

THE TWO WORLDS.

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No. 456—VOL. IX. REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1896.

PRICE ONE PENNY

MRS. BLISS.

MRS. BLISS is one of the best known Spiritualist mediums in London, and her clairvoyant gift has been so well developed, and become so reliable, that she counts a host of friends, who, besides being attracted to her *personnel*, are grateful to her for her mediumship. The lady under notice is bright and vivacious in manner, and of prepossessing appearance. Her health is apparently entirely unaffected by the exercise of her medial powers, and this is, without doubt, due to their guarded and intelligent use. Six sittings a day is the self imposed limit and regulation number of seances that she finds perfectly compatible with health of body and mind. Anything attempted beyond this somewhat circumscribed limit she believes would, in time, cause a marked deterioration of mediumship and health. Mrs. Bliss, very properly, has a due regard for both the welfare of the Cause and herself, and is to be complimented upon what she has done to maintain the status of each.

As a medium, this lady is visited by all sorts and conditions of men and women, some believers in spirits and some not. Many accept the clairvoyance readily enough, but rule spirits out of the question, proving that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, as some of them admit later on. The investigator or inquirer into Spiritualism, who has the good fortune to be admitted to a sitting with this remarkable lady, invariably leaves with a good deal to think about, if not convinced that "there is more in heaven and earth" than is fairly considered in many of the current philosophies of the times.

Mrs. Bliss is a believer in personal emanations, spheres or halos, surrounding people. She sees their auras, and notes their varying and distinctive colours. By this means she has learnt to know people at a glance. She is able to distinguish the "pure in heart, and sound in head," as readily as the most bankrupt of soul, and inflamed of passion. It is interesting to chat with Mrs. Bliss upon the subject of personal colours. The purest halos, according to her observation, are blue, violet, gold, and, rarest of all, white; the impure colours: dark green, black, mottled black, and very dark grey. With people possessing the latter unsaintly lights, the medium is debarred from sitting by her guide "Vigo." Sometimes Mrs. Bliss has to negative the request for a sitting for other reasons than those stated. Some people are so constituted as to absorb and drain the medium of those very forces upon which the success of a sitting so largely depends.

The paramount objection to this species of innocent and unconscious vampirism, however, is for health reasons. "Vigo" chooses and rejects, even before the outer door is sometimes passed or opened to a visitor, and Mrs. Bliss always abides by his decision. A polite and courteous negative is reluctantly given in these cases, and the sitting does not take place, in consequence of the utter depletion and exhaustion that would ensue. Of a verity, the unfortunate one goeth *empty* away, as he came, while Mrs. Bliss retains and conserves her vital and psychoplastic fulness.

In response to my inquiry as to the date and origin of her mediumship, Mrs. Bliss said: "My mediumship was undoubtedly born with me, as I can trace it back to childhood's days. I cannot say that clairvoyance was ever very wonderful to me, as it always seemed a *natural* gift. It was not until 1889 that I used my powers in a public way, and then I began my work at Forest Hill, and continued it there for upwards of five years, convincing hundreds of people of the truth of Spiritualism.

"Within the past two years," added Mrs. Bliss, "I have retired somewhat from really public work, in favour of more private labours, the demands of this latter phase being larger than I could manage with a public work also."

I learn further that Mrs. Bliss inherits the clairvoyant faculty from her mother. Her first noteworthy experience was while sitting at breakfast one morning. Looking up from the table suddenly, she beheld a young man, in the dress of a sailor, come along the forecourt of the house. She described him to her mother, who said it was the description of her cousin, whom she had never seen. This young man came to see them the very next morning, looking just as he did in the vision. He died not very long after this, and raps were heard in her room, four at a time, at intervals, for nearly an hour.

These first experiences just related happened in St. John's Wood. Leaving there, Mrs. Bliss settled at Pimlico. Here the knocks grew incessant, loud when Mrs. Bliss was present, weak when temporarily away. A little table once came across the room to meet her when she entered. On one occasion some oil-cloth was waved up and down in front of her as she went up stairs. A very eerie experience occurred one night, when the bed-clothes were removed from off the bed, and floated about the room.

This house became too disagreeably haunted, and the family removed to Bayswater. Here Mrs. Bliss met Monsieur Gounod, Mrs. Weldon, and other well-known people, and here also she began to make the acquaintance of spirit people. The first individual clearly noted, of the latter order, was an old lady, who seemed to follow her all over the house. Mrs. Bliss states that she thought her some intruder, and she did not dream for a moment that she was other than flesh and blood, like herself. Afterwards, some neighbours, to whom the experience was related, recognised her as a former tenant, who had died in the house.

Mrs. Bliss had a vision of her husband some days before she met him. She saw a figure in the hall, who said "My name is Willie Bliss." A few days after she met her husband, in just the same clothes, and under the same circumstances that she had seen in the vision, and his first words were, "My name is Willie Bliss!"

It was not until Mrs. Bliss lost her little child, of six summers, that she really threw herself heart and soul into Spiritualism. Then she desired to know fully, and of a truth whether death is but a change, and the dead live in a larger life and can return. Mrs. Bliss tells the story of her satisfied conviction in some lines before me.

She says, "I took a quiet holiday away from home, and passed a whole week praying that my desire might be given me, and at the end of a week the little one came to me, as real, as tangible, as unmistakable as ever she had been in the flesh. She talked with me, and told me I had a mission in the world, and that she had been taken for the purpose of bringing me to a knowledge of the truth, and the work that was before me. Then, kissing me on both cheeks, she disappeared."

"Did you ever see her again, Mrs. Bliss?"

"Yes! twice after; and the second time seemed to be a vision expressly wrought to remove certain misgivings that assailed me.

"The reality of spirit return was now beyond question, but I remembered that in the first lecture I had heard on the subject, Christ was completely and deliberately ignored; and to me, brought up as a Churchwoman, not only did this seem wrong, but I began to ask myself seriously, if, under such circumstances, to seek or encourage intercourse with the other world, was right at all. The answer came in a vision one morning, as I was lying in bed, thinking of other things. The whole end of the room disappeared from my view, and in its place appeared a living picture of palms and flowers, and standing in front of them my child, and by her side a man of remarkable beauty and sweetness of expression, resembling the conventional features of Christ, so that I saw that, if it were not he, it was intended to represent him to me. I saw him place a

hand upon the little one's head as if in blessing, then take her by the hand and lead her back to the palms, till both disappeared and the vision faded away. This experience brought great comfort to my heart, and dissipated my doubts for ever. A third vision of the child I had immediately afterwards. Going up into the room where she had died, happy in mind, and satisfied that my loss was her gain, I again saw her. There appeared first what looked like a round ball of mist, which grew in size, until it took the shape and colour of the pink night dress in which Flossie passed away, body, head and arms slowly evolving from the mass, until the perfect child rose in the bed and held out her arms to me. I put out my own to clasp her, and they met together through the form, which melted away, and then I knew again that it was really a vision."

Physical manifestations disappeared with the advent of trance mediumship. In the interior, dreamlike, visionary, and trance-state, she has beheld prophetic and remarkable things. She relates that, some three weeks before the death of Mr. Burns, she knew of it, and mentioned it to many people.

The work of Mrs. Bliss, as before stated, has been for some time past in connection with private and influential people. Their testimonies, however, to her mediumship cannot be here given for obvious reasons.

PERSONAL TESTIMONIES.

Mr. Stead, in a letter, said: "My dear Mrs. Bliss,—I have great pleasure in sending you a line to testify as to the excellent results which I have obtained from your mediumship. On one occasion, particularly, I think your telepathic reading of my mind was one of the most remarkable exhibitions of telepathy that I have ever seen. I had just written a story, which was still in MS., and you described all the details of one chapter, which related to a special building, describing how it was built, and what was being carried on inside. . . . I have also had very satisfactory tests with you in connection with my own control."

Thus far, Mr. Stead. A lady writes under date, May 21, 1896, as follows: "I was sitting with Mrs. Bliss when a remarkable vision was shown to her of a ship in great distress. She distinctly saw the features of one on board, who has since been recognised as one of the survivors of the *Drummond Castle*. Mrs. Bliss's powers of psychometry are very wonderful. She prophesied a *very unexpected* event, which was realised within a fortnight, and exactly as she foretold it."

Another, evidently professional, lady, in a letter before me, expresses herself briefly but forcibly in this wise: "My dear Mrs. Bliss,—What a wonderful woman you are! I did play the . . . part you said I should last Saturday, and I think made a success in it. I am most grateful to you for having told me beforehand."

Still another lady writes in testimony:—"Mrs. Bliss's gifts are wonderful. I went to her quite a stranger, only giving a lady friend's card as recommendation. Firstly, she told me of an operation I was about to undergo, explaining everything most clearly. She described the exact manner in which everything would take place, and which subsequently did, without a single exception. I am not a Spiritualist, but a firm believer in clairvoyance. I would also like to say that I consider Mrs. Bliss one of the very few sympathetic ladies one really feels the better for being in the company of. There are many other personal friends of mine who have had the most wonderful tests through this very gifted woman."

A lady writes from abroad, as follows: "Dear Mrs. Bliss,—I have often thought I ought to write and let you know one of your divinations has happened. When I came to you I had no idea that my going abroad was a possibility, yet it has happened! I went with a lady and gentleman, just as you said I should. Strange to say you also said a man would come into my life, and one of his facial characteristics was that his moustachios would be widely separated in the middle. Well, I have made the acquaintance of an engineer here who answers the description exactly."

Mr. William Brown writes from Whitchurch, Salop, date, August 23: "I dare say you will remember I sent you a letter during the early part of July, for you to try to get into the surroundings of its writer. On July 14 I got your answer, saying that my brother, whose letter it was, had been sick up the country in South America, and all communications cut off, but I should hear from him in five or seven weeks, and that he is now quite well. I am glad to let you know that I got a letter from him this morning, which was written on July 5, and reached Buenos Ayres July 27, and London August 21, just five weeks and five days since you sent me the information. In it he says he had been ill for three weeks, but was quite well now, and having been in an out-of-the-way part, had not received letters or papers from home since February." Mr. Walter H. Blackman, of Denmark Hill, confirms here the fact that whilst at home at Forest Hill I saw clairvoyantly, and described to my family and another person, an operation being performed on a friend of his, in his presence, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, several miles distant, all of us being at a loss to explain so curious a vision, until Mr. Blackman told us that the operation had taken place exactly at the time I had seen it.

Mr. W. Gorn-Old writes: "What do I think of the mediumship of Mrs. Bliss? My experience of her powers is limited. I have had opportunity of testing her only in regard to the 'psychometric' faculty, and in this respect she is *wonderful*. On the occasion of which I speak, she was given a letter, written by myself to a lady. This lady was of a sceptical nature, and carefully guarded all possible channels of information to the medium. The selection of the object for contact by the medium was left entirely to my friend. Two other witnesses were present. Mrs. Bliss opened the seance by describing my

character and indicating my sex. She accurately gave my past life, mentioning in particular some facts wholly unknown to those present. She further said that I had the seeds of a climatic infection in my blood, which would produce attacks of fever, which is quite true. She dealt with the future very explicitly, and mentioned some things which are wholly in agreement with the readings of other mediums, and quite in accord with my expectations and intentions. So far as her psychometric gifts are concerned, Mrs. Bliss stands, in my opinion, among the best mediums of the day."

Mr. W. E. Long, 35, Station-road, Camberwell, writes: "During a long course of private and public Spiritualistic work, in which I have had a large and varied experience of all forms of mediumship, I have never encountered a more reliable and consistent exponent of clairvoyance and psychometry than Mrs. Vincent Bliss. It has been my privilege to watch the steady growth of her mediumship from the first series of circles held at Winchester Hall, until, by persistent effort on her own part, and the aid and advice of her spirit guide, she has cultivated those spiritual gifts, the exercise of which is the rock on which we build our faith, our all. Speaking of the guides of Mrs. Bliss reminds me they are 'familiar' spirits indeed, in the very best sense of the term, as to many a bereaved soul they have brought the greatest of all human consolation, the knowledge of immortal existence, which to those who mourn means joy, peace, and strength, in place of grief, doubt, and fear. In the private exercise of her mediumship I need only say she enjoys the full and continued confidence of her numerous clients. Of her public work at the Surrey Masonic Hall, by her clear and lucid psychometrical delineations, pertaining to persons, business, past failures, present advice, and future prospects, with descriptions of spirits in and out of the flesh, she led many to the glad some truth of Spiritualism. Certainly, the most wonderful exercise of her spiritual gifts is that of prevision, which, in the fulfilment, has made us say 'there are more things yet to unravel in our complex nature than the mere knowledge of continued existence' that some seem to imagine is the end and be-all of Spiritualism. In the diagnosing of, and remedial prescriptions for, disease, I have had full evidence of the clear vision that sees the cause, and enables the effects to be removed. The Rontgen rays have certainly been anticipated by the exercise of this clairvoyant power of internal discernment, and if her time were not so fully occupied as a seer, her invaluable powers as a healer would soon bring her into prominent recognition. Mrs. Bliss is blessed with many good gifts, and they have proved a blessing to many."

The above will suffice to prove that Mrs. Bliss has had most remarkable experiences, and that her revelations to others have been equally surprising.

About nine months ago Mrs. Bliss told me that I should shortly be removing. I had no notion of such a thing then, and let it almost pass from my mind. To-day I am reminded of it, for I am leaving the very premises in which she made the prediction. A. F. COLBORNE.

THE MYSTERY OF MALHAM TOWERS.

BY WESLEY NOAKES, author of "*Basil's Quest*," "*Red Cross*," etc.

CHAPTER II.—ANDREW MACPHERSON'S LODGERS.

MALHAM proper, was a thriving little town on the north side of the Towers estate. It possessed a public library, assembly rooms, and a technical institute, the gift of one of the county members. On the south side lay Lower Malham, as it was generally termed. This was scarcely more than a village. Several families lived here, whose male members followed their avocations in the former place, Malham town. By permission of the Carringtons', they were allowed to use a private footpath, which ran through the estate. This effected a considerable saving of time, as the public road took a circuitous route, longer by at least a mile. Facing the principal village street, stood a roomy double-fronted cottage. This was rented by Mr. Andrew Macpherson, a gentleman who hailed from north of the Tweed. He was foreman for a firm of builders and cabinet-makers in the town. His house was rather large for a working man, but Mrs. Macpherson found that she could easily let several rooms during the summer months, which not only cleared the additional rent, but left a small surplus into the bargain. A few months back, Andrew's firm had engaged a clever young wood-carver and designer, named Ransom. The young man had asked his shopmate if he knew of suitable apartments for himself, mother, and sister, which eventually resulted in their taking Mrs. Macpherson's spare rooms.

