet unspcakably different. Nor was there much respite from such thoughts in the appearance of the library; here, on the contrary, the sense of gloom was almost oppressive. The origin of this effect he was unable definitely to trace, though several features of the chamber might contribute to it—heavy carved furniture, solemn-looking tomes, dark tapestry; even the portraits watched him sombrely. On one of the last his candlelight was turned for several long moments, and the face that looked down at him was that of a woman, not so much remarkable for fleshly beauty as for eyes unfathomable; eyes, one would have said, that had looked deep into the vault of night and there learned things mysterious and sad. Oliphant's gaze passed beyond the picture to a blur half-smothered in lilies, and a slow

procession moving seaward; there she was buried by the sea she loved, and there she slept to-night, and the stars looked coldly down upon her solitary mound, the sea sang its eternal rugged harmonies, and she neither saw nor heard. It seemed to him that the eyes regarded him in sorrowful reproach. He could not bear the look; he turned for relief to the making of a fire.

Whether attributable to the picture or not, the gloom of the chamber and the oppression of the air had become more palpable; an unaccountable giddiness possessed his brain, he was conscious, too, of a touch of fever; and by the time his fuel was prepared, the place appeared almost unbearable. He passed a hand across his brow, thinking it very strange. A glimpse of night, with clear-shining stars, was visible through one of the windows. By contrast with the heavy portentous atmosphere of the library, it suggested all that was fresh and bright and inspiriting, and altogether allured him so strongly that he changed his mind about the fire and took up the candle again. Scraps of open-air life, curiously confused, yet pleasant enough, came back to his recollection, and when he stood at last in a grove of firs behind the house, the touch of night air and the scent of wet foliage were like meeting an old friend.

Above the trees, innumerable stars in the deep heaven had triumphed over mist and rain, and the night was almost warm. Yet he gathered branches for a fire; moved mechanically, perhaps, by certain gipsy memories of his late experience. The spot he chose was a hollow into which the firs descended in a troop, leaving the higher ground, whence the sea was commanded, almost clear of shrubbery. So clear was it that even the dim starlight showed a mound and a headstone near the summit. Thitherward the smoke of his fire drifted, eddying and curling, on a wind that the night was idly breathing; his eyes followed the smoke, and saw it pause midway, tremble, and then slowly return, taking something of a shape. He sprang to his feet and stood staring with parted lips; and even before he sank down under a new attack of the giddy weakness he had experienced in the library, the form of a woman stood out unmistakably to his eyes.

He murmured one word convulsively, "Helen"! And then, as she looked upon him with the sad reproach of the picture, "But I have come back," he pleaded.

"Why did you go?" she asked.

"I loved you; I believed that the clay had obliterated you for ever; and I wished to forget my loss, which was here continually thrust upon my memory wherever I turned."

"Forever?" she repeated. "Why should you have believed that?"

"I used my reason."

"And reason is all? Listen. I have been near you very often when you were looking upon beautiful pictures or into beautiful skies, and I have seen your eyes fill from the poignancy of your feeling; was this in any way related to you reason? A few days ago, although you could find numberless excuses for remaining as you were, the impulse to return here was so strong that you gave up everything and came; how does your reason account for this?"

"You say you stood by me often. Why did you not manifest yourself, and so remove my error, and save me from things that must have pained you?"

"I was near indeed; yet there was between us a barrier of the very tinge you mention. Do you forget there are sea-depths where the sunshine cannot reach? and yet it struggles hard enough. I was waiting till you should return."

"I think I have been wilfully blind," said he after a moment. "I am sorry for . . . we seem to have drifted apart . . . you are cold. You have not ceased to love me?"

Her expression softened in an instant; she stooped and kissed him, smiling tenderly. "I love you more than ever," she replied; "and however deep you might have sunk I should still have gone on loving you and waiting for you."

He struggled to his elbow with an exulting countenance. "Oh, I could die in peace," said he; adding, "You will stay with me now?"

