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PRICE TWOPENCE
WITH SUPPLEMENT

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse.

To commemorate the return to his native land of Mr. J. J. Morse, the Apostle of Spiritualism, after his year's labour in San Francisco, we present our readers with a portrait of our esteemed friend and co-worker, one of the most recent, from a photo. taken in 'Frisco, together with the portrait of Mrs. Morse. We feel confident our readers will be glad to see the pictures of this worthy couple, side-by-side, adorning the cover of "our paper."

Brother Morse's record is so well-known that we need not attempt to give the details of his long and successful career as a medium. He has established a *record* in these record-breaking days that will be hard to beat, for he is now rapidly approaching his thirtieth year of service—continuous public advocacy of the Spiritual philosophy. How well and worthily he has laboured under the guidance and inspiration of his wise and loving spirit friends and preceptors is pretty generally known—but the struggles he has had to make, the privations and sacrifices he and Mrs. Morse have had to endure and make, but very few people know or realise. Three visits to America, and continuous journeyings in all weathers, pretty nearly all over this land, a well-nigh unbroken series of public discourses on Sundays and week-days, besides the thousand and one other duties incidental to public life—together with his frequent contributions to and connection with the Spiritual press of this country and America, and his editorial labour on behalf of the Lyceum movement, on the *Lyceum Banner*—these things make up a life-work of earnest and sincere service to the Cause of Truth, Progress and Humanity, that has been of incalculable value to Spiritualism, and constitutes a crown of worth for the worker.

In all these toils, trials, and triumphs, Mrs. Morse has quietly but bravely borne her share, and carried her burdens uncomplainingly, giving to her husband that loyal support, cheery helpfulness, advice, sympathy, and encouragement so necessary when the public worker becomes depressed and weary. We make bold to affirm that Mr. Morse could not have done the work he has, nor could his spirit friends have used him so well and worthily, but for the support and steady fidelity of his loving partner in life. Mrs. Morse is sensitive, retiring, and very intuitive. She frequently has dreams and impressions of a very valuable kind, because they can nearly always be relied upon. Although many people believed Mr. Morse would not return, as arranged, after a year's absence, thinking he would prolong his stay, she was impressed that he would return, and he has. As was but to be expected, if mediumship is hereditary, with such parents, Miss Morse is also a good medium, and is quietly and privately developing her gifts in a very successful manner. She is doing efficient service as assistant editor of the *Lyceum Banner*, and writes some charming stories. As her portrait appears in the New Year Double Number of the *Banner*, our readers should secure a copy of that interesting monthly, and they will then have the family—the Morse trinity.

We are glad to know that our long-time friend and brother has arrived safe and sound and ready to continue his labours with all his accustomed zeal and ability, and rejoice that he is to be kept busy, for the Cause has need of him here as much as, if not more than, ever.

Elsewhere we print a short report of the hearty and successful "welcome home" reception in Manchester, and in the name of our readers wish our friend a joyous Christmas, a happy New Year, prosperity, long life, and increasing happiness.

STRANGERS who visit a Spiritualist meeting for the first time should be well looked after and kindly waited upon, ushered to a comfortable seat, made welcome, a hymn book provided for their use, and they should be induced to buy some Spiritual literature, including the TWO WORLDS, of course.

Retrospect and Prospect.

Or, My Christmas Letter.

DECEMBER, 1896.

DEAR FRIENDS,—through the kindness of the TWO WORLDS, I hope to reach a larger number of old and new friends with my Christmas and New Year's Greeting than I could do, were I simply to have printed in circular letter-form this annual expression of thought, instead of the customary Holiday Card.

The religions of the past appeal most exclusively to our emotions. The life of Jesus, so far as we can glean aught of its real character, touches the tenderest cords of our nature; and we, who have outgrown Theological Christianity, have not forgotten the debt of gratitude we owe "The Man of Sorrows," for the moral inspiration the world received from his spiritually illumined soul; and hence, we, too, can join in celebrating his advent, while not without a shade of regret that mankind have emphasised belief about Christ, more than Christ-likeness.

With the recurrence of Yule-tide, there comes a retrospective vision, and one cannot avoid contrasting the past with the present; and as I look over the Spiritualistic field, I must confess, the contrast is not a flattering one. Seventeen years ago our Cause in England presented a more intellectual aspect than it does to-day.

Not that our teachers have deteriorated, but that owing to a growing sensationalism in our movement, a large portion of the cultured public that used to attend our meetings have withdrawn, no longer finding our platform an educational rostrum. (Except when some of our best speakers occupy the lecture-room.)

Now, I would not have it understood that I object to mediumistic demonstrations from the platform, far from it, I recognise the legitimate position occupied by mediums of every phase; but ought our Sunday rostrums to be what they are to-day, in large measure mere fortune-telling—and bad fortune-telling at that—places of idle entertainment? If proofs of man's immortality were being here intelligently presented, one could not wonder at a thirsty public rushing to drink at the fountain. But alas! these exhibitions too often fail to satisfy the sceptic, and are repugnant to the earnest Spiritualist.

Societies, too, that were flourishing and doing excellent work in years gone by, are now struggling to maintain themselves, not with the vigour of health, but the convulsive movements of dying men. Why this languishing? Why this want of union among us? Is it not perhaps because we have too largely trusted to the phenomena for our success! As data for a scientific basis of a future life, I admit their indispensibility, but as a basis of religious union I question their validity. Science is an aid to intellectual salvation; but man is something more than intellect: he is will, heart, spirit, and all sides of our manifold nature need ministration.

This brings me to the main point which I wish to impress upon my friends, the need of a religious union, a fellowship of souls united for some great object, and working toward its consummation.

In the realm of scientific knowledge, we may arrive at unity: in the domain of ethics, or the what ought to be, we may join hands, while in the sphere of theological and metaphysical speculation there should be freedom of thought as wide as the universe! "In things essential, unity; in things doubtful, liberty; and in all things, charity." With some such sentiments as these, could there not be a grand fellowship of Ethical Spiritualists? There should be no barrier to such a union, and all should be willing to co-operate on such terms. In going from place to place I sense a laudable discontent with things as they are, and if the leading men and women in our cause rise to action, there is indefinite progress before us.

In some parts of the British Isles there are societies

desirous of more "thoroughly sustaining" an educational rostrum, and in these directions I see the dawning of a brighter day. To continue to be conscious after death is not immortality in the spiritual sense: the quality of our thinking, the unalloyed affection of the heart, and the willingness with which we co-operate with the Power which makes for Righteousness, determine whether we are immortal in our deeds, our loves, and our thoughts. This is what I call, for want of a better phrase, Qualitative Immortality, in contradistinction to Quantitative Immortality. To be worthy to live is better than unworthily living.

Our Lyceums are not, as a rule, in as good a condition as they were a few years since. If the conductors could only more readily throw themselves back to the days when they were children, and appreciate more fully the child nature, the Lyceum would be more attractive than it is now. Then, too, those who are called upon to address the little ones often forget that they are not talking to seniors. The indifference of parents, too, has a great influence upon the children. *If Spiritualism is a vital truth to you, show its living power by making it the most revered of religions by your children*; for that faith which most brightens the home and sanctifies the lives of parents will inspire children with a passionate love for it.

Spiritualism has been the consolation of millions, it is the hope of the world to-day, and it depends upon us whether it shall be the light of the coming time, shining through a well-organised body of men called Spiritualists. Spiritualism will live anyhow; for if we prove unfaithful to its call, others will be chosen to rebuke our want of fidelity, and filtrating through other isms, it will reach Humanity.

The message of the Spirit is ours to deliver, let us carry it to the ends of the earth. It is a soul, not mere sense communion, let us keep the avenues clear, and open new ones, for the Angelic and Divine influx; and lo, the Heavenly Christ shall appear, and the New Era dawn upon a benighted world!

If you, dear reader, would hear the angels sing, "Peace on Earth, good-will to Men," if you would rejoice in a blissful New Year, then let the spirit of these earnest words communicate an enthusiasm for the Cause you profess to love; and your joyous Christmas and Happy New Year are secured.

With all best wishes, and heartiest greeting, I am, most fraternally yours,
WALTER HOWELL.

[Who in Manchester and district will rally to the "call" for the Ethical Union? We have printed an appeal by Mr. Orr, which looks that way, and both Mrs. Britten and ourselves have pleaded for such an Union. Are all these appeals to be unanswered? Are there not a dozen earnest souls in sympathy with the higher religious aspects of the movement who will respond? Mr. Orr, or Mr. Howell, will be glad of even a postcard from every one who feels there is need for something to be done, and then a meeting could be called to decide how, and where, and when. Who will help? Address Mr. Orr, c/o Editor, T.W.]

INDIAN MISSIONS IN EXETER HALL.—Sir Charles Elliott, a former Governor of Bengal, told his audience that there is a mistaken impression in England that the natives of India, as a rule, looked upon British officials and residents as Man Friday looked upon Robinson Crusoe. This, however, was not so. There had of late been a great change, a Hindoo revival having set the minds of the natives against everything European. He read an article from a native newspaper bitterly complaining of attacks by missionaries upon the ancient religions and customs of India, and declared that it represented the general feeling amongst Hindoos. The *Newcastle Chronicle* says:—"No doubt it does. We should complain bitterly, too, if Hindoo missionaries were to come here and attack our religions and customs, although they are modern in comparison with those of India."

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, an Autobiography; and a Memoir by his wife (Seeley and Co., 1896). People interested in psychical research will be interested in the story which Hamerton tells of his grandfather's death. As the old man was seated in his dining room he asked his daughter to open the window and say a prayer. Before she reached the end of the prayer he was dead. "At the same hour his married daughter was sitting in a room forty miles away with her little boy, a child just old enough to talk, and the child stared with intense interest at an empty chair. His mother asked what attracted his attention, and the child said, 'Don't you see, mamma, the old gentleman who is sitting in that chair?' I am careful not to add details, as my own imagination might unconsciously amplify them, but my impression is that the child was asked to describe the vision more minutely, and that his description exactly accorded with his grandfather's usual appearance."

Spiritualism *versus* the Orthodox Faith.

BY WILFRED ROOKE.

Read at the County Forum, Manchester, Dec. 15, 1896.

SPIRITUALISM has been defined as the discovery of truth, the diffusion of truth, and the application of truth to the welfare of humanity. As there are no authorities accepted by Spiritualists, I am compelled to define Spiritualism for the purpose of contrasting the orthodox faith. Spiritualism, then, I affirm to be the recognition of Spiritual Progress applied to the evolution of man, continued beyond the narrow boundary of this life, supplementing physical evolution, and supplying the "missing link" in the demonstration of continuity.

Spiritualism bases its claims, not upon mere belief, which is as often as not credulity, but upon personal evidence of a satisfactory nature to the investigator, to prove for him personally the continuity of life beyond the change called death. It scientifically proves its claim to acceptance, asks for no faith on the part of the enquirer, but states certain conditions which have been found essential to the success of phenomenal manifestations, and leaves the individual to obtain satisfactory proofs for himself. The success attending these methods is shown in the testimony of thousands of avowed Spiritualists, to say nothing of those who prefer to keep quiet for fear of offending Mrs. Grundy.

There is the false idea of Spiritualism, the outgrowth of years of superstition, which makes no progress, and merely begets a craze after phenomena and fortune-telling, and there is the true Spiritualism, which turns its attention to this world as well as the other, working for the upliftment of humanity and the overthrow of all that hinders human progress.

Spiritualism, in the eyes of the orthodox, has been guilty of the unpardonable sin of affirming that there is no vicarious atonement possible, and, on the testimony of many witnesses, claiming that causes and consequences are the operations of the natural laws existing here and hereafter. Therefore the life beyond the tomb is the outcome of the life lived here, the reaping-time of the seeds of goodness, etc., sown on earth. It deals expressly with deeds versus creeds, and substitutes evolution, or eternal progress, instead of the fixity of the redeemed in heaven and the lost in hell. It teaches the Spiritualist to rely upon his own intuition, reason, etc., and not to be led by authorities or spirits, incarnate or discarnate. Upon the simple facts of continued life beyond the death change, and the possibility of communion between the two worlds, all Spiritualists are agreed.

Spiritualists are frequently censured for their attacks on orthodoxy, and in the arguments the fact is conveniently lost sight of that the orthodox believers have been the first to attack the Spiritualists, and in accordance with their creed, condemn all Spiritualists to, well, "The place where there's no winter." It is the false illogical creed which is attacked by the Spiritualist and not the persons whose lives, good though they are, might have been much better without the bigotry and intolerance called Christian zeal. The fact is, the orthodox faith, with the doctrines of the fall of man, the vicarious atonement by Jesus Christ, and the Resurrection of the Dead—body, bones, and all, are, thanks to Spiritualism and modern research, becoming estimated for what they are worth, instead of being implicitly believed in as a special revelation of God to man. As the Spiritualist learns, on the testimony of his spirit friends, that man was never lost, evolution supplements that knowledge by the records on the planet itself, and not by records man made and man manufactured, forged, falsified, and re-indoctrinated to suit the times; revised and re-translated, and of which no originals are in existence.

If the gradual ascent of man be a fact in Nature, as held by the Spiritualist, the doctrine of atonement becomes quite useless, for as man was never lost, he did not require a Saviour to find him; and it is well understood by the intelligent Spiritualist that from a dim and dateless past man has been slowly progressing. And as man lives on and on to-day beyond the tomb, he lives on and on by a natural law, and not because of some jugglery performed "once upon a time," and called a miracle. The resurrection, therefore, did not wait till *Anno Domini* to be demonstrated by Jesus, returning as a Spirit, to become "the first-born from the dead," "the first-born among many

brethren," etc. For, to prove historic Christianity, he must have demonstrated his presence, not as a Spirit, but with all the things pertaining to an earthly career.

Handle me and see, for a Spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have.—Luke xxiv., 39.

The absence of the body from the tomb, etc., is warrant, according to the orthodox faith, to make the belief in the physical resurrection of Jesus absolutely essential to salvation.

It is urged that Spiritualists frequently quote the Bible to prove spirit return, but such quotations can only be held as probabilities, and if angels return to Spiritualists to-day, it is probable that an angel may have appeared to Hagar (Gen. xvi); three in the shape of men to Abraham (Gen. xviii); two to Lot (Gen. xix); one to Moses (Exodus iii); one to Mary and to the shepherds (Luke ii); one opened the door of Peter's prison (Acts v); one appeared to John the Evangelist (Rev. xxii). If the laws of God be unchanging, the probability is that the appearances were similar to those of to-day, and are not affirmed to be true simply because they are recorded in the Bible.

Moral principles are common to every Religion. They are no more the property of Christianity than they are of Spiritualism, Buddhism, or any of the other systems of religion which the world has seen. We find equally good moral and ethical teachings in the religions called heathen by the Christians, as can be found in the collection of books called the Bible.

Modern research proves somewhat more than approximately in relation to the beginnings of mankind, that the human race sprang from an anthropoidal stock, and, migrating east and west, they can be traced in the types called Turanian and Aryan. From the Sanscrit, Hindoo, Persian, Greek, Latin, Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic, we may trace from the earliest known language to our modern variations. In this connection modern Spiritualism not only supplements the scientific deductions of modern times, but adds to such knowledge by supplying the hypothesis of Spiritual selection, and *involution*, from the Spiritual monad up to the fully developed man, whose perfection is still the dream of the ages.

From the most ancient accounts through Phallic worship, with the subsequent division arising between the worshippers of the male versus the female principle in Nature, perhaps combined with polytheism, we find the Persian conception of one creative power or principle corresponding somewhat with the Jewish Monotheism.

The best authorities place the Persian prophet Zoroaster between 6,000 and 5,000 years B.C. Like Mahomet, he had dreams; like Jesus, he believed the kingdom of heaven or earthly paradise was at hand. God was personified as Ormuzd, and evil as Ahriman. The rules laid down in the Zendavesta, in the most ancient known language, except Sanscrit, show a beautiful moral code: to "think purely, speak purely, and act purely," leaving room for spiritual aspirations and material pleasures. Probably Moses borrowed the maxim "I am that I am," from the Zoroastrian system, or obtained it from Yéhvah, his spirit guide and God of the Hebrews. Modern scholarship has helped us to understand that system, much to the annoyance of the theologian, who finds no contradictions in the biblical records.

The disciples of Buddha (born about 543 B.C.) describe him as born of a virgin Maja, next in dignity to the deity, of whom he was the incarnation. They prophesied that he would come again to judge the quick and the dead. The system is followed by nearly one quarter of the human race.

The Hindoos believed that the world was controlled by a Trinity—the Creator, Preserver, and Transformer (change and rebirth as shown by evolution). "A feeling of brotherhood and sympathy to all—the idea, in fact, of humanity—was first pronounced by Buddha," writes Professor Max Müller.

Peace on earth, goodwill to men.

The influences arising from the teachings attributed to Jesus of Nazareth are not denied by the Spiritualist. As a matter of fact, however, peace and goodwill have been terribly falsified by the wars and cruelty arising from the promulgation of the man-made systems, each claiming its origin in the teachings of the man of Nazareth. Professor Tyndal says this promise is "a dream ruined by the experience of eighteen centuries, and in that ruin are

involved the claims of the heavenly hosts to prophetic vision."

Modern discoveries, the study of Egyptian and Assyrian relics, the deciphering of hieroglyphics and cuneiform inscriptions, have shown up the falsification of epochs of history, both through ignorance and the design of professional and interested ecclesiastics. No authenticated record of the life of Jesus exists in the Syro-Chaldaic, the language of the country where he is said to have lived and taught. Most of the things said about him have been said of Buddha, Osiris, Apollo, Mithras, and Melchisedech. The symbol of the cross is found in the hieroglyphics of all the ancient nations. A sculptured representation of the massacre of the young children by the tyrant is to be seen on the rocks at Elephanta. The idea of a divine incarnation—God manifest in the flesh—is so old as to be lost in the mists of a remote past. His life, viewed as a man, points to high spiritual culture and mediumistic susceptibility, and bears witness to a higher spiritual destiny for the race.

The claim of the orthodox faith that the Bible is the inspired book, containing the only revelation to man, utterly fails, and hence the Spiritualist of to-day, by critical analysis and the testimony of inspiration in the living present, rejects the doctrine of plenary inspiration. The idea of vicarious atonement is so absurd that without the advantages, or disadvantages, of early education, its rejection would have been complete. The interference in the affairs of life, of a God whose mind can be changed by prayer, becomes untenable in view of the universality of perfect laws operative everywhere alike. The Bible, as a collection of ancient books, *Ta Biblia*, was regarded by the church as its exclusive property, and thought to be so dangerous, that they anathematized those who read it. Even so late as the fifteenth century the Catholic clergy thought the New Testament in wrong hands was of the Devil. The Old Testament, as it is called, was written in blocks of Hebrew consonant letters, not a single vowel in the whole book, written in a dead language, and Henry Craik, in the *Ecclesiastical Magazine*, April, 1881, says:

In 1508, John Reuchlin compiled the first dictionary and grammar (of the Hebrew language), excepting such as had at an earlier period been composed by Jewish grammarians."

The *Christian Spectator*, vol. 111, p. 236, said:

The vowel points are not very ancient.

Also page 237:

The most sacred copies of the Scriptures, which the Jews deposited in their synagogues, are and ever have been, without points.

Bishop Marsh in his fourteenth lecture, says:—

The Old Testament is the only work which remains of the ancient Hebrew, nor have we anything like a lexicon or glossary composed while it was yet a living language.

Godfrey Higgins said:—

I am quite certain that I shall be able to prove that every letter of the Hebrew language has four, and probably five meanings.

Le Clerc affirms in his "Sentium," p. 156, that:

The learned merely guess at the sense of the Old Testament in an infinity of places, which produces a prodigious number of interpretations.

St. Jerome in his Commentary on Ezekiel, Chapter XL., says:—

When we translate Hebrew into Latin we are sometimes guided by conjecture.

With reference to the New Testament, the difficulties were even greater. While there was no absolutely original Greek, there were numerous copies, all differing from each other. Many texts were wanting, which were translated from the Latin Vulgate back into the Greek, before rendering into the vernacular of the people.

To be concluded.

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SPIRITUALISM: ITS FACTS AND PHASES, illustrated with personal experience by J. H. Powell. This book is a valuable presentation of our subject, the experiences as 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.

The Mystery of Malham Towers.

By WESLEY NOAKES, author of "Basil's Quest"; "Red Cross," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

AFTER a long pause, during which her gaze wandered slowly along the wall, with quickened steps Nannie approached the old fireplace, and with her stick began to hammer at a portion of the woodwork, which gave several loud cracks. Dick soon perceived that a small panel was being forced inwards. With the help of his tools he managed to dislodge it entirely, disclosing a cavity in the wall behind. In this was an iron lever, turned towards the left side of the hole. Grasping the bar firmly, Dick forced it in an opposite direction. A noise from the wardrobe caused them all to hurry across the room, where they found that a part of the back had opened inwards, like a door. Trying this, Dick found that it swung backwards and forwards easily and noiselessly, thus showing that it had been used quite recently.

"Are there any steps, Mr. Ransom?" asked Hester.

"No; there is a flagged pathway which slopes downwards. It would be easy to follow, if you would care to try. I provided myself for an emergency of this kind," producing and lighting a small lantern. "What do you say?"

Hester looked nervous and undecided. "I think we ought to go, but my late experiences have had an effect on my nerves. Something may happen."

"You don't apprehend any—er—direful results, do you?" asked Lena; "even if Sir Edward gets to know that we have been investigating his stronghold?"

"No," she replied; "I don't see that he could do more than reprimand us for our curiosity."

The question, however, was settled in another way.

"Mr. Ransom," cried Helen Renshaw, "your American friend, Mr. Gooch, is standing in the opening. He is quite excited, gesticulating and beckoning us to follow."

"That settles it," answered Dick.

"I'll remain here with Nannie," proposed Helen's mother; "she may attempt to follow if she is left."

"Shall I go first, Miss Renshaw?" asked Dick.

"No; I shan't require the light. Our spirit friend will guide me."

She stepped into the gap, and commenced the descent, followed by Dick, Hester and Lena bringing up the rear.

They proceeded about thirty or forty yards, and then the passage became quite level.

"We are on the ground floor," explained Dick, "or more probably beneath it. Have you any idea how we are located, Miss Sumner?"

"I cannot say with certainty, but, judging from the distance traversed, we must be near the west wing."

Here and there the passage widened, and then narrowed again. The walls at some parts were damp, and once they were startled by something flitting past with a flapping noise.

"Bats," said Dick; "don't be alarmed. Wonder how they got in?" Then, as the road sloped downwards again—"Phew! we must be well below the ground. The walls are dripping. Look out for puddles."

The way turned suddenly to the right, and then became a gradual ascent.

"You were quite correct, Miss Sumner," continued Dick; "we are in the disused wing. Have you been in before, that is, above our present quarters?"

"No; Sir Edward would not allow anyone in there."

An occasional glimmer of light fell across their path from narrow slits in the walls, enabling Dick to locate their position, as he had noticed these openings from the grounds, and wondered what purpose they served. He called Hester's attention to the circumstance, and she endorsed his opinion.

"We must be in the second story of the wing," she remarked. As she spoke, Helen stopped and said:

"Mr. Gooch has passed through here."

The young man flashed his light over the place.

"Why!" he said, "this looks like the back of another wardrobe, similar to the one by which we entered the passage. See, here is the iron bar running along to some place in the room. We shall have no difficult task here."

Giving Lena the light, he went to work and soon had the panel open, revealing a flood of daylight which looked all the brighter after their dark journey.

The apartment was built almost on corresponding lines

to the one they had lately left. Without stopping, Helen crossed the room and passed through the door into a long corridor.

"If this wing resembles the modern one," said Hester, "this will bring us to the turret. Yes; there is the stair entrance. Why is it bolted, I wonder?"

As they ascended the winding stair, she said: "There are two rooms here, one above the other; from the top one I expect there will be steps leading to the leads."

They had now reached a small landing, on which was a single door. This was also bolted, like the one below. Helen, who was a little in advance of the others, looked back with a pale face, and, holding up her hand, whispered, "Listen! Some one is in there."

Hester clung to Lena, and said in frightened accents, "There can't be, Miss Renshaw. No one has——" She stopped. An unmistakable sound of footsteps was heard by all. Backwards and forwards they went with a slow, regular tread. The searchers looked at one another with faces of dismay. What was to be done?

"Where's Gooch, Miss Renshaw?" questioned Dick, at length.

"He is here, motioning us to go forward."

"Good! then I'm going. Fred Gooch was no man to poke his nose into other people's affairs without good reason."

He shot the bolt, and pushed open the door.

The person whose footsteps they had heard was standing with his back to them—a tall man, with long white hair reaching to his shoulders. He was clad in a dark-coloured dressing-gown, his feet thrust into a pair of embroidered slippers, which Hester recognised at once. They had belonged to Sir Edward.

