

THE TWO WORLDS

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM, OCCULT SCIENCE, ETHICS, RELIGION AND REFORM.

No. 59.—VOL. II.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1888.

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THE GOLDEN GATE, a weekly paper, published in San Francisco. Edited by Mr. J. J. OWEN.

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ALOFAS

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Ashington Colliery.—At 5 p.m. Sec. Mrs. J. Robinson, 45, Third Row.
Bacup.—Meeting Room, 2-30 and 6-30: Service of Song. Sec. 187, Hartley Terrace, Lee Mill.
Barrow-in-Furness.—82, Cavendish St., 6-30. Sec. Mr. Holden, 1, Holker St.
Batley Carr.—Town St., Lyceum, 10 and 2; at 6: Mr. Armitage. Sec. Mr. J. Armitage, Stonefield House, Hangingheaton.
Batley.—Wellington St., 2-30, 6. Sec. Mr. J. Grayson, Caledonia Rd.
Beezon.—Conservative Club, Town St., 2-30 and 6: Miss Harris. Sec. Mr. J. Robinson, 32, Danube Terrace, Gelderd Rd., Leeds.
Belper.—Jubilee Hall, 10, 2, Lyceum; 10-30 and 6-30: Local. Sec. Mr. H. U. Smedley, Park Mount.
Bingley.—Oddfellows' Hall (ante-room), 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Scott.
Birmingham.—Ladies' College, Ashted Rd., 6-45. Séance, Wednesday, 8. Sec. Mr. A. Cotterell. Board School, Oozells St., 2-30 and 6.
Bishop Auckland.—Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa, at 2 and 6. Sec. Mr. E. Thompson, 3, Sun Street, St. Andrews' Place.
Blackburn.—Exchange Hall, 9-30, Lyceum; 2-30, 6-30: Mr. Wallis. Sec. Mr. Robinson, 124, Whalley Range.
Bradford.—Walton St., Hall Lane, Wakefield Rd., 2-30, 6: Mr. Clayton. Sec. Mr. Popleston, 20, Bengal St.
Otley Rd., 2-30, 6: Mr. J. Smith. Sec. Mr. M. Marchbank, 129, Undercliffe St.
Little Horton Lane, 1, Spicer St., 2-30 and 6: Mr. Parker. Sec. Mr. M. Jackson, 35, Gaythorne Road.
Milton Rooms, Westgate, 10, Lyceum; 2-30 and 6: Mr. Schutt. Sec. Mr. E. Kemp, 52, Silk Street, Manningham.
St. James's Lyceum, near St. James's Market, Lyceum, 10; 2-30, 6: Mr. Hopwood. Sec. Mr. Smith, 227, Leeds Rd.
Ripley St., Manchester Rd., 2-30 and 6: Miss Harrison. Sec. Mr. Tomlinson, 5, Kaye Street, Manchester Rd.
Birk St., Leeds Rd., 2-30, 6. Sec. Miss Hargreaves, 607, Leeds Rd.
Bowling.—Harker St., 10-30, 2-30, 6: Mrs. Mercer. Wednesdays, 7-30. Sec. Mr. J. Bedford, c/o Mrs. Peel, 141, College Rd.
Horton.—55, Crowther St., 2-30, 6. 21, Rooley St., Bankfoot, 6.
Brighouse.—Spiritual Room, Commercial St., 2-30 and 6: Mr. Taylor. Sec. Mr. D. Robinson, Francis St., Bridge End, Raistrick.
Burnley.—Tanner St., Lyceum, 9-30; 2-30, 6-30: Mrs. Wallis. Sec. Mr. Cottam, 7, Warwick Mount.
102, Padham Rd., Wed., Healing. Tuesday & Thursday, 8, Circle.
Burslem.—15, Stanley St., Middleport, at 6-30.
Byker.—Back Wilfred Street, 6-30. Sec. Mr. M. Douglas.
Cleckheaton.—Oddfellows' Hall, 2-30, 6. Sec. Mr. W. W. H. Nuttall, 19, Victoria Street, Moor End.
Colne.—Cloth Hall Buildings, Lyceum, 10; at 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. Swindlehurst. Sec. Mr. E. Christian, End St.