And she replied: "*I shall never leave you.*"

T. E.

A CALL TO WOMEN.

Be up and doing, sisters all,
 Know ye not "the workers win"?
 Hear ye not the clarion call
 Sounding through the mighty din?
 Be up and doing; in your hand
 Is now the saving of the world;
 Will ye not nobly take your stand,
 Or must the flag of truth be furled?
 Be up and doing, mothers all—
 Or ye who mothers yet may be;
 Shall not the power of evil fall,
 And effort lead to victory?
 Be up and doing, work is here,
 In every home throughout the land;
 To conquer ignorance and fear,
 And help the weakened ones to stand.
 Be up and doing; yours the power
 To bear sweet messages of love;
 To bless in sorrow's darkest hour,
 To bid all might of knowledge prove.
 Be up and doing; babes who plead
 Stretch forth their tiny hands to you,
 That they from chain of ill be freed,
 That they be taught the good and true.
 Be up and doing, weak or strong,
 The little task or duty grand;
 The power of Love will vanquish wrong,
 And banish misery from the land.

—MRS. M. H. WALLIS

CONSTRUCTIVE SPIRITUALISM.

ONE great matter for Spiritualists to impress on their own minds, and then to stamp strongly on the minds of inquirers, is that our aim and effort is not merely to demonstrate the truth and reality of certain alleged spirit phenomena, and then stop. These phenomena are of exceeding value, as means to a great end. They not only lift the veil between this and a higher state of immortal existence, but they point to a new Philosophy of Life; to a comprehension of our spiritual faculties here, as well as to the great hereafter; to a finer knowledge of the psychological laws by which we influence and control each other, for good or ill, every hour, to the keeping a due balance between the outer and inner life—the culture of all faculties and powers of body, mind, and spirit; to the natural, free, and harmonious use of reason, judgment, and intuition in the discovery of truth—a Harmonial Philosophy; to the wonderful power of will, guided by wisdom and vitalised by love, in making the rough places smooth and opening an upward path; to the blessed ministrations of healthful magnetism, in healing the sick and giving surcease of pain to the suffering; to the wonders of clairvoyance—our own spiritual sight; to the great truth that we are built to last, our personality to endure, and to be still more distinct beyond the grave; to the death of all superstition, miraculous supernaturalism and dwarfing dogmatism; to hopeful effort in the light of larger knowledge, for righteous daily living, understanding righteousness to mean righteousness—being right, and wise enough to live rightly.

The world must understand that Spiritualism—in this high and inclusive sense—is a revolutionary movement; not through blood or violence; not by brute force or bigoted persecution; but by giving deeper insight and calling our whole being into new and harmonious life and liberty, giving us something better than the outworn dogmas and unphilosophical errors that the world is leaving behind.

DEAD MAN'S RANCHE.

BY LOUIS BERT.

JOSEPH HARDING returned to England from Australia after an absence of thirty years, for he felt he should like to end his days in the Old Country with relations and friends, but he came to find them all passed to the Great Beyond. It was a sad disappointment to him, for he had suffered keen bereavement in loss of wife and four children. He had made an immense fortune whilst abroad, but although rolling in riches he was poor in all that makes life worth living. After seeking in vain for even one person that remembered him in bygone days, he decided to return to Australia. Before leaving England, however, he gave a dinner to a few acquaintances, for a wealthy man can always find companions ready to share the good things with him; it was quite a *recherche* affair, and they all seemed to very much enjoy it. The dinner ended, the guests settled themselves comfortably into easy chairs, lit their cigars, and listened to their host telling reminiscences of his experiences in the Colonies, the ups and downs and the roughing of his early days.