In one of these rooms, the table was set for tea. A little kettle was bubbling merrily on the fire, and close by, emitting a delicious tempting smell, was a pile of freshly-toasted cakes. The apartment had two occupants, an elderly lady, who was sitting by the window, looking down the road, and a younger one, who was arranging some freshly-cut flowers in two vases, preparatory to putting them on the table.

"There, mother, dear," she said, giving them a few finishing touches, "how much pleasanter a table looks with the addition of a few flowers; and they cost us nothing, which is no small consideration. How lucky we were to drop into such a beautiful little place."

The mother sighed deeply. "It is a little paradise, Lena. I could have been perfectly happy to live and die here, if only our dear one—"

"Now, Mammy," said the girl, putting her arms round her mother's neck, "you are not to fret. Do you know, that since we came here, my feeling that all will come right, is stronger than ever. Isn't that strange, seeing that we are over four thousand miles away from where our great trouble took place. You and Dick always laugh at my impressions, but candidly, now, don't they come true, as a rule?"

"They do, frequently, my dear. God grant you may be right this time. It would be easier to bear if I knew what had happened, but this sickening suspense is killing me. I awake in the morning thinking and hoping that the day will bring me some news, only to retire at night, weary and disappointed. Five years have now passed away since he left us on that fateful morning, well and hearty, to disappear, leaving absolutely no trace of any description.

"If he had not been a kind father, a tender, loving husband, the case would have borne a complexion easily understood; but that is out of the question."

"Poor father!" said the girl, "he is in God's hands, however, and we must not despair. We may hear something yet. Stranger things have happened. Ah! there is Mr. Macpherson's latch-key, and Dick is with him."

Immediately following her words, the door opened to admit a young man, whose age appeared about twenty-five. His face was undeniably handsome, but what was better, it was a good face. His bearing, the pose of his head, the straightforward look of the eyes, all betokened a strong independence of thought and action. He crossed the room, kissed his mother and sister, and then exclaimed: "I am simply famishing. If you are not quick, Sis, I shall understudy the wolf in 'Red Riding Hood' and make a meal of you. Really, it's a case of 'nineteen, twenty, my tummy's empty,' as little Johnnie Macpherson says."

He rattled away during the meal until the smiles came back to his mother's face, and his sister was obliged to hold her sides.

"By the way, I have got you two more pupils, Lena. You will be putting on airs on the strength of your income."

"Have you decided to accept the firm's offer?" asked his mother.

"Yes," replied the young man, "I have signed a twelve months' agreement. Five pounds a week to commence with is not to be sneezed at. They will find me as much work as I can do. I am surprised at the amount they turn out, but it appears that we supply several London houses."

"It is not the work I should have chosen for you, Dick. I don't like to think of you, with your talents, in the position of an ordinary working man."

Her son smiled. "Mother, dear, there is no degradation in honest toil, and truly—it suits me. At present I am doing some panels for a cabinet, and it is as much a labour of love as of duty. I like to think that my work will go out into the world and be admired, as well as serve a useful purpose."

"Would you feel the same pleasure if you were fashioning the leg of an ordinary kitchen table, Dick?" asked his sister, mischievously. For reply, he rolled up an antimacassar and threw it at her.

"Now, your cabinet," she went on, assuming a didactic manner, "will probably grace the drawing-room of some bloated monopolist, who has made his money by sweating his workpeople; or, perhaps, it will be purchased by a member of an effete aristocracy (that is the correct term, is it not?), who has never done a day's work in his life. On the other hand, the unassuming article of furniture, the said table would most likely find a resting-place in the humble cot of some horny-handed son of toil, where it would be a thousand times more useful than your ornate and expensive cabinet. Oh, I know that you can expatiate at great length upon the beauties of Art (capital A, please), but, notwithstanding, I accuse you of pandering to Monopoly (capital M, please). Prisoner at the bar; or, rather, the Right Hon. Member for Ivy Cottage, is asked to explain his recent statement, and make it coincide with his well-known views on the misuse of Capital, and the necessity of utility before elegance."

"He-aw! he-aw!" cried Dick, clapping his hands.

"If I thought your mind could bear the strain, I would condescend to argue the point with you."

"You dare not, sir; you are afraid of exposing your own mental deficiencies."

This was a fair specimen of the good-natured chaff with which the two generally enlivened their meals, and amused their mother. Dick rose to his feet, pulled down his waistcoat, waved his hand with a magisterial air, and, having cleared his throat vigorously, was about to deliver a crushing retort, when a tap came to the door.

It was Andrew Macpherson, who asked Dick if he could spare him a minute.

"Certainly," he replied, stepping outside.

"Are you fond of a little excitement, Ransom?" queried his landlord.

"That's me," said the young man, laconically.

"And you don't mind striking a blow in a good cause? Mind you, it may mean broken heads."

"You are tempting me beyond my strength," said Dick, with mock gravity. "If you don't unburden yourself at once and accept my services, I shall be mortally offended."

"I am much obliged to you," said the other.

"Now, you had better tell Mrs. Ransom that you may be late home, and so prevent any anxiety. Say we are going to a meeting in the town. I can explain further as we go."

Dick followed Macpherson's suggestions, and then rejoined him in the hall.

"Take a stick with you—a thick one," said Andrew, who was already provided with a cudgel of massive proportions.

"Macpherson," said Dick, as they turned out of the public road into the path which led through the Carrington estate, "is your intellect quite capable of thoroughly grasping the distinction between precept and practice?"

The elder man grinned, as if he knew what was coming, but said nothing.

"The other day," resumed Dick, "in the dinner hour, you were spreading it on very thickly to some of the men that moral suasion was the proper thing to bring people to a sense of their iniquities. In the face of that reasoning, I should like to know what that is for?" pointing to his companion's formidable looking weapon.

Andrew's grin spread into a broad smile, as he replied: "You must allow a man a little latitude between his theories and the manner of working them out. I'm not denying the principles of moral suasion, but, somehow, I have always found them more potent when backed up by something substantial," twirling his stick in the air.

"You are a fraud, Andrew. Now, what is the evening's programme?"

"Some friends of mine—by the way, I think you have met them—Mr. and Mrs. Renshaw?"

"Yes; there was a young lady with them. Very pretty girl, with dark eyes."

"Oh! you observed that, did you?" said Andrew, drily.

"Go on with the programme," said Dick.

"Well, they are Spiritualists. Their Society is not a large one, the members meeting chiefly at each other's houses. About a year back they took the large assembly room, hired a well-known lecturer, and held a meeting for the purpose of making known their philosophy and religion to the townspeople. On the whole, the meeting was a success, as it brought forth several inquirers, who have since joined the society. Towards the end of the lecture, some of the rabble of the town began to raise a disturbance, turned out the gas, and would have ill-treated the lecturer, if he had not made his escape.

"It leaked out afterwards that the leaders were instigated by the ministers of the Established Church. Nothing was proved, but for my own part I have not the slightest doubt about it. I have cause to know one of these gentry—the Rector of St. Cuthbert's. Shortly after I had formed our club, and had put some of his congregation in the way of thinking for themselves, the rev. gentleman called on our senior partner, with the avowed purpose of procuring my dismissal.

"You have only been with us a few months, Ransom, but you know that Mr. Lee is not the man to lend himself to a dirty trick of that description. He ordered his visitor out of the place, told him he ought to be ashamed

of himself, and said that he need not trouble to send for any more subscriptions in connection with his church."

"Served him right," commented Dick.

"To return to the question, however," went on Andrew, "my friends are holding another meeting to-night. They will both speak. Miss Renshaw will give clairvoyance, and a Mr. Tallis, from Lancashire, will take questions from the audience. Now comes the point. The parsons are, of course, more bitter than ever, and from what I have heard, intend, in the same underhand manner as before, to interfere, and, if possible break up the meeting."

To be continued.

MEDIUMSHIP.

PSYCHOMETRY.

THE word "psychometry" comes from *psycho*, soul; *metre*, to measure. To psychometrise is to measure the soul or inner condition of things. Psychometry is not a science any more than geology was a hundred years ago. But who can answer for a hundred years hence? Since the days of Mesmer, the scientist has been growing more and more an occultist. Where he will stop, we are not prepared to say. He has succeeded in the production of an intensely sensitive mechanism: for instance, the radiometer, and an instrument for the measurement of delicate vibrations of the earth, within a radius of two miles. He has come to recognise thought transference, and the Psychical Research Society is leading him on to the recognition of the appearances of *post-mortem* humanity. The Photographical Society is moving in the direction of psychic photography. In a word, the air is filled with occult vibrations, and men and women of culture and training are yielding obedience to their impulse. The end is far off, but changes of thought and philosophy will come by their agency.

As an inquiry, psychometry is of recent growth. Hudson Tuttle, in his "Psychic Science," pp. 65-68, gives some interesting notes as to its origin. He says: "Almost fifty years ago, an Episcopal Bishop remarked to Dr. Buchanan, that when he touched brass, even in the night, when he could not know with what substances he came in contact, he at once felt a disagreeable influence, and recognised an offensive metallic taste. . . . Dr. Buchanan at once saw there was a profound philosophy back of this fact, which transcended the senses. He began a lengthy series of experiments, by which he discovered that it was by no means rare for persons to be affected by metallic and other substances." Such was the beginning, but where will it all end? The radiometer is a marvellous piece of delicate mechanism, yielding obedience to the lightest touch of sun-ray, but the human mechanism is a thousand times more wondrous in its perception of force. The sunlight of a thousand years ago can be felt and described by the psychometrist. The mechanism that can measure a millionth part of an inch is truly a splendid bit of workmanship; but, in the presence of a human being, its marvels fade away and appear as nothing. Photography is wondrously subtle, and the power of chemistry to develop the hidden picture on the glass is an achievement of which man needs to be proud. But in man there is a power that can instantaneously develop the photographs of a thousand years ago, by which he can not only be cognisant of the facial presence of that which has been, but can know the inner emotions of humanity that have long ago melted into dust, and whose ashes have become the pollen of flowers, and have lent strength to the north wind. Psychometry is the marvel of marvels; it is a faculty that opens out many an enchanted palace, and proves that all is eternally present; nothing has been, but is—all live. The secret things of the heart are proclaimed on the house top, and the whole past forms the present, and cannot be destroyed.

Dr. Draper, in his "Conflict of Science and Religion," tells us that the walls of our homes are covered with pictures, and they are not developed because we are ignorant of the chemical knowledge by which they can be unfolded. He says, that if we were to place a piece of grained wood near a bit of bright steel in a dark room for a period of two weeks, then breathe on the steel, we should find the impression of the grained wood on the surface of the steel. I cannot say how far all these things are true, but I have simply drawn attention to the statements, because they embody what I wish to illustrate. I think it is John Tyndal who says that we should not be

afraid to use our imagination beyond the bounds of that which is known. Well, we know that some objects radiate light, and we know that light is generated by the motion of atoms. We know that light is emitted from different objects in different degrees of speed and volume. We know that by the agency of light photography is accomplished, and we know that objects have been seen by the light emitted from a horse-shoe magnet, and that by its agency photographs have been taken. Let us go forward with our imagination, and strive to find the limits of the possible. Where does light cease to be, and where does the process of photography in nature terminate? Who shall dare to set bounds, and proclaim a finality? Again, sensitiveness comes to our aid, but it does not appoint a terminus. By its agency we come to the realisation of fact. We learn then by experiment that every object retains within itself a photograph of all through which it has passed. The ancient palace walls are laden with all that has transpired within their bounds, and are simply awaiting the chemistry of human psychic energy, that they may reveal what is hid. Not a sound has ceased to vibrate, not a single sigh but is registered, never a moan, but has its agony still stored away amidst the atoms of those walls; every thought has found a record.

Some three years ago, in the Lesser Free Trade Hall, Manchester, there were exhibited a number of torture instruments that had been in use. I went to see them, and before I arrived in the room where they were, I felt a deathly odour pervade my being. When I entered the room, the feeling became more intense, and so fierce was it when I stood beside the rack, cradle of unrest, and the iron maiden, that it was with great difficulty I could prevent myself from swooning. These instruments of torture were saturated with the soul states of their victims; they were alive with the psychic energies of the poor unfortunates whose miseries they registered, and their cries were ever to be heard by those who were sensitive enough to hear them. To me, this was an evidence of the photographic process of nature.

Professor Denton, as well as Dr. Buchanan and others, have made a vast number of experiments. Dr. Buchanan has published a work on psychometry; Professor Denton compiled three volumes of experiments with his wife and others. Some of these experiments are of a startling character, and go far to establish all that I claim. The description of the eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79, is a marvellous bit of descriptive power: accurate, lucid, and alive with the stern reality of the hour, as is shown by the extract from the writings of Pliny, who was an eye-witness of the events. The geological experiments in the light of the recently discovered bones of the missing link, have a charm and an interest all their own. The limitations of these experiments are not to be found, their practical use cannot be over-stated.

Psychometrical power can be developed, and is accomplished more freely in life than people are generally aware. The maxims of life are the fossils of past experiences, and who has not heard, "that talk of the devil and he will rick his chains"; or, "speak of angels and they will flap their wings," thoroughly evidencing that men and women in the past felt, psychometrised, the presence of their friends and neighbours, though they were not there. Everything has an atmosphere, which radiates to diverse distances. With human beings it can be extended or contracted by the operations of the will. We can feel when not present, and receive into us the emanations of others. To psychometrise is to generate a condition of negativeness or sensitiveness to the atmosphere of other people or inanimate objects. It, therefore, presupposes a power of self-control, by which individuals can still their own desires and feelings, and wait for the reception of impulses from without. It is the power of detecting the difference between an internal desire and an external impulse that makes possible a psychometrical medium. Everybody receives impulses from without, but everybody does not note them, and is not sensitive enough to detect their character. It is, therefore, necessary, not only to be sensitive to influences, but also keen-witted enough to understand them, that success may be attained. The active operations of the perceptive faculties is needful whilst the will force holds the nerve energies in abeyance. The mind must act in two opposite directions at one and the same time. Rather difficult, certainly, but it only needs practice, and the end can be attained. JAMES B. TETLOW.

RE-INCARNATION.