Owms.—Lepton Board School, 2-30, 6: Mr. C. A. Holmes. Sec. Mr. G. Mellor, Spring Grove, Fenay Bridge, Lepton.
Darwen.—Church Bank St., 11, Circle; 2-30 and 6-30. Sec. Mr. G. W. Bell, 30, Marsh Terrace.
Dewsbury.—Vulcan Road, 2-30 and 6: Mr. Campion. Hon. Sec. Mr. Stansfield, 7, Warwick Mount, Batley.
Eccleshill.—Old Baptist Chapel, 2-30, 6-30: Mrs. Russell.
Exeter.—Longbrook St. Chapel, 2-45, 6-45. C.S. Mr. Hopkins, Market St.
Felling.—Park Road, 6-30. Sec. Mr. Lawes, Crow Hall Lane, High Felling.
Foleshill.—Edgwick, at 10-30, Lyceum; at 6-30: Local Mediums.
Glasgow.—Bannockburn Hall, 36, Main St., 11-30, Mr. Wilson; 6-30, Mr. Robertson. Sec. Mr. A. Drummond, 80, Gallowgate.
Halifax.—1, Winding Road, 2-30 and 6-30: Open. Sec. Mr. Feugill, 12, Bracken Hill, Pellon.
Heckmondwike.—Assembly Room, Thomas St., at 10-30, 2-30 and 6: Miss Wilson. Sec. Mr. J. Collins, Northgate.
Hetton.—At Mr. Richardson's, at 6: Local Medium. Sec. Mr. J. T. Charlton, 29, Dean Street, Hetton Downs.
Heywood.—Argyle Buildings, 2-30 and 6-15: Mr. Ormrod. Sec. Mr. E. H. Duckworth, 38, Longford Street.
Huddersfield.—3, Brook St., at 2-30 and 6-30: Mrs. Gregg. Sec. Mr. J. Briggs, Lockwood Road, Folly Hall.
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Idle.—2, Back Lane, Lyceum, 2-30, 6: Mrs. Beardshall. Sec. Mr. T. Shelton, 4, Louisa St.
Keighley.—Lyceum, East Parade, 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Craven. Sec. Mr. J. Roberts, 3, Bronte Street, off Bradford Road.
Co-operative Assembly Room, Brunswick Street, 2-30 and 6: Miss Cowling. Sec. Mr. A. Scott, 157, West Lane.
Lancaster.—Athenæum, St. Leonard's Gate, at 10-30, Lyceum; 2-30 and 6-30: Local. Sec. Mr. Ball, 17, Shaw Street.
Leeds.—Grove House Lane, back of Brunswick Ter., at 2-30 and 6-30: Open. Sec. Mr. Atkinson, 3, Recorder St., Beckett St.
Institute, 23, Cookridge St., 2-30, 6-30: Mr. Newton. Sec. Mr. J. W. Hanson, 22, Milford Place, Kirkstall Rd.
Leicester.—Silver St., 10-30, Lyceum; 3, Healing; 6-30. Cor. Sec. Mr. Young, 5, Dannett St.
Leigh.—Railway Rd., 10-30 and 6: Miss Mawdsley. Sec. Mr. J. Stirrup, Bradshawgate. Newton St., 2-30 and 6.
Liverpool.—Daulby Hall, Daulby St., London Rd., 11, 6-30: Mrs. Groom; Discussion, at 3. Sec. Mr. Russell, Daulby Hall.
London.—Baker St., 18, at 7. Closed till Jan. 6th.
Camberwell Rd., 102.—6-30. Thursday, 8.
Camden Town.—143, Kentish Town Rd., Tuesday, at 8: Mr. Towns.
Canning Town.—125, Barking Rd., at 7. Mr. Goddard.
Dalston.—21, Brougham Rd., Wednesday, 8, Mr. Paine, Clairvoyance.
Euston Road, 195.—Monday, 8, Séance, Mrs. Hawkins.
Hampstead.—Warwick House, Southend Green: Developing, Tuesdays, 7-30, Mrs. Spring.
Holborn.—Mr. Coffin's, 13, Kingsgate St. Wednesday, at 8.
Islington.—809, Essex Road, N., 6-30: Spiritual Meeting. Wednesday, 7-30, Séance, Mrs. Wilkinson.
Islington.—Wellington Hall, Upper St., 7. Tuesday, 8.
Kentish Town Rd.—Mr. Warren's, 245, Thurs., 8, Séance, Mrs. Spring.