As the door opened the man turned and showed a white thin face, in which was set a pair of wondering dark eyes, with a curious look about them.

Lena Ransom gazed spellbound for a moment, and then, with a piercing shriek of "Father!" rushed into the room and flung her arms round the stranger's neck. Dick had started forward at the same time with a hoarse cry of surprise. With trembling lips he tried to speak, but his emotion overpowered him. Then a terrible experience forced itself upon them.

The man firmly, but tenderly, unwound Lena's arms, and said gently, looking her in the face: "My dear young lady, you are evidently in great trouble, but there is some mistake. Perhaps I can assist you; whom do you seek?" Then he smiled, and, as they saw that fearful expression, their hearts grew cold within them. They realised the awful truth; it was the smile of an imbecile.

"Oh, Dick, Dick!" screamed his sister. "They have driven him mad. He doesn't know us!"

Dick burst into violent sobbing. "Father!" he cried, "surely you remember us. Lena and Dick, your son and daughter." Then, as the man still looked at them vacantly, the poor lad ejaculated: "Oh God! my poor mother. Who is to tell her this?"

The stranger patted Lena's head, and said—

"Do you know, I feel strangely affected. Have I seen you before?—and this young man, who talks about his mother? Do I know his mother?"

Hester and Helen, the tears streaming down their cheeks, stood watching this affecting scene, longing to be of some use, but feeling that they were utterly powerless to cope with such a terrible and heart-rending sorrow as the one they were witnessing.

"This is awful," sobbed Hester. "What can we do? Mr. Ransom," touching Dick on the shoulder, "would not it be best to get away from here?"

The old man caught eagerly at the last words.

"Yes, yes," he said excitedly. "Take me away. Let us go immediately, before Ted comes, and that woman. She has not been lately, but she may return at any moment." Then, lowering his voice, he whispered, "She's an awful woman—Ted's wife! She said she would strap me down if I did not keep quiet."

Dick pulled himself together, and taking his father's arm, led him carefully down the stairs and along the passages until they finally emerged again into Hester's bedroom, where Mrs. Renshaw and old Nannie were awaiting their reappearance.

The old nurse looked at Dick and his elderly companion, and then began to whimper: "I can't understand it. There are two now. Which is my boy?" She be-

came so agitated that Hester had to lead her away, crying and talking incoherently.

"Was that old Nannie?" asked Dick's father. "I remember Nannie. She'll be a good age."

When Hester returned she said: "Mr. Ransom, I have ordered the brougham; it will be round in a few minutes; and here is a coat and hat of Sir Edward's. They will not look so conspicuous as the dressing-gown. Don't thank me, please. Look after your father. This is a terrible affliction for you, but, please God, all will come right. Now, come along," leading the way downstairs.

The carriage was waiting when they reached the porch. Dick, his sister, and father got in, and they drove off, Mrs. Renshaw and Helen choosing to walk.

"What are you going to do, my dear?" asked Helen's mother, turning to Hester.

"I shall put a few things together, and go to the Thorntons," she replied. "I won't remain a minute longer than I can help in this dreadful house."

To be continued.

Lessons from Spiritual Philosophy.

BY ÆNOS.

Continued from page 811.

SPIRITUALISM AND EVOLUTION.

IN a state of society where life is an unceasing struggle for the means of life, we may naturally expect to hear the most cruel and unjust acts condoned on the plea that the practice is "every man for himself," and "if we do not look after ourselves, no one else will look after us," until injustice, indifference, and wrong would hardly be condemned, because it would be so difficult to do right. But none of this would be because there was a "king of evil," or because nature failed us, but because men opposed the best instincts of their nature. Such is unfortunately too largely the condition of all civilised peoples.

The doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" seems to be regarded by some people as "divinely conceived." There is a popular fallacy that in any state of society those most fitted to live by virtue of their superiority will do so. This is not borne out by the facts. According to my reading of Darwin, those most fitted to survive in their peculiar environment will live, while the others will be swept away. The gross will survive in a low environment, the higher forms of life will decay. In an exalted and pure environment, the higher forms will live, the lower grosser ones will die for want of nourishment. Where cunning, trickery, fraud, and deceit are tolerated, those exercising such accomplishments will survive and crush out the others. The "struggle for existence" in human society implies all these vices, with blood-thirstiness added. Scan the daily papers, observe their revelations, and you will see what is the nature of our environment. Observe what is going on, and you will too often find the unscrupulous man in business survive, while the honest trader is driven to the wall. Who grows rich? The greedy, avaricious, conscienceless grasper. Who becomes poor? The generous, "injudicious" giver. Who remains poor? The quiet, sensitive, spiritual-minded ones. Who too often remains out of employment? The man who thinks his friend's need is greater than his own.

Why is this? Because in a competitive state of society, where the "competition" resolves itself into a struggle for the barest necessities of life, those fitted to compete will get all, while those not so fitted will get little or none. "Fittest" sufficiently resembles "best" to easily deceive people, to be invaluable to sophists and a dangerous weapon in the hands of the clever suffrage-seeker. When men speak of the "survival of the fittest" in the present state of society as being advantageous to the progress and development of mankind there is enough truth in their claim to mislead the unthinking; if "best" were substituted for "fittest" it would be an easy matter to give the lie direct to such a statement. Yet the two words are so used as to imply the same thing. Therefore, though we may, as a general principle, admit that in this or any other state the "fittest" do "survive," it is quite certain that the "best" do not. The "best" will only survive where the environment is of the best, where the best features of the common ego can receive full play and work harmoniously for good; where the material environment and

moral atmosphere are favourable to their development. Allow me to quote the late Professor Huxley:—

There is another fallacy which appears to me to pervade the so-called "ethics of evolution." It is the notion that because, on the whole, animals and plants have advanced in perfection of organisation by means of the struggle for existence, and the consequent "survival of the fittest," therefore, men in society, men as ethical beings, must look to the same process to help them towards perfection. . . . "Fittest" has a connotation of best, and about best there hangs a moral flavour. The course of that which is ethically best—what we call goodness or virtue—involves a course of conduct which in all respects is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. In place of ruthless self-assertion it demands self-restraint; in place of thrusting aside or treading down all competitors, it requires that the individual shall not merely respect but help his fellows; its influence is directed not so much to the survival of the fittest as to the fitting of as many as possible to survive. It repudiates the gladiatorial theory of existence. . . . It is from neglect of these plain considerations that the fanatical individualism of our time attempts to apply the analogy of cosmic nature to society." (Paper read before the Oxford Dons in 1894.)

Thus again is Spiritualism in strict accordance with science, social and evolutionary, in asserting that the future progress of humanity can only proceed by founding society on a basis of human brotherhood. Not a basis of "self-help" but of help each other; in short, a co-operative commonwealth, in which the welfare of each is the care of all, the happiness of all the care of each.

I would urge, against those who claim that the work of organising society upon such a basis lies outside the sphere of Spiritualism, that our spiritual natures are mainly dependent upon material conditions for their nourishment and growth. Spiritual progress and material stagnation are self-contradictory. The environment of the incarnate soul is the environment of the body; if that is bad, the soul's chances of progress are comparatively few. It may be an unpleasant reflection, but he who poses as a spiritual reformer without being also a social reformer is simply wasting effort; as well might he say that he will undo with his right hand the work he has done with his left. The Church tried Spiritual reform without Social reform, and failed. If Spiritualists make the attempt, they too will fail. It was these considerations which led me to lay down premises 2, 3, 6, and 7. The old systems laid down certain postulates for social conduct, but took no means to ensure their being carried out by their adherents. The consequence is a "do as I say, not as I do," priesthood, whose position enables them to succeed best by ignoring the behests of their creed. To avoid such an absurd anomaly, Spiritualists must so organise themselves as to put their tenets of belief into practice by helping, as a body and individually, in the work of social reform, or the re-formation of the social organism upon a basis of human brotherhood. Otherwise they will fail, and deservedly so.

The task is a difficult one, but not impossible. We have a most excellent guide, if we care to utilise its friendly proffer of assistance. Man's intelligence has been a prime factor in the universal development that has gone on, in spite of so many impediments. The mind is capable of going back over the whole area of the past, marking the many obstacles and pitfalls that have been the means of causing our present anomalous condition, and showing us how we may avoid them in the future. We see that those beasts and birds whose ways are not violent nor avaricious, those that are content with a sufficiency of things, lead happy and contented lives; they are as free as the air they breathe, and as the earth *should* be from which they draw sustenance. On the other hand, the fierce, the violent, the "crimson in tooth and claw," are rapidly dying out. In the words of Mr. J. J. Bixley:—"The dragons of the prime," who 'tear each other in their slime,' and who have been presented as the true type of nature, lie in their fossil cemeteries, eternal witnesses to the judicial sentence which nature has pronounced on them and their ways. Almost everywhere these species are dying out. They are the exceptions, not the normal type, any more than the train-robber and the Tammany 'pantata' are typical Americans. . . . None of their terrible weapons, nor their terrible energy of self-seeking, are equal as aids to survival and multiplication, to the mutual help and greater intelligence of the social animals. Darwin's dictum that 'those communities which included the greatest number of the most sympathetic members would flourish best' is found to be fact and law of animal evolution." The inference to be drawn from this is that man, by the exercise of his intellect, should be able to make his existence even more happy and contented, more beautiful than, and preferable to, that of the beast or the

bird. And yet for many weary and heartsick millions there is sorrow, pain, and poverty, suffering and crime; and death is welcome, because it is hoped to be the end.

But does not Spiritualism furnish a remedy? I think so, if only we will search for it. Spiritualism shows that the fallen ones can only rise by undoing the deeds of the past, by making restitution for past wrongs. It tells us that we can assist them if we will. The spirits come, beseeching us to establish a kingdom of love upon earth; they point out the way, trying to make us undo the evil of the past, that both they and we may benefit.

To be continued.

WELCOME HOME, RECEPTION TO MR. J. J. MORSE.

THE meeting in the Co-operative Assembly Rooms, Manchester, on Tuesday last, the 21st, will long be remembered as one of the happiest evenings of recent times. The audience was happy—glad to have Mr. Morse home again, and to welcome Mrs. Morse. Mr. Morse was happy to be home, and pleased with the heartiness of his reception, which showed that the warm hearts of Lancashire people still hold him in loving remembrance, and the speakers and singers alike were happy. The whole meeting was joyous—in harmony with the festive season; good-will and kindly-feeling fairly bubbled over, and found expression in loud applause and every manifestation of pleasure. After all, honest, patient, sincere and faithful service does tell: character and conduct are of value, and meet with recognition some times, and this was one of them, when, honour was rendered to one of the staunch and true, tried and trusted servants of the spirit—and everyone vied with every one else to gladden the heart of the returned wanderer.

MR. GEO. HILL, President of the Manchester Society of Spiritualists, proposed the following resolution:—"That this meeting of Manchester Spiritualists rejoices to have the pleasure of receiving Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse, and gives Mr. Morse a hearty 'welcome home' after his year's absence and successful labours in San Francisco, U.S.A. We assure him of our unabated and affectionate regard for him as a man, and our high esteem for his faithful services as a medium. We can only offer him 'the Freedom of the City' in a spiritual sense, as one whom we delight to welcome and to honour, and we trust he may long remain in the mortal form to serve the angels in our great labour for the elevation of humanity to the loftiest ideals of aspiration and conduct."

Mrs. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTON, in a fine speech, supported the resolution.

Interesting speeches, that were brief, bright, and fraternal, were delivered by Mrs. Green and Mrs. Wallis, and Messrs. Tetlow, Lee, Macdonald, and Johnson, who all bore testimony to the benefit and inspiration they had received from Mr. Morse's inspirers, and from association with himself. Mr. Tomlinson suggested that Mrs. Morse had laid the movement under obligation by her quiet but sustaining work, and Mr. Bond gave an amusing recitation.

MR. MORSE responded in a feeling and happy speech to all the good things that had been said. The Tipping-street choir acquitted themselves admirably—rendering three glees in capital style with precision and feeling. Telegrams and letters of congratulation, welcome and good wishes, to Brother Morse from Mr. T. O. Todd, Sunderland, and Mr. J. Allen, London (of the International Corresponding Society), Mr. J. Venables, Walsall, Walter Howell, and Mr. E. Adams, Cardiff, were read by the Chairman, Mr. E. W. Wallis, and much appreciated. The meeting closed with much hand-shaking and hearty good wishes to both Mr. and Mrs. Morse.

NEWS AND NOTES.

NO REPORTS next week.

A FINE SUPPLEMENT in our next issue, price 2d.

PORTRAIT AND SKETCH of Mr. A. E. Waite next week.

A DISCOURSE by Mrs. Wallis on "The Spirit World" next week.

A FINE explanatory letter by A. J., upon Spiritualism, appeared in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, Dec. 12.

THE TWO WORLDS will be issued on Tuesday next, and on sale in London on Wednesday. Friends, please note!

MR. WALTER HOWELL has Sunday, Dec. 27th, vacant. Address him 51, Rippingham-road, Withington, Manchester.

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH, of Columbus, Ohio, is a go-ahead spiritual journal of all round excellence. It deserves recognition and support.

We have a number of subscribers in South Africa. Spiritualism seems to be catching on over there. We wish our friends every success.

THE TWO WORLDS circulates all over the world, and is winning its way into an ever-increasing number of hearts and homes. This is no idle boast, but solid fact.

MEDIUMS and speakers are requested to send open dates for 1897. State gifts, terms, etc., to George M. Nettleship, 47, Paradise-street, Barrow-in-Furness.

HUNSLER.—Please note that all correspondence for the top of Joseph-street Society must be addressed to Mr. J. Holgate, 3, Hope-well Terrace, Glasshouse-street.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—The Hamerton-street Society, Burnley, have given, through Mr. Swindlehurst, the sum of £5 as a special donation to the Federation Mission Fund.

THE cause of morals cannot fail to be advanced as men realise the basic principles of spiritual philosophy. Man a spirit—life continuous—character progressive—growth and goodness necessary for ascension and happiness.

AT Nottingham-road, Belper, on the 13th inst., Elizabeth Emma (Penn), the beloved daughter of Alfred Harinson and Elizabeth Emma Woodward, aged 19 months. Interred by Mr. Alfred Smedley on the 16th, in Belper Cemetery.

A GRAND NEW YEAR'S *Holiday Number* next week.

THE "Angell Prize-contest Recitations," published by J. R. Francis, Chicago, Ill., and Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio, is a fine collection of selected pieces of prose and poetry calculated to advance humane education, for use in Lyceums and entertainments.

THE public movement of Spiritualism is but a portion of the great cause. Privately, the Science of Life presented by Spiritualism is being studied and adopted by a great army of people whose lives are brightened by the knowledge of Spirit ministry and man's natural immortality.

LEICESTER.—A Spiritual Development Circle, with a view to special scientific training and development of each member of their particular gifts, will be commenced, Friday, January 8, at 47 Princess-street, conducted by Prof. Timson, 8 o'clock. Apply early, as room is limited. *No fee.*

IN the *Weekly Dispatch* Christmas supplement, haunted houses are treated somewhat more seriously and sanely than usual, and the writer gives an interesting summary of a large number of noteworthy cases of hauntings. The subject is not treated with ridicule, as it used to be, and that is a gain, anyhow.

EVERYBODY'S Medical Guide is a wonderful sixpennyworth. We do not altogether care for the prescriptions; there are too many minerals recommended for our liking, but there is plenty of good useful advice for everybody. Saxon and Co., publishers, 23, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street, London, E.C.

ASHTON Spiritualists' Lyceum Committee tender their sincere thanks to the following ladies and gentleman for kind services rendered in aid of our Banner Fund. Oct. 29, Messrs. Gibson, of Pendleton; Nov. 19, Mr. Jones, of Stalybridge; Nov. 26, Mrs. Rennie, of Guidebridge; Dec. 3, Miss Knight, of Longsight.

WHEN we were in London recently we were pleased to meet Dr. Berks T. Hutchinson, of South Africa. We had read of him, and frequently perused his contributions to Spiritual literature, and were glad to make his acquaintance. He is an active, sanguine man—thoughtful and earnest, and keeps things humming wherever he goes.

SINGING.—A select Sight-singing Class (Voice training, etc.) commences Friday, Dec. 4, at 8 p.m. Fee, 15s. per course of 12 lessons of 1½ hours each. Two lessons weekly. Mandoline, guitar, &c. taught. Private lessons by arrangement. "At homes" attended. Call 11 to 6 or appointment.—Geo. E. Bishop, 220, Euston-road, N.W.

THE "Phrenological Journal" an international magazine on mental science, health, and hygiene, is to take the place of the "Phrenological Magazine," and promises to be an improvement upon that hitherto interesting journal. The price will be sixpence monthly, of L. N. Fowler and Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.

AN interesting experience is reported by G. Harvey, O.P.S., who heard a voice, and was conscious of the presence of a lady, who gave him a message, which was of private import, but at the time he was not aware of the decease of the said lady. However, he afterwards learnt that she passed out of the body on the very day that he received her message.

INFORMATION re the prevention of premature burial can be obtained from the Secretary of the London Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial, Mr. Arthur Lovell, 88, Hillfield Road, West Hampstead, London, N.W., or from the undersigned, on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope.—Yours faithfully, Jas R. Williamson, 42, Stibbington-street, London, N.W.

WE are requested to publish the following:—"Re 'An authentic case of mental healing.' A slight typographical error occurs in column 2, line 21, which reads, 'The nose is cured.' This should be, 'The note is cured.' The above report was based on signed and witnessed papers, a legalised doctor's certificate, and personal notes, of which this was the final."—J. HARRY BUNN.

THE idea of Maskelyne and Cooke being "investigators" is ludicrous. When Mr. Maskelyne was invited to do, without apparatus, what a medium would do, he merely said he could not undertake to find out at once another man's tricks. That other man's "tricks" are not investigated by Mr. Maskelyne, but are only imitated, as to some results, with the aid of optics, electricity, and stage carpentry.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A *Constant Reader*: We fear the idea is impracticable. Stead tried it, but had to give it up.—J. J. Carrick: Yours received. Hadn't you better write Mr. Todd first?—W. H. Robinson: Two or three weeks ago we published a warning to Spiritualists (as you suggest) to be on their guard against accepting as genuine spirit-photographs, pictures that were produced by people they knew nothing about, and under conditions regarding which they were ignorant.

MR. P. LEE'S CLASSES.—These classes have been established (1) to assist those who wish to study the phenomena and the philosophy of Spiritualism; (2) the assistance, improvement, and development of mediums, and the general investigation of physical and spiritual subjects. The third series will commence early in the New Year. The classes are conducted solely on a scientific basis, and are open to anyone, quite independent of preconceived opinions. For terms apply to Mr. P. Lee, 45, Freehold-street, Rochdale.

BOOKS.—To the making of books there is no end. One is sometimes tempted to wonder where it will all end. If things go on as they are doing, we shall have to convert the cathedrals into free libraries, and when Lord Macaulay's New Zealander comes over here he will find a be-spectacled, toothless, hairless, top-heavy, big-brained lot of people seated with books in their hands, quietly reading, while their enemies steal their land and destroy their homes. *Perhaps!* Anyway, the output of the printing presses of literature, good, bad, and indifferent, at this season is simply monumental, utterly inconceivable. Enough paper is used to cover the whole world with paper, as with a garment, probably several times thick. Are we any better for all this reading, are we wiser, purer, braver, truer, healthier, or happier? Who can tell? Are we stronger of will and nerve, firmer of mental fibre and moral tissue, braver to bear and endure, more capable to do, or more able to refrain from doing unwisely, to leave undone and unsaid the things we ought not to do or say? Who can tell?

A GRAND New Year Number, price 2d., next week.

O.P.S. FUNDS.—Bevan Harris 2s. 6d., J. Stevenson 3s. 4d.
Mrs. Barnes's Pension, 3s. 4d.

REPORTS for our next issue must be in our hands on MONDAY, or they will be too late, owing to the New Year holidays.

NEW SOCIETIES have been formed this year. A number, both new and old, have joined the National Federation. Many individuals have become Associate Members of that body, and the movement is gaining in unity, firmness, and influence.

THE ONLY SOURCE OF LIGHT.—“We contend that Spiritualism, the science of the spirit in all its modes and manifestations, both here and hereafter, is the only means whereby the thoughtful, spiritually-minded man—the earnest truth-seeker—can obtain light upon the purpose, the meaning, and the use of death, and estimate the present life at its true worth.”—From “Spiritualism Explained,” by E. W. Wallis.

TRURO, Falmouth, Plymouth, Bristol, Exeter, Torquay, Southampton, Portsmouth, Chard, Yeovil, Weymouth, are all places that want waking up. Who will go and “light a candle” for Spiritualism in the wild West country. Then there are Oxford, Cheltenham, Shrewsbury, Leamington, Hereford, Lincoln, Spalding, Cambridge, and Peterborough. Who says there is no pioneering work to be done? But—who will undertake it?

I NOTE SPIRITUAL PROGRESS ALL ROUND. Truly, the coming showers of blessing are upon us. There are quakings and fear in the ranks of ignorance and theology that show the awaking—from error to truth. Truly, the spirit of life is moving in this seething mass of dogma, endeavouring to stir the hearers by the denunciations of the teachers of the old fables and fairy tales of primitive minds in their gropings after light.—Mr. Ronald Bralley.

At a seance held by Mrs. Pursey, 251, Ladbroke-grove, on Jan. 6th, 1896, she predicted the earthquake which took place on Dec. 17, 1896. She depicted its general route, and said it would be slightly felt in London. Her predictions are usually singularly correct, even to minute details—frequently even to correct names and dates. I was at the seance above alluded to, and it was one of many things she then spoke of which time has proved. Her mediumistic powers are very reliable.

FANCY the *Christian Million* admitting a matter-of-fact account of a clairvoyant's experiences in a haunted Scotch castle, and the explanation given by the haunting spirit—by automatic writing—of the reasons for the said haunting. What is the world coming to! We shall not have to wait for 1900 for Spiritualism to be generally accepted if we go on at this rate. The account is by Mrs. Russell Davis, and is extremely interesting, well written, and calculated to set people thinking our way.

MOTTO or Reward Cards for 1897, suitable for presenting to Lyceum children have been gotten up by Mr. T. O. Todd, bearing this quotation:—“I shall pass through this world but once, therefore any good thing that I may do, or any kindness that I may show to my fellow-human creatures, let me do it now, let me not neglect it, or defer it, as I shall not pass this way again.”—Carlyle. These cards are beautifully designed and printed in two sizes, and should be extensively used. Orders should be sent to Mr. Todd, Sunderland.

DEAD MEN'S OPINIONS.—Speaking at a public meeting lately Rev. Charles Williams, leader of the Free Church movement, pleaded for spirituality, and said that the time would be gladly welcomed by him when the free churches should be unfettered by dead men's opinions. Hear, hear, say we. The dead hand of the past has too long gripped the living present, and denied us our rights and liberties. Creeds and dogmas, authorities, decrees, catechisms, and articles are only dead men's opinions, valuable only so far as they are true—as to that we ought all to exercise our own judgment.

DR. J M PEBBLES departed from his home in San Diego on Wednesday, Dec. 2, for his third circumnavigation of the globe, in his seventy-sixth year. He goes from San Francisco, to Honolulu, thence to New Zealand, Australia, India, China, Egypt, Palestine, France, Germany, England, and many other countries in Asia and Europe, returning home via New York. While in India the Doctor intends to make a microscopic search for the “Mahatmas.” His sage lectures will undoubtedly give our Cause a new impetus in all the countries where his voice is heard on this his last long pilgrimage in the mortal form.—Ernest S. Green, in the *Banner of Light*.

THE “Arena,” for December, is a more than usually interesting issue of an always valuable magazine. There is a fine discriminative article on Wm. Morris; an interesting symposium on Practical Christianity, which emphasises in a most marked manner how dead the old Christianity is. The definitions given by Rev. E. Horton and others are “practical humanitarianism” or “practical Spiritualism,” and bear about as little relation to Christianity as cheese does to stone. A “Celestial Love” is the title of a striking psychical romance by Camille Flammarion, in which the hero sees his lost love and holds conversation with her. It is, doubtless, founded on fact.

CHESTER-LE-STREET.—Mr. J. Bland writes that he is sorry to say no public meetings on behalf of Spiritualism are now held in that district, but there are still a few faithful ones who stand up for what they consider the truest and best of causes. This coming summer time we hope some camp-meetings will be held—and that old friend Wilson's big bell will be resurrected, and some of his missionary spirit and zeal will descend upon some of the folk in the district. If we had the time we would be glad for auld-lang-syne to hold some meetings there—if only kitchen or parlour ones. We had some happy stirring times some 18 or 20 years ago, and it is a pity that the fire has been allowed to go out.