THIS is no new idea! In fact, it is a very old one, coming down to us through the hazy half-mythical traditional past. The re-incarnation theory was rather a pet idea among the Pythagorians and other metaphysical speculators. However ably advocated by the great and wise of all ages, this ingenious, if rather unpleasant probability, has never been very popular with the great body of mankind; even the wildest and maddest hair-splitting philosophers have backed a little at the bare idea of having to go through the ordeal of pap and baby clouts again—perhaps, only to assume the form of a humble shoeblack, chimney sweep, street arab, or become one's own great grandchild. Our children may have been Hottentots or Kaffirs, murderers or philosophers, star-chamber inquisitors, or our own grand-parents! How changed must all this modern life appear to these venerable persons—Rip Van Winkle's sleep is nothing to it. And then, how very distasteful to ones feeling, to have to apply corporeal castigation on the person of our esteemed ancestor, male or female, for some childish or youthful indiscretion—breaking a window for instance.—Boys always break windows; or, perhaps, the re-incarnated venerable dame, in her present youth, is given to gadding about at unseasonable hours, telling lies sometimes, to hide her delinquencies.

Now, if one would feel awkward in having to chastise the re-incarnated spirits of our ancestors, when fleshly passions made them turn a deaf ear to our parental remonstrances, how much more dreadful and embarrassing would, and must be, the feelings of those chosen parents who have been the blessed instruments of bringing into this woeful world the "Expected One," the "Messiah," "Avatar" (or any other name you like to call them), to feed him with pap, and purify his infant garments, which he, like all other infants made manifest in the flesh do, so oft defiles. How anxious must be the mother of the re-incarnate one, when the colic assails him from over-feeding, and, oh, what joy ineffable when he cuts his first tooth! How pleasant for the mother and father, who love their offspring, to learn that in a previous life their young hopeful was a traitor, a drunkard, a libertine, or a swindler! What joy to hear his infant prattle, and watch his baby feet toddle around the house. Oh, the bliss to see the dear infant suck his thumbs, or, as is not uncommon with ordinary infants, give vent to a series of unearthly yells when an unwary stranger pats his cheek, and remarks, "What a fine child; his father's image too!" Still, all these re-incarnated children have had an amount of moral courage the world until now has not adequately acknowledged. To go through all the horrors of *being born again* and know it too; to knowingly endure a repetition of the sweet delights of the bottle, the pleasant pangs of teething and other ills is more than mere ordinary human baby nature can stand; it takes an Avatar or Buddah or Messiah to go through it a second time! No wonder they say the Second Coming shall be worse than the first!

These are some of the lesser evils of the business. What must be the sufferings of the spirit born again in the flesh? If he find himself occupying the dwarfed form of a hunchback, repulsive alike in mind and body—another Quilp in short, or, *vice-versa*, a miserable, narrow-minded bigot, finding himself in the form of a large-hearted philanthropist, the round man in the square hole over again! Because the soul thus projected into the flesh (like the eggs of the cuckoo bird), must partake more or less of the ante-natal conditions of its new maternal parent. This view of the case may account for much that is otherwise unaccountable in human nature. All conflicting elements that we see in families, we must charitably put down to one or two unlucky Re-incarnations in the family. The operations of Karma send the sinner back to suffer for his past sins by accumulating a fresh store of Karma for his new ones, and his last state is worse than his first. Truly, poor suffering humanity is in a dreadful dilemma, fire and brimstone on one hand, and Re-incarnation on the other. We may well cry out, "Lord, have mercy on us, miserable sinners!"

Now, supposing that either you or I don't want to be again re-incarnated, having had enough of earth-life this time, what then? Is it Hobson's choice, burning brimstone or re-incarnation! Some re-incarnationists are kind enough to say we may *object* to become manifest in the flesh again, but their permission "to be or not to be" must be

taken with some reserve, others are equally positive that it is unavoidable. Which is true, it is difficult to determine. Seeing we had no voice in our coming here this last time, so far as we are aware, and, maybe, are suffering for sins we are not conscious of having committed, we not only "don't know where we are," but *who* we are, and are not ourselves at all. We remember, that in the first numbers of "Human Nature" (in 1870-71), Re-incarnation dragged its slow length along for nearly two years. The articles were written by Miss Blackwell, who wrote very learnedly, if not wisely. It was our onerous duty to read those articles aloud. Much ancient philosophy and many philosophers were cited to support the theory, and convince the sceptic, but we rather fear in this instance without effect, for how often does "Wisdom cry aloud in the streets, and no man regardeth her!"

There is a school of Re-incarnationists, in Paris most notably. Their organ is the *Review des Spirit*. It seems to our poor comprehension that they have made a glorious muddle of Pythagorian, Platonic, Socratic, and Indian Theosophy, a kind of intellectual and metaphysical hotch-potch, and called it (for want of better) Re-incarnation. This doctrine is elastic, and can be stretched to the utmost limits of the infinity of extension; hardly any two of its expounders agree on the most important points involved.

One must not take all that is attributed to the ancient philosophers for law and gospel. They too had their fads and hobbies, and like modern mortals were prone to err, and mistake the shadow for the substance. Now, when we come to apply the touchstone of analytical investigation from a scientific standpoint, there is nothing in all the great arena of nature to warrant such an assumption as the doctrine of metempsychosis. We cannot get away from natural laws, nor go beyond the universe. These are our limitations, and considering all things, it's a pretty wide range. In no form of life do we find the soul of one being taking possession of another being at birth, with the intention of remaining in that body until natural decay releases it from the fetters of time. The question arises: If one being, or soul, takes possession of another human body at the birth, what becomes of *that other soul* whose fleshly tabernacle has been thus arbitrarily usurped by that other being, or soul, who thus forcibly enters another body not its own? The cuckoo lays her eggs in the nests of other birds, and her brood, when hatched, eject the rightful heirs from their little nests. This forcible entering of a body not properly ones own seems wrong, for the soul which ought to have animated that body is thus deprived of its rightful heritage, and prevented from receiving its earth education and experience, remaining for an indefinite time an undeveloped spirit, awaiting another opportunity to project itself into some other sympathetic baby body, before it can hope to acquire that earth experience so necessary for its future wellbeing. To our thinking, the whole affair seems absurd and illogical. We all know how we came into this world—we fail to see how the spirit of a person who has shuffled off the mortal coil some hundreds of years ago, should take it into his head to want to come back to earth again through ones daughter, sister, wife, or other female relation. A pretty thing, indeed, for women to be compelled to bear *other* than their own proper children! born even in lawful wedlock. Fathers as a rule will, one and all, protest against Re-incarnation from a moral, as well as financial point of view. If a spirit returns and re-incarnates himself, what becomes of his spirit-body by means of which he became self-conscious, and through which he was able to exert his will, acquire knowledge, and remember his past? If he casts off that spirit-body and ceases to recollect his past experiences his identity will be lost, what then was the use of the earth life, since he loses all he gained and begins at the bottom once more? When a medium or sensitive becomes entranced, and his organism is under the control of the spirit, that form of Re-incarnation is only very imperfect, and lasts for a very short time, but the spirit proves his individuality, and shows that he consciously thinks and remembers, and continues to be himself. This is the only form of Re-incarnation we know anything of at present, and until Science or Art shall have superseded Nature in her generative and natural operations, the Re-incarnationists must be content to wait.

We have had handed down from time immemorial no

end of Theosophy, Indian and otherwise, besides all the learned assertions of the ancient fathers, beginning with John Dun Scotus, and still flourishing in the last Little Bethel round the corner. All Avatars, Grand Lamas, and Saviours gave out that they were re-incarnations of the old. The Kronian Spirit of eternal progression, the old devoured by the new, we can understand, but not this interfering with natural laws. Being re-incarnated two hundred years after last natal day is going a little too far. Mankind is a gullible animal, and will even swallow a whale, but somehow he chokes on re-incarnation!

To this day in the monasteries of Tibet when the Grand Lama dies, or is supposed to die, the new one, a mere boy of twelve years, is supposed to be the old Lama in youthful form re-incarnated. The priests show him, thus re-juvenated, to the people as the veritable late lamented Grand Lama, who believe, of course, that he is the real Simon Pure, by identifying all the dress and articles used by him in his previous earth life. This sounds all very ridiculous to us, but in Tibet they don't lose time to re-incarnate a man again.

We here perceive how religious ideas have reached Western Christianity, strongly tintured with the wild legends and fanaticism of the Palestinian Arabs, who were in constant communication with India, where metempsychosis was a well-known doctrine, and now in our own day we have the Re-incarnationists, who have adopted no end of Indian Theosophy, and have finally concluded that Re-incarnation is a *fact* because *they believe* it. It is a great pity to hear otherwise sane people talk such learned bosh. It would be a crowning mercy if we could sweep all these fads and crude ideas into limbo, and begin again with a religion of common sense and mutual forbearance.

It is a melancholy fact indeed, that at this day of the world's history there is no real religion, no true law of life. The wildest and crudest ravings of over-heated imaginations are accepted by the fairly intelligent. Why? Because the very reverend or deeply-read and profoundly-versed Mr. Somebody has said so. "He is an advanced thinker, you know." To be an advanced thinker, with some people, means anything out of the usual run. They fail to distinguish between Egoism run mad, and real solid thought, whose utterance benefits mankind. This craze after Oriental mystification has quite a number of adherents among what we might term the *softer* sex—male and female!—a sort of Mutual Admiration Society of silly people, who like to have their insatiable vanity flattered by supposing themselves to be of superior goodness, godliness, and everything else, and pat each other on the back, and talk lofty sentiments, all of which end in Re-incarnation or the latest Theosophy, *a la* Blavatsky, or Olcott, which, in plain English, means humbug. With the sad experience of the past, and the lamp of science for our future guide, we should be able to evolve something better than this repulsive re-incarnation business, on the one hand, or pretentious Theosophy, even if it does come from India, on the other.

The fact that people have, and do, recognise places and things they have seen and touched before, can be explained by other laws than Re-incarnation. It has happened to us more than once that we have been in certain places previous to our then first visit. Clairvoyance and pre-vision amply explain these peculiar facts in a more satisfactory way, whatever ancient sages or modern Theosophists may urge to the contrary. With all their talk, and all their fine spun arguments, or sentimental gush, not one re-incarnationist can point out one of his friends, or in his own family, any one who is or was re-incarnated. That is, one who was or is perfectly conscious of having been born into this world before, what they did in their former earth life, the position they held, and how they came to oust a baby from its own embryo body, and what became of that other infant life. *Where did it go?* Into someone else, of course. What a dreadful muddle all this is! Our family is an old one, among the oldest in Scotland, and has given both good and bad men to the world. There were very few saints in our house, soldiers, old sea dogs, statesmen, and courtiers, but beginning from the Wolf of Bannock down until the present day, there has not been one case of re-incarnation! Not a few of these ancient Earls and Kurles left their heads on the block, or swung on a gallows for their dour defiance of the king's laws. Many of these old feudal barons might have wanted to come back to earth

life, especially to Scotland, to have it out with a Douglas or a Stuart and pay off old scores, but never a one among the hard-headed stiff-necked, race ever thought of re-incarnation. We would be glad to hear of anyone who is at present re-incarnated, and what proof he or she can give to demonstrate or convince us of the fact.

Naples.

E. B. JACKSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letters for this page must reach us first post on Mondays, at latest. Short letters will have preference, long ones are often held over for want of room. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions of correspondents, either here or in the reports. Personalities must be avoided.

O.P.S. PENSION FUNDS.

SIR,—I am sorry to inform you that Mrs. R. Cogman passed away on Friday, July 31st. She had been very weak and frail for some time, but was only confined to bed for a few days before her transition. I am sure it will be gratifying to those who have contributed to her Pension Fund, to feel they have been able to smooth her pathway during the last eighteen months. She told me on one occasion of my calling upon her that she did not know how to express her gratitude; she had felt like a new woman since the little sum had been coming in regularly, and she had been relieved from the dread fear of want which had haunted her for some time previously.

May I suggest that all subscribers continue their contributions on behalf of Mr. Wm. Wallace, whose fund is very low, and I also beg to remind our many kind friends of the urgent need of donations or contributions, especially those who have *promised* regular subscriptions, as it would be a very great pity if Mr. Wallace's Pension Fund should fail. Remember his past services, and send at once. All subscriptions will be thankfully received, and publicly acknowledged. (Mrs.) M. H. WALLIS, Hon. Sec. O.P.S. Fund.

TEST CONDITIONS FOR MATERIALISATIONS.

SIR,—As there has so much been said lately in "our paper" with regard to materialisation, perhaps the following test, which has proved successful in Australia, may be profitably tried and duly reported upon for the benefit of all your readers.

In order to verify, in the most substantial manner possible, the statement that real material hands are at work in our seances, two vessels should be placed on the table—one filled with melted wax, and the other with cold water. A request should be made that the materialised hand be dipped into the melted wax, and thus becoming coated with wax, immersed into the cold water, where, of course, the wax would at once harden, and on the hand being dematerialised remained as a permanent memento of its form. If the sceptic's explanation that on the hand of the medium this mould was formed, should suggest itself, they are liberty to try the experiment at their leisure. Let them dip their hand into hot wax up to the wrist; the puzzle will be how to get it out through the narrow wrist part of the wax glove without breaking the latter.

I have it on the authority of Mr. Geo. Smith, a well-known Spiritualist, of Brisbane, that the above test was proved successful by Dr. Mueller, and he mentions the fact in a pamphlet entitled: "Is there an invisible human intelligence?"

In conclusion, I would like to repeat what true Spiritualists and Mystics so often try to impress on those who do not know, that all phenomena should only be a means to convince sceptics that by seeking they can obtain a knowledge of the Infinite Spirit—the Great Reality behind the veil, where all is peace and love.

"Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All raptured through and through
In God's most holy sight."

Cordially yours,—H. BASSETT.

Reform-street, West Bromwich.

SIR,—This subject is of vast moment. W. H. Robinson deprecates personalities, so do I, but in his letters the personal or dogmatic tone was, I thought, too prominent, hence, in order that his representative personality might not overshadow the points at issue, I wrote of his last letter (previous to that you print 14th inst.) pointing out where he was, to my mind, as one of the blind leading the blind.

Cabinets, or darkened rooms, are *essential* to the development and manifestation of certain occult phenomena. "Exact psychic science" demands these conditions. But what do we know of "exact psychic science?" When Mr. Robinson says he is not an advocate of seeking after "physical phenomena," he puts himself outside the pale altogether. He should give us his experience. Suppose I were to request a number of gentlemen to write to you denouncing the use of cabinets, and they were men whom I knew had no experience in developing mediums with such special gifts, and such persons wrote you as requested, what weight would properly attach to such effusions? Now, if Mr. Robinson has had any experience in this matter, his words are of value; if he has *not*, and has no sympathy with any form of physical manifestation, his advice has really no claim to attention.