"One strange thing I remember," he said, "that clings to me a great deal and makes me wonder if it is possible to draw aside the veil and penetrate the mists beyond the tomb. That the so-called dead can return I feel confident, or the murder that I am about to relate would never have been discovered. I was once called upon to serve as a jurymen on a murder case in Melbourne. The victim was a young Englishman named Brown, who had come to seek his fortune, like a number of others in Australia. The murderer was his partner, an Italian, a dark saturnine looking fellow. They had taken a cattle ranche and were rather prosperous, and for a time all went well. Suddenly the young Englishman was missing, but no uneasiness was felt concerning him, for his partner, Angelo Grazi informed all inquirers that he had gone on a twelve months' tour to England, and in all probability his fate would have remained a mystery but for the strange occurrence at a farm. Near to the young men's land there dwelt an old farmer and his wife (named Anderson). They were English people and had left the old country in the first flush of youth to make their home and fortune in the far off land, and they still felt a great regard for the mother country when they heard that the young Englishman, James Brown, had gone to visit his home, looked forward to his return with great interest, longing to glean some direct information concerning affairs in England. A year is a long time to be absent, so the months slipped by without awakening any suspicion on the part of the old folks.

John Anderson was in the habit of taking his produce to market once a-week, it was a long drive into the market town from the farm, so that he did not get home early as a rule, and he often called at an old-fashioned tavern on the road. One night when returning home, upon coming near to his neighbour's ranche he saw a form seated upon the fence. He could see that it was the form of a man, with his head bowed in his hands, and without coat. Although the light was a little uncertain, and John was yet a distance from him, he fancied the form was familiar; so hurrying up the horse, he came within speaking distance, and to his delight he recognised the Englishman. He shouted cheerily to the young man:

"Hello there! How did you find things in the old country? All right I hope? Becky will be delighted to know you are back. You must come to see us and tell us the news." But, instead of receiving an answer, to John's dismay, the form slowly rose and glided away in the direction of a clump of trees, below where lay a pool of water, and, turning a sad white-looking face towards him, disappeared. John felt his hair inclined to rise, so whipping his horse he drove home as quickly as possible, rushing into the house he saluted his wife with "Oh! Becky, I do believe I have seen a ghost, or something of that kind," and then commenced to tell her his experience. "Well, John," answered his wife, "did you call at the Star and Garter before you left Melbourne, and drink a glass or two of ale?" "Yes, I did!" "Ah! I thought so, John, for if you had taken no ale you would have seen no ghost." John was silenced if not convinced. On his next visit to the market he acted upon the advice of his wife, partook of no ale to the surprise of his old friends and companions, for he did not want to see another

ghost on the journey home; when drawing near to the same spot, John's heart was made to beat more quickly by the sight of the form seated on the fence as before, but he was determined not to lose sight of him this time. Slackening the speed of the horse he got out of the cart; it was an incline, and he could see the form still in the same position as he drew near. "Hello!" he called, "if you are the Englishman Brown, speak to me, don't try to frighten a fellow by behaving so strangely." No answer from the form, but as before, it moved from the fence, glided towards the clump of trees, turned round, and beckoned John to follow him, then slowly pointed with his finger down to the pool. John felt rooted to the spot, but with an effort, when he saw the form disappear, sprang into the cart and drove home as quickly as possible. Rushing into the house, "Now, Becky," he cried, "I have not called at the tavern, or taken any ale." "I warrant you have seen no ghost then." "Ah! but I have Becky, in the same place as before, and he this time pointed into the pool." "Then there has been foul play, John, and you go to the provost in the morning." So acting upon his wife's advice, he went to the chief magistrate for the county. That gentleman did not laugh at the information, as many might have done, but said: "I will send a detective to see about it, for I hear that a portion of the ranche has been offered for sale, and that looks very strange, and one of the partners away in England."