STUDENTS of Alchemy are catered for by Mr. Arthur Edward Waite (whose portrait and sketch we shall print next week), in a volume of over 200 pages, price 6s. net, published by George Redway, of No. 9, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, London, W.C., entitled “The Turba Philosophorum, or assembly of the Sages, called also the book of truth in the art and the third Pythagorical Synod,” an ancient alchemical treatise, translated from the Latin, the chief readings of the shorter codex, parallels from the Greek alchemists, and explanations of obscure terms. We freely confess our ignorance and our inability to appraise the worth of this book. Students of alchemy will no doubt find it of service to them.

“THE Brotherhood of the New Life” issue No. 2 of their publications, entitled “The impending world-crisis, or the predicted fire-deluge, by Respiro,” price 1s., of E. W. Allen, London. It is a Harrisite production, of which we can make neither sense nor rhyme nor reason. We are always passing through crises, but this continual glorification of an individual is sickening. It is a positive weariness to wade through this sea of words in search of an original, helpful, sensible, spiritual, philosophy, that touches human daily life.

AMERICAN newspapers state that the practice of getting abnormal pictures on photographic plates without exposure in the camera is now a fashionable amusement in American society. In the *Review of Reviews* for April, 1893, there was a reproduction of the first picture obtained in this country in that way. And in *The Veil Lifted*, amongst the eleven spirit photographs contained in that volume, there is one of the second picture obtained in this country without exposure in the camera. It is a pleasant picture of a baby. On page 147 a description is given of how to experiment to get these pictures.

THE “Hypnotic Magazine” is a good monthly, devoted to an investigation of the science of “Hypnotism, its uses or abuses, and its therapeutic possibilities.” Subscription 7s. 6d. per annum, issued by the Psychic Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill. There is great need for a standard magazine dealing with the great field of mental and mesmeric, or hypnotic, phenomena and possibilities. Imagination is running riot; novelists, with little or no actual experience, are writing the most arrant nonsense; mind curers and others are making the most pitiable exhibitions of pretentious ignorance and assumption; while would-be philosophers are discovering any number of extra or sub-selves, or professing to do so, and a vigorous protest is needed on behalf of true mental and psychological science.

THE ROSE CROSS, and other psychical tales, is the title of a 3s. 6d. book of over 260 pages of interesting allegory. It is a pleasant way of taking philosophic teaching in homeopathic doses. The book, which is well got up, bound in cloth, with a specially designed art-cover, is dedicated “to all those who love animals, and also to those who strive to gaze beyond earth's misty veil,” a rather curious combination. We happened upon this passage: “I am glad the Perfect One went down to earth, for had he not done so neither I nor the other angels could have found the way.” This is to say the least misleading, for it is untrue, and shows the Christian bias of the writer, which detracts greatly from the value of the book. Angels—messenger spirits—have returned in all ages and to all people's, or history is unreliable and none have done so. It is a pity that much which is otherwise good and helpful should be saddled with this limiting superstition. It is issued by the Roxburghe Press, and sold by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

OUR GOOD FRIEND Mr. Thomas Shorter sent us a little book of poems, “Later Autumn Leaves,” which has had to wait, with a number of other books, for notice. Our time and our space have both been crowded, and even now we cannot say what we should like, but this we can say—that these “Thoughts in Verse and Sketches of Character” are really thoughts, and the verses are not merely jingles; they are undoubtedly of considerable merit, and some of them have the true poetic spirit, the inspirational ring. Here we have a skilful player tuning his harp to a variety of moods, now grave, now gay, now pathetic, now aspirational, homely, sympathetic, spiritual, and religious. One feels that the author has gathered from a long life's experiences and a well-stocked memory quite a number of leaves—flower leaves as well as the richly tinted autumn leaves—and offers to the reader a rich share of the pleasure and profit which he has received from the treasures of the garden of mind. The book is neatly bound in cloth, and published by Allman and Son, 67, New Oxford-street, London.

HERE is another mystical production, “The Cloud upon the Sanctuary,” by the Councillor von Eckarlshausen; translation and notes by Isabel de Steiger; preface by J. W. Brodie-Innes. This, too, is published by Mr. Redway, who is evidently qualifying as the recognised publisher for occult, mystical, and magical books. The price is 3s. 6d. net—it is cloth bound, and has 131 pages. The name Jesus-Christ is taken from its ordinary and accepted usage, and new meanings are given to it, and what should be made plain and clear is made cloudy and obscure in the process. In our opinion the time has come for plain-thinking straight-talk, clear and fearless exposure of shams, and the statement of religious truths and principles that the so-called common people may hear and understand. “The metaphysical world is one really existing, perfectly pure and indestructible, whose centre we call Jesus Christ.” Of course, if you call four five, then twice two are five, but calling four five does not make it so! There is much in this book that is helpful if it were only cleared of the jargon of mysticism and stated in plain English—but—it would cease to be mystical!

THE MAGICAL RITUAL is a book published by Mr. Redway, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, London, of upwards of one hundred closely-printed pages, with eight coloured plates (price 7s. 6d. net), which, like Mr. Waite's book on Alchemy, contains a lot of curious statements that one hardly knows what to do with. It is edited by W. Wynn Wescott, M.B., Magns of the Rosicrucian Society of England, and is called “The Magical Ritual of the Sanctum Regnum,” interpreted by the tarot trumps, translated from the M.M.S. of Eliphaz Lévi! That is enough for us—but doubtless there are some of our readers who are mystically and magically inclined, who will welcome these volumes, but life is too short for us to dive deeply into their mysteries—we must leave them until our next incarnation—if ever we are re-incarnated, which we gravely doubt—it would be a pity to exhaust the stores in one lifetime. Besides, our hairs are turning grey rapidly enough with the ordinary cares and duties of this work-a-day world. If we undertook the task of trying to understand these strange books we fear we should have no hair left in a very short time. No, no, Messrs. Waite, Wynn and Redway, we will say a good word for your books, for those who like that sort of thing, but for ourselves, we pray you have us excused.

It is a pity that one can be so much aid and comfort to the one he holds dear, as just after that one has passed through death. “You can do nothing more for him,” is sometimes heard. “His life is closed.” “He has gone forever.” Never were words more misleading. His friend can do more than ever for him. His life is not closed but—

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

SIR,—For Propaganda Fund. Amounts to hand since last list:—Daisy 1s. Collected by Mrs. H. Pimblott, Macclesfield:—Mr. D. Mottershead (Poynton) 3s., Mr. O. Challion 1s., Mr. H. Booth 1s., Miss Burgess 1s., Miss Leigh 1s., Mr. W. Pimblott 1s., Mr. H. Pimblott 1s., Rev. A. Rushton 1s., Mrs. Rushton 1s., Mrs. Woolham 1s., Mr. G. Challinor 6d., Mr. G. P. Gunn 6d., Mr. Wiltshire 6d., A Friend 2d.; total, 13s.

WILFRED ROOKE, Gen. Sec.

165, Stockport-road, Levenshulme, Manchester.

Mr. R. Fitton, Hon. Treasurer, 44, Walnut-street, Hightown, Manchester, acknowledges—per Mr. Wm. Harrison, from Society at North-street, Burnley, 10s. 6d.; Mr. W. Harrison, 2s. 6d.; J. Kenyon, South London Spiritualists' Mission, 10s.; total £1 3s.

[We have received at this office:—J. Reynolds (I. of W.) 1s. 6d., Socialist 2s. 6d., J. Stevenson 3s. 4d., A. Hoare 1s., G. Harris 1s.—Ed. T.W.]

INTERESTING EXPERIENCES IN SCOTLAND.

SIR,—Miss Shakleton and myself would like to express our heartfelt thanks for the kindness we received from many friends during our visit to Scotland, on mission work, with the Federation organiser, Mr. James Swindlehurst. While staying in Glasgow we had the extreme satisfaction of being present at a painting seance with the gifted artist medium, Mr. David Duguid, thanks to the goodness of J. Robertson, Esq. (whose genial face adorns the spiritual workers' Album). We were cordially received by Mrs. Duguid, who conducted us to the room set apart for the seance. There were seventeen persons present, including the host, and his wife, and family. After some conversation, the medium showed signs of being controlled, and commenced to arrange the paints, brushes, etc., to his satisfaction, from a box which had been placed upon the table beforehand, and taking a piece of cardboard, measuring about 9½ in. by 6½ in., he sketched upon it, and painted (in many colours) a lovely view of Loch Lorne, with a castle upon the cliff, within 18 minutes, as timed by Mr. Van Straatan, treasurer of the Glasgow Spiritual Society.

The fact that, the eyes of the medium being closed the whole of the time the delicate work was in process, and his face upheld so that all present could see his eyes were sightless, was of itself convincing that it would be impossible for an ordinary individual to do such intricate work in that condition. The picture finished, the lights were turned out for "direct" manifestations, and immediately the room was filled with a delicious perfume, and after singing three verses of the hymn "Abide with me," the lights were turned up, and two carte-de-visite cards, the corners of which had previously been torn off, were found to have been painted upon. They were miniature works of art, one a pretty coast scene, and the other was an exact replica of the large one before referred to. Mr. Duguid's guide kindly presented us with the small oil painting. We sincerely thank Mr. Duguid for his kindness in allowing us to witness the very marvellous phase of mediumship he undoubtedly possesses. In fact, we cannot too highly express our gratitude to all concerned.

L. A. GRIFFIN.

NELLIE SHAKLETON.

INTERESTING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

SIR,—Writing this day to a friend in New York I had occasion to refer to the subject of "Spiritualism." I thought that probably many of your readers would appreciate the following extract, conveying as it does my humble testimony to the excellent character of one of its chief exponents on your platform:—"With us I think Spiritualism becomes more absorbing, attractive, and fascinating. Although as you will have observed from the papers (I have dispatched at various times), it is bringing in its train the inseparable contumely and bitterness. We have been compelled to shoulder the cross, and by cruel hands nailed thereon—objects of derision and scornful contemplation,—but we rejoice that the crown of thorns is our glory, and while the moral support of *Christian friends* is coldly withheld, we are conscious of sustaining power from hidden sources unknown to them.

"The marvellous evidences it has been our privilege to witness of life's continuity, the messages we have received, and the inward witness within, born of actual realities, have to me proved a tower of strength, and I feel convinced that the impelling forces to which I am subject, will carry me through to a triumphant consummation.

"I told you in my last I had commenced a journal, but alas! it remains as it was when I wrote. The incidents I intended to record are being eclipsed by subsequent events, one after another, in such quick succession, that I hesitated to proceed, feeling an inward conviction that my own development will in the end prove the most forceful and indisputable evidence of the grand Truth I am desirous to unfold.

"We have had as guest for three days Mr. G. H. Bibbings, B.A., a trance speaker; he left us yesterday. His visit has afforded mutual delight, and amply were we repaid our hospitality. Surely angel ministers sat at the board, and imparted the sweet fragrance of their presence around the homely hearth. Never in my life did I hear such perfect eloquence, such sublime sentiments, that like a living stream of precious gems poured forth through his unconscious organism.

"Language fails to convey but a poor conception of the rich and hallowed treat that was given us. "The feast of reason and flow of soul" was a Divine benediction, a heavenly response to the highest aspirations of our nature, overwhelming in its influence, and satisfying for the time being the cravings of our hearts."

At Nottingham-road, Belper, on the 13th INSTANT, MARY EMMA (Penn), the beloved daughter of Alfred Harinson and Elizabeth Emma Woodward, aged 19 months. Interred by Mr. Alfred Smedley on the 16th, in Belper Cemetery.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS IN THE SPHERES.

SIR—If Prof. Hunt is an authority, the theories of Huyghens, Young, etc., are not very sound. He says: "The undulatory theory explains the radiant visible property of light, but it does not explain the chemical effects. The optical polarity of a crystal and its connections with the polaric conditions of its constituents—the diffraction, inflexion, interferences, the oxydation of surfaces, the cause of natural colours, the presence of the chemical action of light, the presence of heat, electricity, magnetism; yet light produces all these phenomena, it vitalises, and the organic action of light is witnessed in the fauna and flora around." A word on the production of light. Wm. Spottiswoode, F.R.S., puts it as follows: "What produces the effect of light from all parts of a clear sky? The sky is pure space, with no contents save a few miles of atmosphere of the earth, and beyond that, the impalpable ether supposed to pervade all space, and to transmit light from the furthest limits of the stellar universe. The ether is, certainly, inoperative in the diffusion of light now under consideration. By a very simple experiment will suffice to show that such a diffusion, or, as it has been better called, a scattering of light, is due to the presence of small particles in the air. If a beam from an electric lamp or from the sun be allowed to pass through a room, its track becomes visible by its reflection from the notes of floating bodies, in fact by the dust in the air. But if the air be cleared of dust by burning it with a spirit lamp placed underneath, the beam disappears from the parts so cleared, and the space becomes dark. If, however, the air were absolutely pure and devoid of matter foreign to it, the azure of the sky would no longer be seen, and the heavens would appear black; the illumination of objects would be strong and glaring on one side, and on the other shadows would be deep and unrelieved by the diffused light to which we are accustomed." Besides this, there are always minute particles of water floating in the atmosphere, which vary from the great rain drops, through intermediate forms of mist and of fine fleecy cloud, to almost invisible minuteness. It is these particles, whether of water or other matter, which scatter the solar rays and suffuse the heavens with light. Tissandier and Nordenskiöld have shown that nearly, if not quite, all substances of the earth are floating in a refined form through the atmosphere.

Professor Roscoe says, "there is not a speck of dust or mote in the sunbeam which does not contain chloride of sodium (salt). Two thirds of the earth's surface is covered with salt water, and the fine spray which is being carried up into the air evaporates, leaving the minute specks of salt which we see dancing in the sunbeam. The sodium fulfils a grand mission, for when ignited it gives out yellow light—the leading principle of luminosity, by which the universe is revealed.

I think it is admitted generally that atoms combined by polar or lateral cohesion form solids and other substances. The infinity of smallness of some of these atoms is simply amazing. Thompson, by means of numerous experiments, has established the fact that in transparent bodies the atoms are so small as to require 250,000,000 to 5,000,000,000 to extend one inch; Gaudin calculates for the smallest particles of matter figures much the same as Thompson, making the number of atoms for a large pin's head about 8,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000—8 sextillions. Now, the tiniest atom is as much a piece of matter as the visible lump. If space permitted I would show that ethers are substances having weight; if they had no weight and were really imponderable, as scientists sometimes declare, they could not have momentum. I contend that Heat, Light, Electricity, etc., are actual things—substances: if they were not so, how in the name of common sense could the rays of light be collected as a pigment on chemically prepared paper, plate, etc.? Can they collect and retain nothing? Mr. Murday's error is, he confounds the sensation or perception of light with light itself. Of course, I may include Heat, as they are due to one source. Light is in the world around rather than in the mind which perceives it. Heat is in objects rather than in the mind which perceives it, and produces effects, palpable effects, in the world. The statement, "Outside the brain and our consciousness light does not exist," is the climax of absurdity."

Neither Mr. Murday nor anyone else has gained correct knowledge from the books to which he refers; can he tell what electricity is? Has he received the meaning of the terms positive and negative electricity? Can he explain how steel can hold its force permanently while iron cannot, and hundreds of other difficult things? The way to gain correct information is certainly not by using other people's spectacles so much as our own.—Yours truly, ROLANDUS.

[This discussion is simply resolving itself into a war of "authorities," and a brief reply from Mr. Murday must close it. "Where doctors differ" the patient must decide for himself.—Ed. T.W.]

THERE are many large towns and cities where no Society of Spiritualists exists. This is not as it should be. We could easily run over a long list of names. Surely in 1897 and in our Jubilee year, 1898, we can organise a campaign to carry the war against ignorance, Materialism, and bigotry into some of these centres of population.

A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.—The chief officer (Mr. Farrell) and a seaman were washed overboard from a Cardiff steamer, in a severe gale, on Dec. 4th. Mr. Farrell used to attend the seances held by Mrs. Williams, at 198, Cowbridge-road, Cardiff. Mrs. Williams says that some time ago she urged him to get another ship, as she feared he would be lost at sea if he stayed in the one he was connected with. He answered, "If I pass over, and can return, I will manifest to you." She had not seen him for several months, but on Dec. 8th, during the seance, she clairvoyantly saw a ship tossing about at sea, and said, "A spirit tells me one whom we know will be lost from it. Do any of you know a friend who is expected home?" No one in the room had any friends on board ship, so that she did not pursue the matter further, but still saw the dim outline of a man. However, when the report of the drowning of Mr. Farrell was published on Dec. 10th, she felt that her prediction had been fulfilled, that it was he who had tried to make his presence known.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

THE streets were thronged with people, and the shops were ablaze with the glory of the Christmas. The air was sharp and frosty, and a biting wind swept up from the sea, yet the last preparations must be made, for a million homes were to be visited that night by the genial northern goblin, and countless little hearts made happy.

In a bye-street, away from the rush of the throng, in a room high up, where the noise of the turbulent city came as an indistinct murmur, was a mother, watching by the bedside of her child, a girl of fourteen years. Pale and forlorn was that mother, and her history a chapter of life painful to read.

Once she was a happy child, with every want met by the asking. A happy wife, a blessed mother, and the girl now on that thin, faded couch, had been shielded from the rough winds by a father's tender care. It was all gone now. The sea had asked for and received that father. Want came again, and the tender child, like a plant ill-nourished, faded away.

"It is cold, mother," said the child, softly, "lie here and take me in your arms."

Then the poor mother glanced around the bare room. There was no coal, no wood, nothing but ashes in the grate. She drew aside the blanket, and lying down drew the suffering Ava close to her breast.

"This is delightful, mamma;" she said. "You have no warmth to spare, yet give to me; I am naughty to ask you. And papa is here, too. He says he wants a Christmas present! What does he mean?"

"You are fourteen years old to-night. He always called you his Christmas present."

"Oh, then, dear papa, you want me! Well, I want you to have me."

Ava was silent, the mother wept, the clocks in the steeples began to strike the hour of midnight.

"Mamma! mamma!" softly spoke the child, "Is it morning? It is growing light."

"Nay, Ava, it is dark yet, and a long time yet before morning."

"It is very light. It is full day, and—dear mother, I think I shall—go away. I love you—much—Father—"

No warmth could restore the lifeless clay, and the stricken mother clasped her dear child with a dull and crushed despair.

"I want her," she moaned; "I want her, and what can I give her? What have I given her? Hunger and cold, and sickness. I could do nothing more, and yet I would have her back! No, it is best, for there can be no life worse than this, and perhaps she is better, warmer, and happier. But I have nothing else, and oh, God! I am not allowed to have even this poor comfort of my child to suffer with me."

A mother sat by the side of her suffering child. The subdued light from the shaded globe fell softly over the room, furnished with all the luxuries art could devise. Aldine, the only loved and worshipped child, had it prepared as her own taste desired. The walls were exquisite arabesque designs in purple and gold, the carpet delicate brown, with masses of pale green fern leaves, like a bed of moss; the furniture and bed were a soft shade of blue, while the deep window was filled with rare plants, many in bloom and others trained upward and looped in festoons over the damask and lace curtains. The air was warm and perfumed with the breath of roses.

One thing was wanting for perfect happiness in this Eden. Neither wealth nor love can exclude pain. It came stealthily in on the soft air of autumn, and for three months the child had suffered, and loving hearts had ministered and waited with intense expectation. Now Christmastide was near. To-morrow the world would put on its gayest robes, just as its generations had done from countless time, for the resurrection of life from death.

The father came and softly spoke her name. She turned her pale, thin face, and wearily opened her large brown eyes.

"Papa, I had such a sweet dream! Cousin Ray was here, looking just as he did before he died last year. He drew aside a curtain, and I looked through, and far away saw a landscape of such beauty as I never dreamed of before. Cousin Ray took my hand and wanted to lead me away, and I thought of you, and awoke."

"It is pleasant to have sweet dreams, and you will soon be strong, and then we will go to the mountains and the great lakes, and we shall find many beautiful places."

"Perhaps," she replied; and then, after a pause, "It is growing cold." Her father took her hands in his. Ah, they were cold! and her eyes were supernaturally bright. Cold, and no human power could ever warm them again. In vain, O mother, do you apply stimulants, and chafe those hands and those chill arms. The warmth which is life can never more be theirs. Oh, it is terrible to feel our utter helplessness in the presence of death! Love and affection, though they offer life for life, are powerless. Death lowers like the mantle of darkness, dropping slowly and inevitably from the sky, and we cannot resist it.

Father and mother stood by that couch, knowing the hour had come, and that they were helpless to avert one pang, or assist in any way their child in the terrible ordeal through which she was to pass.

Again she spoke: "Ray is here again. It is warm now, and he says he will take me a journey. He will show me the beautiful country. Do not weep, papa! mamma! I'll come back. I shall not need any Christmas gifts this year, for I shall be away. Oh, I love you more than I can tell!—kiss me—"

They kissed her again and again, but she seemed to have sunk to sleep. After a few minutes she opened her eyes. They were aglow with the light of heaven. They saw what mortal eyes have never seen. A smile arched the corners of her delicate mouth, and overspread her pale face, as the setting sun gilds the high mountain peak, and she was gone. The departing spirit reflected its glory over the deserted shrine, abandoned for ever. They listened for her breath, but the cage of the immortal only remained. The clock struck twelve; it was Christmas morn.

Far away in the ether, where the zones of the spirit-worlds sweep in vast folds around their primary worlds, on a jutting promontory, overlooking the world below, a class of children are grouped with their guardian and teacher, enjoying the glory of the scene. They are waiting for the coming of someone from the space below—and soon they are rewarded, for the spirit of Aldine and Cousin Ray floated up from a beam of light, and were greeted by the group.

Scarcely was the welcome over when a spirit, tall and radiant, stood before them, holding by the hand the spirit of Ava.

"I have come with my child," he said to the teacher, to ask you to take her into your group, and care for her, as it is not possible for me now to do."

"Most welcome," replied the beautiful teacher, and all the children came around the timid Ava, who scarcely realised the meaning of the change through which she had passed. They embraced and kissed her, and called her their sister, and made her heart light and happy with affection.

"I must return to earth," said Ava's father, for my wife, alone and in want, is dying, and I must welcome her from death. I will soon bring mamma to you, my child."

Then the teacher said to the happy children, "This Christmas morning will be kept with joy by our friends on earth, because it is the day sacred to the resurrection of life from death. Two new members have been born into our life, and we will visit other groups and beautiful places that they may become acquainted with this new and immortal life."

THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL.

How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art to-day.
Can he not reach thee with his tender care?
Can he not hear me when for thee I pray?

What matters it to him who holds within
The hollow of his hand all worlds, all space,
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
Somewhere within his ken thou hast a place.
Somewhere thou livest and hast need of him,
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.
Then all the more because thou canst not hear
Poor human words of blessing, will I pray:
Oh, true, brave heart! God bless thee wheresoe'er
In his great universe thou art to-day.

EVERY sympathetic observer of life must recognise the increasing spirituality of the general attitude toward that event which sooner or later comes into every home—death. Its darkness and terror may almost be said to be practically over; the time practically over when we affirmed by our lips, but denied by our conduct, our belief in immortality. Formerly—and of course much of it lingers at the present time—a death in the family plunged every member of it "into mourning." Usually the mourning was synonymous with grief, but not invariably. Whether it was the accompaniment of grief or only the element of trade and traffic; of the intrusion of bustle and material affairs on hours that should be sacred to exaltation and to consecrated thought. Here is a great, new experience. One dearly beloved has gone on to the next higher plane of life. He is not dead; he is more alive than ever before; near and dear as the relations to him may have been on earth, now they may be infinitely nearer and dearer. Lowell expresses this truth in these lines:

"Now I can love thee truly,
For nothing comes between
The senses and the spirit,
The seen and the unseen."

Nor need death be thought of as formless and vague and void. "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body," said St. Paul. Psychic science has discovered and formulated beyond question of doubt certain truths about the life that lies just beyond this. These truths are just as well attested as any truths of philosophy or of science.

First, "a spirit" is simply the spiritual being in the spiritual body, just as the individual here is the spiritual being in the physical body. The spiritual and the natural bodies correspond in all detail of form and carriage. But the spiritual is light and capable of swift movement, and is far more the expression of the spirit force than is the natural body. The natural body is subject to the resistance of matter, while the spiritual body is not; the one is subject to the law of gravitation, not so the other. The man living in this part of life is essentially a spirit; he does not "become" one by death, but merely slips out of the outer, coarser, physical body, and finds himself in this spiritual body with head and hands and feet—the form he has been accustomed to. Now he has to do with finer agencies. Not necessarily is he remote from the space where those on earth are living. He has achieved a higher plane of consciousness than he had here. But that does not necessarily imply a geographical or astronomical change of places. Two men may live side by side in a block in adjoining houses, with the scenery of their daily lives practically identical, and still be on very different planes of spiritual consciousness. The one may be noble and high, the other base and low.