To mediums and to circles my advice is, never enter into this phase of investigation in a frivolous mood. A very common practice prevails (and I hope to point it out will be to effect its abandonment), I refer to the indulgence of intoxicants before and after seances. Whenever a medium has become exhausted by reason of having sat long in a seance, the proper restoratives are pure air and wholesome food. It has often been the case that sensitives have been supplied with beer, whisky, or other so-called stimulant, after an exhausting seance. This custom engenders an abnormal desire and craving for renewal of these intoxicants, and when the higher guides have left their sensitives, lower ones, with their perverse conditions and craving, vampire-like, enter into the conditions of such sensitives to their injury. Dark cabinets are not so injurious to the sensitive as darkened and depraved counsel and example.

The proposal to examine mediums as to fitness should include this special point. Do away with all sorts of intoxicating liquor in connection with developed and developing sensitives. Discriminate as to all grades of manifestation. Search every medium without scruple, as the best method of defending the medium's good character. Permit no medium to sit, nor any other person to form part of a circle who have with them evidence of indulgence in intoxicating liquor. Hold no circles anywhere in neighbourhood of public houses for the sale of such drinks. Permit no medium to sit for the mere gratification of the curious on the one hand, or for obtaining mere money help for the medium on the other hand. After advanced development, a medium, such as Mrs. Mellon is, may in a suitable circle dispense with closed cabinet for some phases of phenomena, but, as darkness is essential to many operations of Nature's processes of development (darkness, meaning in this connection, absence of sunlight, which is composed of many rays destructive to early development of germ and cellular life), so absence of such rays is essential at most seances, in order that phenomena may be produced. Darkness to us, in the physical, may be, and probably is, light to the operating intelligences from whom we wish for manifestations.

Before Mrs. Mellon left her Newcastle home, her guides could walk about her, visible to her friends, without, or outside of, any cabinet. This does not prove that a cabinet has been useless in her development. It should not be forgotten that this correspondence arose, in my case, through reference to an absent person being involved in the so-called exposure of another. I defend no medium caught tricking, but all straight-forward mediums have my strongest sympathy. And to me it would be a good reward for time and sympathy if I saw come forth from a cabinet the person of a medium clothed in white, black, or any other colour, if it was true that such clothing was the work of invisible and occult power, made manifest as evidence of spirit power.

Manifestation of spirit power may be as vastly varied as the innumerable waves of light which illumine our grosser atmosphere in so-called daylight. I demur to the shortsightedness pervading my friend's letters. There is nothing "exact" in this world except the universal inexorableness of progressive development. This may be too Hegelian for W.H.R., but he will divine my meaning. This communication sums up my view, and contains important matter which so long ago as when I and my wife were of the earliest Manchester Spiritualist Society, with Rev. John Pogo Hopps for our president, and many sincere workers then quietly holding up the lamp of spiritual progress, had then our strongest advocacy.

My old friend Johnson, of Hyde, has not forgotten some of those events; when we carried the fight into the Materialistic camp at Hyde. Keep mediums sober and they will not be so likely to be exposed as "frauds." What is good for sensitives is good for sitters.

—Yours faithfully,

JOHN LORD.

[This correspondence must now cease.—Ed. "T.W."]

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

TO WALTER HOWELL.—There are some letters here for you.

FOR the excellent portrait of Mrs. Bliss, as also that of Mr. Slater last week, we are again indebted to our good friend Mr. Dawson Rogers, of *Light*.

MR. T. GRIMSHAW has arrived in England, and will be pleased to receive proposals for engagements for the short time of his stay here. His address is, 2, Milton Street, Barnley.

MR. SLATER will visit Nottingham, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Newcastle, and Bradford, commencing Aug. 23. Definite announcement shortly as to times and dates.

MR. ANDREW CROSS, of Portland, Maine, in sending his subscription for our paper, says: "Don't cease sending it, I cannot do without it!" Would that every Spiritualist felt like that!

COL. INGERSOLL lectured at the Spiritualists' camp meeting lately, and took half the gate money viz. 858 dols., over £171 for one lecture. So much for the Iconoclast and Agnostic! How much for the one who knows and builds?—*Light of Truth*.

PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY.—During July, Mr. J. J. Morse has been delivering addresses to members only on "Phases of consciousness," "Is there a higher self?" "Subverted personality," "Physical prophecies." He is also holding a class for Hypnotism, and keeps the ball rolling well.

NATIONAL FEDERATION.—The Organiser will be pleased to hear from secretaries of federated, or non-federated societies, with a view to mission work; also from any Spiritualists desiring propaganda work in new districts.—Address, James Swindlehurst, 159, Hammond Street, Preston.

THE main argument in favour of Re-incarnation is that retribution requires it, and that evolution needs it. But what retribution is there in making a sinner begin again without any consciousness of his past. And why should evolution need return? Ought it not to mean progress?—*Light*.

OWING to its great length, we are compelled to put the address in favour of Re-incarnation into small type, and in the latter part of the paper, while the adverse paper by Mrs. Jackson has to go into the front part, but we were anxious to give the whole claim for the theory in one issue, and we could only do it in this way. We shall review the address by Mr. Burgess in our next week's number.

SPIRITUALISM: ITS FACTS AND PHASES, illustrated with personal experience by J. H. Powell. This book is a valuable presentation of our subject, the experiences are clearly stated, and the manifestations were striking, affording good evidences of identity. Facsimiles of spirit-writing are given, and the rational philosophy presented by the author is by no means out of date; indeed, it is a capital antidote to the hair-splitting devices of those people who seek to evade the clear and logical significance of the facts. Cloth bound, 168 pages, it is now offered for 1s. (half-price), to clear out the stock. The chapters on Mediumship, Dreams, Hauntings, Apparitions, the theories of opponents, scientific and theological, are all extremely interesting. We shall be happy to supply the book, post free, for 1/2. Address the Two Worlds Publishing Co. Ltd., 18, Corporation-street, Manchester.

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

REPORTS MUST NOT exceed 70 words. Please note. Forty words are quite sufficient for all ordinary meetings. They should be telegraphic despatches; brief and pointed.

THE *Birmingham Daily Post* reports that at the forenoon services on the last Sunday in March, accurate count was made of the seating capacity in the several churches in that city, which was found to be 8,850; but the absolute attendance was but 840, less than one-tenth of the seats being occupied. A similar census recently taken in Newcastle by the *Chronicle* revealed that only one in ten attend church or chapel. Why? Is it because the people are realising that Christianity is a false religion?

NORTH-EAST LANCASHIRE LYCEUM DISTRICT COUNCIL.—Will all Lyceums in the district note article 6—business—of the constitution. General business to be introduced by motions only. Notice of the same to be sent to the secretary not later than August 7. All reports and returns from Lyceums to be made up to and including the second Sunday in August, and to be sent to the secretary the week following, that the same may be audited and inserted in the secretary's report.—Thos. Wilkinson, hon. sec., 5, Church Brow, Clitheroe.

THE Theosophical leaders appear to know so very much and to be so far ahead of us poor Spiritualists that some of us at least would like to sit at their feet and participate in their knowledge, if we were satisfied that it was knowledge, or if we could only get some solid evidence that it was such, but no evidence has up to the present time been forthcoming, and the Spiritualist, though generally assumed to be credulous, rarely accepts anything of importance without either demonstration or at least strong testimony from others who have had proofs.—*Harbinger of Light*.

A CERTAIN "professor," who hails from a district not twenty miles from this office, after vainly endeavouring to use our movement has now taken up the role of antagonist and exposor, and is publicly pouring out his denunciations upon the devoted heads of all and sundry, yet he still seeks to occupy our platforms, and on Sundays advocate "the higher Spiritualism"? We have been urged to pillory this pervert, but it is not necessary, he will find his level, and the best course to adopt with all such folk is to pity them and leave them to the inevitable operations of the law of consequences.

RE-EMBODYISTS claim that the experiences of all must become the experience of each, hence the need of re-incarnation. Mr. Titus says: "If ignorant of the sorrows of others we cannot through sympathy suffer in their behalf," the implication being that we must know all sorrow and suffering as well as joy and bliss in order to reach the devachan Koraal. Now, we know the universality and excruciating torment of corns and bunions, yet there are some of us who have not "had 'em." The writer hereof has never felt the first twinge of a corn and bids fair to run the gauntlet of earth life with a well-mannered pair of feet. The question is, has he in some prior embodiment passed through the corn and bunion Karma, or has he to go through the fanfaronade of life again some time just to learn what corns are?—*Light of Truth*.

MR. G. H. BIBBINGS.—We were pleased, on Sunday last, to listen to this trance speaking medium, who should have a career of great usefulness before him. He has a fine, rich, powerful voice, a magnetic presence, and is a good elocutionist; his recitations are a rare treat. His address was an earnest appeal for spiritual-mindedness, and the application of spiritual principles to daily life for the formation of a lasting character. Eloquent and sincere it found lodgment and response in the minds of the hearers, and we do not wonder that Cardiff friends speak so highly of Mr. Bibbings, and would like to keep him working in their midst. It says much for their unselfishness and desire for the general good that they are anxious that their North country friends should have the benefit of his valuable mediumship. Mr. Bibbings is an educated man, and socially, is genial, hopeful, and sympathetic, and as a medium, only needs to be heard to be appreciated, and we can cordially and sincerely commend him to societies on the look out for new and cultured speakers. He ought to be kept busy in the Cause, and we trust will be well sustained. Mr. E. Adams, of 303, Cowbridge-road, Canton, Cardiff, will be glad to hear from secretaries who wish to secure Mr. Bibbings's services.

COL. INGERSOLL'S OPINION ABOUT SPIRITUALISM AND THEOSOPHY.—An interviewer reports that the Agnostic Colonel said, "What do I think of Spiritualism? Pooch, I don't believe a word of it as religion or as a truth to swear by. But there are several good things about the Spiritualists, first, they are not bigoted; second, they do not believe in salvation by faith; third, they don't expect to be happy in another world because Christ was good in this; fourth, they do not preach the consolation of hell; fifth, they do not believe God to be an infinite monster; sixth, the Spiritualists believe in intellectual hospitality. In those respects they differ from our Christian brethren, and in these respects they are far superior to the saints." "What do you think of Theosophy, Colonel?" "Ah!" replied Ingersoll. "I can illustrate that with a story which will exactly answer the question. There was a man out in India who was preaching to a few Hindoos on the street. He said: 'Nothing is real, all is illusion.' At that point a man rode up on an elephant, and guided it to run over the speaker. Thereupon the speaker ran away, and the people laughed. Then the speaker came back, and the crowd said: 'How do you explain your conduct so it will agree with your principle?' and the speaker replied: 'Friends, there was no elephant. I did not run away. You did not laugh. I did not come back. I am not explaining this now. It is all an illusion.' According to my idea that man was a Theosophist," concluded the Colonel.

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.

WE ARE sorry to announce that Mr. Bardsley passed into spirit life July 27th. The funeral service was conducted at Salford Cemetery by Mr. Kay, whose address from the words of the poet, "We do not die, we cannot die," was cheering and comforting, and most undoubtedly have greatly impressed all who listened.

THE "TWO WORLDS" PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED.

OFFICE, 18, CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER.

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1896.

EDITOR AND GENERAL MANAGER,

E. W. WALLIS.

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

A FAMILY GHOST.

In a former issue I related an incident that occurred in my childhood, with regard to the uncle who adopted me when a child. This gentleman had married a sister of my father's who had money and property in her own right, and as he was very delicate she urged him to give up business, and live a life of leisure. He did this, and for many years they travelled about. They then decided to build a house to live the rest of their lives in, and they built the one I now occupy.

When everything was beautifully finished and completed, the husband was taken ill and passed on. Like many other foolish mortals, he had delayed making his will, and at the last moment it had to be done hurriedly. In this will he left half of the money he had inherited from his father and half of their joint savings (the house, built out of these, was to be sold and the money divided) to his people and half to his wife, but his people were to have none until her death.

Years went by, getting on, I daresay, for twenty, and we went on living in the same house, when, in some inscrutable way, rumours began to float around that one room (the one the maid servants occupied) was haunted. I was exceedingly anxious lest it should get to my old lady's ears, and I began anxiously enquiring about it, so as to clear it up. Yes, it was true. This one had seen it, and that one had seen it, and all agreed accurately in every detail of face and dress, and—it was my old lady's husband! "Oh, this is *too absurd*," I exclaimed, "Why should he come to look at you when he could go to the room he used to occupy to see the wife he loved so much. This was unanswerable, but still the fact remained. Every girl I questioned (new servants and old) that were said to have seen it, were unanimous in the description, and this was it.

A tall, shadowy figure, with military bearing, clad in a cloak *a la militaire*, a pale, stern face, with keen, cold eyes and grey moustache, shaded by a slouched hat, *a la sombrero*.

This figure, time after time, had glided into their room, and remained in perfect silence, motionless, except once when a giddy girl, full of fun and nonsense, wished him good night, and he then gravely raised his hat, and she buried her head in the bed clothes with a shriek!

How long had this gone on?

I cannot say, for it was kept from my knowledge as long as possible.

How long did it go on?

Until my old lady passed on, and certain properties were sold to be divided, and the branch of his family then entitled to it (many had died during the twenty years between his death in November, 1864, and her death in March, 1885) received their portion. From the time they got the money due to them paid, and all settled up in 1888, I never once heard of his appearance.

But I would like to say here that oddly enough, when his niece came from Australia, in 1888, to receive her share, and we had a seance with two good private mediums, the first spirit friend described was her uncle

(my uncle by marriage), and the clairvoyant, who did not even know my name, added, "He built this house," and the relationship was correctly defined. He was described as tall, grim, military-looking, with grey moustache, and cambric neckerchief tied in a bow. A similar description was also given by two public mediums.

Yet another interesting fact I might mention is that a few months back, at a circle here, a friend, a psychometrist, holding a ring of mine, said he saw an old-fashioned carpet bag, with the labels on, and one was Dover.

This bag was used by my uncle on his last journey, just before he died, in 1864, and the labels were left on by his wife's desire, being a memento of their last journey on earth together. KATE TAYLOR ROBINSON.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM MR. J. J. MORSE.

TIME AND TIDE wait for no man, the proverb assures us, and some three months have elapsed since I had my last chat with my friends at home, in the pages of "our paper," through the courtesy of its amiable Editor. Once again, then, let me seek a similar privilege, and so continue the story of my travels and work in this great country.

In my previous letter I stated that I had at last arrived in San Francisco, which event happened on the evening of what is known as "Thanksgiving Day," the last Thursday in November of each year being set apart by a Presidential Proclamation as a day of Thanksgiving "to Almighty God," for the benefits enjoyed during the past year. I was met by my old friend, Mr. J. Dalzell Brown, the Secretary of the California Psychical Society, on arriving at Oakland, and was escorted by him across the bay to the city, and to the Hotel Pleasanton, where quarters had been secured for me. Tired with my long trip I was glad to be at rest once more. Mr. Brown was kindness itself, as he has been all the time I have been here; indeed, I can never sufficiently express the obligations I am under to him for his courtesy, devotion, and unwearied attention to myself, and the interests of the Society. He has literally spared no time, trouble, or expense in promoting our success, and it is very largely due to him that we have done so well in every respect. He has gallantly borne the brunt of the work, even as he was the enthusiastic promoter and originator of it, from its first inception.