A detective visited the place disguised, as though he intended to buy, and found that the Italian was very anxious to part with that portion of the land where the pool spoken of was situated, with an excuse that he would decide in a few days. Asking permission to measure the land for fencing, the detective brought a Redskin Indian, who are very keen scented, to examine the pool. The Indian at once proclaimed, in his fashion, the presence of a dead body. Taking some water into his hand, as he knelt by the pool, he said "white man's fat." The detective understood this, and relying upon the statement at once arrested the Italian and had the pool dragged, with the result that the dead body of the young Englishman was found. Ultimately the partner confessed to having taken his life for the sake of gain; he wanted the whole of the possessions. He suffered the extreme penalty of the law, and the ghost of the young Englishman was not seen afterwards.

Mr. Harding finished his story by saying, "I can vouch for the truth of it. I only wish that I was as sure of seeing my loved ones as I am that John Anderson saw the form of the murdered Englishman. Yes, as I told you before, I was one of the jurymen, and heard quaint old John tell his story."

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

EDUCATE the masses, and the hewer of wood and drawer of water will be better citizens and produce better children, and the nation will be ultimately blessed—but educate.

FROM the universal order of heaven and hell, it appears that evil punishes itself and tends to its own abolition. Such is the Divine Law in the permission of evil. It is also a universal law that love shall reward itself. Thus it fares with every one just as he wills to others.—SWEDENBORG.

REV. JAMES MARTINEAU says: "Amid all our controversies it is of moment to remember the moral innocence of mental error. 'He who would not rather be damned than escape through the sufferings of innocence and sanctity, is so far from the qualification of a saint that he has not even the magnanimity of Milton's fiends.'"

ORIGINALLY appealing to the affections, Spiritualism has satisfied the judgment; and some of the best minds of the age are now numbered in its ranks. This brief span of earth-life is but a segment of the vast cycle of existence, and the largest segment by far is beyond the grave. Spiritualism sets a higher estimate upon man than perhaps any other school of thought.—THOS. GALES FORSTER.

The theory of Spiritualism without spirits is a gross material abortion, and must linger in life until the strangling cord of materialism is tight enough to extinguish the indwelling vitality. The scientific appellation of telepathy given to this phase of soul communion will explain nothing unless we view it in the light of the expanded being in a spiritual state, and behold the fountain of soul-force in a realm of pure spirit.—*The New Age*.

THERE is an assurance, an abiding comfort and confidence in a knowledge of spirit existence and communion as enjoyed by all true Spiritualists, that no faith in things unseen and unknown can possibly give. To the true Spiritualist the dark problem of the grave has been solved. For him the future has no terror, and he is reconciled to bear the burdens of life patiently, knowing that thereby he is the better preparing himself for his home in spirit life, and for the companionship of loved ones gone before.

RELIGION is universal; theology is exclusive. Religion is humanitarian; theology is sectarian. Religion unites mankind; theology divides it. Religion is love, broad and all-comprising as God's love; theology preaches love and practices bigotry. Religion looks to the moral worth of man; theology to his creed and denomination. Religion is light, and love, and virtue, and peace, unadulterated and immaculate; but theology is the apple of discord, which disunites and estranges one from another.—*Lilienthal*.

DIFFICULTY OF COMPARISON.—In a selection taken from Mrs. De Morgan's work, "From matter to spirit," by *The Philosophical Journal* of Chicago, occurs this sentence, showing the trouble encountered by *revenant* spirits in endeavouring to describe their soul-world surroundings and conditions to those yet prisoned in the mortal: "Thus heaven has its couches, its rests, coverings, . . . but attempt to name them with the equivalent on earth, and the resemblance dies away, as dies the gold and the many hues of an autumn's sunset."

LIFE is a musical ripple upon the measureless ocean of existence. It is eternal because allied to God. Death is the shadowy attendant of life; and each in its time and turn is equally beautiful. Before the fresh blade and the full corn in the ear, the kernel must die in the damp earth; before our gardens and groves can be clothed in spring verdure, they must be stripped by autumn gales; and so, before we can be clothed upon with immortality, and dwell in the perpetual presence of the loved in heaven, our bodies must go down one by one to swell the great city of the dead.—J. M. PEBBLES