The event of death does not probably at once change a man's nature. It effects no miraculous or instantaneous change in the quality of his spirit. There are spirits still in the natural body much more exalted than some who have gone out of the natural body. Still, the general tendency is upward, for the one fact of the loss of relations with material things tends to spiritualisation.

It is more than probable that there is never a time when the friend here can be so much aid and comfort to the one he holds dear, as just after that one has passed through death. "You can do nothing more for him," is sometimes heard. "His life is closed." "He has gone forever." Never were words more misleading. His friend can do more than ever for him. His life is *not* closed but—

begun. He has not "gone forever," but rather he is nearer, closer, tenderer, than this part of life ever permitted him to be. The masses for the dead in the Catholic Church rest on the deepest spiritual truth. And how beautiful are the sacred words of which the first lines are: "Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them."

To hold sacred and peaceful the season of a death is to enter into the most divine uplifting. Violent grief must be torture to the one who is gone, and who is vainly striving to make those here understand that he is only more alive than they are—alive with a keener, finer, more exalted life. The truly-enlightened vision will yet come to regard death as a sacred festival, a spiritual sacrament, instead of tears and lamentations and seclusion and selfish grief—for, however unconsciously, such grief is selfish; instead of this, it will be a period when the nearer friends will lift up their hearts with a new and deeper sense of the spiritual life; when spirit to spirit—the one in the life beyond, the other in this life—shall meet more nearly, more truly responsive than ever before, and a closer sense of the divine love encompass them round about. LILLIAN WHITING.

The Brunswick, Boston.

THOSE THINGS WE SHOULD FORGET.

By GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before."—Philippians iii. 13.

It is just as much our duty to forget some things as it is to remember others. In forgetfulness alone can the soul find strength to do what the present demands, and to endure what the future may have in store.

There are many things in a man's life which it is a great comfort to forget, which, indeed, he must forget if he is to "reach forth" with either comfort or encouragement, and which he ought to forget if he expects to do justice to his aspiration for better thoughts and deeds than his past life contains.

If a man, for example, has at some time or other yielded to temptation, has repented of his weakness and acquired resolution enough to fortify himself against a recurrence, he would be very foolish to keep that period of his life in his mind. The more he thinks of it the more injury he does to his self-respect, and wounded self-respect is always a peril.

If, under a sudden impulse or from sheer foolhardiness, you choose to go through a bog instead of travelling on the hard upland, and if, after having accomplished this foolish feat, you recognise your folly and wash your soiled boots in the nearest spring, you need not constantly recall your escapade or waste your time in looking at the boots which yesterday were muddy. The experience was possibly useful in its way, but you will never go through it again. Put aside, therefore, the remembrance of it so far as you can, thank God you did not sink in the bog, and push forward with a light heart. When you repented God forgot your misdeed, and you can afford to do the same. There is no revenge in heaven, and though certain marks, indistinct tracings, may be left on the soul in consequence of evil doing, they are like the scar on the arm, a very slight disfigurement if the wound has properly healed.

I do not say that penitence can entirely erase the consequences of grave misdeeds, for the laws of nature will have their way, and we may as well face that sternest fact in our human lives. But when a man sees the course he has pursued has been an injury, determines to halt, to right about face and to march the other way, that attitude of mind reduces consequences to a minimum. When God does this, not by miracle, but by law, you may well forget the things that are behind in your eager desire to "reach forth" to the nobler life before you.

Religion, in its highest aspects, gives us a very practical view of this matter. St. Paul was wise when he told us to make life happier by forgetting some things, and what a beautiful world this would be if we could wholly forget the injuries we have received, and remember only the kind things that have been done. How it hardens the heart and takes the sweetness out of life to dwell on the evil that has befallen us, either through our own folly or the selfishness of others! A sort of despair, or at least of indifference, settles on the soul when we look only at the underside of ourselves and of our neighbours. We ask ourselves what it is all worth when one friend has proved false, and that single falsity spoils our lives, just as a drop of ink will spoil a glass of water. We forget the water which will quench our thirst, and remember only the drop of ink, then mingle the two and spoil everything.

In my judgment this is a very serious matter, and one that calls for our most careful attention. I have met men who thought the world was peopled with rogues, because one debtor failed to meet his obligations or one friend betrayed their confidence. They do not generalise from the honesty which they have met in abundance, but from the dishonesty which is exceptional. It would be just as fair to say that it thunders always because you have seen one flash of lightning.

And there are women who have wronged themselves by becoming querulous because of one or two sad experiences, and others who have walked in shadow because some dear one walks in the light of an immortal life. What is religion for if it does not make us see things as God sees them? Why should we fix our eyes on one dark cloud when all the rest of the heavens is in the blaze of sunlight?

If you have had weeds in your garden and have pulled them up, do not let your memory dwell on weeds. If you have not pulled them up, that is a very different affair, and the more soberly you think of weeds in a flower-garden the better. If you have had sickness or death, do not think of graves, but of the house not made with hands. God has been good, and you do well to remember it. If you have been false to yourself and are now faithful, bury "the old man," and rejoice in "the new man." With heaven to look forward to, with a kindly Providence and a host of angels to keep you lest you stumble, you should gracefully face the present and cheerfully look to the future.—*New York Herald.*

THE MISTAKE OF HER LIFE;

OR, THEN AND NOW.

MIRIAM BAIRD sighed wearily as she entered her desolate room, her breath was coming quickly, through the exertion of mounting the many stairs. She sank down exhausted on a chair near the door, and let the heavy parcel she was carrying slip to the floor. After a few moments, she roused herself, and proceeded to coax the dying embers of the fire into a blaze with the aid of a few sticks and some little pieces of coal, taken from a wooden box standing near. The preparations for her scanty meal were soon made, and she sat down to some weak tea and bread, with but a scrape of butter. Faint and exhausted as she was (for she had not eaten since the morning), it was with difficulty she could swallow the dry morsels, though she drank the tea with feverish eagerness. Presently, she sat staring into the fire, with an almost hopeless look, the heavy lines which grief had marked on her face showing distinctly. Poor, tired one, shall we lift with you the curtain and behold some of those scenes of the past, which are recorded in your book of memory?

Twenty years ago Miriam was a bright laughing girl, her tall slender figure the embodiment of grace. The idol of a doting father, who, since her mother left her, a toddler of three, had denied her nothing he could give, and always sided with her in any difficulty with servants or governesses. Miriam had grown self-willed and imperious; not having been taught to consider others, their side of matters did not often appeal to her; but her greatest fault was a readiness to jump to conclusions, and so to act without giving herself time for thought or to foresee probable consequences. At this period of her life she was the centre of attraction in a select circle. Her father was reputedly wealthy, and spent his money on Miriam with a lavish hand, keeping open house for her friends, and sparing no effort to make the home pleasant that Miriam ruled with a sweet graciousness that only occasionally failed. Party going, visits to concerts and theatres, and pleasant little gatherings in their own home made the time fly swiftly. The two most constant visitors were suitors for Miriam's hand, towards one she secretly inclined, but because he did not pay her deference enough, openly flouted him. The other, whom she appeared to like, but really shrank from, already began to assume the air of a favoured guest, and every now and then was inclined to take privileges Miriam was not so ready to grant, but the wilful girl shut her eyes to any probability of danger, and went her heedless way, taking a pleasure in observing the hurt look visible on the face of Gerald Orme, who, proud as herself, did not seem inclined to ask for further favours, though the sneering smile of Mark Baird made him furious at such times when Miriam was so gracious to his rival but cold to himself, though now and again he thought he caught a soft gleam in her eyes that lured him on in spite of his repeated determination to withdraw from the contest. Matters were at this stage when the sudden and alarming illness of her father, Mr. West, caused Miriam to deny herself to all visitors and devote her energies to the task of nursing him; but, in spite of all her care, aided as she was by a good nurse and a clever doctor, he gradually sank, and passed away in little more than a week from the first attack. He was evidently much troubled in his mind the last two days, but in spite of repeated efforts, could not make those around him clearly understand his meaning, being able to only ejaculate a few broken words. "Fool"—"fool"—"child"—and "wrong" were all that could be clearly heard.

Many enquiries had been made, especially from Mr. Baird and Mr. Orme, who had urged their requests for an interview, if only for a few moments; but Miriam would see no one during her father's illness. When she realised he had indeed left her, she was overwhelmed with grief, and besought the doctor piteously to kill her too; she could not live without her darling father. "Oh! what shall I do?" she moaned, and would not be comforted; one moment begging her father, by all the endearing names she was wont to call him, to speak to her, and the next, shrieking and crying she would die too; nothing mattered if her father was not with her. At last, Nature asserted herself, and, tired out, Miriam sank into a deep sleep with the tears upon her cheeks. Every now and then a sobbing breath broke the quiet of her slumber, which lasted several hours. Poor Miriam! when she awoke it was to learn, all too soon, that she was practically penniless, as well as fatherless. Mr. West, like many another, had no thought of dying, and had lived up to the full of his income. The lawyer told Miriam there would only be a few pounds left when all debts, etc., were paid, and gently asked if she had no friends who would give her a home.

"I will be dependent on no one," answered Miriam, with a flash of her old spirit, and it was while she was feeling sore and wounded, yet scarcely understanding what it all meant, that Mr. Orme was announced. He was shocked to see the change the last fortnight had wrought in her. The tall, pale figure in deep mourning seemed almost like that of a stranger, and as unapproachable. He had heard of the state of affairs, and intended to assure Miriam of his love and sympathy, and to give her his mother's kindly invitation to make their home hers, but somehow the words faltered on his lips, and he found himself uttering the veriest commonplaces, as from one acquaintance to another. Miriam was cold and irresponsible, bitterly thinking: "Father and money gone, and friends soon will be." Her heart was aching, poor child, at Gerald's cold commonplaces; she was hungry for loving words, but would not show it.

"Gerald at last said: 'My mother, Mrs. Orme, would be pleased for you to stay with us, Miss West.'"

"Oh, I would not dream of such an intrusion, Mr. Orme," Miriam answered, hurt at his cold, hesitating manner.

"But my mother wishes you to come and make our home yours, Miss West, until—"

"Until she is tired of me," flashed out Miriam. "No, thank you; your mother's charitable offer is refused, Mr. Orme."

"Indeed, you mistake me, Miriam. I was going to say, until you had one of your own, until we had one. I am so sorry for you, dear," he blurted out; "grieved about your father and—er—the money. I pity you intensely, Miriam. Do say yes, dear one?"

"Yes to what?" asked Miriam, who felt a grip as of a cold hand on her heart as she heard the word "pity" uttered by Gerald.

"Say yes, you will go to my mother, and that presently you will come to my home as my wife," urged Gerald.

"I will not marry you, Gerald Orme, nor accept your mother's offer; take your 'pity' and your charity elsewhere. I will have none of it; my views and yours do not agree; go"; and with steady hand she pointed to the door.

He tried to make her hear him, but in vain, for, covering her ears with her hands, she said, "If you do not go, I must," and rushed out of the room to throw herself on her bed in a very tempest of grief. "He pities me, and offers me a home," she muttered when the storm had spent itself. "I would rather die before I would accept."

Meanwhile Gerald had taken a long walk, hoping to straighten out the tangle of his thoughts. What had he done, how offended Miriam, when he only longed to comfort and help her; surely she must know that he loved her. He finally decided to wait a day or two, and then try again. Miriam must hear him, and he would show her how strong his love was. Calmed by this resolution, he went home, and, in answer to his mother's enquiry as to when Miriam was coming, said she was still too upset to make the change. Mrs. Orme said lovingly, "I will fetch the dear child, and in the home sphere, she will soon be more reconciled." But when Mrs. Orme went, Miriam persistently refused to see her or to send any message to her, thus grieving her kind friend to the heart.

Gerald was unfortunately summoned from home on a matter of business. Before going he wrote to Miriam telling her of his love, but found, on his return, that his letter had been sent back unopened, and heard, to his amazement, that Miriam was to be married immediately. Mr. Baird, who had seen Miriam when she was full of hot, angry pride and ready to do any mad thing, to show Gerald she did not need his help, had, with specious assurance persuaded her to marry him at once.

They were married very quietly, and went abroad, where they stayed for a few years, and where four children were born to them. Only one, a boy, was left when they returned to England. Miriam learnt all too soon to what fate she had hastened. Her husband soon let her see his true character; he only prized what seemed unattainable, and neglected and ill-treated her. Drink and gambling were his masters, and whatever position he gained was soon lost, and Miriam, the petted child upon whom in her father's lifetime the winds of heaven must not blow too harshly, had, by unremitting toil, to earn the few shillings which enabled them to keep body and soul together. Mr. Baird became a confirmed invalid, who in querulous tone and with angry manner often regretted he had tied himself to such a woman. "She had dragged him down," he said; "why had't she married that fool, Gerald Orme."

Poor Miriam; the scalding tears furrowed her cheeks, and want gnawed at her heart strings; want of love as well as food. Even her child, growing fast to manhood, was treading in his father's footsteps, and now, this Christmas Eve, she was left to struggle alone. Her husband had died two years before and her son a month ago. She had thanked God, as she looked with dry eyes on her boy's lifeless body; he was young in years and old in sin. His death was the result of a drunken brawl, and she had feared worse evil for him. He would yield to no control, but with bad companions sunk lower and lower.

As Miriam sat in her bare room, looking with hot eyes into the fire, she lived over again these past experiences. That day, standing ere crossing a crowded street, she had seen Gerald Orme. He was seated in a carriage with a sweet-faced lady, muffled in costly furs, at his side, and opposite him, two winsome girls, handsomely dressed, whose glowing faces and bright looks spoke of health and happiness, Gerald looked at her unrecognisingly, as his carriage wheels splashed with mud her poor gown and the parcel of work she held in her arms.

The bitterness of it overcame her, as she gazed into the sinking embers, and with a burst of uncontrollable anguish she wept unrestrainedly, and then prayed she might never see another Xmas.

Her weary days were soon ended, for cold and hunger did their work. She had not been trained to skilled labour, and the rough work she could do brought her such a poor pittance that, with failing strength, she dropped her hands, and in a few days journeyed to the Great Beyond, there to have peace and rest until she grew strong again, then work that should bring happiness at last, and teach her life's true meaning.

M. H. WALLIS.

INVOCATION.

"CREATE in me a clean heart, O! God, and renew a right spirit within me." Let all darkness roll away before the sun of Thy morning. Let the weary days cease for a Sabbath with Thee. Let the flowers of the spirit unfold in more light. May glory come back to the desert place, and barrenness become fruitful with blessing. Where pain is crowded let there be peace, where there is turmoil let there be rest, where a soul is bonded let it go free. Rejoice the pure in heart, and discourage the evil-doer. Lift up the eyes of men to behold "Thy habitation" far from the road of trouble and temptation. Lead us nearer Thee day by day. When all is dark, grant us light; when we are reft and weary, give us Thy peace. Lift up the heart that is heavy, raise up the head that is fallen, discover the soul that is lost. Create within us new thoughts, purer desires, higher aspirations. Renew such moments of holiness as all have felt. Make purity a habit and sin a dying falling. Encourage the struggling soul battling with temptation. Forgive our weak surrenderers and bless our victories. Raise us up when all is dark and we are fallen helpless, with no star upon the night. Take us from our stumbling, nearer again to Thee. Place mercies all around us, and angels near at hand. Guide and guard and bless us here below. Thou, who understandest! pity us, love us, through all. Compassionate our awful darkenesses. "Forgive us our trespasses." Vouchsafe us a rift of light often and often upon our way, and lift the full veil of the night to all when at last we reach the last earthly day, and seek at night, in Death's deep slumber, the full light of Thy morning. Bless us then. Awake us nearer Thee. "Faint yet pursuing" here below, grant us beyond greater usefulness and power for sublimer effort. And may all our higher work, as here, be to Thy honour and glory, and may every sin-defying aspiration of our souls be the just and blessed means of our glad, free, and ever progressive atonement. Amen.

A. F. COLBORNE.

"KING ROBERT OF SICILY."

By LONGFELLOW.

A Spiritualist's Interpretation.

THE sublime and spiritualistic poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, in his "Tales of the 'Wayside Inn,'" most clearly shows his wide knowledge of the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism in his graphic and soul-uplifting portrayal of a legend of Sicily. The following review and interpretation of this beautiful legend will afford the reader a key, which, if applied, will possibly unlock all its mysteries.

The scene is the "Wayside Inn," and the autumn wind is howling around the building; the night is of inky blackness, and the travellers close around the fire and pass the time in story-telling. The Spanish Jew had just told the "Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi," and the company were as still as death, when the Theologian remarked:—

"No wonder that a kind of spell
Upon each silent listener fell
The solemn manner and the words
Have touched the deep, mysterious chords
That vibrate in each human breast
Alike, but not alike confessed.
The spiritual world seemed near;
And close above us, full of fear,
Its awful adumbration passed,
A luminous shadow, vague and vast.
One almost feared to look, lest there,
Embodied from the impalpable air,
We might behold the Angel stand,
Holding the sword in his right hand."

Then the Sicilian told his story, a legend of Sicily, by which it is evident that King Robert was a materialistic and worldly man, possessing great personal pride and contempt for the angelic world. It was Saint John's Eve, and the monarch was seated proudly in state, when, evidently for the first time, the refrain of the Magnificat struck him as having within its sublime depths a hidden meaning, and a feeling of unrest stole over him, so, turning to his learned clerk, he asked the meaning of these disquieting Latin words. The clerk told him that the words meant that God had the power to put down the most mighty of earth, and to raise up the most humble. The king, in a suppressed rage, defies the power of heaven, earth, or hell to take from him his throne. The Spirit World accepts the challenge, for no sooner are the words spoken than King Robert feels a deep sleep stealing over him, and he is

"Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep."

When he awoke he found himself alone in the church, almost in total darkness, and in rags. He breaks out of the church, and rushes to the palace, where he finds another king, his very self "in featue, form, and height," and wearing "his robes, his crown, his signet ring." After a moment of blank astonishment, King Robert denounces the angel as an impostor. But he is only laughed at by the nobles, who think that he is a madman; and the angel gives him the title of King's Jester. And—

"Deaf to King Robert's threats, and cries, and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chambers roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of 'Long live the king!'"

The question is: How did the spirits accomplish this phenomenon? The evidence shows that the king was made invisible, and we know this is quite simple by mesmerising those near, or by forming around the king an apparently transparent veil. Then the Angel simply materialises in the form of the king, and, after the service, leaves the church attended by King Robert's retinue for the Palace. On his arrival he proceeds to the banqueting room, sits in the chair of state, and when the nobles have partaken of the feast and are filled with wine, and in a rollicking frame of mind, he wills him to awaken from his state of lethargy in the church, knowing full well that all is prepared for his public denouncement. King Robert's lesson then commenced.

For three long years was King Robert forced to act the part of King's Jester, and to be the laughing-stock of the populace. Still his wounded pride was unsubdued, until after one Easter Sunday, when—

"He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours."

King Robert, at last, through tribulation, heard the spirit-voice, and was conscience-stricken. The Angel said: "Art thou the king?" He humbly replied:—

"Thou know'st best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitance,
Across those stones that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven!"

The Angel smiled, and said that now he was indeed worthy of the crown—and disappeared.

King Robert looked up and found himself alone; but attired as in days of old, again clothed in his kingly robes, and in truth, now, truly a king.

"And when his courtiers came they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer."

The question is: What was the object of the spirit? The answer is: To teach one of the greatest of life's lessons,—submission to God.

J. HARRY BUNN.

I AM delighted with the album, and intend to show it round to assist its sale.—John Pimblet.

THE TWO WORLDS.

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E. W. WALLIS.

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THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS.

THE happy time of Christmas draweth near—
Time of reunion, to fond hearts most dear;
The festive time when the long-absent come
To share the merriment in their old home.
What message bringeth Christmas to our hearts?
That time brings changes—friend by friend departs.
Then let the echo of the Christmas bells
Remind alike of greetings and farewells;
Yet let the farewells not be fraught with sadness.
The certainty of heaven makes life's best gladness,
Reminding us of that celestial clime
Where friends unite as at earth's Christmas time.

KATE TAYLOR ROBINSON.

Tweed Green House, Whalley Range, Nov. 27, 1896.

Christmas.

The true Christ is the Divine-in-man.

THE God-consciousness in the Spiritual Being, our essential self, is pure, good, and undefiled, with possibilities capable of infinite expansion and manifestation in Power, Love, and Wisdom. The real Christ is *within*, not in *one* but *all* men! To know and love the Christ, and become attuned to the Divine Life, Love, and Purpose, implies self-knowledge and spiritual self-possession. Salvation "cometh not with observation," not lo here or lo there, but follows upon the rebirth, not of water or the flesh, but of the spirit. Paul said, "It hath pleased God to reveal his Son in *me*," in other words I have realised that *I* am a Son of God—a Spirit—pure as He is pure—Divine as He is Divine—capable of discerning spiritual things, and expressing in the purposes and actions of my daily life more and more of his Divine Love, Will, and Wisdom.

For the restoration to Man of his birth-right—his heritage—let us rejoice and be glad!

Slowly the God-within-the-Soul is asserting its power. Surely the race is ascending to possess the promised land of Spiritual Liberty and Beauty. Clearer and clearer the Light shines, and the natural Immortality of Humanity—because man is a spirit—is being recognised and admitted. The armies of the Lord, the encompassing hosts of enfranchised ones, are making their power and presence felt and known with ever-increasing success.

To-day the herald angels sing to welcome the returning prodigals who have wandered in the theologic mazes (hemmed in between the hedges of creeds and dogmas, surrounded by the fogs of sectarian misconceptions and prejudices), or spent their substance in idle indulgences, and sepulchred their spiritual natures in the tomb of materialism. But Truth is the Light of the World, and the Spirit of Truth, the Comforter, has come, is here, in the persons of the so-called dead, who, from their vantage ground of attainment, sing to us as the messenger-spirits of all ages have sung of Hope of Life, of Brotherhood.

"Peace on earth, good will towards man."

We claim for all men their birthright of freedom—free thought, free speech, free expression of their best and highest.

We claim for all men their heritage of Immortality, because they are Spiritual Beings, Sons of God, and therefore living the immortal life now as much as they will live it ten thousand years hence. Man is as indestructible as God!

We claim for all men Liberty to Grow. Progress here and hereafter is the Law of Life—is the Way in which Man-the-Spirit enters into Self-possession, and learns to

Interpret the thought of God—realise his own powers, grow conscious of his Duty and Responsibility, and intelligently conform to the Divine decrees, as recorded in the principles of the Universe, and thus become an executor of the Will of the Most High.

We claim that the Divine Life, Love, and Light, pervade the Universe, thrill through, quicken, and exalt all Spirits that become attuned to the vibrations of the Supreme Spirit. Only our Ignorance, our folly, our Sectarianism, our Materialism, or our Egotism can prevent us from being moved upon, inspired by, and our Life made sacred because of the consciousness of the ever-present Love, the ever-sustaining Life, the ever-revealing Beauty, the serene *Wisdom* of the Intelligence we call God!

Thank God the old strifes, the old hatreds, the old dogmatisms, are rapidly failing, the old *literalism* has lost its power, and the new *Spiritualism* is leavening the whole lump. Our facts are forming the foundation for the Temple of Use, Beauty, and Worship of the future; they are being accepted and placed in position by people who flouted and jeered at us for fools and knaves but a few years ago! The world is marching on!

That man is a spirit and, therefore, is as naturally moral and religious as he is an Immortal Being, is now being taken for granted. If demonstration is needed, the facts of clairvoyance, hypnotism, intuition, psychometry, and mediumship are relied upon for proof.

That man is pure and perfect in *esse* (as a spirit) is being recognised. So also is the other great fact that he fails to give full expression to his pure and perfect spirit-life through the agency of the imperfect instrumentality of the physical brain and body, of which he is at first ignorant, and *through* which he has to grow to self-consciousness, and acquire power to intelligently cultivate and display his mental, moral, and spiritual gifts, and exercise his potencies. These great spiritual truths are receiving recognition on all sides, and thus "The Christ" is being born in *us*, and we may rejoice and be exceeding glad, and hold our Christ-mass (or seance) for spiritual communion, and receive the baptisms from the attendant ministering spirits, who encourage us to be of good cheer, to overcome the world of ignorance and Materialism, and in the Liberty of the spirit (for the Truth makes us free) live as befits the sons and daughters of God, who are passing through the valley of education into the homes of Use and Beauty in the real beyond.

To all our friends, co-workers, and readers we extend our sympathy and good wishes.

To all our contributors who have so freely and kindly helped us in our endeavours to make our paper bright and interesting, we tender our sincere thanks, and assure them of our full appreciation of their generous helpfulness.

To those by whose kindness we enjoyed a season of rest and refreshing—the good effects of which have not yet disappeared—we express heartfelt gratitude.