Two days after my arrival it was my lot to be "interviewed" by the representatives of the three leading dailies here, one (the *Call*) publishing a "portrait" of me. No doubt the artist did his best, but it was quite as well that Mrs. Morse was 7000 miles away from him! The "interviews" were published in the Sunday editions of the papers—the *Call*, the *Examiner*, and the *Chronicle*—and created quite a stir. But, oh! the American reporter. For saying "the thing that is not," he beats the world. The only way to be safely "interviewed" is either not to be, or else to write the interview yourself! However, I survived it, and as an advertisement it served its purpose, so I let it go at that.

My first Sunday was a rest, though in the evening I met all our Board at the house of Mr. Brown, "Tien" and the "Strolling Player" putting in their appearance, and outlining the course they intended to pursue. On the following Friday evening I made my first appearance at Golden Gate Hall, the most fashionable hall in the city, and was greeted most enthusiastically by an audience of over seven hundred people, our President, Dr. George M. Terrill, in the chair. The lecture was upon "Psychic science: its suggestions," and "Tien" was in his best form. He carried his audience with him all the way, and, I am told, the cheering was loud and prolonged as he made his various points. Two days later we began our regular Sunday evening lectures, on Sunday, December 8, in the Beethoven Hall, which was packed, and from which some three hundred were turned away for want of room. We were thus compelled to remove to the Oddfellows' Hall, and during our stay there our audiences ranged from five to eight hundred people. Owing to an incurable draught we only remained there for the month of January, after which we removed to Armoury Hall, where we remained until the end of our winter open course of lectures, which closed at the end of April. We had large audiences all the time, and quite a number of very nice notices from the press. Excellent music was provided by Miss Laurie, as pianist, and by Mr. Mitchell, as soloist, this

gentleman being a very fine tenor. Our meetings were free, and as the Board considered that enough had been given to the public for one season, it was decided to hold our meetings, during the summer, in our headquarters, for our members only.

We accordingly commenced our summer course in our own rooms on the first Sunday in May, and have so continued since that time. We have very nice quarters in the Wenban Building, in Sutter-street, a quite fashionable locality, and easily accessible from all parts of the city. Our members quite appreciated the change, and continue to give me their loyal support. In addition to the lectures we hold a meeting once a fortnight, for purposes of investigating various forms of mediumistic phenomena, at which we have clairvoyants, test mediums, slate writers, materialisers, etc. So far, some very satisfactory results have been witnessed. While, in addition, I have given a special course of lectures on psychology, clairvoyance, and psychometry, etc., which I specially prepared for the purpose. At the present time I am holding a class every week for the practical study of hypnotism, at which I have developed some good subjects, the ultimate object being to develop the higher phenomena, for which there is a very excellent prospect. But the experience here is the same as it has been at home, anything in the nature of phenomena is eagerly sought for, and there is no difficulty in crowding our rooms to suffocation for anything in the nature of a seance. Facts are as necessary as ever, and if we ever allow the facts to fall into the background of our work, then the power of Spiritualism, as an opponent of Materialism, will begin to decline at once.

Apart from my own special work, there is but little to report as to matters spiritual in this city. The season of public activity closed in May, and now only the smaller societies keep their doors open. Mrs. J. J. Whitney, the well-known test-medium, has gone east, while John Slater is in England. A Mr. Earle is doing quite well as a platform medium, and the well-known Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake is here again. There are a large number of other good mediums here also, but the amount or quality of mediumship out here, I am told, is nothing like it was when I was here eight years ago. The season's work closed with a State Convention, held in Golden Gate Hall, and continuing for three days. It was one of the best gatherings of the kind it has ever been my good fortune to attend. The three sessions on the Sunday were well attended, at night nearly a thousand people were present, I am told. Absence in the country prevented me attending on that day, though, at the close of my own meeting at night, I just peeped in, so full was the hall, that a peep was all I could get. On the Monday and Tuesday, I attended all the meetings.

The main purpose of the gatherings was to unite all the societies in California into a State organisation, under the laws of California, and in affiliation with the National Spiritualists' Association of the United States. This was accomplished, and the necessary steps have since been taken to give effect to that purpose. The president of the N.S.A., Mr. Harrison D. Barrett, was present, and he materially contributed to the result reached. Mr. Barrett is a man of splendid executive ability, a clear and logical speaker, and a cultured man. He studied for the Unitarian ministry, but being a Spiritualist, he could not get a charge. He has held the position of principal of a public school, filling that post with conspicuous ability and credit to himself, and the school committee, or Board, as we should say. But his heart was in our work, so he has elected to devote himself thereto. Indeed, I may take some credit to myself in the matter, for recognising his ability and fitness when I met him, when last here, and subsequently at the well-known Cassadaga Camp Meeting, in New York State, where he presided at the time I filled an engagement thereat, I strongly advised him to give the cause the benefit of his talents. He did so, and my judgment has been verified by his election to the responsible position he is now occupying for the second term. I only wish he could have been present at our late Conference at Liverpool, for he talks the right kind of sound and wholesome Spiritualism, and has a clear understanding of the organisational requirements of our work at this time. I hope to yet persuade him to come over the "pond" in the near future. He will be warmly welcomed, I am sure.

However, to return to the convention. A meeting will be held in this city in September, to receive the committee's

report, elect the permanent officers, and commence the work of legally uniting the Societies of the State under the Charter that has been granted. So at last we shall have a legal standing in the courts, and have a recognised place in the community with every other accepted religious body. This is now the case in quite a number of the States, the secular advantages of which are numerous and important. The Convention passed a most hearty vote of fraternal greeting and sympathy to our British Federation, and did me the honour of placing the same in my hand for transmission, but I did not discover my omission to do so in my letter to the Conference, until it was too late to repair it. I now send it, in the hope that it will be a case of "better late than never," and at the same time let me express my sincere regret for my unwitting oversight. The Convention also cordially endorsed the work being done in Great Britain for the Lyceums, adding some very pleasant words about the "Lyceum Banner," its editors and founder. Our little, but useful paper has quite a number of subscribers in this city, and the "Manual" is rapidly coming into use here also. But, certainly, it must be admitted that Lyceum work is in a far more satisfactory state with us than is the case in the land of its birth, and I think our methods are the preferable ones.

From December to May, Mr. J. Clegg Wright, whom many will remember, filled an engagement with the Society of Progressive Spiritualists here, but his able and excellent services did not meet the amount of support that they so well deserved, or was confidently anticipated. He was accompanied by Mrs. Wright, a very amiable and cultured lady. He returns to this State in the fall, having been engaged for the winter season at Los Angeles, I understand.

At the end of this month I am anticipating a vacation, which I intend spending at the camp meeting, to be held at Redondo, Los Angeles, nearly five hundred miles south of here. It will be the only meeting of the kind held in this State this year. I will give you an account of it, if nothing arises to prevent my being there. Our old friend Dr. J. M. Peebles is to be one of the speakers, and he has invited me to pay him a visit at his home at San Diego, some one hundred and twenty miles further on, which I shall do. I am told that part of California is very beautiful, but at this time of the year it is very hot as well.

It was a source of very great pleasure to me to learn that the Editor of the TWO WORLDS has been enabled to have a well-earned rest, in Switzerland, this summer. Only those who have endured the fatigues and strain of long sustained brain labour, know how utterly exhausting it is, and the wonder to me is, how long my good friend and brother has stood the strain without breaking down. I trust the rest and change of scene will build him up, and that he will return rested in body and reinvigorated in mind. It was a kindly deed for my old friend, Mr. Hewes, to promote the affair, and is another among the many good things he has done. The effort was in a most worthy matter, and for a very worthy worker. Such kindly acts help to show that our Spiritualism keeps us human. We are not the "other world" sort of people that some folk like to picture us.

But I must cry a halt, or else the Editor will think I want a whole paper to myself! So with this I will close. Let me, however, thank my old friend and brother, Capt. T. J. Ranton, of North Shields, for his very welcome letter, containing his portrait, in full Masonic regalia, as P.P.G.S. for Northumberland, which came to hand this week, quite safely. I was sorry to learn from his letter that there seems to be very little hope of the recovery of Mr. Mellon, as a letter the Captain had recently received said he was failing fast.

So now, with hearty greetings and all good wishes to my friends and fellow-workers at home, in dear old England.—I am as ever, your co-worker, in the bonds of fraternal union,

J. J. MORSE.

Hotel Bella Vista, San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.,

July 11th, 1896.

BOOKS ON SALE, by the Two Worlds Publishing Co., at 18, Corporation-street, Manchester. Miracles and Modern Spiritualism, by A. R. Wallace, 5s. 4½d.; Light of Egypt, 8s.; Spiritual Harp 8s. 10½d.; Gerald Massey, Poet, Prophet, and Mystic, 4s. 9d.; Eulis, by P. B. Randolph, 6s.; Immortality, or our home; and dwelling places hereafter, by J. M. Peebles, 6s. 10½d.; Seers of the Ages, 5s. 6d.; Psychic Science, Tuttle, 4s.; Crooke's Researches, 5s. 3d.; Psychic Philosophy, a religion of Law, 5s. 4½d.; Tuttle's Arcana of Nature, 3s. 9d., and Philosophy of Spirit, 3s. 9d. All the above post free for prices named.

RE-INCARNATION.

[A paper read by Mr. A. BURGESS in Daulby Hall, Liverpool.]

As we look round the world to-day, and see the rich and the poor, the well-fed and the half-starved, the happy and the sorrow stricken, the philanthropist and the misanthrope, the philosopher and the idiot, the generous and the greedy, the civilized and the savage, the selfless and the selfish, and so on, all in the one motley, conglomerate mass which we call humanity, the question is forced upon us, What is the meaning of it all?—what is the meaning of all these glaring inequalities and incongruities, why is it that misery, vice, and crime exist alongside happiness, virtue, and goodness, and apparently oftentimes over-ride the latter, although all so-called evil is only a seeming, as a study of the science of Being, and the laws governing its manifestation (as revealed in Infinite Life, Love, and Truth) soon shows conclusively? Is there a logical answer to these questions? Is there a solution that will satisfy all inquiries, and give us a sure rest, a firm foundation, built upon such a rock of reason and common sense, as to be able to defy criticism and endure the strong calcium light of keen logical analysis? There surely must be such an answer. The justice of Almighty God is predicated to give such an answer, and stands, as it were, bound to satisfy such inquiries, and give such a rest and foundation. The very existence of such a demand is in itself a promise that there is such an answer. Then it remains our duty to search for and find it; and, mark you, the search must be undertaken by each one individually; no one can make the investigation for another; one may point out the way, but each must tread the path and learn individually the answer to the problem, hewing and carving the answer, so to speak, out of the hard rock of individual experience, thus fulfilling the purpose of God and the object of creation.

The only logical answer to these questions is that provided by Re-incarnation. I say this advisedly, and in the full knowledge of the importance of such a statement; and I further maintain that no system, theological or philosophical, has ever given a full, complete, and unassailable answer that does not embody within that answer, this diamond of spiritual truth, this crown jewel of religion. The arch-fiend that sits astride the thought of the world to-day, the poison that is permeating the mind of Humanity, is Materialism. Its cure and only antidote is Re-incarnation. This is not a question of sentiment, it is not one that can be waived aside by ridicule; from the gravity and importance of its claim, and of the issues involved, it demands at the hands of critics a full and complete investigation. The names of a few who have, in one form or another from the earliest ages to the present time, embraced a belief in it, are quite sufficient, if no other reason were given in its support, to raise the question above the atmosphere of carping and intolerant criticism, and to challenge individual search and study.

It may be considered not altogether unimportant to state the premise from which I make the claim, as, unless this is explained, I may be misunderstood at times. I shall make no endeavour to prove any premise at this time, as that would involve a separate paper, but shall ask your indulgence to take the premise as proven, for this occasion at any rate. First, then, as a promise, we say that God is All and in all: that God is the Good, and therefore All is Good; that God, the Good, is Spirit, the one and only Principle, the Universal Principle of Life, Love, and Truth; mind, the only mind; substance, the only substance, which is hence spiritual, not material; that God, the Good, is omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent. Then we say that Man is the Expression or Image of God, after the Likeness or Manifestation of God, and hence is spiritual and not material; that the object and necessity of creation is the manifestation of God (Good) by and through that by which God (Good) is expressed—Man; that Evolution is a spiritual law, under the operation of which the Spiritual Man, the Individual Consciousness, the Ego, evolves from Ignorance to Knowledge and Wisdom. And here let me state that what I am about to say in support of my proposition, is not so much in the form of argument as of statement and suggestion. Truth cannot be argued. Truth makes a statement and suggests to the mind that which opens the consciousness to the reception, perception, and finally the conception of that Truth.

There are in the world to-day about 1,200 or 1,300 millions of people, and, according to average statistics, about 1,200 to 1,300 millions die every thirty years, and a like number are born. I leave it to those interested in figures to prove or disprove the relative permanency of population, with that I am not concerned. What I do claim is that every flesh body is the embodiment of an Ego, an Individual Consciousness, which Ego is of necessity eternal, backward as well as forward; that every life or manifestation of life is the presentation of a continuous evolution; that the number of bodies used by a single ego or individual consciousness or spiritual man are garments, representatives, instruments through which Divine Evolution is accomplished; that the sphere of activity, the propensities, the desires, the character, as manifested in one Incarnation, are the results of the aspirations, thoughts, and acts of preceding incarnations. Every virtue enjoyed now, every intellectual supremacy gained is the spoil and trophy of some victory or victories previously won. This repeated embodiment in fleshy form, the process by which something that is real, permanent, lasting, eternal, uses many instruments that are unreal, impermanent, ephemeral, and temporal is what is called Re-incarnation. But there is a larger, wider, deeper meaning in all this, which is perhaps better defined by the word "metempsychosis," by which I mean the psychic or soul transit, the training of the ego or individual consciousness, the matriculation of the spiritual man, whereby his origin, nature, and destiny is unfolded and revealed to him, and that in that transit and training the spiritual man, re-incarnated, uses flesh for the purpose of his matriculation.

I trust I have made myself sufficiently clear in my endeavour to present to you a lucid definition of what is meant by Re-incarnation or metempsychosis.