King's Cross.—184, Copenhagen St., corner of Pembroke St., 10-45, 6-45. Sec. Mr. W. H. Smith, 19, Offord Road, Barnsbury, N.
Marylebone.—24, Harcourt St., 11, Mr. Hawkins, Healing; 7. Tuesday, Mrs. Wilkins, 8, Séance. Saturday, Mrs. Hawkins, 8, Séance. Sec. Mr. Tomlin, 21, Capland St., N. W.
Mortimer Street, 51.—Cavendish Rooms, 7: Mr. T. Hunt.
New Cross Rd., 475.—7. Thursday, 8.
New North Road.—74, Nicholas St., Tuesdays, at 8, Mrs. Cannon, Clairvoyance, personal messages.
North Kensington.—The Cottage, 57, St. Mark's Rd., Thursday, 8: Mrs. Wilkins, Trance and Clairvoyance.
Notting Hill Gate.—9, Bedford Gardens, Silver St., 11: Mr. Goddard, sen.; 3, Séance, Mr. Goddard, jun.; 7.
Peckham.—Winchester Hall, 33, High St., 11, Mr. A. M. Rodger; 7, Mr. J. A. Butcher; 2-30, Lyceum. 99, Hill St., Dec. 29, at 8, Séance. Dec. 31, at 10-30, Watch-night Service. Jan. 1, at 8, Committee Meeting. Jan. 2, at 8, Mrs. Spring. Jan. 8, at 8, Annual Meeting. Sec. Mr. Long.
Stepney.—Mrs. Ayers', 45, Jubilee St., 7. Tuesday, 8.
Stratford.—Workman's Hall, West Ham Lane, E., 7. Sec. M. A. Bewley, 3, Arnold Villas, Capworth Villas, Leyton, Essex.
Lowestoft.—Daybreak Villa, Prince's St., Beccles Rd., at 2-30 and 6-30.
Macclesfield.—Free Church, Paradise Street, at 2-30 and 6-30. Sec. Mr. S. Hayes, 20, Brook Street.
Manchester.—Co-operative Hall, Downing Street, Lyceum; 2-45, 6-30: Mr. Tetlow. Sec. Mr. Hyde, 89, Exeter Street, Hyde Rd.
Collyhurst Rd., 2-30, 6-30: Mrs. J. M. Smith. Monday, 8, Discussion. Sec. Mr. Horrocks, 1, Marsh St., Kirby St., Ancoats.
Mexborough.—2-30, 6. Sec. Mr. Watson, 62, Orchard Terrace, Church St.
Middlesbrough.—Spiritual Hall, Newport Rd., Lyceum, 2; 10-45, 6-30: Mr. Hoperoft, and on Monday. Sec. Mr. Stirzaker, 101, Grange Road.
Sidney St., at 10-30 and 6-30. Sec. Mr. T. Benyon.
Morley.—Mission Room, Church Street, at 6: Mr. Bush. Sec. Mr. Bradbury, Britannia Rd., Bruntcliffe, near Leeds.
Nelson.—Public Hall, Leeds Rd., 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. Plant. Sec. Mr. Holland, 125, Colne Road, Burnley.
Newcastle-on-Tyne.—20, Nelson Street, 11 and 6-30. Sec. Mr. Sargent, 42, Grainger Street.
North Shields.—6, Camden St., Lyceum, 2-30; 6-15. Sec. Mr. Walker, 10, Wellington St., W.
41, Borough Road, 6-30.
Northampton.—Oddfellows' Hall, Newland, at 2-30 and 6-30. Sec. Mr. T. Hutchinson, 17, Bull Head Lane.
Nottingham.—Morley House, Shakespeare St., 10-45, 6-30: Mrs. Barnes. Sec. Mr. J. W. Burrell, 48, Gregory Boulevard.
Oldham.—Spiritual Temple, Joseph St., Union St., Lyceum 10, 2; 2-30, 6-30: Mrs. Britten. Sec. Mr. Gibson, 41, Bowden St.
Openshaw.—Mechanics', Pottery Lane, Lyceum, 9-15 and 2; 10-30 and 6: Mr. W. Johnson. Sec. Mr. Page, 14, Lord St.