To those with whom we may have had to differ; to those who may perchance think we have done them wrong—though we are unaware of any such act on our part; to those who feel enmity or ill-will—if any such there be—we wish to speak words of cheer, goodwill, and brotherliness. Life is too short and too sacred for hatred or wrong; we have none but kindly feelings and good wishes to all. Let the dead past bury its dead. Let love reign in the living present; and to one and all we would say, with heartfelt goodwill, MAY YOU ENJOY A TRULY HAPPY CHRISTMAS, many of them—aye, *thousands* of them, here and hereafter—and may each one be brighter, better, and happier than the last!

CHRISTMASTIDE REFLECTIONS.

By ISAAC PICKTHALL.

Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth, goodwill to all men. CHRISTMAS has its advantages. It is, if nothing more, a pleasant and an acceptable break in the hum-drum monotony of every-day life. In this sense, as Spiritualists, we are thankful for such "Christian" holy days, or holidays, as Eastertide, Whitsuntide, and Christmastide. We know that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Therefore, on the ground of holidays, we will not fall out with or assail our orthodox brethren.

Christmas stands for *Peace*; and in a world of strife and unrest it is agreeable to have a respite. Still, we cannot glory in, or get much satisfaction from, such a brief and short-lived peace. To us it appears a mockery and a pretence. It is a sugar-coated pill to deceive or defraud.

the patient, for the bitterness comes afterwards. It is the flag of truce—but not the absolute suspension of hostility. The Christmas peacemaker may show his bounty and his benevolence to the poor and the needy; but he knows he will start the New Year with the purpose of money-making and wealth accumulation, and will not be very particular about "grinding the faces of the poor" during the remainder of the year. The pious sweater, exploiter, and trader may open his heart and his purse at this "festive season;" but he will close them both for the greater part of the following months in the calendar—that is, against the class who are unfortunately dependent upon him for work and wages.

Thus the world wags on, and the closing holiday of the year brings with it the opportunity to apply the "conscience salve"—or, shall we say, the "conscience clause?" Christmas charity covers a multitude of sins—at least many people imagine it does. They think, by a little almsgiving and generosity, to lull their troubled conscience, palliate their greed, and—cheat God. We would remind our brethren, who thus vainly attempt to settle the unsettled, that the Book in which they place such reliance (or profess to do) says, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap." Spiritualists do not accept as positive truth all they read in the Book; but we know the above statement to be a verity. The well-to-do religionist, who is notably a hard taskmaster, must not think he is going to gain the kingdom of heaven, or bring peace upon earth and goodwill to all men, by a small, annual bribe. No! The Christmas spirit—or the spirit of the Christ—must dwell in him daily and hourly, and show itself in practice, if the text quoted at the head of this paper is to mean anything, and to find fulfilment.

The advent of Jesus may mean a great deal to some people, but it means very little to a far larger number. The nominal Christian certainly does not look upon the "Birthday of our Lord, the Saviour," in any very serious, sacred, or holy sense. It is to him an excuse for indulgence in pleasure. He wishes no one ill, and is sincere in his oft-repeated "A Merry Christmas to you"; he intends to have "a good time" himself, and he wants everybody else to be jolly. Christmas is not a religious observance to him; it is a national holiday. His mind is not roaming about Bethlehem, or Jerusalem, or any other part of Palestine. He is thinking about "going home" (perhaps to London, Oldham, Manchester, Scotland, Wales, or Ireland), and meeting relations, friends, and loved ones. To him it is the re-uniting time; when fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and acquaintances will meet again in common hospitality, around the same table, and talk of the past, present and future. And, probably, not a word will escape any of them about "the birth of Jesus" or the "Saviour of the world." No; they are interested in themselves, and not in something alleged to have happened nearly 2,000 years ago. They are content with the loved ones about them—and feel truly sorry and sympathetic for those who are worse circumstanced than themselves.

This is the experience of the majority of the people in England and elsewhere. They have lost active "interest" or "faith" in the wonderful story of the miraculous conception and birth of the son of Joseph and Mary. Christmas has no "religious" message for them. It is simply an "Open Sesame" to kindred and familiar associations—a cordial and earnest greeting of the old and young folk at home; nothing more.

There are others, but they are comparatively few, who make Christmas Day a "holy day," and eagerly talk about "the amazing love of God in sending to this sub-lunary planet His only-begotten Son to save the world," and go into rapturous ecstasy over the humble birth of the saintly Nazarene. We admire their goodness and their devotion, but cannot help pitying their lack of reason and their need of perception. Their profound faith runs away with their discretion, and their intense trustfulness in the hoary past leads them to neglect and forget the duties of the present. Their worship of the ancient blinds them to the true religion of to-day. The good, the holy, the heroic men of all other ages are lost sight of in their idolatrous adoration of the so-called Prince of Peace, born in a manger near Jerusalem. We do not blaspheme, nor do we wish to take a tittle of glory or honour from Jesus. His life and work, as far as we can know them, we admire and appreciate, but we cannot bow down and worship him as our saviour or the saviour of all mankind. We do not

believe Jesus requires or expects us to do this. We are prepared to catalogue him among the saints, along with Buddha, Zoroaster, and Mohammed, but not to fling our immortal soul at his feet, believing he can "save" it. We have got beyond that.

Christmas has its deplorable and its detestable sides, as well as its pious, its charitable, and its peaceful aspects. To the mass of men in Christian England, Jesus and Christianity are simply names—mere words—there is neither religion nor inspiration in them. They people are Materialists of an indifferent and conventional type. They may or may not believe they have a "belief" in the godship of Jesus, but it seldom troubles their minds, although many of them would argue and even fight for the "faith." Not that they are personally moved with this faith; they believe because they have been taught to think they do, and because their fathers and mothers were "religious" and "Christian." They would "show fight" if you called them Atheists or Materialists; but their actions stamp them as earthly and spiritually darkened. To this class of people Christmas is a season for carousing—a Bacchanalian saturnalia—an open door to drunkenness and debauchery; a day of license to the epicure and gourmand. Christmas carols may come from husky throats, and inebriates may sing "Glory to God in the highest" and "Christ was born in Bethlehem." But they are as meaningless and as irreligious as—and more discordant and impure than—if they were turned out of a phonograph.

That is what modern Christmastide means. It has lost its sacredness, and the "old, old story" does not charm the multitude. Jesus has become a figure in history, but he has ceased to be religiously looked to as a Divine Saviour.

We Spiritualists do not regret this, although we deplore the immorality and unspiritual tendency of the people. But we recognise that error always debases—where it does not lead to hypocrisy. Truth is higher than all religions, and that is why the Spiritualist feels safe. He knows that he has Truth on his side; for he has transformed speculation into certainty, faith into assurance.

To us, Christmas is but a recollection of an incident in the epoch of Truth's history, where a human being showed the possibility of living a "divine" life, assisted by the spiritual intelligences with whom he held communion. But as Truth is eternal and universal, the Spiritualist is not held by any age, clime, or man. He finds Sons of God and Saviours born in every age and every country. He sees clearly, for "the mists have rolled away," and he is not held in hypnotic trance by the relation of an incident which is stated to have happened some 2000 years ago. He is interested in men and events ante-datal to that period, and also in persons and transactions figuring in subsequent history. Why should the 25th of December be more sacred to the Spiritualist than March 31st, 1848—the date of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism? Hydesville, Wayne County, New York, U.S.A., is quite as enchanting to him as Bethlehem, in Palestine; and little Kate Fox, to many truth-seeking but sorrowing souls, has proved just as much a Saviour and a blessing as the "Virgin's child."

We will be as happy, as joyous, as holy, as spiritual, and as charitable (or loving) as the rest of them, who make louder professions, without losing our dignity and our humanity. We will be peacemakers, and joybearers, and comforters, for we have received the "glad tidings of great joy." We know the dead (so-called) are alive, the lost are found! We seek to humanise and spiritualise all, and develop the divinity within our own natures. We sincerely wish to all "a merry Christmas," for we want peace, purity, and plenty all the year round and every day. We harmoniously join our Christian friends in singing "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and goodwill to all men," and the holy angels, we know, will join in the chorus.

We see not the Star of Bethlehem, but we have looked upon the Star of Progress, and by that same star we are being guided and led; and we want all men to follow it, for salvation lies that way.

Star of Progress, guide us onward
By thy ever glorious light;
May our motto e'er be "Onward!"
Swerve not to the left nor right.
Shine thou on, thou starry token
Of the joys that are to come,
When, by love's bright chain unbroken,
We shall all be gathered home.

A LOVING WIFE'S RETURN.

A GOOD TEST.

For eighteen years, while I lived in Australia, my greatest hobby was the cultivation of roses. I gloried in them, and had many varieties, but my dear wife was more fond of the modest violet. To please her I used to plant a bed of those sweet smelling flowers around every rose tree, and both grew to perfection.

An old farmer who lived in the mountain range near Adelaide, had several acres of land planted with violets, which he grew for the market, and my wife used to go there and sit among the flowers she loved the best of all in the world.

One day she remarked to me, "If I die first and can return I shall appear with a bunch of violets." It was a strange fancy and a curious thing to do, but, entering into the spirit of her mood, I replied that if I died first I should appear with roses—and we solemnly agreed to carry out these assurances whichever of us should first pass beyond the veil.

Some six months ago my wife sickened and died, but, while upon her death bed she, being a Spiritualist, made me promise *not* to permit the Christian burial service to be mumbled over her body, and she then renewed her promise to return and to appear with violets in her hand, so that I might truly know it was her own dear self.

She had some twenty relatives, who, because I would not have the ordinary service performed on the day of the interment practically disowned me as beneath contempt, and declared that my wife would "never forgive me for refusing to give her what they called 'Christian burial.'"

Seeing an advertisement a few weeks ago in the *TWO WORLDS* that Mr. J. Allen held meetings at 115, White Post-lane, Manor Park, London, E., I went there. I was a perfect stranger, unknown to everybody, and knowing no one of the seven persons present. Mr. Allen asked me to let him hold something that belonged to me, that he might get into *rapport* with me. I thereupon handed him a purse which I had carried a long time, and prized very dearly, as it contained but one article, viz., a lock of my dear wife's hair. Holding the purse to his forehead for a short space of time, Mr. Allen perfectly described my character, and began to relate incidents in my past life, when he stopped rather abruptly, and declared he could see a beautiful lady spirit near to me. He said she appeared to him to have on a bridal gossamer veil from head to foot. She drew near to me where I was seated on a low couch, and knelt at my feet, and then held to my face a *large and most beautiful bunch of pure white violets*, saying I should know her by that action, and urged me to wait patiently and we should again be united, thus redeeming the solemn promise she made before she passed on. What a delightful and comforting season of spirit communion! Truly she lives and loves me still. It seems to me that her bridal attire was assumed as an assurance of her undying love, her approval of my action, so severely condemned by her relatives, and an indication of our happy reunion by and by. I consider the whole circumstances afford fine evidence of the reality of spirit return and of Mr. Allen's mediumship. I am well known to the South Australian Spiritualists, and am now a member of the Stratford Spiritualist Society, and am thankful to have had this consoling proof of my dear one's presence and affection. Death loses its sting and the grave is robbed of its victory in the presence of such facts, and I trust that thousands who are in the dark, who mourn as those without hope, will be induced to investigate, and learn that souls, triumphant over death, return to earth once more.

C. PERROT.

Virginia House, High-road, Ilford, Essex.

REALISED.

[BY CARINA.]

It was a damp afternoon in late autumn. The path leading to the Manse was covered with the last leaves from the tall gaunt trees. Rain had fallen for several days, and large pools were standing on the ill-kept road. The house looked bare and desolate, deprived by the newly-arrived autumn blasts of its luxuriant foliage. The only inmate of the room looking out upon the roadside was quite in keeping with the reigning gloom. A girl of some twenty years sat near the window gazing sadly into vacancy. She had fought her great battle; the struggle was over, but she was yet mourning her departed hopes as she had mourned, in summers past, the tinted leaves fluttering down to die. Tired out with the mental strain she fell asleep and dreamed, and in that dream she seemed to see a city in the distance. But as she drew nigh she recognised that it was not as others. The streets were wide, the houses large. There seemed no dirt, no poverty. The faces of the inhabitants one and all bore a look of brightness and hope.

Still gazing and wondering, she was accosted by a woman.

"Perhaps you would like to see our fair city?"

"I should, indeed," she answered. "All seems most novel to one who has spent her days in a village. I did not think cities were like this."

"Ah, this is not an earth city, but one of the Father's many mansions. But come, you may learn many things."

So they walked and talked as they went. They entered vast halls where the eyes were feasted by triumphs of sculpture and architecture; into galleries where pictures of greatest beauty in colouring and conception were hung. Eager students with faces aglow with enthusiasm were studying the various objects of interest and beauty. They entered fine libraries, wherein young and old were absorbed in volumes rich and rare. Later, they walked to a part of the city where the homes were smaller, though none the less sweet and wholesome. She noticed many were inhabited by the aged, whose faces seemed to tell of long struggles and past weariness. Sweet-faced girls moved about these homes with hands quick for service. They sang, and the wrinkles became less deep; they laughed and the lines of weariness vanished from their faces.

"Come!" said the inhabitant, "and I will explain." She led the way to a house wherein was contained everything needed to make a resting place and a home.

"You are in the City of Compensation, as I said, one of the many mansions of God's House. The inhabitants of this city were those who on earth gave up cherished hopes for duty's sake. Artists are here following their art who were checked by the circumstances of early life. Poets, who had no time to dream; authors who had no leisure to write; sculptors and architects, who had the gift but not the opportunity to plan; philanthropists, who had not the wherewithal to do as they wished. On earth they were true to duty, home and God. Here they have found again their early dreams, and the possibilities of fulfilling their plans and realising their ideals."

Without word of explanation further she was about to say farewell, but the visitor stayed her with the question, "And you?"

"I," said the woman with a look of tenderness, "felt like you, the stirrings within me of desires for a life of wide sympathies. I wished to live in some great city to help lift the burden from my sisters' shoulders, and bring into their lives some joy and brightness: my duty forbade. But here, because according to my poor light, I was faithful, I have found all my dreams more than realised. Farewell."

The sun had broken the gloom, and the room was filled with quivering light when the girl awoke. The mist that had seemed to shadow the future had departed. The light of God's great love encompassed her, and she was enlightened. She felt that her hopes were not foolish nor useless—her dream was not merely a dream.

The orphan children of her dead mother's sister came to her quiet home that evening. They little guessed from the welcome they received that the sweet-voiced woman, who was henceforth to be as their mother, had quietly laid aside the cherished plans and purposes of her life, which inclination and talent would have enabled her to fulfil.

Many, many years afterwards an earnest, noble-hearted man was thanking a vast congregation for their good wishes and gifts. He had been their minister, but was now called to another and more responsible charge. "If I have done any good among you," he said, "I owe it, under God, to the noble woman who reared me."

But she had gone to the City of Compensation long before.

WILLIAM BLAKE: POET AND MYSTIC.

By L. M. BYLES.

THE position held by William Blake, the mystic, in English poetry, is unique. The son and friend of Swedenborgians, he was surrounded from youth upwards by occultists of all grades; what wonder, then, that we find him a firm believer in spiritual presences and occult manifestations of all kinds. Indeed, so strongly did he believe in angel visitants, that we are told by his sympathetic biographer, Mr. W. B. Yeats, that he was often waked at night by spirit friends, whose mission it was to dictate the admirable verses and prose of William Blake. Obedient to their summons, we are told he would rise from his couch, and holding his loving wife's hand in his, would write from dictation thirty or forty lines at a time. Indeed, one of his poems alone, "Jerusalem," seems like the labour of a long life, as he says; yet we find a goodly volume of verse, and some upon tone of prose, as the result of the mystic's work. Perhaps it is the occult origin of his poems that is responsible for the peculiar quaintness and the occasional touches of semi-madness that one cannot help noticing in his work—a quaintness and a madness that have oft-times led his Editors astray, and produced some strange notes to his music. A few lines of his "Anguries of innocence" come to us like a breath of fresh air, dispersing the poisonous vapours of modern poetry:—

"To see the world in a grain of sand,
And heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour."

This is a gem of its kind, but it is but one of Blake's moods, or, as the Spiritualist would say, but the work of one control. In the "Book of Thel," counted, perhaps justly, among his prophetic books, he writes in a style not to be understood of the many, and indeed much of this poem is quite unintelligible even to his warmest sympathisers. Perhaps it is above us, but more likely, we fear, it is a specimen of a great man attempting a work above him, and this theory is admissible, whether we admit Blake's claim to spirit control or no. In another mood we have the little poem, of which two versions are usually printed:—

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
In the forest of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?"

What suggested this to the poet we cannot tell, but it is unique for its simplicity of style, combined with alliterative tenderness. Blake shows to the greatest advantage when treating of love. The following little piece stands alone in English literature for beauty alike in verse and thought:—

"Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a heaven in hell's despair."

"So sung a lowly clod of clay,
Trodden with the cattle's feet,
But a pebble of the brook
Warbled forth these metres meet:

"Love seeketh only self to please,
To bind another to its delight,
Joys in another's loss of ease,
And builds a hell in heaven's despite."

But in this poem, although, as we have said, one of the most beautiful in the language, we cannot help noticing Blake's propensity to over-value spontaneity. Probably his ineradicable belief that all his work was done under inspiration of the most literal kind led him

to neglect the careful revision of his work after completion. In this he was wrong without doubt, for allowing his claim that he "wrote when commanded by the spirit," and at no other time, errors in transmission or from want of knowledge on the other side might lead to grievous artistic mistakes. However, from whatever cause it may have arisen, this lack of care is observable throughout Blake's work, and nowhere more than in this poem. The first and last verses are masterpieces in their way, but—

"Warbled forth their metres meet,"

suggests a 'prentice hand seeking rhyme at all costs.

So far we have seen Blake in two moods, human and divine. He is human in "The Tiger," where one notes the pure animal pleasure in the joyous tossing about of words and the ring of gladsome music; in "The Old and the Pebble" he is divine, where, instead of mere words ringing in melodious beauty, one has a spiritual truth, holy in its very essence, told it is true in rhythmic lines, but essentially a sermon on love, not merely a pretty example of the poet's art. In another mood he is prophetic, as in the following verse from "Jerusalem."

"And now the time returns again.
Our souls exult, and London's towers
Receive the lamb of God to dwell
In England's green and pleasant bowers."

Sometimes he is orthodox:—

"But Jesus is the bright preacher of Life."

At others as heterodox as he could well be:—

"He scorned earth's parents, scorned earth's God,
And mocked the one and the other rod,
His seventy disciples sent
Against religion and government,
Then by the sword of justice fell,
And him their cruel murderer tell."

"I am sure this Jesus will not do
Either for Englishman or Jew."

But, for all that, he was deeply religious, as witness the following verse from "The Divine Image":—

"And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew.
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too."

And so, to sum up, we find Blake a mystic of mystics, claiming inspiration of the most literal kind; erratic and careless in his work, yet the author of some exquisite poetry on very diverse themes.

THE SENTIMENTAL SUICIDE.

"With his daughter?" said Tudor, mechanically.

"Lives there with his daughter," repeated the Superior. "Can you conceive anything more fantastic? How they pass their time, the devil (if I may say it) only knows. The house itself is one of the old temples altered to suit their needs. But I weary you, my son?"

Tudor did not reply; he was staring before him with the expression of a man who neither saw nor heard; and, presently, the talkative Superior got up, wondering at such a barbarian, and bowed him a stiff good-night.

It was some seconds before Tudor realised that he was actually alone; then, with a deep sigh of relief, he drew up to the clumsy table, and began his letter.

"It is long, dear Walter," he wrote, "since you heard from the undersigned, and, if he has passed out of your remembrance in the interval, it can only be said that he deserved nothing better. And yet, old friend, in spite of my neglect during these latter years, I had not quite forgotten you. You see, I have been a trifle—what might be called—mad; sunk, at any rate, in the vortex of passion, where one thinks of little but himself. But it will be plain that I am not quite cold to the old friendship, when I say that, on this crucial night, you are the only human being I think of. To-night I die.

"We used to fall out over matters such as this, and I think I hear you ask, What of the immortal soul? I do not know. If positive knowledge on the point exists, I have never been so fortunate as to meet with it. To me it has always seemed a matter of irresponsible belief. My own belief—if I have one—is that this *me*, my feelings, intelligence, personality, will be reabsorbed in the infinite, unconscious soul of the universe, whence they were drawn by unknown laws. As for the casuistry of my act, it is easily resolved; I have tried life fairly, and with a serious desire to love it; instead, it sickens me; therefore I leave it.

"And this is no sudden frenzy. I left passion behind some time ago; I have spent a period of quietude and meditation among things and scenes that used to attract me in the old eager, sentimental days—you remember—and I can see no reason why I should continue to live. A woman, you conjecture? I will only say that, whatever may have happened, I am quite philosophical now.

"For the moment I am quartered, let me say, in a convent, and through my window I can see a night of stars, and, far over yonder, one or two dim points of architecture among palms by the river—the ruins of a city. The spot, I hear, is rarely or never visited. . . .
—Good-bye, old friend,
ROBERT TUDOR."

Literary composition was a rather laborious matter to Tudor, so that, by the time he had sealed and directed the letter, a full hour had flown. And now, stepping briskly over to his medicine chest, he took out and pocketed a phial marked *laudanum*, then opened the chamber door and listened. All was still. These were times of peace, precaution had been lulled to sleep; and he made his way into the open air without meeting a soul.

Not until he found himself alone with the stars did he yield to reflection, and then a curious idea entered into his head. The act of sealing that letter was his last strut upon the stage of human affairs; to all intents and purposes, he was already dead, and he could contemplate the situation with a certain critical aloofness. He was dead, a spirit afloat in the passive deeps of heaven; yet it was in his power

to return to the world and human life. Yonder was the world, that dark outworn building of the monastery, set with the single dimly-lighted window of his own chamber; of all that was offered there he had fully tasted. Yonder, on the other hand, lay the distant moonlit city clustered about by palms and cypress; vague, beautiful, mysterious, thrilling (so it seemed) with infinite possibilities. It was for him to choose.

The choice was indicated by a cynical smile at his disposition to trifle, and, vanishing all nonsense with a gesture, he stepped forward toward the ruins.

II.

The dead city lay darkling in pallid moonshine, and the cloudless region of the moon was filled with indescribable milky blue. The owl, blinking in some dim chink of a crumbling temple sunk amid clustered cypress, saw the foliage overhead wreathed in exquisite clear patterns on the tender light. Sunshine is remorseless to scenes like this—pitilessly exposes their misery and weakness. But moonlight transfigures them; the dismal tragedy spread to open day becomes mellowed to simple sadness, and the whole image and impression melt into something spiritual, humanly pathetic—into the beautiful, quivering with a heart-ache—vaguely, not darkly, prescient. Tudor was touched by the scene, but only in its tragic human significance; what it symbolised, to his tainted senses, was the blindness and the impotence of life; he heard the throb and murmur of the world, saw the moving crowds—and there, at the misty heart of it all, was a grinning skull!

Thus reflecting, and startling the deep silence with a strange, bitter laugh, Tudor found himself before the tremendous propylon of the temple. Upward rose the mighty columns into the pale heaven, bold, black, formidable, overwhelming. A streak of moonlight had crept through some crevice in the broad walls, and glimmered on what appeared a flight of stone steps leading to the roof; otherwise the interior reposed in mysterious gloom; terrifying gloom, a nervous imagination would have felt, struck cold perhaps with the thought of its appropriateness as a midnight haunt of lost spirits. No such idea crossed Tudor's mind; the spot appealed to him only as a sanctuary where he might rest undisturbed—untouched by marvellous fools—until mother earth had taken him, willing son, into her eternal forces; and he groped his way to the staircase and, touched once or twice by flying bats, ascended, still groping, to the moonlit roof.

Before him lay an open space of drift sand, which lost itself again, in a vista of palms and tamarisks and broken columns. He was immediately over one of those chambers where, long ago, strange religious rites had been performed, and cries of agony had sounded. The scene was to witness one more tragedy, thought Tudor, as he deliberately took the laudanum from his pocket, drew the cork, and drank. The farce was ended; he threw away the bottle, grimacing, and was seeking some spot where he could recline, face to the white-flooded heaven, and await the issue, when something made him pause.

It was a voice singing not far away, and coming nearer—the voice of a woman. Nor was the singing a mere effort of raw talent, evincing, as it thrilled on the night air, ample sign of cultivation. Tudor, who had once pretended to some taste in such matters, leaned upon the balustrade, listening critically. The voice seemed to possess the city, seemed naturally to belong to the scene—an element which he was almost surprised he had not missed before: as though the spirit of the ruins had awakened to pour her melancholy story in the ear of this solitary listener, that he might carry it into the unseen. Now it sank to tremulous depths, where Tudor, melted from his cold criticism, became poignantly aware that tragedy, not farce, had been the keynote of his life.