We have now the flesh condition presented to us as the instrument, and hence the tabernacle of the spirit, i.e., the visible fleshy man, the Personality, which is re-incarnation's instrument, and we have also the spiritual man, the Individuality, the Individual Con-

sciousness, the Ego using that Personality or tabernacle as an instrument for the purpose of its spiritual evolution for the manifestation of the universal Christ—the Divine Anointed Son of God. Now what does this view of Re-incarnation involve. What does it mean? It means Immortality and nothing else. Conceive, if you possibly can, a definition of immortality that begins at fleshy birth. Immortality has no end, and can have no beginning; it is eternal backward as well as forward. That which is, always was and always will be. All that has a beginning must have an end. Such a conception of life and immortality as views the birth into flesh as the beginning, will not stand the test of logical analysis for five minutes, and needs only to be stated to be rejected. Life, as represented and manifested in man, is not a brief cohesion of atomic forces into a personality that returns them to the elements, but it is a growth stretching backwards and forwards, limitless towards God. From these conditions of life which I mentioned at the beginning, from the conditions in London, Liverpool, or any of our large cities, presenting pictures of a "submerged tenth," from the horror of the recent atrocities in China and Armenia, and all similar conditions, we must understand the fact of Divine Evolution, otherwise, life is a mad-house of awful, horrible conditions. The brute in man must die, that the God in man may be revealed. Heights rise before us, up which we must climb, with the promise of a transfiguration at the summit, which shall reveal in us and all mankind the universal Christ. The contemplation of these facts suggests the question: How can one life of three score years, more or less, fit man for eternity? How can one life accomplish all this; no one life can accomplish it. To gain experience, and build character and capacity, and acquire knowledge and wisdom that will fit man for heaven requires many lives. Every student of creation must be impressed with the countless ages that preceded this age, and the fact that he has been present evolving through them all. Over and over again we don the garb of flesh learning, rising, now stumbling, now recovering, but ever upward towards God, treading our way under an unvarying law that insures that "whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap," striving with our best endeavour towards that goal pointed to us by the Nazarene, our guide and master, "Be ye perfect even as your Father is perfect," with the sure knowledge that the rewards promised shall likewise be ours, "Him that overcometh shall inherit all things," and "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the Temple of my God, and he shall go no more out." This applies in the mental, moral, and physical world. When your eye is assailed with virtue under the heel of vice; when you look upon the thousand "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, and the spurs that patient merit of the unworthy takes," think not these are God's doing—they are the reaping of what has been sowed, and the sowing of what must be reaped. There is no single act of wrong or injustice that will not be met, carried, suffered, and personally atoned for by the consciousness that perpetrated it. This destroys all ideas of a vicarious atonement, that presents man with a reward, a crown of righteousness, unearned and unmerited, which ideas are but the wit of man, expressed in creeds that betray his hope. This, likewise, destroys the illusion of a heaven in which a few efforts in one life are rewarded out of all proportion with merit, with an eternity of bliss—a life that may be vicious, cruel, revengeful till the eleventh hour, and then by some confession or subscription to a creed, may be placed in the joys of heaven. It dissipates the foolish, idle dream, that the idiot, the infant, the savage, and other miniature or irresponsible creatures, at death attain entrance to Heaven eternal or Hell eternal, according as some ceremony has been fulfilled or omitted. Everyone of them is on the way to the fulfilment of Divine purpose, the manifestation of Divine evolution. They must be reborn and suffer in the flesh as long as their consciousness is wedded to it. We find ourselves environed in flesh, surrounded by myriads of others in flesh conditions, and we accept the statement that we are all alike the children of a common parent, the result of Infinite Life, Love, and Truth; that an all-loving Father-Mother, and Universal God, an absolutely just and impartial Cause has produced us all. Then we look at our prisons and our mad-houses, take a glance at the slums of our great cities; we think of the daily instances that meet us of virtue in rags, and vice in luxury; we consider the vortex of crime and vice that surrounds us; we look at diseases and mental distresses, apparently fastening themselves upon their victims, without discrimination; we are challenged by differences in caste, in wealth, in position, in belonging, that are the result of birth, and, as some say, of birth alone; we look at all these conditions till it almost appears as if humanity were the shuttlecock of a ruthless, blind force, which distributes misery and happiness with apparent indifference. How can we reconcile all this with the supposition that the birth into this flesh body which we are now using is the commencement of our lives, and is the only life. Such a supposition is an indictment of God, a denial of the justice of God, a direct contradiction of the love of God. Take an example. Two children are born to-night—one in the East End and one in the West End of London (or, if you please, in the Scotland division of Liverpool and the Toxteth division of Liverpool). The one is born into an atmosphere tainted with vice and crime, is nurtured in a hotbed of misery and lust, and the whole of its surroundings reek with the fetid air of squalor, blasphemy, and debauchery. Such a child never hears the name of God, or Christ, or anything sacred mentioned, except as an oath, or in jest and ridicule; he is never taught the beauty or value of prayer; he learns the habit of crime (and vice); and his first and only lesson is that the greatest sin is to be found out; he grows up an Ishmael, his hand against every man. He is born in the gutter, he lives in the gutter, and he dies (mayhap in early youth) in the gutter—

"Unpitied, unhouselled, unaneled,
With all his imperfections on his head."

If any of you think I have overdrawn this picture, let him visit the slums of any of our great cities and judge for himself. I speak of what I have seen myself. Now, look at the reverse side of the picture. The other child is born amid the incense of prayer, in a family where the habit and thought is strictly moral, virtuous and religious; he is guarded by ever-watchful parents from all that could

possibly harm or hurt physically or morally; he is reared by fond and loving hearts, and nurtured with precept and honourable example into a strong and useful manhood, a manhood of joy, intelligence and integrity. He lives respected and honoured by his fellowmen, and dies amid universal regrets at the loss sustained by the community. Now, if our premise of one life, and that the birth into this flesh body is the commencement, be correct, God has stood a willing witness to these conditions: the one, surrounded with wealth, caste, class, religion, and other barricades to save and protect from the buffeting of the tempestuous billows of human experience; the other, as it were, out in the open sea with no protection, nought to shelter from wind and wave, tossed to and fro, driven hither and thither, only to be worn out at length and dashed to pieces on the cruel rocks of human sorrow, hate, and despair.

God; Justice! Say you these are only idle fancies, empty meaningless names? What a mockery is the justice of God!

Ah! my friends, when you recognise these inequalities, as the inevitable outcome of previous embodiments, these enigmas of life will soften their hard outlines, and reveal to you that they are the thorns that have been sowed and must be reaped. One could multiply instances of the awful conditions that present the apparent injustice of human experience sufficiently to fill volumes. Count, if you will, the Magdalenes in the streets of any of our great cities, as they go by, until your heart grows cold for very pity, and your sorrow for mankind almost seems to melt the marrow in your bones, and then ask, where is God? The same gaslight that reveals them, shines also into the elegant brougham, where rides luxurious vice. The same gaslight, maybe, shines into the window where sits virtuous poverty toiling, toiling, toiling, threadbare and hungry, the only desire being to keep body and soul together by honourable means, the luxurious and too often vicious Dives sitting meanwhile on the board of directory of the company that is sucking its life-blood by a system of sweating that would bring a blush to the cheek of the most callous slave dealer. Goodwill and love are smothered by the cloak of poverty, and crushed by the iron hand of cruelty, tyranny, and oppression. These are mere suggestions: multiply them at your leisure.

Again, there is the question of precocity. What is the meaning of those infant phenomena, such as Mozart, or Joseph Hoffmann, or Padrewski, who held the world breathless and enthralled by their genius at an age when most boys are busy with elementary lessons. These all show the ripening of genius in preceding ages. Or again, such an one as the boy matricide the other day, who in cold blood took his mother's life for a few pence; he carried the seed sown in an evolution like that of Central Africa into the heart of civilisation. What does it mean when we find, as all of us have found, some more strikingly than others, manifestations of unwonted virtue or vice, abnormal appetite for knowledge, talent, and sometimes genius, by the side of colourless negatives of father, mother, sisters, and brothers. What does it mean when great races write their civilisations, their arts, their morals, their politics, their accomplishments in every branch of activity upon the world, and then go out into the night of oblivion. What does it mean when one age produces such intelligences as Shakespeare, Bacon, Spenser, and Raleigh, another age Cromwell, Milton, and Hampden, and the present age with its roll of mighty intellects never before equalled. What does it all mean, but that the Law, the grand sublime process of an unvarying unvariable law is pushing incarnation upon incarnation, building, perfecting, beautifying the race, making a destiny for mankind. Through all the Bibles of the world there runs the golden thread of this Truth. The Upanishad, the Bhagavat Gita, the Lend Avesta, the Koran, and the Christian Bible (which contains in correlated form all the wisdom of the ages)—all these distinctly, teach it. The Old and New Testament of our Bible both bear witness to it. There is not a promise or prophecy in the Old Testament that has "rational meaning apart from it. Jesus, the Nazarene, distinctly and in plain terms taught it. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap." "Verily, I say unto you that Elias has already come, and they have done unto him whatsoever they listed. Then his disciples understood he spoke to them of John the Baptist." It was a cardinal belief in the early church. It is referred to as a matter of general belief by Origen. It was taught by Jerome and Olemens Alexandrinus—the latter on the authority of St. Paul himself.

All great intuitional souls, such as Swedenborg, Boehme, Paracelsus, and the like were earnest adherents, and so one might fill pages with the names of those who have believed, and do believe, in the greatest of all truths. Now, I am well aware when some people hear this statement made, they say, "Why, then, I must have been someone else." This arises from a misconception of man's true nature—from a misapprehension of the true ego—the spiritual man. This fleshly organism is no more you than is the garment with which you clothe it. These bodies are but our garments, to be put off when we have finished with them. Your body is "your own thought or word made flesh;" it is something that belongs to your customs, environment, and habit. Your bodies differ from those of other races for a similar reason that your garments differ from theirs. These bodies change with the outgrowth and unfolding of the consciousness that is matriculating through them. What is that consciousness? It is the consciousness of the Divine Man, the Christ of God, making for the dominion of the race over the earth.

One of the strongest objections to Re-incarnation is that we have no recollection of any former existence. There are several replies that may be made to this objection. For one reason the brain is so constructed that as a general rule it cannot hold more than the experience of one incarnation in circumstance at a time; it holds more in substance always, for it has the accumulated result of all former experiences. Every great stage of advancement and progress is accompanied by mental loss of earlier epochs. Memory builds experience and character, and after the experience is absorbed in the Soul, its purpose is accomplished, and the monument of past experience lives in that character. The neurosis of the human brain will not, as a general rule, permit you to hold the circumstances and experiences of more than the present incarnation. I say as a general rule, as this rule is not by any means universal, for there are men and

women living who can remember circumstances and details of events which occurred in former incarnations; others, again, have described places and buildings, which physical facts render it impossible that they had seen or visited in their present incarnation.

If we could remember and realise our former incarnations, if we could bring to our conscious mind the pictures of ignorance, savagery, cruelty, crime and vice, the veritable hells through which we have passed, we should lose reason and the power of coherent thought and action. Everyone of those experiences, everyone of those hells have been furnaces in which the gold of God has been purified and brought out, and the results are present in the power and position of the Anglo Saxon race of the incoming twentieth century. We are face to face with *Results*, for this inexorable and infallible law is working with us as it does in every department of Nature. The life that sleeps in the stone, breathes in the plant, and, taking another form or expression, moves in the animal, and thinks in the man. The orderly processes by which we are surrounded show us a constant re-embodiment, in which the universal salvation of God is proven in the fact that not an atom is lost, but the refuse of one condition is reproduced in one form or another. The egg you see to-day will, shortly, become the larva upon the vegetable, again the larva changes its garment from five to ten times, according to its character and surroundings; this, in turn, forms a beautiful cocoon, in which it goes to sleep, cradled in the arms of a perfect and unchanging law. In a few more days it doffs this garb, only to assume the more gorgeous costume and raiment of the butterfly. The inversion of thought required to accept the fact of re-embodiment bears no relation to its truth. Everywhere there is a re-embodiment of the universal life that proves God to be the indestructible fact, the omnipresent principle at the centre of the universe.

Know and understand that the thought, the habit, the motive, the ruling passions of one incarnation find their inevitable harvest in the resulting condition of suffering or enlargement in the next. Know that your every thought, your every word, and your every deed are invoking an inexorable law. Know that the growth you present to-day is but the stairway to and the promise of higher growth to-morrow. You die daily, but each day's death is but the re-birth to a higher consciousness and a wider knowledge. Know that every seeming injustice and wrong, every burden and tear in the world is the result and adjustment of a perfect law, a law that clothes the lilies of the field, a law that does not permit a sparrow to fall unnoticed or unknown, a law that holds the scales of a perfect, impartial justice, a law that upholds all Nature in the arms of a perfect love, a law that watches and waits, and ever and always proves infallibly that whatsoever we sow, that shall we also reap.

Metempsychosis, once understood, fastens the punishment for all wrong-doing upon the doer as infallibly as effect follows cause. New thoughts, new habits, new interests have ushered in a new race, which will insist that habit shall not perpetuate imbecility, which skims the narrow, petty limits of sectarian authority, and boldly lifts the banner of the Christ, the divine nature of man. The mind now having outgrown prejudice and fear, will read anew (religio), the swift turning pages of the Book of Life, only to find the new old truths shining as brilliantly as of yore, binding them back (religio) to God and man.

Society must look with absolute sincerity into the innermost depths of its own soul, and become the impartial judge of its own actions and their relations to individual man; and *vice versa*, individual man must go into the secret chamber of his own heart, and learn how his every thought and act affect mankind.

The great drama of evolution demands justification, and the fiat of God is that it shall be justified; it spurns the doctrine of total depravity, and shows a cause for seeming depravity. It teaches Christ's universal salvation, and unveils a God-ward growth, thus correcting modern Churchianity and its so-called "fall of man." It promotes the solidarity or brotherhood of mankind, revealing the universal brotherhood of man in the universal father-motherhood of God. It destroys the barriers of birth, circumstance, and caste raised between individuals, families, nations, and races. It reveals the ascending impulse in all things, the ever upward trend towards the Perfect—the good. Let us stand before this great and sublime truth. Enriched as it is in the mosaic of antiquity, let us acknowledge it as God's revelation, standing, as it were, as a danger signal before every thought, word, and act employed by us, to warn us of the infallible law we are invoking, and the inevitable reaping that must of necessity follow. There is not a wrong perpetrated, not a sorrow borne, not a spurn endured by patient merit, that is not a seed planted, which will bring its harvest to be reaped. Believe me, there is not in all the realm of human experience, in all the drama of human life, one little mistake, one moment of forgetfulness. The mighty law of Omnipotent Love rules every person, circumstance, and thing, for the good, and the good alone.