Parkgate.—Bear Tree Rd. (near bottom), at 10-30, Lyceum; at 6-30. Sec. Mr. Roebuck, 60, Rawmarsh Hill, Rawmarsh.
Pendleton.—Co-operative Hall, 2-30 and 6-30: Mrs. Butterfield. Sec. Mr. Evans, 10, Augusta St.
Plymouth.—Notte St., at 11 and 6-30: Mr. Leeder, Clairvoyant.
Portsmouth.—Assembly Rooms, Clarendon St., Lake Rd., Landport, 6-30.
Ramsbottom.—10, Moore St., off Kenyon Street, at 2-30 and 6: Open. Thursday, Circle, 7-30. Sec. Mr. J. Lea, 10, Moore St.
Rawtenstall.—10-30, Lyceum; at 2-30 and 6. Sec. Mr. W. Palmer, 42, Reeds Holme Buildings, Crawshawbooth.
Rochdale.—Regent Hall, at 2-30 and 6. Sec. Mr. Dearden, 2, Whipp Street, Smallbridge.
Michael St., 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Yarwood. Tuesday, at 7-45, Circle.
28, Blackwater St., 2-30, 6. Wed., 7-30. Sec. Mr. Telford, 11, Drake St.
Salford.—48, Albion St., Windsor Bridge, 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. Le Bone. Wednesday, 7-45. Sec. Mr. T. Toft, 321, Liverpool St., Seedley, Pendleton.
Scholes.—Mr. J. Rhodes, 2-30 and 6. Silver St., 2-30 and 6.
Saltash.—Mr. Williscroft's, 24, Fore St., at 6-30.
Sheffield.—Cocoa House, 175, Pond St., at 7. Sec. Mr. Hardy. Central Board School, Orchard Lane, 2-30, 6-30. Sec. Mr. Anson, 85, Weigh Lane, Park.
Skelmanthorpe.—Board School, 2-30 and 6: Miss Musgrave.
Slaithwaite.—Laith Lane, 2-30, 6: Mr. Hepworth. Sec. Mr. Meal, Wood St., Hill Top.
South Shields.—19, Cambridge St., Lyceum, 2-30; 11 and 6. Sec. Mr. Graham, 18, Belle Vue Ter., Tyne Dock.
Sowerby Bridge.—Lyceum, Hollins Lane, 2-30 6-30: Musical Service. Sec. Miss Thorpe, Glenfield Place, Warley Clough.
Stonehouse.—Corpus Christi Chapel, at 11 and 6-30. Sec. Mr. C. Adams, 11, Parkfield Terrace, Plymouth.
Sunderland.—Centre House, High St., W., 2-15, Lyceum; 2-30 and 6-30. Wednesday, 7-30. Sec. Mr. J. Ainsley, 43, Dame Dorothy St., Monkwearmouth.
Monkwearmouth, 3, Ravensworth Ter., 6.
Tunstall.—13, Rathbone St., at 6-30. Sec. Mr. Pocklington.
Tyldesley.—Spiritual Institute, Elliot St., at 2-30 and 6. Sec. Mr. A. Flindle, 6, Darlington Street.
Walsall.—Exchange Rooms, High St., at 6-30. Sec. Mr. T. Lawton.
Westhoughton.—Wingates, 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. Gregory. Sec. Mr. J. Fletcher, 344, Chorley Rd.
West Pelton.—Co-operative Hall, 10-30, Lyceum; 2 and 5-30. Sec. Mr. T. Weddle, 7, Grange Villa.
West Vale.—Mechanics' Institute, 2-30, 6: Mrs. Stansfield. Sec. Mr. Berry.
Whitworth.—Reform Club, Spring Cottages, 2-30 and 6: Mr. Plant.
Wibsey.—Hardy St., 2-30, 6: Mrs. Mercer. Sec. Mr. G. Saville, 17, Smiddles Lane, Manchester Road, Bradford.
Willington.—Albert Hall, 1-15, 6-30. Sec. Mr. Cook, 12, York St.
Wisbech.—Lecture Room, Public Hall, 6-45. Mr. Burkitt.
York.—7, Abbot St., Groves, 6-30: Mr. and Mrs. Atherley.