What were the verses? Something allegorical, it seemed—something about a mystic palace that stood long in a great lonely valley, but finally crumbled and sank. And time passed, and lo! a beautiful flower grew out of the dust, and the breeze murmured about it, sadly indeed, but not hopelessly.

Pretty! But the last notes had died away, and the singer emerged from the shadows opposite. She was walking pensively, dressed in a loose white garment: a noble figure, which borrowed something ethereal from the moonlight and the surroundings. Tudor gazed and gazed as in a dream, half-doubtingly, and had come to no definite conception, when she lifted her face into the full light, and, catching sight of him, stopped with a slight exclamation.

Tudor opened his lips to reassure her—but what was this? A curious mental uncertainty, as though the brain wavered between two burning ideas—a faint instinctive struggle—and consciousness was overwhelmed by a mighty wave, and borne into a dusky region of magnificence and terror.

III.

How long he remained there he knew not; but at last came the pangs of a conflict, and he suddenly opened his eyes upon the world. The first thing to meet them was a woman's face, looking down at him with wistful intentness.

"Beautiful!" he murmured mechanically, and closed his eyes again. Was this the awakening from death?

Her voice recalled him: "Are you better?"

Yes, the mist and gloom were stealing from his brain. That they were not yet departed was perhaps shown in the temper of his dreamy reflections on her face. The eyes were deep, dark, *seeing*; the face was that of a woman who had passed through the knowledge of good and evil, and yet remained untainted: it impressed him with a meaning vaguely mystic, half suggestive of far-off dying harmonies.

It was broad daylight; he reclined in a hammock in the warm shade of cedars; there was a drowsy murmur of insects in the luxurious odour-laden air. And yonder, through a fringe of green foliage, were the ponderous outlines of a temple.

Ah! he began to see. That tedious story of the Superior's. . . .
"I tried to poison myself," he said at last.

"Let me explain," she replied. "I saw you fall, and came for help. My father, who is a student, saw that you were poisoned with opium, for which, it seems, he has an antidote. He will be back in a moment."

Tudor felt he would have liked to lie there for ever, listening to her voice and taking in her figure and face through half-closed eyelids.

Rousing himself, he said: "Well, I suppose I ought to express my gratitude."

Her voice sank a shade as she returned: "I think I shall make you really grateful," and the change of tone, slight though it was, touched him as if it had passed over some inner chord that had hitherto been neglected. "Your face interests me," she continued. "Will you not tell me your story? And you may speak freely," she added, smiling: "I do not think you will shock me."

He looked at her.

Here at least was none of the demure hypocrisy with which women had long ago disgusted him.

"You do not deal in the conventional," he said.

"I know its value."

"My story is more dull than perhaps you think. I have been called morbid and cynical, because I have always wished to flee the falseness of 'respectable' life. I had a friend—you understand the term—but did not recognise it; for when my chance came I abandoned him and plunged into what seemed to me the life I had hungered for—the sensuous life—the life where truth is looked in the face and no juggling of names is practiced. To some extent I was mistaken; and so far was I defiled. There was a woman, I may say; she was dark, passionate, and I believe, beautiful—but that is past: her appeal was limited to one side, and the lower side, of my temperament. I grew sickened and fled. Then I wandered about the world searching for I scarce knew what; always unhappy, always finding life an absurdity; and thinking of the creator—when my mind chanced to drift in that direction—as the Omnipotent Cynic; until at last I decided to put an end to the whole business."

She stood listening at one side of the hammock among green leaves, that wreathed about her tenderly as something kindred—the nymph drawn to the strayed mortal in forest solitudes and glooms. Her arms were thrown behind her head, the soft lines of her bosom showed obscurely through her loose robe. It suddenly flashed upon Tudor that she might stand for the embodiment of woman's spiritual and emotional significance; sensuous, as such embodiment must inevitably be, but in a way subservient, contributory to the unknown destiny of human nature.

There was a pause before she returned: "You interest me deeply. And pray do not think me oracular, when I say that I think I understand you. *You have been selfish*; that is why you have never found what you sought. My father says happiness is accidental. It comes through self-forgetfulness, through endeavouring the happiness of others; and is ever elusive of deliberate pursuit. I will tell you my own life. It has been uneventful enough. I have a voice—do you not think so?—and it was to have made me famous; that had been my dream. It was on the eve of realisation when my mother died, and my father, who had always been of solitary temperament, overwhelmed by this sorrow, resolved to quit the world of humanity. What could I do but come with him? However he might protest, however he might disguise the truth, he needed his daughter's love. And so I came. I devote my life to him; and I find other means of being of service to my fellows besides. That is all."

Tudor was looking back upon his past blindness. And he had imagined he was more than usually clear-sighted! Well, at least, he saw now; nor did it surprise him that a woman had opened his eyes—he had been almost prescient of such an issue. He turned his glance upon her; she was beautiful and spiritual. He had often dreamed of such a woman.

"Yes," he said, "you have made me feel grateful." Then, recollecting, "Your song—I fear I am obtuse—I did not quite get the meaning."

"You heard it? The palace was Life, and the flower . . ."

"Yes?"

"The flower was Love."

THOS. CHESWORTH.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

THERE are, properly speaking, two distinct and widely different phases of clairvoyance—the objective and the subjective. And each of those phases seem to be dependent for their existence and exercise upon certain developments of the brain, and influenced by conditions diametrically opposite to each other. Of these conditions we think it unwise to speak at present, preferring to leave their discussion until we treat of the philosophy of Spiritualism.

Objective clairvoyance is that phase of seeing when the mind perceives a substantiate and individualised thing, bounded by plane surfaces, straight lines, and angles.

Subjective clairvoyance is a faculty of the mind which constructs an image from an impression, either internal or external, and employs symbols or figures as its representative—is, in short, the "eye of the mind." The one perceives, the other conceives.

Both these phases of clairvoyance are to be met with in the generality of people, and are not common to mediums and Spiritualists only; in fact, if there is any truth in the claims of Spiritualism, that all men are spiritual beings, it must follow that all possess, more or less, the qualities of their being independently of their external senses; and the great service which a knowledge of Spiritualism confers upon us is to afford means whereby our latent, but superior, qualities or senses are enabled to unfold their energies and develop their powers even when encumbered with all the limitations and imperfections of matter.

It is remarkable that in many cases both these phases of clairvoyance are found to reside in the same person for the time being. Hence we find that on certain occasions we receive from clairvoyants the most reliable communications, and at other times from the same clairvoyant we get nothing definite or satisfactory. And an examination of the attendant circumstances or conditions of each stated result reveals the fact that clairvoyants are more influenced by the sphere of the sitters than investigators seem to be aware of. It is, then, to the interests of all who seek to exercise this power of seeing, or who observe its exercise by another, to present well-intentioned

and evenly-balanced minds with a desire to know the truth at all hazards.

Objective seeing is reliable, but subjective seeing, unless exercised by a deeply intuitive mind, is liable to err; because it is more easy to interpret a symbol and thus impart an erroneous impression of the nature of the thing described, than to err in the description of a person or thing clearly perceived in substance and form. And if investigators into the revelations of clairvoyance would only remember that there are these two phases of the "seeing ability," and satisfy themselves which one is used by the clairvoyant, whether he is seeing with the actual organ of vision or with the *mind's eye*, they would be spared much of what appears to them as absurd and irregular, and realise that the manifestations of the spirit are regulated by laws as immutable in their range of operation as those which obtain in any system of created nature. We invite the attention of our readers to the following authority on the subject:—

Dr. Dodd, in his work on the philosophy of clairvoyance, says, "The power of sight being in the mind, it is evident we never saw anything out of our eyes. Hence, we never saw a piece of matter, but only its shadow, the same as when you look into a mirror, it is not yourself but your image that you see. Electricity is that substance which passes through all other substances. Air cannot pass through your cranium, nor through these walls, nor metallic substances. But as all these have countless pores, electricity can pass through them. Now, if our nervous system could be charged with the *nervo-vital fluid*, so as to render the brain positive, and thus bring it into an exact equilibrium or balance with external electricity, then we should be clairvoyant, because the nervous system being duly charged and even surcharged, the great quantity of this fluid passing in right lines from the mind, as a common centre and in every direction through the pores of the skull renders it transparent. Uniting with external electricity, which passes through these walls and all substances, which are also transparent, the image of the whole universe, as it were, in this transparent form, is thrown upon the mind, and is there seen, and seen, too, independent of the retina. On this principle, the whole of those objects which are opaque to natural vision, are rendered transparent to the clairvoyant, and he sees through walls in succession, and takes cognisance of their relative distances, on the same principle that we in a wakeful state could look through said walls if they were thin transparent glass.—*The Spiritual Pioneer*."

DREAM WARNINGS.

HERE is a striking instance of the fatal results of a warning dream being disregarded. It is taken from the well-known work, "The Bible in Spain," by George Borrow, a writer who published his book before the date of Modern Spiritualism, and who, as an Evangelical, would probably have been, at that time, scandalised by its ideas if he could have known them. The following is his narrative:—

"On the morning of the 10th of November, 1835, I found myself off the coast of Galicia, whose lofty mountains, gilded by the rising sun, presented a magnificent appearance. I was bound for Lisbon; we passed Cape Finisterre, and, standing farther out to sea, speedily lost sight of land. On the morning of the 11th the sea was very rough, and a remarkable circumstance occurred. I was on the fore-castle, discoursing with two of the sailors: one of them, who had but just left his hammock, said, 'I have had a strange dream, which I do not much like, for,' continued he, pointing up to the mast, 'I dreamt that I fell into the sea from the crosstrees.' He was heard to say this by several of the crew, besides myself. A moment after, the captain of the vessel, perceiving that the squall was increasing, ordered the topsails to be taken in, whereupon this man, with several others, instantly ran aloft; the yard was in the act of being hauled down, when a sudden gust of wind whirled it round with violence, and a man was struck down from the crosstrees into the sea, which was working like yeast below. In a few moments he emerged; I saw his head on the crest of a billow, and instantly recognised in the unfortunate man the sailor who a few minutes before had related his dream. I shall never forget the look of agony he cast as the steamer hurried past him. The alarm was given, and everything was in confusion; it was two minutes at least before the vessel was stopped, by which time the man was a considerable way astern; I still, however, kept my eye upon him, and could see that he was gallantly struggling with the waves. A boat was at length lowered, but the rudder was unfortunately not at hand, and only two oars could be procured, with which the men could make but little progress in so rough a sea. They did their best, however, and had arrived within ten yards of the man, who still struggled for his life, when I lost sight of him, and the men on their return said that they saw him below the water, at glimpses, sinking deeper and deeper, his arms stretched out, and his body apparently stiff, but that they found it impossible to save him. Presently after, the sea, as if satisfied with the prey which it had acquired, became comparatively calm. The poor young fellow who perished in this singular manner was a fine young man of twenty-seven, the only son of a widowed mother; he was the best sailor on board, and was beloved by all who were acquainted with him. This event occurred on the 11th of November, 1835; the vessel was the London Merchant steamship. Truly wonderful are the ways of Providence!"

And truly wonderful are the ways of man! Spirit friends appear to have done their best, but the warning was disregarded, and life was lost.

A DUBLIN GHOST STORY.—An extraordinary story, says the *Rock*, is going the rounds of the Dublin clergy. It is stated that a lady, who is in the habit of attending one of the cathedrals, has lately seen the figure of a deceased member of the chapter sitting in his place in the choir. To add to the mystery, one of the members of the staff of the cathedral has asserted that a similar appearance of the same person has occurred to her. The story is told by a dignitary of the city, who himself is regarded as no mean authority on such Spiritualistic mysteries.

A MYSTERIOUS FELLOW-TRAVELLER.

BY F. LANGLEY BROOKE.

"How did I first meet my wife? Well, my dear fellow, that is rather a long story, and one that Mrs. Gordon does not care to have repeated too often. Do you, Tessie?"

"No, Arthur; because very few will believe it. We know it to be true, and, of course, do not care to hear people sneer at it. After tea you could tell Mr. Burton, while I am putting Artie to bed."

I thanked her for the promise, and the conversation drifted into other topics.

Two years before I had left England to take up a Government Post in South Africa, leaving my old schoolfellow and friend, Arthur Gordon, apparently wedded to his profession. In fact, he had confided to me that, to his mind, the life of a bachelor doctor in an East End practice, was an ideal life. Now, I find him an 18 months' "Benedict," whose very charming Beatrice is divided between love for her husband and worship of her son and heir, my little godson, six months old Artie. The East End practice has been abandoned, and my friend is firmly established in a comfortable cosy home in — road, South Hampstead. What I wanted to know was, How had Arthur become acquainted with Mrs. Gordon? Not in the particular slum where he practised when I left home; of that I felt confident. His friends outside his patients were I knew very few indeed, and did not include in their number a girl above the age of twelve, or an unmarried lady under thirty-five. Mrs. Gordon, or Tessie, as he called her, was not more than twenty-four. It was too big a puzzle to solve, so I gave it up, resigning myself to waiting until he chose to tell his story, feeling sure it would be an interesting one.

"Come into my den, Burton," said Arthur, when tea had been cleared away; we can smoke there, and while you offer up the modern incense, I'll tell you the history of my meeting Tessie."

I followed him into his den (plain English, consulting room), selected a cigar, deposited myself in the laziest-looking arm-chair, and with a "Fire away, Arthur," waited.

"Well, then," began Arthur, "you remember when you went away, I was slaving for dear life in that very choice corner of Shore-ditch where you paid your last visit to me. There was plenty of work to do there, the neighbourhood is not healthy, and fights were frequent. I had no lack of patients, who paid me liberally with gratitude, but scantily with pence. Not that the latter worried me, I had only myself to keep, and the hundred a year the dear mother left me was ample for that. But, in spite of my love for my work, it was exhausting, so when Uncle Bob sent me an invitation to spend the New Year with him up in Yorkshire, I felt I deserved the rest, and accepted with alacrity."

"It was arranged I should leave London in the morning on New Year's Eve, but somehow I couldn't—being holiday time there were more broken heads to mend than usual. I wired an excuse to Uncle Bob, and decided to travel on the midnight train. It was horribly cold, but sixpence will do wonders in the way of getting footwarmers; my rugs were thick, and I settled myself in my corner with the intention of sleeping as much as possible. Just at the last moment the door opened, and an elderly man stumbled in. The porter threw his bag and rug after him, the whistle sounded, and we were off. The elderly man and myself were the sole occupants of the compartment, and after a little brilliant (?) conversation on the weather we both fell asleep.

"I was wakened by feeling the cold air rushing against my face. I opened my eyes, and was surprised to find myself alone. My companion had alighted at the first stopping place, and had not had sufficient courtesy to close the window after opening the door. I felt half-frozen, my moustache was stiff, my rug had a little heap of fast melting snow on it that had drifted in. I sprang up, pulled up the window with a bang, shook my rug, and sat down again, expressing an angry and uncomplimentary opinion of my late companion. In fact I consigned him to a locality where the climate is popularly supposed to leave nothing to be desired in the matter of warmth. But somehow, try how I would I could not go to sleep again, so I tried the opposite corner. It was no use, sleep had fled, and I was as wide awake as I have ever been in my life. I sat looking out into the darkness, thinking of my patients, particularly of one, whose little mis-shapen body I was trying to straighten, the monotonous rumble of the wheels gradually forming the dreary accompaniment, 'You can't succeed! you can't succeed!' With an impatient shake I turned from the darkness, and forced my thoughts into pleasanter channels: my visit to Uncle Bob, who I should meet there, and what chance I had of my favourite winter amusement, skating.

"Suddenly looking towards the other end of the compartment I was startled to find I was no longer alone, for sitting on the opposite seat was a young lady. There was no mistake—she was real enough. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. Then I pinched my arm to make sure I was not dreaming. I was wide awake enough, and the young lady was real. She sat quite motionless, her eyes cast down, her hands folded in her lap. That I had been the sole occupant of the compartment five minutes before I was willing to swear. We had not stopped. How, then, had my companion entered? The more I tried to solve that problem, the more uncomfortable I felt, until in a few minutes I would have given all I possessed to be able to get away. Laugh if you will, but the fact remains that, for once in a my life, I was thoroughly frightened. Not that there was anything in her appearance to frighten anyone: her face was pretty, her expression gentle and sweet. But it was the fact that she was there—there without entering in the ordinary way—that frightened me. It was so uncanny. Finding she did not go I ventured to speak, apologising for not having noticed her before. She smiled and answered,

"You must have been asleep."

"She spoke in a soft, pleasant voice, but somehow it seemed to me I felt her answer more than I heard it."

"I made no further remark, neither did my mysterious companion. On rushed the train. Would the next stopping place never be reached, or had I been transferred to one of those 'ghost trains' one sometimes reads of. That was a foolish thought. The speed slackened, and in the distance I could see the station lights glimmer-

ing faintly. I rose to lift my portmanteau from the rack, determined to get into another carriage, even though I should lose the train in the attempt, when I discovered the young lady had vanished."

Arthur paused here for a moment, evidently expecting some comment.

"You dreamed it, my boy."

"That's just what I told myself," he answered. "But listen to the rest."

"I sat down in my corner again, laughing at my folly, and in a few minutes fell asleep, not waking until York was reached. I had a dreary wait there of over an hour. It's not an interesting station at the best of times, but in the middle of the night it's almost unendurable, so you can well imagine how thankful I felt when the local train that was to carry me to my destination arrived; it stopped at nearly every station, letting me sleep in snatches. The longest run without a stop was half an hour, and it was when this run was about half over that I once more saw my mysterious fellow-traveller, whom I had forgotten, considering her merely a dream. She was sitting almost opposite me, next to a burly farmer, who appeared quite unconscious of her presence. This time it was she who spoke first."

"I want you to get out at the next station," she said.

"But why?" I answered. My ticket takes me to ———, and someone may meet me."

"I can't tell you why, but you will not regret it if you do. You must get out; oh! you must," she replied.

"I only laughed and again refused. She looked troubled, but kept silent. When the train stopped she repeated her request, but I did not move. The old farmer wished me 'Good morning,' and got out, and although to do so he had to pass the young girl, he did not appear to see her. Just after we started again, I found the door had been left unfastened, but before I could reach it, my companion sprang forward, pushed it wide open, and jumped out. Horrified, I rushed after her. The train was moving slowly, but the fall dazed me, and I lay for a minute or so before I could scramble to my feet. The train was rapidly disappearing in the distance, so there was nothing to be done but look for the girl alone. I walked along by the track, looking carefully, but not a trace of her could I find. That I could miss her was impossible, there were no hedges to hide her or ditches for her to roll into; the ground was covered with snow, but the only footmarks to be seen just there were my own.

"I cursed myself for my folly, I can tell you. 'It's time you had a rest,' I told myself, 'bad enough to see things no one else can see, without jumping out of a moving train.' There was no use, though, in standing there grumbling, so I made my way back to the station, gave up my ticket, and told the station-master the door of my compartment had been left unfastened, and in attempting to fasten it I had fallen out. He sympathised with me, and directed me to the nearest inn, where I got some breakfast and hired a fly to take me to Glenny Farm (Uncle Bob's latest hobby is farming).

"It was a wretched drive: 10 miles in a snow storm, but my anger at my own stupidity (as I called it then) kept me warm.

"On my arrival, Uncle Bob greeted me with astonishment. 'What in the world possessed you to come in the "Stag Inn" fly, my lad? You must have got out at the wrong station!' he exclaimed.

"I laughed and gave him the same explanation I had given the station-master, which, of course, made him hurry me into the dining room to give Aunt Jane full particulars. She fussed over me, wanted me to go straight to bed and allow a doctor to be sent for. I assured her I was all right, and that the only thing the matter with me was a big appetite.

"We must wait for Tom," she said, regarding me with an anxious air, as though not quite convinced I was still whole. 'He has taken the trap to — to meet you. Ah! here he is. Why, how fast he is driving! What can be the matter?'

"I followed her to the hall door, reaching it in time to hear Tom call out, 'There has been a bad smash up. The train Arthur is in ran into a goods train a mile down the line. A lot of people are injured and some killed, but I can't find Arthur.'

"He is here. He fell out of the train just after it left B——, and has driven over. Come in and have breakfast before you go back. Arthur says he is starving.'

"That may do for Tom, aunt; but I'm going to see if I can be any use," I said, and despite their remonstrances, I took Tom's place in the trap and drove off.

"I was badly needed. There was but one doctor, and he received my offer of assistance with thankful haste. The accident was not quite so bad as Tom had reported. There was only one death, and the injured needed, for the most part, very simple attention. After doing all I could I went to hunt up my belongings. I found them buried under the wreckage, where I should have been also had it not been for my strange fellow traveller.

"I went back to Glenny Farm feeling worn out, but a few hours' sleep restored me.

"When I went down to tea I found quite a large party assembled. 'A New Year party, lad,' explained Uncle Bob.

"Come here, I want to introduce you to your Cousin-to-be," said Tom, catching me by the arm. 'Didn't know I was engaged, did you? She's the dearest girl in the world. Lilly, this is my cousin Arthur.' I shook hands with her, but I didn't see her, for standing just behind her was my fellow traveller.

"Who is that, Tom?" I managed to gasp.

"That's Lilly's sister, Tessie Fane."

"When did she come here?"

"About a week before Christmas; been here ever since. Why do you ask?"

"I thought I saw her in the train I came in."

"Lilly and Tom laughed at this, and so did Tessie when they told her.

"My two weeks' visit lengthened to two months. I saw Tessie constantly, and when I left Glenny Farm she was my promised wife. Directly I got back to town I sold my East End practice, and established myself here. Early in June Tessie and I were married.

"Last New Year Tessie and I went down into Yorkshire to be

present at Tom's wedding, and on the way down I told her of my strange vision and wonderful preservation. Then I learned that she knew it all. 'I dreamed it,' she said. 'I remember seeing you twice and trying to induce you to leave the train, because I could see the goods train coming, and knew you would be killed. When I saw you standing by Tom that evening I was frightened. I had dismissed it as a dream, but was it?'

Arthur finished his story and sat looking at me, with a smile on his lips, waiting for my comment. What comment could I make? What explanation can I offer? That I leave to others. Like Tessie, I dismissed it as a strange dream, but was it?

DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

• BY JACK SCARLETT.

It was midnight; all the household had retired to rest save my friend Robert Clark and myself. Mr. Clark was mine host and I was his guest. We had been out sight-seeing all day, and were now ruminating over what we had seen. Clark was curling the smoke out of his pipe, and looking very contented with his accomplishment, whilst I was looking into the fast-dying embers and building strange, fantastic figures therein. For some time we were both contented with our several occupations, and said never a word; but the word had to come, and so Clark spoke out:—

"I tell you what, we have had a canny kind of a day: where shall we go to-morrow?"

"Oh," I replied, "I don't know. You have a better knowledge of hereabouts than I have, and so say the place, and the ladies will oblige by being in attendance."

"Well," said he, "there's Hexham, a rather antiquated kind of a place, but not of much account. We could see it all in a short time; and you know what a day we had when we went to Berwick—quiet as death and as humdrum as a funeral. It was sickening. Don't want any more of it. So what say you if we go to Durham?"

"Why, Clark, what put that idea into your head? I have been wishing to go there ever since I was a lad at school, and shall be delighted. How far is it away?" "Only 14 or 15 miles," said he. "Then we are off, so put out your pipe, slip off your boots, and away to dreamland." Without further ado we retired, and left the whole house to the kindly guardianship of the fairies.

Morning came, bright and cheery, mild and pleasant, and at the call of "breakfast" we all presented ourselves and gave each other greeting. Our conversation of the midnight hour was repeated, and as was expected, our wives fell in with the suggestion, and it only needed train time and we were off. Breakfast over, station reached, the bustle of ticket-getting, and the rush to get a compartment, a shrill cry of the engine, and we were on our way. The Tyne was soon crossed, fair fields and wooded heights were left behind, and ere long the dream of a lifetime was realised.

Durham railway station is somewhat elevated, and from its breezy heights you may take a bird's-eye view of the place. The town is small and compact, and with its red-tiled roofs, grey stone walls, and hill, capped with Castle and cathedral, you have a sight almost unique. Leaving the station behind you, and wandering down the cobbled stones, zigzag streets, you feel as if you had fallen from the clouds into a new kind of world. No hurry, no bustle; but as you look adown the open door of an hostelry you can see the quiet river wandering on its way. You turn to the left and reach an old bridge, one that could tell rare stories if its stones had speech. And have they not? We kept to our left, and mounted the narrow streets till we reached the heart of the town, then we turned to our right, and still up and up wended our way, leaving all shops and business life behind, and pressed forward to reach that singularly-crowned eminence.