Let us, then, with the lessons and experiences of past ages, look hopefully down the vista of the ages to come, and see the race climbing upward toward the summit of that mountain of transfiguration, where mankind stands revealed in the bond of altruism, the universal Christ, Love manifest.

HALLOW E'EN CELEBRATION.—In order to commemorate the essentially spiritual festival of All Souls, or All Hallows, it is intended to hold a tea party for the Manchester and local Societies, in the Co-operative Hall, Downing-street, on the 31st October next, and it is expected that a very enjoyable evening will be spent, worthy of the scene of so many successful Good Friday meetings. Secretaries and chairmen of societies in and about Manchester are kindly requested to mention this matter at their meetings, and their aid in this way will be greatly appreciated. It is very desirable that Spiritualists embrace every opportunity of meeting together, and it has already been abundantly proved that when they do meet they know how to enjoy themselves thoroughly; therefore, we hope to establish an annual gathering on "Hallow E'en," which will become one of those happy occasions which "never 'must' be missed."—For the Celebrations Committee, A. W. ORR, hon. sec.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

[A DAY or two after this inspirational poem was written, I came across the following item of news in a London paper:—"Last night about a quarter to eight, a woman jumped into the Thames from the steps by London Bridge on the south side of the river. It was stated that the woman had a baby in her arms, and that she was accompanied by a man (apparently a countryman), who afterwards walked away."]

Hast thou e'er witness'd, my dear friend,
A soul's departure, what we call "the end"?
A spirit's flight, into the "Great Beyond,"
Freed from the body, and its earthly bond.

A sister's soul! like sunset in the west,
'Neath the horizon, calmly sinks to rest!
We feel, we know, and as we dry our tears
Her happy spirit lives in brighter spheres!

But there are sisters, other than our kin,
Who leave this earth in sorrow, need, and sin;
Whose path is dark, and ere they reach the goal,
'Tis darker still, encircling the soul!

These need our love, our sympathy, and aid,
To free them from the bonds—not all self made—
Let this electric message cross the land
"Before can be supply must be demand."

There lies a weary woman, pale, and thin;
A life of gaiety, of want, and sin!
Her glassy eye is fixed, her feeble breath
Grows feebler still! Oh God, we call this death!

Once she was pure, and pretty, and so fair;
Above suspicion, and, without a care,
Till her destroyer came, and all her woe
To do "her best or worst"—he let her—go!

Still he lives on! and other means employ,
A fiend incarnate! others to destroy;
And in high places, sits above in state
To pass stern judgments on the "unfortunate."

A woman, with a babe upon her breast,
On that grim parapet she leans to rest;
Hungry and cold, she looks with eager eye,
Now past all bounds, she gazes!—but, to die!

"There is no hope! no help!" she says, "but this";
Then folding baby with one ling'ring kiss,
Utters no cry! one plunge in that dark stream,
'Tis sad reality!—No poets dream!

There's sounds of revelry and "tankards clink,"
With bloodshot eyes men clamour still for drink;
The dice are rattled, cards dealt out. I know
How lives the cause of this last "scene of woe."

Besotted sits the father of his race,
"God's image" now is blotted from his face!
Blank selfishness is planted there, instead
Of love and honour, duty past and dead!

Oh, men and brothers! let us make a stand
'Gainst this supply, the cause, and this demand!
Our duty's clear, as we this misery scan,
If we would raise the woman, first, reform the man!

July 8th, 1896.

ALBERT GOOLD.

MONTHLY PLANS.

ARMITAGE GARDENS.—16, Mr. Gratton; 23, Miss Robinson; 30, Mrs. Beanland.
BACUP.—16, Miss Foster; 30, Mr. Manning.
BELPER.—16, Mr. Swindlehurst; 23, Mrs. Groom; 30, Mrs. Britten.
BLACKBURN.—Freckleton Street.—16, Mr. E. W. Wallis; 23, Mr. Macdonald; 30, Mrs. Brooks.
BLACKPOOL.—16, Mrs. Crossley; 23, Mrs. Stansfield; 30, Mrs. Stansfield.
BOLTON.—16, Miss Jones; 23, Mr. E. G. Birch; 30, Miss Thwaites.
BRADFORD.—Harker Street, Bowling.—16, Mr. Lewis; 23, Mrs. Stretton; 30, Flower Service, Messrs. Firth and Bedford. Evening, Mrs. Jarvis.
BRADFORD.—Walton Street.—16, Mr. Rowling; 23, Mrs. Willcock and Miss Ford; 30, Mr. Pawson.
BURNLEY.—North Street.—16, Mr. W. Rooke; 23, Mr. W. Johnson; 30, Mrs. Craven.
BURNLEY.—Hammerton Street.—16, Mr. Pilkington; 23, Mr. G. Featherstone; 30, Mrs. Stairs.
CLITHEROE.—16, Mr. J. T. Tetlow; 23, Mrs. Allerton; 30, Miss E. A. Smith.
COLNE.—16, Mr. W. Davis; 23, Miss Barlow; 30, Mrs. Bailey.
HECKMONDWIKE.—Church Lane.—16, Mrs. Brook; 23, Mr. Wilsen.
HUDDERSFIELD.—Brook Street.—16, Miss Cotterill; 23, Mr. Rooke; 30, Mrs. Wallis.
HOLLINWOOD.—16, Mr. J. Young; 23, Miss Smith; 30, Open.
HUNSLY.—3, Bottom of Joseph Street.—16, Mr. Joseph Olliffe; 23, Mr. Joseph Wilson; 30, Mrs. J. Robinson.
HUNSLY.—Top of Joseph Street.—16, Mr. J. H. Barraclough; 23, Mr. J. Campion; 30, Mrs. Roberts.
HYDE.—16, Mr. Samuel Featherstone; 23, Miss Foster; 30, Mr. R. A. Brown.
LEEDS.—Psychological Hall.—16, Mrs. Midgley; 23, Madam Henry; 30, Mr. Todd.
LEEDS.—Progressive Hall.—16, Mr. Brook; 17, Mrs. Woner; 23, Miss L. France; 30, Mr. Barraclough.
LIVERPOOL.—16, Local Friends; 23, Mr. E. W. Wallis; 30, Mr. J. B. Tetlow; 31, and Sept. 1, eight p. m., Public Seances, Mr. John Slater.
LIVEREDGE.—Carr Street, Little Town.—16, Mrs. Mason; 23, Mrs. Stretton; 30, Mr. Shiletoe.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—16, Mrs. Britten; 23, Mr. J. W. G. Hodgson; 30, and 31, Mr. E. W. Wallis.
NOTTINGHAM.—Masonic Hall.—16, Mr. Hepworth; 23 and 30, Miss Cotterill.
PARKGATE.—16, Miss Wheeldon; 23, Mr. S. Featherstone; 30, Miss Halkyard.
PENDLETON.—16, Mr. J. B. Tetlow; 23, Mrs. Green; 30, Mr. W. Johnson.
RAWNSTALL.—23, Mrs. Best; 30, Mrs. Smith.
ROCHDALE.—Regent Hall.—16, closed; 23, Mr. W. E. Inman; 30, Mrs. Midgley.
ROYTON.—16, Miss France; 23, Mr. Lomax; 30, Mrs. Dixon.
SKIPTON.—16, Mrs. Reeday; 23, Miss E. A. Skipper; 30, Mrs. E. S. Marshall.
SMETHWICK.—16, Mrs. Groom; 23, Mrs. Knibb; 30, Mrs. Walker.
WAKEFIELD.—Queen Street.—16, Mrs. Beanland; 23, Mrs. Hoyle; 30, Mrs. Levitt.
WALSALL.—16, Mrs. Wallis; 23, Mr. Swindlehurst; 30, Mrs. Groom.

SPECIAL REPORTS.

BRADFORD, BOYNTON STREET.

MR. WALTER HOWELL spoke well on "Immortality; or, the continuity of life." He said there never was a period in the history of human thought when man needed demonstrations of the continuity of life more than now. Arguments about it have been battered and undermined, and evidence must be given to satisfy the intellect. Nature, it has been said, furnishes analogies of immortality, but they are not evidence. The butterfly, which is the outcome of the worm, is no evidence. The old arguments are not adequate to satisfy modern criticisms. The desire to live has been at the back of all arguments. Men observed that the worm was metamorphosed into the fly, and advanced this as an argument for human survival. We are not justified in drawing such an analogy, unless we are sure that the laws which prevail are identical. In fact, the doctrine of analogy is unsound. Socrates believed in immortality on the ground of opposites—because there was light there must be darkness, but we should not associate the law of opposites with cause and effect. Some Christians state that because Jesus rose from the grave that is sufficient evidence of immortality. That, however, does not satisfy the sceptic, who points out that the records do not agree, and, further, the rising of a "god" from the grave is no proof of human immortality. The only evidence is that which Spiritualism can adduce.

Primitive man, when he looked upon the surface of the lake saw a form which smiled when he smiled, frowned when he frowned. Again, in the valley, when he raised his voice, another voice would come back to him, he thought, which would moan when he moaned, laugh when he laughed. These things he regarded as uncanny; apart from the natural. He would dream of his old comrade who had fallen in battle, and when he awakened he said he had been in the land of warriors, and that he had clasped his friend by the hand. From these things he began to draw his deductions. By-and-by his dreams were explained; the echoes of the valley from simple acoustics, and the shadow on the lake by the law of reflection. From remote times the evidence of spiritual return has been known. Man saw injustice and immorality in the world, and he said injustice reigns, and the demand was made that there must be another world where justice reigns. When they remember Socrates and his words of wisdom, they realised that there must be something beyond. Then again, Jesus suffered martyrdom for doing good, and when they remembered his words of wisdom and witnessed him on the cross praying for his murderers, their respective followers said: "Our Socrates and Jesus could not die." Such men could not perish, their wisdom was too great to perish. Mr. HOWELL went on to state that we have clairvoyance and clairaudience, which mean clear seeing and hearing, the outcome of the development of the spiritual. There are sensibilities which are not of sense, but soul origin. Having recognised the soul life we should bubble over with good things. A great many people smile when we suggest the sitting at a common three-legged table, and express such opinions as "What nonsense to imagine it even possible that the angels from heaven will come and move a table," and they proceed to condemn. We go to the telegraph room and hear the click, click, click of the instruments, and to the uninitiated it seems nothing, yet the man with knowledge proceeds, and takes a message which means perhaps consolation to many a heart. Perhaps it might mean the news of property for some of you. "Oh then, it would be all right," say you; "it is property! property! It is a Godsend." But suppose we suggest having the three-legged table as a means of connection between the spirit world and this, and your Johnny or beloved husband demonstrate their presence to your bereaved heart. Why, that table is sanctified. Why, sir, there are many "communion tables" which do not communicate. (Laughter). A gentleman once said he did not know whether it was the devil or his father, a poor compliment to his poor old father if he was the counterpart of the devil! It is, however, still an evidence of spirit existence if a devil communicates. Remember, that immortality does not consist of quantity but quality of life. Man who thinks the purest thoughts and has the purest aspirations, is worth more than the man who lives a life of sensuality. He lives best who thinks best and acts the noblest. Whatever you know or do not know after the shuffling off of the mortal coil through not coming into contact with the phenomena, you can realise by living, and lifting yourselves from the condition of sensuality. It will teach all the worth of the spiritual gospel. May your lives be the passport of entrance to the spiritual realms is the wish of your co-worker and friend in the spiritual cause.

THE correspondent of the London *Sun* sends word to New York of Atheism and Socialism in London, that the Atheists have been unable to pay the rent of their chief meeting place, the notorious Hall of Science, in Clerkenwell, where for many years that honest, sturdy sinner, Charles Bradlaugh, held forth at least once a week, and often shocked good Christians by his blasphemies. Retribution and consolation have come at last, however, for the Salvation Army has bought the hall of Science, and General Booth announces his intention of thoroughly purging it of the Atheistic taint by weeks and weeks of prayer and knee drill. The metamorphosis would have broken Mr. Bradlaugh's heart had it occurred during his lifetime, but Mrs. Besant, who used to pour the vials of her wrath on Christianity from the hall of Science platform almost as regularly and eloquently as Mr. Bradlaugh, appears to regard the change with equanimity. Just now she is too busy arranging to seize the headship of Theosophy to give thought to her old associations. General Booth looks forward with reasonable confidence to the time when Mrs. Besant will wear a poke bonnet and twang a Salvation guitar on the Hall of Science platform, and, considering the lady's intellectual gymnastics in the past and her always emotional nature, the thing is not wildly improbable. The Socialists also are in a bad way, for they are unable to pay for their principal indoor rendezvous, Grafton Hall, in the heart of the foreign quarter of London, and have been in consequence ejected. The hall is being converted into a furniture manufactory, and Socialism will know it no more. Grafton Hall was long the headquarters of London Socialism, and some of the leading exponents of advanced thought have expounded their views within its walls.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

Terms—Four lines for 6d. per insertion, beyond four lines. 1s., beyond eight lines 1s. 6d. Cash with announcement.

ABERDEEN.—Aug. 10: Mr. Stevenson and wife will be in the city a week from this date, and will be glad to meet old and new friends interested in Spiritualism. Address, 39, Back Wynd.

BACUP Society will be pleased to arrange with mediums for 1897 who will oblige for 5s. and railway fare. A. Hurst, 16, Pembroke-street.

BRADFORD. Central Society, Temperance Hall. — Flower Services on August 9. Speaker, Mrs. Beardshall. The committee will thankfully receive flowers, plants, etc., from friends. Tea will be provided for friends coming a distance. A hearty welcome to all.

BRADFORD. Otley Road. — A Service of Song, on Sunday, August 23, entitled, "Little Nellie." Reader, Miss Gertrude Armitage. Service will be conducted by Mr. Armitage. All are welcome. Soloists, Misses Cochrane, Stair, and Mr. G. Wyatt. Collection at the close of each service, 2-30 and 6.

BURY, Spiritual Hall, Georgiana Street.—Aug. 9: Annual Flower Service and Service of Song, "Gleanings from the Harvest Fields." Flowers and Vegetables thankfully received.

DARWEN. — Lyceum Monstre Demonstration and Gala, Saturday, Aug. 29, start at 3 p.m. prompt. An earnest and cordial invitation to all Lyceums within accessible distance. Send number and time of arrival to Jas. Harwood, sec., Hindle-street, Darwen.