JOURNAL OF MAN, published by Dr. J. R. BUCHANAN,
 6, James Street, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

SEE FRONT PAGE.]

A L O F A S

[SEE FRONT PAGE.]

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No. 59.—VOL. II.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1888.

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THE ROSTRUM.

THE SPIRITUAL SITUATION.

A BRIEF REVIEW BY AN EARNEST WORKER.

AFTER a lapse of nearly half a century of storms, upheavals, and changes, modern spiritualism is becoming an acknowledged power for good in the world, and although its members increase rapidly day by day, its effect upon the thought and life of the time cannot be correctly gauged by the number of its adherents alone. Many of the clergy of various denominations have been and are now experimenting and testing the phenomena of spiritualism, and a few even of the scientists are entering into the study of its philosophy. In present-day literature many phases of spiritualism are brought out more or less prominently, thus showing that there is now existing a wider and more liberal tone of thought among the various ranks of society. In every department of life we find wonderful enlightenment, a greater desire for new ideas, and less tenacity in clinging to the old. Venerable obstructions are being removed, bigotry is more tolerant, and superstition less powerful. These are all signs of the times, heralding in the new era of "peace on earth, and goodwill to men." It may be said of modern spiritualism that it is a strong and healthy child, only just emerging from its state of infancy, wherein, and throughout the whole of which state, it has been suffering cruel punishment through ignorant nurses, careless parents, and frivolous friends. Having passed through and survived some of these tremendous trials, it behoves all spiritualists now to work together in harmony, whether they be mediums, thinkers, or hewers of wood and drawers of water. Let not the manhood of the cause be sicklied o'er by factious opposition, petty jealousies, or love of power or dominion, but let each strive to fill his or her place in the movement with fidelity, and a desire for the greatest good to the greatest number. Then will the child man become a strong giant among the nations, ennobling and lifting up to higher standards of purity all with whom he may come in contact.

Having heard the remark of Mrs. Butterfield's control on a recent Sunday evening anent clairvoyant and other tests on public platforms, I fully endorse the sentiment then expressed, that *spiritualists* should not rest or remain in the test state only, but, having been satisfied as to the facts, they should try to attain to deeper spirituality of life. The control further avowed that many persons, simply out of morbid curiosity, ran after test mediums in order to pander to this craving for the wonderful. No doubt there is great truth in this, yet this test business is a powerful lever with the uneducated, who are wholly unable to master the subtleties of theological and other abstruse subjects. They are distinctly made aware of a power outside themselves, which

brings back to their minds vivid pictures of friends departed this life, or some change or accident which occurred some time before. These to them are tests of the truths of spiritualism, and will cause them to go farther into its philosophy.

At the same time, I think that it is requisite that some control should be exercised as a check upon young inexperienced people going before the public for test purposes. I think before any person is allowed to try and give tests they should pass an examination before a body of thinkers, well up in the study of mediumship. Were this done, each candidate who passed the ordeal could have a diploma of fitness, showing what powers each one possessed. And I feel sure it would be better, not only for societies, but for the mediums themselves, and would prevent many of those scenes of confusion and ridicule which have occurred in the past, and are so readily taken hold of by our enemies.

The above subject is one worthy of consideration by the Confederation of Spiritualists.—Yours fraternally,

97, New Park Road, Salford.

THOS. H. LOWE.

NOTE.—Whilst endorsing the general sentiment of Mr. Lowe's letter, we beg most kindly to differ from him in his concluding remarks. No diploma or endorsement of any committee can ensure successful results to mediums, the exercise of whose gifts depends upon certain subtle conditions of which we are at present very imperfectly informed. The Editor gave her services as a test medium in New York some years ago, and, though regarded as one of the strongest and most reliable in a city full at that time of other mediums, she never could depend upon equal success with two or more enquirers following each other, or even the same party coming at *different times*. Wherein resided the cause of this variousness? Not in any speciality of the medium, for this was, and is still, the common experience of all mediums who have the candour to own the truth. The uncertainty depends wholly upon conditions, sometimes arising in the persons who surround the medium, sometimes in the place, atmosphere, hour, the very garments worn, whether conductors or non-conductors of vital magnetism. In a word, success depends upon a thousand and one conditions, only dimly perceived by the most experienced, and not at all apprehended by the ignorant. Herein then, lays the fallacy of wholly undeveloped media presuming to give—or *attempting rather* to give—tests in public halls, and amidst a heterogeneous audience. If they succeed they only satisfy the two or three, and leave all the rest weary and often disgusted. In the meantime the chances against success are as a hundred to one, *except in a very few peculiarly constituted, and very powerful test medium organisms*. In America, out of at least a thousand mediums who could very *generally* succeed in giving excellent tests in small parties or private gatherings, there have not arisen in forty years over a score who could give convincing tests in public audiences. And yet every young and inexperienced person in this country, who realizes a certain amount of mediumistic influence, spends the week in some laborious and tiring occupation, rushes on the platform on the Sundays to exhibit

powers—to use the mildest term—wholly inadequate to such occasions, and often most injurious to the cause they profess to represent.