We passed the notary's office, and at last were there. A large quadrangle, flanked with the Cathedral, whose mighty mass of carved stone makes your knees tremble, a sense of over-awedness oppresses your spirit. To our left appear the dormitories of the priesthood of old, and to our right the castle, turned into college and court house. We wander to our right, and pass the portals of the outer court of the castle. A fine old piece of workmanship, but plentifully supplied with war marks where nature's fingers have played fantastic tricks. Look at those pillars over the door to support the cornice, how the wind has eaten into them, until you wonder how the masonry above is sustained. Through court, corridor, chamber, and chapel you wander, tapestry-adorned, oak-panelled, and gruesome looking places. The chapel how small, with its heavy pillars. To what various uses has it been turned. A house of thanksgiving and a prison cell. The air is heavy with the past. From the light-haired Saxon to the present is a long stride, but Gurth shakes hands with the Victorian era. We are now standing before the mighty pile of sacred stone. Blackened its face, the delicacy of outline of its masonry is largely destroyed, yet, after 500 years and more, this mighty monument of another age looms up strong and vigorous, potent with life for centuries yet unborn. We pass through its heavy, arched doorway, and, reaching the central aisle, are oppressed with the weight of stone and the marvellous conception that has been here embodied. Behind us is the Galilee Chapel, and here on the floor is the blue marble mark beyond which no woman must pass when St. Dunstan is in that chapel. Woman had tempted Adam, and so brought sin into the world; so she must not come too close to him lest her charms should tempt him, and so, weak man, he prayed "Lead us not into temptation" by keeping the witches at a distance. We are interested in these rows of columns, each with its own type of carved workmanship, and the roof, with its various arches, each with its own elaborations. See, up yonder, with its double height of cloisters, over and above each side aisle stretches the masonry in marvellous symmetry and beauty. And here above us is the large tower, and on each side the arms of the cross, for the groundwork of this building is, a cross. In front of us is the choir, with its marble screen and old black oak carvings adorning each side. We wait here for our "guide," who shall take us round and explain.

Leaning against the rails of the choir I feel subdued with the influences of centuries, and grow conscious of the presence of spirits.

The place becomes alive with an unseen multitude. Turning to Mrs. Scarlett, I said, "I feel the presence of a host of spirits, but I do not see them." She replied, "Yes, there are many spirits here. Can't you see that old, white-haired, venerable looking man sitting in that chair in the centre of the choir?" I confessed my clairvoyance was not active. So she described him very carefully to us. Just as she finished up came our "guide," and so ended the chapter of description. My curiosity had been aroused, and I determined if possible to find some clue to the reality of our venerable friend. After the usual formalities of the signing of the visitors' book and some description of the nine chapels, the position of the ancient font for baptismal purposes, the bestowal of some attention to an exhibition of the workmanship of the ladies of rank and leisure some two centuries ago, and a careful viewing of the white marble screen, some hundreds of years old, I suddenly turned to our leader and remarked, "Did you ever know a bishop of this cathedral answering to this description?" I then detailed all that Mrs. S. had said, when without further ado he pointed to a grave a few feet away from the chair and said, "Yes, I knew such an one. His body lies there, and he was the last bishop of this Cathedral. Why do you ask?" "Because," said I, "my wife saw him seated in that chair a few minutes ago just as you came to us at the front of the choir." "Strange, passing strange," says he. "I have wandered down these aisles at all hours of the day and night. I have been here alone when the moon has sent her soft shafts through these windows, and cast weird shadows on the floor and around, and often have I wished that some of those shaven monks of the past would visit me, and tell the story of the past, but never have met ought to startle my reverie, or to bring proof of the return of the dead. I wish I could stop and talk with you. But I cannot. We are busy to-day, and so I must hasten to show you what is to be seen and leave you." So we went on our way and listened to his low-breathed explanations, and left him and the marvellous mass of stone behind us. As we wandered away, we could not help thinking of the chequered career it had passed through: a house of prayer, a prison house, a stable, a place for reverent worship, and a show house. Here the Scotch, after the battle of Dunbar, had been imprisoned, and here they had stabled their horses, and yonder fine piece of marble workmanship that lines the further end of the choir, suffered permanent damage at their hands. Those scores of little niches, all now vacant, had each once been filled with figures of saints, but the Presbyterian spirit would not brook them, and if it could do nothing else it could spoil them, and it did.

From these reflections my thoughts wander to the building itself. Who built it? Under what circumstances was it built? How were the funds raised to construct it? and for what reason was it reared amongst a sparse population. These and similar questions rose in my mind, but no answer did I get, only I felt that sometime men and women must have believed in Christianity, and felt it was a truth, and out of their labour did they bestow that which they possessed, and here is their monument. Now, my Spiritualist friends, you have a gospel you know to be true, and it brings a host of consolations that Christian faith cannot bestow; what are you prepared to do for your facts? How much?

A LETTER OF MARTIN LUTHER'S.

In "The Gates Ajar" Miss Phelps strives to get Christians to understand something of the true nature of heaven, and how in the other world life goes on according to what men and women have made of this earthly life; only she deals solely with the brighter aspect of the question. She especially insists that children will find heaven to be adapted to their childish needs, and asks how she can help believing that the little boy who lost his red balloon the morning he had bought it, and, broken-hearted, wanted to know whether it had gone to heaven, would, if he had been taken there himself that very minute, have found a little balloon in waiting for him. In connection with this subject, the following letter from Luther to his little son is quoted:—

"Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I see with pleasure that thou learnest well and prayest diligently. Do so, my son, and continue. When I come home, I will bring thee a pretty fairing."

"I know a pretty, merry garden, wherein are many children. They have little golden coats, and they gather beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, cherries, plums, and wheat-plums; they sing, and jump, and are merry. They have beautiful little horses, too, with gold bits and silver saddles. And I asked the man to whom the garden belongs whose children they were. And he said: 'They are the children that love to pray and to learn, and are good.' Then said I: 'Dear man, I have a son, too; his name is Johnny Luther. May he not also come into this garden, and eat these beautiful apples and pears, and ride these fine horses?' Then the man said: 'If he loves to pray and to learn, and is good, he shall come into this garden, and Lippus and Jost too; and when they all come together they shall have fifes and trumpets, lutes, and all sorts of music, and they shall dance, and shoot with little crossbows.'

"And he showed me a fine meadow there in the garden, made for dancing. There hung nothing but golden fifes, trumpets, and fine silver crossbows. But it was early, and the children had not yet eaten; therefore I could not wait the dance, and I said to the man: 'Ah, dear sir, I will immediately go and write all this to my little son Johnny, and tell him to pray diligently, and to learn well, and to be good, so that he also may come to this garden. But he has an Aunt Lehne; he must bring her with him.' Then the man said: 'It shall be so; go and write him so.'

"Therefore, my dear little son Johnny, learn and pray away! and tell Lippus and Jost, too, that they must learn and pray. And then you shall come to the garden together. Herewith I commend thee to Almighty God. And greet Aunt Lehne, and give her a kiss for my sake.—Thy dear Father, "MARTIN LUTHER.

"Anno 1530."

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES WITH A MEDIUM.

DAVID DOUGLAS BELDEN.

"A fact in nature," said Thomas Carlyle, "is a divine revelation;" and he added: "Whoever acts against one, acts against God." No one, not even Ralph Waldo Emerson, ever uttered a grander or a more sublime truth than this one. Every fact of nature is divine, and tells a plain truth, could we but read it. "There are tongues in trees, sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and good in everything." All the facts in the universe are related to each other—unitarian, and never contradictory. There are no detached or meaningless truths.

In the light of these plain facts, I will relate a series of seances which myself and wife had with a medium in 1870, a farmer's wife, residing on a farm 12 miles east of Denver. And then I want someone to make, if possible, an explanation of what occurred at those seances, other than by the spirit hypothesis. I should be much pleased if Prof. Hudson, the author of the book entitled "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," would undertake it on his theory of "hypnotised, subjective minds."

In July, 1870, myself and wife lost by death a very particular lady friend, who lived and died in the state of Ohio. Soon after her demise we went to see the lady medium above named. On the way out we agreed that if we heard from our deceased friend we would say nothing—not disclose the fact that we knew her. This with reference to getting better tests thereafter.

As soon as we met the clairvoyant or medium that day, she, of her own notion, commenced talking about her departed friend, although she had never known or heard of her. Our son, a boy of nine-and-a-half years, who had departed this life two months prior, had, she said, been there, and introduced a strange lady, in spirit life, as his teacher. We said nothing, but asked for a description, which she gave, and it was perfect. We then asked her, when she saw our son again, to ask him for his "teacher's" name (that was what we called her). She said she would, and then went away to attend to her household affairs, leaving us for a time alone. Soon she returned, and said she had seen our son again, and that he had given his "teacher's name." "Her name," said she, "is Sarah. That is, I have no doubt about it. Your son tried to spell her name for me, but he could not get farther than S-a-r-a—, but he impressed me that her name was Sarah, and I have no doubt of it." The fact is, our departed friend always spelled her name Sara, and never otherwise, the only one whom I ever knew personally who did.

Then the medium said: "Oh! why! she is here now. She holds up her left hand and points me to a gold ring on it, and she bows and smiles to you both, as to say you gave it to her, and she points me to Mrs. Belden's chain." After describing the ring (and she did it perfectly) she stepped up to Mrs. B., who sat at a distance, and said: "Why, there is a ring on Mrs. B.'s chain identically like the one she showed me."

Now for the fact as respects the rings. Four years prior to this time I had had made here two beautiful rings from our native Colorado gold, and they were precisely alike, one of which we gave to our Ohio friend, and she wore it on her left hand as long as she lived, and the other one our son wore as long as he lived, and after his death Mrs. B. wore it on her chain, and it was on her chain at this time.

When we left for home that day Mrs. B. said to the medium: "When you see our son's 'teacher' again, I wish you would ask her for her other name," and she said she would (we disclosed nothing). "But," said she, "I may not get it. Sometimes I can, and sometimes I cannot get their names," she added, "but I will try."

In about one month we went to see the clairvoyant again, and this time we took with us our large photograph album, which contained among many others, a photograph of our Ohio friend. Upon entering the house that day, Mrs. B. asked if she had seen our son's "teacher" again? "Oh, yes," she said, "and quite often; the teacher and pupil are always together, and they scarcely miss a day of coming to see me. I asked her for her name," said she, "but I did not get it. She held up her hand and showed me that ring again, and told me partly in words and partly by impression—mostly by impression—that you know her just as well by that ring as you would know her if she gave her other name, and that she could not give that without the assistance of other spirits who would not assist her to do a work of superogation." Then seeing we could not deceive them at all, we came out and told the medium the whole truth, and from that time on, we called our friend by her proper name.

We asked the medium if she could pick out our friend's photo in the album, and she thought she could as readily as she could my own. Taking the album, she looked carefully through it. In the meantime we took our seats in another part of the room, lest we might influence her if we looked over it. When she came upon our friend's picture I saw by her countenance that she thought she had found it, and I said, "Have you found it?" "Yes," she said; and then, after she had committed herself absolutely, we looked, and sure enough she had. This medium, at different times, identified the photos of at least seven deceased persons whom she had never seen or known in life, and she never made a mistake on one of them, nor did she ever hesitate, but always did it promptly, clearly and positively.

I could write a very large number of equally good tests which we obtained through this medium. She was by far the most reliable medium I have ever met. She never once in all her life received one cent from her mediumship, but on the contrary she made sacrifices in its exercise all the time.

My observation is, that persons who follow after public or professional mediums, scarcely, if ever, get such clear tests, or such complete and satisfactory proofs of immortality, and of the presence of their departed friends, as we did. In my opinion the psychic phenomena, in the main, should be voluntary, or spontaneous—not "pumped" out of the mediums, as so often they are. My experience has shown me, too, that such voluntary or spontaneous and unpaid for phenomena are always far more reliable.

But the above and foregoing are exact facts. What about them? I have nothing extenuated, nor have I set down aught in disregard of the truth. They are the phenomena of nature that Thomas Carlyle declares are divine revelations. It is not a single fact in this case but there are a multiplication of facts. They come, too, from the right quarter, and to the right persons. There was no blunder anywhere. The whole performance clearly had in it a human purpose. The aim was, doubtless, to convince us of the continued existence, as well as the presence of our friend and our son, and the plan was well executed to the end. It could not have been better planned or more perfectly executed. It was all a complete surprise to us. The circumstance of having given away the ring had long since gone from our minds, and possibly may never have been thought of again had it not been thus recalled. Plans, such as are here indicated, do not originate in the air, nor do they spring from the soil as do the trees. Nor are they like jealousy, "begotten on themselves, and born of themselves." No, they have a legitimate parentage. Nature never lies. "A fact is a divine revelation."

The man who can throw such a demonstration as I have detailed over his shoulder, and answer it with one word, "quæer!" or "strange!" and never give it another thought, must be a very superficial and thoughtless man. There is more proof, yea, more complete proof, of man's immortality in what I have related than there is in the whole life of Christ, from his birth to his crucifixion. There is no man living, of any profession or country, who can explain the above facts only in one way, *i. e.*, the spiritual hypothesis. I would like to have Prof. Hudson undertake to do it on his theory, and have the columns of the *Journal* at my command to reply to him, and then we would see. I could show him that there is more in these facts than he has ever dreamed of. These phenomena have occurred in all ages of the world. They unlock and explain all such lives as those of Jesus, Paul, Joseph, and Moses. The same key unlocks and explains the mysteries connected with the lives of Socrates and Swedenborg.

When a jurist is confronted with a complicated case of circumstantial evidence, he thinks if he can state a hypothesis which will at once reconcile all the facts, that he has arrived at a true solution of his case. The scientists are governed precisely by the same rule. They think if they can find a theory which is in harmony with all the facts of Nature, that they have arrived at the truth respecting the subject under consideration, and their experience has proven the rule a safe one. Why not apply this safe rule to spiritual phenomena? It explains all the facts, and in six thousand years of search no other hypothesis has ever been found that will.

The London Psychical Research Society has found that the telepathic hypothesis will explain only a part of the facts; that one, therefore, has to "step down"; and so the sceptic has to look further. He fondly hoped that when the London Society had fully investigated the psychic phenomena to be able to exclaim, "Eureka!" But no, not yet. He and his predecessors have had a weary hunt. Six thousand years! and yet not one single fact found which militates against, or antagonises the spiritual hypothesis. Not one.

If these spiritual phenomena were new, if they were just now for the first time sprung upon the world, a man might well, if possible, suspend his judgment. But no, they are as old as the race, and they never could be, or have been explained, except in one way, on the spiritual hypothesis. Besides, even in their modern phase, they have now been squarely and boldly before the world for nearly half a century. And yet no man, of any country, of whatever profession, has been able to explain rationally one of them in any other way. If he has attempted to explain or imitate a single one, he has done it with one hundred other facts staring him in the face, of which he could make no attempted explanation. To me the conclusion that it is just what it purports and claims to be, is irresistible. So in the language of Luther: "Here I take my stand; I can do no other; God help me!"

801, 18th Ave., Denver, Colo.

ALBUM received all right. We are very much pleased with it. There is much credit due to you and the Company. It only needs to be seen, and the people will buy it. Spiritualists have no need to be ashamed to place the Album in the hands of our opponents. It would be a good plan to carry it with us whenever we go to give an essay on Spiritualism.—Joseph Oliffe, Ossett.

I CONGRATULATE you on the excellence of the Album. It is far beyond anything I expected, and some of the portraits are quite works of art. Intellect is well represented, and one may feel proud to be even distantly associated with such a goodly company. It will be very useful as a book of reference for those who, like myself, live isolated lives, and do not know many of the public speakers and workers.

I AM very well pleased with the Album. It is most refreshing to turn over its pages, and be brought face to face with those whom you have loved and revered for the good they have done in the long ago, and to be taken, as it were, to the times when to be a Spiritualist was almost a crime, and persecution daily suffered. These things have changed, through the workers of the past.—Yours fraternally, Joshua Wood.

MEDIUMS who give sittings may protect themselves against being trapped by police agents by making them sign a certificate. Some weeks ago we republished, from the *Light of Truth*, a form drawn up by a legal man. We have had that form struck off as a certificate, and can send a neat book containing 50, post free for 1s. Mediums should make any visitor they do not know sign one of these, in the presence of a witness, or decline to sit.

I HAVE shown your beautiful Album to the Normanton friends, and all wonder with me that you can produce such a fine work for so small a sum. I feel proud to exhibit such a book of photographs of intelligent-looking people to my friends. The first picture of Dr. A. Russel Wallace ought to inspire all Spiritualists to purchase one, if only to show our sceptics that such a noble-minded man has taken the trouble to investigate and be at one with us in our glorious cause of liberty and truth.—(Mrs.) E. Backhouse.

IF WE BUT KNEW.

Lack of knowledge is loss of opportunity. Where ignorance is weakness knowledge is power. Where ignorance is sometimes the human fly, wit is often the inhuman spider; therefore knowledge becomes a necessity in the mazy web of life.—WM. MORRALL.

If we but knew that lovely pearls
Were hidden in some shell.
Or if we knew that sweetest flowers
Grew in some shady dell;
To gain the gems, the ugly shell
Would check not our desires;
To realise the charm of flowers
We should not heed the briars.

If we but knew where precious gold
Was lying 'neath the ground,
Or if we knew that wealth untold
Was waiting to be found;
To gain the gold, the rocks and stones
Would not deter nor foil;
To find the wealth and make it ours
We should not heed the toil.

If we but knew that health within
Some bitter draught were found,
Or freedom, best enjoyed by those
Whom slavery had bound,
We should not heed the bitter draught,
If pain would take its flight;
Nor sorrow and adversity,
If followed by delight.

If we but knew that pleasures 'dwelt
Upon some mountain steep,
Or friendship, love, and joy were met
Across some river deep;
No giddy height of mountain steep,
Nor rush of waters wild,
Would check our journey to that goal,
Where love and beauty smiled.

If we but knew some mystic charm,
Could rob death of its dread,
Or if we knew some magic power
Could give us back our dead;
Not gems, nor gold, nor hoarded wealth,
Nor all that earth supplies,
Would satisfy our soul's desire
If we yet lacked this prize.

If we but knew those friends we lost,
Whose hearts beat fond and true,
Still lived and loved, were near us now,
Though hid from mortal view;
Could we but know that angel hands
Were placed within our grasp,
Or feel that angel arms entwined
Us in their loving clasp—

Then, if this knowledge we could gain,
'T would make us glad and free;
Or if this truth could be made plain,
How happy we should be.

Thus, knowledge is the choicest wealth,
And love, the sweetest flower;
The richest gem is human life,
And truth the greatest power.

Truth woo's us with enticing smile,
And waits for our embrace;
And knowledge, with its worth comes near,
To bless the human race.

Thus, may we know, how vain our hopes
To buy content with gold;
For happiness and peace are flowers,
That in the soul unfold.

We all may gather gems and pearls;
We all may gather flowers;
We all may gather wealth and worth,
And realise their powers:
But there are treasures from above—
Rich gems of truth and light,
That guide us to that better land
Of justice, truth and right.

We all must climb the mountain steep,
Of progress and endeavour;
We all must cross the mystic stream,
Where soul and body sever;
Then shall we know, that life, love, truth,
And knowledge fail us never;
And what is good and worthy here,
Will still abide for ever.

When life is young and hearts are strong,
When hopes and aims soar high,
Then, thoughts of death are but as mist
Upon a sunny sky;
But when the heart is old and faint,
When clouds of darker hue
Creep on apace, and veil the face
Of nature from our view.

When gilded scenes of youth and hope,
Dissolve like rosy dreams,
And visions bright of vain delight
Die with the fading beams;
Then, we would pierce those clouds of doubt,
Of mystery and gloom;
Then, we would yearn some truth to learn
Of life beyond the tomb.

But shade and shadow veil the light,
And hopes are lost in years;
And what love painted fair and bright
Is dimmed by mourner's tears.
But shades that presage coming night
Show dawning of the morrow;
And truth, like sunlight from above,
Dispels our doubt and sorrow.

Then say not "If we know the truth,"
When knowledge is now given:
When rays of light disperse the night,
And mystery's cloud is riven.
For this glad truth we all may know,
That death is but the portal
Where ends our strife—that leads to life
Progressive, free, immortal.

—WM. MORRALL.

55, Upper Grove-street, Smethwick, near Birmingham.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

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

A. BROOKHOUSE, Inspirational Speaker, Democratic Socialist, will visit Societies, without fee, for expenses only.—Trentham Road, Longton, President Longton Spiritual Church.

BATLEY CARR. Town Street.—Two Days Sale of Work on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 25 and 26, also Tea and Entertainment. Mothers' Stall, Lyceum Stall, Toy Stall, Refreshment Stall, Gipsy Tent, etc. Songs, Recitations, Duets, Children's Drill, etc. Mr. J. Armitage, will open on the first day, Sale at 2-30; and Mr. J. Oliffe, Ossett, on the second day. Mr. J. Brook will give various solos on the concertina. Prices of admission: Adults, 3d., each day; Children, 1d. Tickets for tea on Friday: Adults, 9d.; Children, 6d. Tickets for Tea on Saturday: Adults, 6d.; Children, 3d.

BLACKPOOL. Spiritual Church, Albert Road.—Jan. 24, open date. Speakers having this date please address, stating terms, Wm. Howarth, 10, Charnley-grove, Blackpool.

BRADFORD.—St. James' Spiritual Church will have a Christmas Tree on Dec. 26 (to be opened by Wm. Johnson, Esq., of Hyde), and a Tea and social evening, when Mr. Thomas Wild, of Rochdale, clairvoyant, will take part. Sunday, the 27th, the platform will be occupied by Mr. Wild at 2-30 and 6-30. The Christmas Tree will be opened at 2-30. Tea at 4-30. Tickets for tea and entertainment, 9d. Tea will be provided on Sunday, 4d. each.

BRIGHOUSE. Martin Street.—Dec. 26: Meat Tea, Jumble Sale, and Opening of Library by Mrs. Butterworth, of Blackpool. Tea on the tables at 4-30; price 9d. each, children 6d.; after tea, 3d.

BURY.—Christmas Day, Grand Tea Party and Entertainment, Tea on Tables 4-30. Tickets: Adults, 1s.; under 16, 9d. All are welcome.

DERBY. Spiritualists' Hall, 1A, Normanton Road.—A Bazaar on Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 28 and 29. The bazaar will be opened on the first day by Mrs. A. Smedley, of Belper. All invited. Refreshments provided.

GATESHEAD. Bensham, Rectory Place.—New Year's Eve, Social at 8 p.m., in aid of the Society. Tickets 1s. Admission by ticket only. Refreshments provided on the premises. Tickets from Mrs. Middleton, newsagent, 6, Osborne Terrace; Mrs. Dixon, newsagent, Askew-road; Mrs. Murton, 2, Bank-street; Mr. Morris Millicent Terrace, and other members.

GATESHEAD. 22, Redheugh Bridge Road.—Dec. 31, a Grand Social; Darkey Troupe and Songs, etc.; also Coffee Supper and Watch Night Service. Chairman, Geo. Aldersen. Tickets, 6d. Come and spend a pleasant evening.

HECKMONDWIKE. Church Lane.—Christmas Day, a Public Tea at 4-30, and meeting at 7. Price for tea, 6d. Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Black, mediums. A hearty welcome to all.

HUNSLLET. Top of Joseph Street.—Saturday, Dec. 26, Boxing Day, a Grand Coffee Supper and Social at 7-30. Tickets for adults, 4d. We give all friends a hearty invitation to come and make it a grand success.—Sec., B. Wellock.

LIVERPOOL. Eaton Hall, Breck Road.—New Year's Eve; Dec. 31, at 103, Queen's Road, 7 p.m., our Annual Tea, Social, and Watch Night Service. Tickets: adults, 9d.; Juveniles, 6d., Apply Mr. A. Ward, secretary, or committee.

LIVERPOOL. Daulby Hall, Daulby Street.—27, Mrs. Green. LIVERPOOL. Spiritual Evidence Society, 8, Broughton Terrace, West Derby Road.—Annual Tea Party at 7, and concert at 8, on Monday, Jan. 4, 1897. Tickets 9d. Soiree Dansante, 9-30.

MAGNETIC HEALING.—Well-authenticated cures: curvature of the spine, tumour, varicose veins, paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, &c. Testimonials and references.—Mr. and Mrs. JACKSON, 220, Euston Road, N.W. Patients treated at their own residences.

MANCHESTER Hulme, Junction Street.—Dec. 27; Mrs. M. H. Wallis, at 3, "The message of the spirit," and at 6-30, "Life in the hereafter." Will mediums with open dates address Mr. Leo, 43, Greenheys-lane, Manchester.

MANCHESTER SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS.—Don't forget we are all very busy, making preparation for our Annual Tea Party, Entertainment, and Ball. A splendid tea at 4-30 prompt, 7 to 9 a first-class entertainment, 9 to 12 dancing, quadrille band in attendance, and all for the small sum of 1s. ladies, gents 1s. 3d. This will take place at the Large Co-operative Hall, Downing-street, Ardwick, on New Year's Day, January 1st, 1897. Get your tickets early, from all societies.—Further particulars apply to George Hill, 93, Brunswick-street, Ardwick Green.