LIVERPOOL. Daulby Hall, Daulby Street.—Aug. 9: Mr. E. W. Wallis. 16: Mr. John Lamont. 23: Mr. E. W. Wallis. 30: Mr. J. B. Tetlow.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. E. Hardinge Britten will deliver Inspirational Orations in the Northumberland Hall, Sunday, August 9, on "The Wonderful Story of Spiritual Evolution, here and hereafter"; 6-30, On Relevant Subjects given by audience upon "Spiritualism, Religion, and Reform." Admission, 3d.; a few Reserved Seats, 6d. Monday, 10th: In Good Templar Hall, 2, Clayton-street, at 7-30, on "Modern Spiritualism and the Latest Discoveries of Science," and a few questions. Admission 3d.

SECRETARIES please note. Mr. John Thos. Tetlow has removed to 49, Arthur-street, Rochdale.

WEST HARTLEPOOL.—Sunday, Aug. 9, Mr. G. J. Gray, inspirational speaker, will lecture in the Market Buildings, Lynn-street, at 2-30 and 6-30 prompt. All friends are cordially invited.

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NOTE.—ANOTHER LITERARY BARGAIN SECURED.

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In thanking correspondents for past favours, desires to offer to the Spiritual Public a large consignment of

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N.B.—Secretaries of societies are offered special terms for parcels by the instalment system. Do not delay sending!

W. J. LEEDER,

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PLATFORM GUIDE.

SOCIETIES AFFILIATED WITH THE NATIONAL
FEDERATION

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

26, China-st., Lyceum, 10-30; 2-30, 6.

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

Ashton.—Church-st. (off Warrington-st.), 2-30, 6-30, Mrs. Hyde. Public Circle, Tues., 7-30.

Ashington.—Spiritual Temple, 5.

Attercliffe.—Vestry Hall, at 3 and 6-30, Mr. Brown.

Bacup.—Victoria Hall, Market-st., Lyceum, at 10, 2-30, 6-30, Mr. W. Davies.

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

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

Belper.—Jubilee Hall, Lyceum, 10, 2; 10-30 6-30, Mr. Hepworth.

Birmingham.—Masonic Hall, Union, 11-30, 6-30. Smethwick: Central Hall, Cape Hill, opp. Windmill Lane. Lyceum at 3; 6-30, Mrs. Green.

Blackburn.—Old Grammar School, Recreation-st. 9, Lyceum; 11, Circle; 2-30, 6-30, Mrs. Harwood.

Bootle, Liverpool.—Masonic Hall, 2-30, Open Circle; 6-30, Miss Barlow. Monday, 8, Tuesday, 8, Seance, admission by ticket. Wed., 8, members only.

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

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

Brighouse.—Martin-st. Lyceum, at 10; 2-30, 6, Miss Patefield.

Burnley.—Hamperton-st., Lyceum at 9-30; Services at 2-30 and 6 p.m., Mr. J. B. Tetlow.

North-st., 9-30, 2-30 and 6, Mrs. J. Stansfield.

Bury.—Spiritual Hall, Georgiana-street, Lyceum at 10; 2-30, 6, Annual Flower Service. Wed, 7-30.

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

Carlisle.—36, York Street, 2-30, 6-30, Wednesday 7-30, Developing.

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

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

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

Darwen.—Church Bank-st., Lyceum 9-30 and 1-45. Circle, 11, 2-30, 6-30. Wed., at 8.

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

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

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

Hyde.—Mount-street, Travis-street, Lyceum at 10 & 2-30, 6-30, Mr. T. Cunningham. Tues., 8.

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

Leeds.—Psychological Hall, Lyceum 10; 2-30, 6-30, Mr. J. C. Macdonald. 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; 3 & 7 p.m., Mr. E. W. Wallis. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., Seance. Admission by ticket.

London.—Camdenwell News Road—Surrey Masonic Hall, 6-30. Thurs. Enquirers at 7; students' class at 8.15.

Manor Park, Essex.—115, White Post Lane. Sunday. Closed until Oct. 4th.

Stratford.—Workman's Hall, West Ham Lane, E., 6.45. Thurs., 8.

Macclesfield.—Cumberland-st., Lyceum, 10-30 & 3; 6-30, Miss J. Bailey.

Manchester.—Ardwick: Temperance Hall, Tippling-st., Lyceum, 10-30; 2-45, 6-30, Tues., 8, Choir practice. Wed., 8, Friday, 8, Members, Sunday, 8-30, circle for members.

Harpurhey: Collyhurst-street (corner of Percival Street, via Rochdale Road and Oldham Road Traus), Lyceum, 10-15, 2-15, services 3 and 6-30. Thurs., 8, Public Circle.

Patricroft: New Lane, Winton, Lyceum at 10; at 3 & 6-30. Tues., 8; Wed., at 8.

Pendleton: Cobden-street, Lyceum, 10; 2-45, 6-30, Mr. Mayoh.

Saltord: Co-op. Stores, Chapel-street, 6-30, Miss Foster. Wed., 8, Miss Foster.

Millom.—Lyceum 10, 2 & 6. Circle 7-30. Wed., 7.

Nelson.—Bradley Fold, 2-30, 6.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.—Spiritual Evidence Society, Good Templars' Hall, 2, Clayton-street, off Blackett-street. Lyceum at 2-30; 6-30 p.m., Mrs. Brigham. Wed., 7-30.

Nottingham.—Masonic Lecture Hall, 10-45, 6-30, Mr. W. J. Leecer.

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

Oldham.—Temple Society, corner of Coronation-st., Mumps, at 3 and 6-30. Tues. 7-45.

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

Preston.—Weavers' Hall, Walker-street, Lyceum 9-45; 2-30, 6-30, Miss Cotterill. Thursday, 8, members only.

Rawtenstall.—Lyceum, 10-30; at 2-30, 6, Mrs. Horrocks.

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

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

Slough.—Laith Lane, 2-30, 6.

Sowerby Bridge.—Hollins Lane, Lyceum, 10 and 2; 2-30, 6.

Stalybridge.—Progressive Society, 3 and 6-30, Mr. B. Plant. Wed, Mr. Collins. Thurs., 7-30.

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

Stocport.—Hall, Wellington-road, nr. Heaton lane, Lyceum at 10-30; 2-30, 6-30, Mrs. Fletcher.

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

Walsall.—Central Hall, Lyceum, at 10, and 2-30, 11, 6-30, Mr. Woolson.

West Vale.—Green Lane, 6, Mrs. Waterhouse.

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

NON-AFFILIATED SOCIETIES.

Accrington.—Tabernaacle, Whalley-rd, Lyceum 10-30. at 2-30 and 6-15. Monday, 7-30, Public Circle. Wednesday, at 7-30.

Armitage Gardens.—2-30 & 6-30, Mr. Campion.

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, Yorkshire Union Conference.

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

Birmingham.—Blossbury, 6-30.

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

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

Blackpool.—Liberal Club, Church-st., Lyceum, 9-30. 11, Public Circle. 2-30, 6-30, Mr. Manning.

Bradford.—Bowling: Harker-street, 10-30, Public Circle; 2-30, 5, Mr. Hartley and Mrs. Phillips. Mon., 2-30, Wed. 7-30.

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

Lower Temperance Hall, Leeds-rd, 11, Developing Circle; 2-30 & 6-30, Mrs. Beardsall (Flower Service). Mon. and Wed., 7-45.

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

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

Walton-street, Hall-lane, 2-30, 6, Mr. Brook. Monday, 7-30.

West Bowling.—Boyn-ton-st., at 10, Lyceum, 2-30, 6, Mrs. Brooks. Thur., 7-45.

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

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

Cambois.—Spiritual Evidence Society, 2 and 6, Mrs. Young.

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

Dearley.—Liberal Club, 2-30 and 6.

Derby.—1A, Nonnanton-rd., 2-30 and 6-30, and on Mon. 7-30. Wed., 7-30.

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

Elland.—Spiritualists' Church, Newcombe-street, Lyceum at 9-30 and 1-30; at 2-30 and 6. 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.

Gateshead.—31, Ripon Street. Sunday, 6-30, Wed. 7-30.

Halifax.—Winding-road, at 10-30, 2-30, and 6, Mrs. T. Bailey. Monday.

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

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

Hollinwood.—Factory Fold, 2-30, 6-30, Miss Halkyard.

Huddersfield.—St. Peter's-street Assembly Rooms, Lyceum, 10 a.m.; 2-30 & 6-30.

Hull.—Psychological Society, No. 3 Room, St. George's Hall, Story-street, at 2-30, and No. 4 Room, 6-30. Wednesday, 8, Members' Developing Circle, Thursday, 8, both at No. 8 Room, Friendly Societies' Hall.

Hunslet (Leeds).—Top of Joseph-street, 2-30 & 6, Mr. J. Pawson. Tuesday, 8, Private Circle. Sat., Public Circle at 8.

3, Bottom of Joseph St.: 2-30 & 6, Mrs. E. Wood. Circles, Tues. at 7-30, & Saturday, 7-30.

Keighley.—Heber Street Spiritual Temple, 2-30, 6, Mrs. Taylor and on Mon., 7-30.

Leicester.—Craiton-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), Circle 10-30 a.m.; at 2-30 and 6-30, Miss Barlow, 2-30, 7-30, Public circles, Thursday and Saturday, at 7-30.

Liversedge.—Carr-street, Little Town Lyceum at 10; 2-30 and 6, Mrs. Taylor.

London.—Marylebone—Cavendish Rooms, 51, Mortimer-st. W., at 7, Miss M. Creadie.

Canning Town.—2, Fords Park road, Trinity street, Sunday, 7, "Evangelist" T.W. on sale. Wed. 8, Mrs. Baker (Spirit Writings).

Edmonton.—Beeth Hall, Hyde-lane 7. Mr. Walker.

Islington.—Wellington Hall, 6-45, Spiritual Service. Wednesday, 8, Members' Circle.

Paddington.—227, Shirland-road, at 7. Wed., 8.

Longton.—Courier Buildings, Market-st, 2-30, 6, Monday, 7-45.

Manchester.—Openshaw Granville Hall (Liberal Club), George street, at 10-30, 2-30, and 6-30, Thurs., 8.

West Gorton: Labour Hall, 24, Grey-street, Longsight, Lyceum, 10-30, 6-30, Tues., 8, Thurs., Public circle.

Gorton, Ainsworth-st., Clowes-st., 6-30.

South Saltord, 4, West Craven-street, Regent-rd., 6, Alter-circle at 8. Wed. Circle, at 8. Thurs., 8.

Mexborough.—Market Hall, 2-30 & 6.

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 & 6-30, Monday, 2-30, 7-30. Mrs. Stretton.

Nelson.—Fendle-street, Lyceum, 10; 2-30, 6. Tues., 7-30.

Nelson.—Ann-street, 2-30 and 6, Flower Service.

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

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

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

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

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

Osselt.—Queens-st., Lyceum 10, 2-30, 6.

Plymouth.—8, The Octagon, 10, 6-30, Wednesdays 6.

Rishton.—2-30 & 6.

Rochdale.—Regent Hall, Lyceum, 9-45; 2-30 and 6, Mrs. Best.

Millrow Rd..—2-30 6, Public Circles. Tues. 7-45.

Penn-street, Lyceum 9.45, 2-30, 6, Wed., 7-30, Shaw—Broadbelt's Assembly Rooms, off Sandy-lane at 3 & 6-30. Wed. at 8.

Sheffield.—Edward-st. Mission Hall—2-30 & 7. Mon. and Thurs. 8.

Shipley.—Westgate, 2-30, 6, Mr. J. C. Spencer.

Skipton.—Lecture Room, Temperance Hall, 2-30 and 6, Mrs. A. Johnstone.

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

Stennymoor.—Central Hall, 2-30, 6. Thurs., 7-30.

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

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

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

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

West Pelton.—Cottage Meetings at 5-30.

Whitworth.—Market-st., 2-30, 6, Miss Smith.

Yeading.—Town Side, Lyceum, at 10; 2-30 and 6, Mrs. Smithson. 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, Manchester-road Mission Room, 10-30, Circle, 2-30, 6.

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.

Derby.—67, Upperdale Road, 7. Wed., 7-30.

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. Clare. Thurs. at 7-30.

Team Valley Terrace, at 6-30, Wed. 8, Sat. 8.

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

Church Lane, 7-45, Wed., Mrs. Mason. Sat., 7-45, Public Developing Circles.

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

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

Leeds.—21, Back Adelphi-street, 2-30 and 6-30, Circles, Mon. & Thurs., 7-30.

8, Myer's-court, Castle-st., 6-30. Wed., 7-45.

Liverpool.—103, Queen's Rd., Everton, 3 and 7. Thurs at 8.

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

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

Camden Road, N.W..—5, Osney Crescent, Circle Wednesday, 7-30.

16, Harpur-street, Theobald Road, W.C.—Monday and Thursday evening seances at 8 p.m.

113, Edgeware-road, Mr. H. Hunt at 7. Tues., 8.

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

38, Keildon Road, Leathwate Road, Battersea Rise, S.W. Enquirers welcomed. Wednesday 8 prompt. No collection.

111, St. Thomas' Road, Finsbury Park.—Public circles, Tuesday and Thursday, 8.

Kentish Town.—Fortress-road, N.W. 7-30 p.m., Spiritual Service, Mon., 8, Development Thurs., 8, circle.

81, Fortress-rd., N.W., 7-30. Mon., 8, development. Thurs., 8, Circle.

2, Milmen street, W.C., 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 Purseys.

Notting Hill Gate, W..—51, Ladbroke-road. Mr. W. Goddard; seance, Tues. & Fri., 8, sharp.

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

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

18, Tavistock Place, Tavistock Square, W.C.—Tues. and Thurs. at 7-30, Public Seances.

Waltham-tow.—7 sharp, at 107, Chewton Road, Pretoria Avenue, Friday at 8 p.m. Developing circle.

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

Gorton: I.L.P. Room, Ainsworth Street, Clowes Street. 2 and 6-30 Wedn sday 8, Public circle.

Hulme: Corner of Junction st., 6-30, Public Circle. Mon., 8, Closed. Tues., 7-30. Thurs., 8, Mr. Lamb's Circle.

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

Cheetham, A-h Lodge, Halliwell Lane: Sunday, 2-45 & 6-30, Mr. G. Smith. Mon., 8, Public Circle Thurs., 8, Miss Smith.

Morecambe.—Boond's Coffee Tavern, Cheapside. Service 6-30. Open to visitors.

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.

Rothwell.—2-30 and 6, Mr. Collins.

Windhill.—Local Board Office, Cragg Rd., Lyceum 10-15; 2-30, and 6-30, Mr. Williamson.

THE Lyceum Banner,

A MONTHLY JOURNAL FOR
CONDUCTORS, LEADERS, AND MEMBERS
THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM
Edited and published by J. J. MORSE,
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[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."

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