That all this will ultimately find its level, and at length compel better methods, we feel well assured of. In the meantime one means of remedy lays with those who frequent the public gatherings. If they would be more liberal in helping to sustain the hard-working and often self-sacrificing *committees* who cater for the public edification, these latter would not be obliged to accept of such services as were simply available because they were *cheap* or *free*. Let the platform be devoted to the exposition of noble teachings, holy principles, and those reforms and advanced views of true religion for want of which the age is sinning and perishing. The services of capable test mediums to aid investigators and *prove the truths* of spiritualism are simply INVALUABLE. Let persons thus endowed set apart some hours of their time each week for the reception of visitors. Let them honestly announce that they must charge a modest sum for *their time*, but guarantee nothing. No success equals success—and those who are successful will soon enough be their own advertisement and their own announcement.

The platform is not the place for any crude attempts, but the circle-room may be. Let it also be an understood thing, and be so announced from every platform, that all who attend the spiritualist meetings are bound in honour to aid in their support. Such an announcement from brave capable chairmen would place the meetings on the true religious basis to which they belong, and free the cause from the reproach of those terrible exhibitions of incapacity that now too often disgrace it. We may add that we are in receipt of several letters, some of which will be shortly published—pleading earnestly for a nobler, higher, and better conducted spiritual platform—and the entire separation of those personal exhibitions of half-developed mediumistic power which might become of priceless worth to private investigators, from the presentation of the broad, grand, and salvatory principles to which our platforms should be devoted. Let the brave promoters of our new spiritual unions look to this. The time is indeed ripe for great and beneficial changes. See that they be all in the direction of progress and improvement, and both the public and private ministration of spiritualism will yet combine to prove the world's true Redeemer. —(Ed. T. W.)

TOM MARTIN; OR, THE SPIRIT-BRIDE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY IN TWO PARTS.

Being a TRUE and authentic REAL life history, compiled and written by
EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

PART II.

THE storm of war was over; the din, the clash of arms, the shrieks of the maimed and dying were all silent now. For the first time in his life, Tom Martin had seen human beings writhing and struggling with each other in the hideous strife of murder, surnamed "glory, patriotism, manly courage!" &c. For the first time he had beheld fellow-men who had no cause of enmity against each other, who, meeting in any other scene and time on life's rough journey, would cheerfully have shared their last drop and crust with each other, yet now, at the bidding of some crowned despot—himself hid away from danger in luxurious ease and safety—tear wildly at each other's life, nor yield a jot until one or both had destroyed each other. And such is "*glory—honour—patriotism—manly courage.*" And so it was; that in the midst of this work of human diabolism, a sudden shock, a pause in the scene of savage frenzy, and then—the dying, quick, and dead were all enclosed in one common tomb: the gaping waves of the stormy sea opened, and enclosed in one mighty trough the sinking ship and all its helpless freight of dead and living—*save one!* One alone heard the wild chorus of storm and death—beheld a hundred tossing arms

clutching wildly at the remorseless mountains of foam, and then the whirlpool of waters, torn and rent by the death struggles of the engulfed crew, closed over them for ever.