MR. LEEDER has Jan. 17, 24, and March 14 open, and will be glad to fill them. Open also for week-night lectures. Address, 6, Charnley-grove, Blackpool.

MISS LEY (Dp. L.P.T.), Member of the Magnetic and Botanic School, London, Massense, Magnetist, and Physiognomist. At home on Saturdays. Lessons and advice by post. 106, White Ladies-road, Clifton, Bristol.

NELSON. Bradley Fold.—A splendid supper in the above hall on Christmas Eve at 8 1/2 prompt, for 1s.; names to be given not later than Dec. 20 to the secretary, Wm. Walmsley, 223, Leeds-road, Nelson. Christmas Day, Tea Party and Entertainment: adults, 1s.; children under 12, 6d. Tea at 4-30; after tea, 3d.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—27: Mrs. Yeeles. Annual Tea and Social on New Year's Day, 1897, in Good Templar Hall, 2, Clayton-street, tea at 5, dancing 9 to 12, tickets 1s. Sunday, Jan. 3, Mr. Walter Howell, of Manchester.

PRESTON. Central.—New Year's Day: Tea Party, Entertainment, and Dancing. Tea, 7 p.m. Tickets, 1s. Songs, selections on auto-harp, mandolin, and banjo by Miss French; recitations, songs, etc., by Miss Wilcock, Mr. Blackburne (of Dramatic Society), Mr. Montgomery, and Mr. Jackson. Saturday, Jan. 2, Free Tea to Poor Children, Donations of money, toys, etc., thankfully received by Mrs. Wilcock, 145, Ribbles-ton-lane.

SALFORD.—Special Services on Sunday next. Special music, Tea Meeting at 4-30, and Re-union on New Year's Day. Tableaux Vivants, Singing, Games, and Dancing. Tickets, 9d. All old members and friends specially invited. Tickets for Fancy Dress Cinderella on Jan. 2nd all sold.

SOWERBY BRIDGE.—Saturday, Dec. 26, the Grand Annual Tea and Entertainment in the Lyceum. Tea on tables at 4-30. Entertainment to commence at 7 o'clock. Tickets for both, 1s. Children under twelve half-price. Entertainment only, 6d.

WEST VALE.—Tea and entertainment on Christmas day; tickets, 9d. adults and children 6d. Friends, please note.

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DEAR SIR,—Having derived great benefit from your "Human Restorer" Pills, I write for a further supply of two boxes.—Yours, etc., JOHN MILLS.

A lady writing from Ardwick, Manchester, says: "Never had anything like them in my life. Am almost cured. Had given myself up for dead."

Mr. Sidney Foreman, Whitehead, Lintz Green, Durham writes:—"I write to thank you for the good the Pills have done me. For six months I suffered from severe pains in the back, but was completely cured with one box of your "Human Restorer" Pills.

270, Oldbury road, West Smethwick, Near Birmingham.

SIR,—I have suffered from Lumbago for the last twenty-five years, and could get nothing to move it. I saw your advertisement in the Two WORLDS, and thought I would give "Human Restorer" Pills a trial. I am pleased to inform you that they have done me more good than anything I have tried before; in fact, I think a few more boxes will entirely cure me.

Mr. Thomas Seary, of 167, Gillow-street, Cornsay Colliery, writes:—"I found great relief from your wonderful Pills in taking first two boxes, and the other two cured me of a bad stomach of three months' standing.

ADDRESS—

GEORGE GREENER,

BLACKETT HOUSE, WYLAM-ON-TYNE.

PLATFORM GUIDE.

SOCIETIES AFFILIATED WITH THE NATIONAL FEDERATION

Accrington—Tabernacla, Whalley-rd., Lyceum 10-30, at 2-30 & 6-15, Mon., 7-30, Public Circle, Wed., 7-30.
Temple, St. James-street, Lyceum 10-30; 2-30 & 6, Monday, Wednesday, 7-30, Members' Circle.
26, China-st., Lyceum, 10-30; 2-30, 6.
Army (near Leeds)—Theaker-lane, Lyceum, 10-30, 2-30, 6-30, Mrs Midgley, Mon., 2-30, developing circle; 7-30, Service.
Ashton—Church-st. (off Warrington-st.), 2-30, 6-30, Mr B Plant, Public Circle, Tues., 7-30.
Ashington—Spiritual Temple, 5.
Attercliffe—Vestry Hall, at 3, 6-30.
Bacup—Victoria Hall, Market-st., Lyceum, at 10, 2-30, 6-30, Miss Cotterill.
Barrow—Philharmonic Hall, Warwick-street, New-barrows, 2-45 and 6-30.
Barrow-in-Furness—Psychological Hall, Dalkeith-st. 11 and 6-30.
Batley Carr—Town-st., Lyceum, 10 & 2-30; 6, Mon, Mothers' at 3, Thurs., Members' Circle, 7-45.
Belper—Jubilee Hall, Lyceum, 10, 2; 10-30, 6-30, Birmingham.—Masonic Hall, New Street, Union, Class at 10-45, 11-30, 6-30.
Bloomsbury, 11 and 6-30, Mon., 7-45, Circle.
Smethwick—Central Hall, Cape Hill opp. Windmill Lane, Lyceum at 3; 6-30, Mr Knibb.
Blackburn—Old Grammar School, Freckleton-st. 9 Lyceum; 11, Circle; 2-30, 6-30, Mr W. Ward.
Blackpool—Spiritual Church, Albert-road, Lyceum, 9-30, 11, Public Circle, 2-30, 6-30, Mon., 7-30.
Bootle, Liverpool—Masonic Hall, 11, Lyceum, 2-30, 6-30, Mrs L. A. Griffin, Mon., 8, Tues, 8, Seance, tickets, Wed., 8, members.
Bolton—Bradford-street, Lyceum, 9-30; 2-30, 6-30, Bradford.—Milton Hall, 32, Rebecca-st., City-rd., Lyceum, 10; 2-30, 6, Mrs Beardshall, Lyceum day.
Brighouse—Martin-st. Lyceum, at 10; 2-30, 6, Mrs Stair.
Burnley—Hammerton-st., Lyceum at 9-30; Services at 7-30 and 6, Mr J B Tetlow.
North-st., Lyceum, 9-30, 2-30 & 6, Mr Davis, Tues., 7-45, Wed., 7-30, Miss Halkyard.
Bury—Spiritual Hall, Georgiana-st., Lyceum at 10; 2-30, 6, Mrs Brooks, Tues., 7-30, Weds., 7-30.
Cardiff—St. John's Hall, St. John a Square, Lyceum at 2-45; 11 and 6-30.
Carlisle—Temperance Hall, Caldewgate, 2-30, 6-30, Clitheroe.—Liberal Club, Wellgate, Members' Circle, 10-45, Lyceum; at 2-30 & 6, Miss Halkyard.
Colne—Cloth Hall, Lyceum, 10; 2-30 and 6-30.
Cornwall—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.
Derby—11, Normanton-rd., Lyceum 10-30; 2-30, 6-30, Wed., 7-30.
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, Mrs France.
Hyde—Mount-street, Travis-street, Lyceum at 10 and 2-30, 6-30, Mr J A Stansfield, Tues., 7-30.
Lancaster—Athenaeum, St. Leonard's Gates, 2-30, 6-30.
Leeds—Psychological Hall, Lyceum 10; 2-30, 6-30, Mr Foulds.
Leicester—People's Hall, Millstone Lane, 6-30, Tues. & Thurs. at 8.
Liberal Club: Town Hall Square, 11 and 6-30, Thurs., 8, Public Circle.
Liverpool—Daulby Hall, Daulby-st., 11 a.m. Children's Lyceum; 2-30 & 6-30, Mrs Nock, Mr John Lamont, and local friends. All other meetings suspended during the holidays.
London—Camberwell New Road—Surrey Masonic Hall, 11-15, Mr W E Long, "Trance Experiences" 6-30, Mr W E Long, "Our Cause," At 3, Children's Lyceum.
Canning Town—I.L.P. Rooms, 11, Swanscombe st., Barking-rd., Sun., 7, Mr R Brailey, Wed., 8, Mr Davis, 48, Clarence-road, Tues., 8, Members, Thurs., 8, T.W. on sale.
Longton—Post Office Buildings, 2-30, 6.
Stratford—Workman's Hall, West Ham Lane, E, 6-45, Mr Vetch, Thursday, 8, Mr R Brailey, 13, Fowler rd., Forest Gate, Sun., Lyceum, and Tues., Public Circle, 54, Edmunton road, Member's developing, Monday and Thurs. 8.
Manor Park, Essex—115, White Post Lane, Sunday 11, Mr J. Allen, Advice to inquirers, Members' Developing Class, last Sunday monthly, at 7 p.m. Monday, Reading Room at 7 p.m. for study; 8-15 p.m., Mrs E. Allen, circle for inquirers and members, Thurs., at 8 p.m., Mrs E. Allen, members' development. All free.
Macclesfield—Cumberland-st., Lyceum, 10-30 & 3; 6-30, Mr J C Macdonald.
Manchester—Ardwick: Temperance Hall, Tippling-st., Lyceum at 10-30; 2-45, and 6-30, Mrs Hyde, Tuesday, 8, Choir, Wednesday, 8, 30, Mr J. Young, Fri., 8, Members, Sun., 8-30, members' circle.
Harpurhey: Collyhurst-st. (off Percival-st., via Rochdale-rd. and Oldham-rd. Trams), Lyceum, 10-15, 2-15, services 3 and 6-30, Wed. 8.
Patricroft: New Lane, Winton, Lyceum at 10; 3 & 6-30, and on Tues., 8, Wed., 8.
Pendleton: Cobden-street, Lyceum, 10; 2-45, Circle; 6-30, Thurs. 8, Fri., 8, Healing, Messrs Heggie & Ross.
Salford: Co-op. Stores, Chapel-st., Lyceum, 2-30, 6-30, Special service, Monday, 8, Social, Wednesday, 8, Mrs Allen.
Mexborough—Market Hall, 2-30 & 6.
Milham—Lyceum 10, 2, & 6, Circle 7-30, Wed., 7, Nelson—Bradley Fold, 2-30, 6, Mr Hepworth.
Newcastle-on-Tyne—Hall, 2, Clayton-street, off Blackett-street, Lyceum at 2-30; 6-30 p.m., Mrs Yeates, Wed., 7-30.
Nottingham—Masonic Lecture Hall, 10-45, 6-30, Mr J Swindlehurst.
Morley Hall, 2-30, Lyceum; 10-45, 6-30.
Oldham—Corner of Coronation-st., Mumps, at 3 and 6-30, Tues., 7-45.
Parkgate—Temple, Ashwood-road, Lyceum at 10 and 1-45; 2-30 and 6, Mr S Featherstone.

Preston—Weavers' Hall, Walker-street, Lyceum 9-45; 2-30, 6-30, Mr Pilkington, Thurs., 6-45, Lyceum Treat and Prize-giving.
Rawtenstall—Lyceum, 10-30; 2-30, 6.
Rochdale—Balliol-st.: 2-30, 6, Public Circle, Wed. Rothwell—2-30 and 6.
Royton—Lyceum, at 10 and 1-45 2-45 and 6-30, Wed., 7-30.
Sheffield—Hollis Hall, Bridge-st., 3 and 7.
Slithwaite—Lath Lane, 2-30, 6.
Sowerby Bridge—Hollins Lane, Lyceum, 10 and 2; 2-30, 6, Mr W Johnson.
Stalybridge—Progressive Society, 3 and 6-30, Mrs Summers-gill, Wed., Miss Knight, Thurs., 8, Members' Circle.
Stockport—Hall, Wellington-road, nr. Heaton lane, Lyceum at 10-30; 2-30, 6-30, Mr. L. Thompson, Monday, 7-30.
Sunderland—27, Ann-street, Sundays at 6-30. Every evening, 8.
Walsall—Central Hall, Lyceum, at 10, and 2-30 11, 6-30, Mrs Groom.
West Vale—Green Lane, 6, Wed., 7-30.
Wisbech—Lecture Room, Public Hall, 6-45, Mr. D. Ward.

NON-AFFILIATED SOCIETIES.

Barnoldswick—Spiritual Hall, Lyceum, 10, 2-30, 6.
Barnsley—George Yard, 2-30 & 6, Mrs Johnstone.
Batley—Wellington-street, Lyceum, at 10 and 1-45, 2-30, 6, Mrs J Waterhouse, Mon., 7-30.
Birmingham—Jenkins-st. Board School, at 6-30 p.m.
Bishop Auckland—Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa, at 2 and 6.
Birstall—Railway Terrace, 2-30 & 6, Wed., 7-45.
Blackburn—15, New Market-st., W., Northgate, Circle 11, 2-30, 6-30, Mon., 7-30, Members' Wednesday, 7-45, Public Circle.
Bradford—Bowling: Harker-st., 10-30, Circle; 2-30, 6, Mrs Mercer, Mon., 2-30, Wed., 7-30.
Little Horton-lane, Spicer-st., 2-30, 6 Mrs Hoyle
Lower Temperance Hall, Leeds-rd., 11, Developing Circle; 2-30 and 6-30, Mr and Mrs Marshall Mon. and Wed., 7-45.
Otley-road, Lyceum, at 10-30; at 2-30 & 6, Mrs. Streton.
St. James' Church, Lower Ernest-st. 10-30, Circle 2-30, 6-30, Mr France and Mr Wild, Wed., at 7-45.
Walton-street, Hall-lane, Lyceum, 9-45; 2-30, 6, Mrs Clough, Monday, 7-30.
West Bowling—Boynston-st., at 10, Lyceum, 2-30, 6, Mr A Walker, Thurs., 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.
Cambos—Spiritual Evidence, 2, 5-30.
Carlisle—36, York Street, 6-30 Public Circle, Wed. 7-30 Developing.
Cleckheaton—Walker Street, Lyceum, 10; at 2-45 6, Mrs Armitage, Monday, in old room, 7-30, Circle, Thurs., 7-30, Public Meeting.
Dearnley—Liberal Club, 2-30 and 6.
Derby—Webster's Buildings, Traffic Street, 2-30 & 6-30, Mon. and Wed., 7-30.
Dewsbury—Bond-street, Lyceum, 10 & 1-45, 3 and 6, Mr F Hodgson, Thursday, 7-30.
Dunfermline, N.B.—Giffillan Hall, Wed., at 8.
Elland—Newcombe-st., Lyceum at 10 and 1-30; at 2-30 and 6, Mrs Bottomley, Thursday, 8, Public Circle.
Exeter—Friars' Hall, Friars' Walks, 6-30.
Felling—Hall, Charlton Row, 2-30, 6.
Foleshill—Edgwick, 10-30 & 6-30, Mon. 8.
Gateshead—31, Ripon Street, Sunday, 6-30, Wed 7-30.
Rectory Place, Bensham, 6-30, Mr. Westgarth, Circle, Thurs. at 8.
Halfax—Winding-road, at 10-30, 2-30, and 6, Mr E W Wallis, Mon, 7-30.
Raven St., Queen's-rd, 2-30 and 6, Miss Hall.
Heckmondwike—Thomas-st, at 10, Lyceum, 2-30, and 6, Miss Walton, Thursday, 7-30.
Hollinswood—Factory Fold, 2-30, 6-30.
Huddersfield—St. Peter's-street Rooms, Lyceum, 10 a.m.; 2-30 & 6-30, Miss A E Smith.
Hull—No. 4 Room, St. George's Hall, Story-st., at 6-30, Wed. 8, members circle.
Hunslet (Leeds)—Top of Joseph-st., 2-30 and 6, Mrs Crossley, Tues. and Sat., 8, Public Circles.
3, Bottom of Joseph St.: 2-30 & 6, Mr H Long, Circles, Tues. & Saturday, 7-30.
Keighley—Heber Street Spiritual Temple, 2-30, 6, Miss Barlow.
Leicester—Craiton-st, at 11 and 6-30, Wed., 8, Public Circle.
Leigh—Newton-street, 2-30, & 6-15, Wednesday, 7-45, public circle.
Leeds—16, Castle-st. Circle 10.30 a.m.; at 2-30 and 6-30, Mon. Thurs. & Sat., at 7-30, public circles.
Liverpool—Eaton Hall, Breck-rd., 3, and At 103, Queen's-rd., Thurs. 8, Open Seance.
Liversedge—Carr-street 10, Little Town, Lyceum; at 2-30 and 6, Mr Pawson.
London—Marylebone—Cavendish Rooms, 51, Mortimer-st. W., at 7.
Battersea—Temperance Hall, Doddington Grove, Battersea Park-rd., at 11, Discussion, 7, Thurs., seance, docs closed at 8-30
Canning Town—47, Hermit-rd., Co-op. Society, 7, Tues., 7-30, private, Thurs., public, Mrs. Weedmeyer.
Edmonton—Beech Hall, Hyde-lane 7, Mr. Sloane.
Islington—Wellington Hall, 6-45, Weds., 8, Members' Circle.
Paddington—227, Shirland-road, No Meeting, Sat., 7-30, The Aurora Society.
Manchester—Eccles.—Conservative Club, 2-30 and 6-30, Mr Murray, Wed., 8, Mrs Rennie.
Hulme: Corner of Junction-st., 3 and 6-30, Mrs Wallis, 8-15, Circle, Mon., 8, Madam Henry, Wed., at 8, closed, Thurs., 8, closed.
Openshaw: Granville Hall, George-st., Lyceum, 10-30; 2-30, 6-30, Thurs. 8.
Cbeetham, Ash Lodge, Halliwell Lane: 2-30, & 6-30, Mr J Moorey, Mon., at 8, Miss Foster, Thurs., 8, Social and dance.
Preston, Central—2-30 and 6-30, Thurs. 8, Members West Gorton: Labour Hall, 24, Grey-street, Longsight, Lyceum, 10-30; 6-30, Miss Booth, Tues., 8, Thurs., Public circle.
South Salford, 4, West Craven-st, Regent-rd., 6, Mrs Hammond, Circle 8, Wed. and Thurs., 8.
Middlesborough—Hall, Newport Crescent, Lyceum 10-30 & 2, 3 & 6-30.

Morecambe—84, Euston Road, Service 6-30.
Morley—2-30 & 6-30, Monday, 2-30, 7-30, Mr Parker, Tues.
Nelson—Ann-st., 2-30 and 6, Wed. 7-30, Circle.
Pendle-street Lyceum, 10-30; 2-30 & 6, Mr Sanders, Tues., 7-30, Mr. Oldersley.
Newcastle-on-Tyne—Heaton and Byker, Institute, 3, Addison-road, Heaton, at 6-30.
Newport (Mon)—Arundel Villa, Barraack Hill, 6-30 Healing.
Normanton—Queen-st., 2-30 and 6, Mr. Johnson; at 8, Circle, Wed., at 7, Circle, Mr Johnson.
North Shields—80, Saville-st. near G.P.O., 6-30
Northampton—Hall, St. Michael-road, 11, 6-30, Nottingham—2, Porter's-yard, Holden-street, Wed. and Thurs. at 8 p.m.
Oldham—Hall, Bartlam Place, Lyceum, 10; 3 and 6-30, Thurs., 7-45, Circle.
Osselt—Queens Street, 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, Mr G Smith.
Milnrow Rd.—30 & 6, Public Circles, Tues. 7-45.
Penn-street, Lyceum 9-45, 2-30, 6, Wed., 7-30, Seghill—5-30.
Shaw—Broadbelt's Rooms, at 3 & 6-30, Wed. at 8.
Sheffield, Langsett Road.—3 and 7, Mon. & Thurs. 8
Shipley—Westgate, 2-30, 6, Mr Seekings.
Skipton—Temperance Hall, 2-30 and 6, Miss Cotterill
South Shields—16, Cambridge-st., 6, Tues., 7-30.
Spennymore—Central Hall, 2-30, 6, Thurs., 7-30.
Monkwearmouth—Hall, Roker Avenue, 6-30.
Wakefield—1, Barstow-square, Westgate, at 2-30 and 6, Miss Babby, Wed., 7-30.
1, Baker's Yard, 2-30 and 6.
Queen St., Westgate—2-30 and 6, Mrs Lake, Wed., 7-30.
West Pelton—Cottage Meetings at 5-30.
Whitworth—Market-st., 2-30, 6, Circles.
Yeadon—Town Side, Lyceum, at 10; 2-30 and 6, Mr Hopwood, Mon., 8, Members' Circle.

OTHER MEETINGS.

Bradford—421, Manchester-rd. 10-30, Circle, 2-30, 6 South Field Lane Mission, Mon. and Wed. circle at 7-30.
Burnley—102, Padham-rd., at 2-30 and 6, Every evening, 7-30, Wednesday, Members only.
Cardiff—198, Cowbridge Road.—6-30, Tues. at 8, 10, Custom House-st., Thurs., 8-15.
Gateshead—60, Herbert-street, 6-30, Wed., 7-30, 47, Kingsboro'-ter., at 6-30, Mr Geo James, Thurs. 7-45, Sat. 8.
22, Redheugh Bridge-rd., Sunday, 6-30, Tues. and Thurs., 7-30.
Great Horton—10, Copley st., 3 and 6-30, Tues. 8.
Heckmondwike—Bethel Lodge, Tues. & Sat., 7-45.
Church Lane, 2-30 & 6, Weds. & Sats, 7-45.
High Shields—1, S. Eldon-st, Lyceum, 2-30, 11 & 6.
Hunslet—Goodman-ter., 2-30 & 6, Miss M A Towers, Tues., Thurs., Sat., 7-30.
Leeds—28, Bk Adelphi-st., 2-30 and 6-30, Mr Levitt, Circles, Mon., Thurs, Sat., 7-30.
Myer's Court, Sun., 6-30, Mon., Wed., & Thurs. 7-45.
Liverpool—8, Broughton Ter., Mon, Public Meeting Tues. 8, Private.
London—Brixton—8, Mayall-road, at 7, 102, Camberwell Road (Mrs. Clark's).—Sunday, at 7, Wed at 7, Healing 8, Circle.
Camden Road, N.W.—5, Osney Crescent, Wed. 7-30
16, Harpur-street, Theobald Road, W.C.—Mon. and Thurs. Seances at 8 p.m.
48, Clarence Road—Every Thrs. 8, Tues. 8, Members only.
38, Keildon Road, Leathwaite Road, Battersea Rise, S.W.—Wed. 8, Collection. Last meeting.
32, Lansdowne Gardens, Stockwell, S.W.—Sun., 7, Wed. 8-15 public.
111, St. Thomas' Rd., Finsbury Ph.—Tues. only 8-30
Kenish Town—85, Fortress-rd. N.W., 17-30 p.m., Mr. Ronald Braley, Seance, Jan. 17, at 7-30, for Mrs Sp ing, Thurs. 8, circle.
2, Millmen-st., W.C., Thurs., 7 to 8.
North Kensington—283, Ladbroke Grove, Mondays and Thursdays, at 8 for 8-30.
251, Ladbroke Grove, Mon. & Thurs., 8, **Stepney**—Mrs. Ayers, 45, Jubilee-st., Tues. 8, Mrs. Barrell second Tuesday in each month
Stockwell—4, Sidney-rd., Tues, 6-30, Free Healing
Stratford—41, Salway Road, Mons., Weds. and Fridays at 8.
32, Regent's Square, Kings' Cross, W.C.—Tues. and Thurs. 8.
32, Lansdowne Gardens—Stockwell, Sun. 9, Walthamstow—107, Chawton-rd., Pretoria-av., Fri. at 8 p.m. Developing.
Manchester—Bradford: Church-st, Shakespeare-st. Lyceum, 2; 3 & 6-30, Members, Wed., Thurs., 8, Gorton: I.L.P. Room, Ainsworth-st., Clowes-st., Lyceum 2-30; 6-30, Mrs Portor, 8-15, circle
396, Oldham Road: Co-operative Hall, Mutual Improvement Class at 11, Lyceum, 2-30, & 6-30
Middlesborough—Spiritualistic Progressive Church, 77, Grange-rd., 2-30, 6-30, Tues. & Thurs., 7-30
Sheffield—Midland Cafe, 8, Tues. & Thurs., 8-30.
Windhill—Local Board Office, Cragg Rd., Lyceum 10-15; 2-30, and 6.

THE Lyceum Banner,

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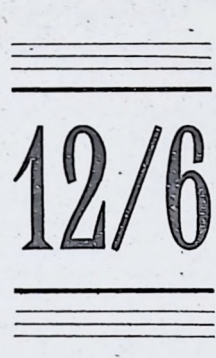
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 Mysterious Visitations from the Unseen World, by Carl Sextus.

A Pinte Papoose (Illustrated).

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