One alone remains! A mass of floating spars, lashed together doubtless *by one below*, rests calmly on the bosom of the now unruffled ocean, whilst an almost lifeless form struggles up instinctively from the sobbing waves, grasps at the haven of safety, and reposes there more dead than alive, he knows not for how long a time—drifting he knows not whither. As if in sympathy with the wild passions of man, storming with his fury and sinking to rest when his work of destruction is done, the elemental strife had ceased as suddenly as it had commenced. The air was as still, and the waves as calm, as the silent ones over whose last resting place they rippled. The San Carlos had long since disappeared. The vast horizon was placid, as if storm and tempest had never darkened the skies or lashed the waves into mountainous heights. And now, once more, Tom Martin, the only survivor of the awful scenes of past destruction, is roused from his half-conscious dream of newly-born safety by the long-drawn chord of music, the far-away chime of heavenly bells, and the precious voice whispering in his ear, "Courage, courage, dear Tom! Thou art reserved for better days, tranquil hours, and happier scenes. Thou shalt yet speak with thy spirit-bride of dangers past, and safety won by thy guardian angel's guidance." But hark! there are other sounds in the air than the voice of "Sweet South Wind," as the sailor was afterwards accustomed to call his unknown angel. There is a rushing noise, as of mighty wings or the imprisoned winds of the ocean caverns sighing their requiem for the dead! The dead! there are no dead. And so Tom *knew*, as he now beheld his late comrades—first, dimly outlined in wreaths of white mist that streamed up from the bosom of the ocean like masses of rolling clouds, then parting through these misty masses, appeared each form, clear and distinctly seen, of each one of the late crew. There they were—the old white-headed boatswain, with his whistle round his neck; the stern, fierce mate, with his ghostly head seared with deep cuts; and sailor after sailor, each in life-like form and human attributes—exact and unmistakeable phantom images of the engulfed ship's crew.

At first Tom thought that the horror of his dangerous position—alone on the wide waste of waters, utterly, hopelessly alone—had conjured up in a distraught fancy the tremendous presentment of this spectral band, but one incident—slight, but all too fearfully real—convinced him that the spectacle he beheld was the actuality of a SPIRITUAL RESURRECTION. Whilst not one of the comrades he had known escaped his entranced gaze, the last to rise was the savage skipper himself, and in his arms he bore a fair-haired boy, a nephew of his, and the only being for whom he had ever seemed to manifest one spark of human feeling. Tom had often gazed admiringly on the sweet child, and he, with the tender instinct of his gentle nature, had conceived a strong attachment to the kind young sailor. Hitherto, every one of that fearsome company had passed him, floating upward until lost to sight in wreaths of misty cloud, with faces pale and wan, eyes fixed as in the strong glare of death, and all marble-hued and immobile, as if they had indeed been images only of the men they were; but as the stern captain passed him with the precious child in his arms, Tom's "darling Edward," a faint breeze sprung up, and actually stirred the long golden curls that hung over the captain's shoulder. This sense of motion was so real, so natural, that it broke the spell that bound the aghast beholder. Though almost choking and speechless with amazement, Tom essayed to stretch out his arms to his little friend, whilst he, as if conscious of the effort, and desiring to return the loving salutation, turned his head, directed his tender glance full upon the sailor, and raising his arms from the captain's neck, clapped his little hands together, and

according to his wont on board ship, whenever he was in presence of his fierce relative, blew his sailor-friend one of his old familiar kisses. As he passes out of sight the young child's golden curls stream in the wind, the shining misty cloud encloses the ascending forms. The breezes freshen, stir, and then scatter the phantom wreaths, and in a moment they all disappear.

The air is still again, a cloudless sky lights up the wide horizon, and not a moving object appears far and wide between the sky and sea, but the helpless shipwrecked waif on his frail and heaving raft. . . . A long wild dream ensued, which, though alternating between sunset, sunrise, and starlit skies, brought little or no consciousness to the sole survivor of the wreck, save of a constant presence, a tender cheering voice; sometimes of music bearing his sinking spirit up to the realms of heavenly harmony, sometimes of gentle touches falling like perfumed waters across his burning brow. The last memory that he ever could recall of those scenes of suffering and delight was his own question, which he believed he spoke aloud thus: "Where are you now, Sweet South Wind?" Then a touch—aye, a palpable touch pressed down his eyelids, and a voice, as if from heaven, sung him to sleep, with a refrain never lost to his recollection, running thus:—

Sleep, sleep, mariner, sleep!
The ocean is rocking thy cradle so deep;
The angels around thee their vigils will keep,
While love shall thy senses in soft slumber steep.
Rest, rest, child of earth, rest!
Repose on the foam of the billows' white crest;
Let the sweet peace of paradise dwell in thy breast,
And thy dreams be of home in the realms of the blest.
Peace, peace, deliverance is near!
Sleep while thy spirit-love breathes in thine ear
Tales of bright promise, and thoughts of bright cheer;
Sleep, mariner, sleep! Beloved, I am here!

How long the fairy visions of that slumber lasted, Tom never knew. When he did at length awake, it was to find himself being dragged up the side of a noble ship, whilst the kind but inquisitive faces of a strange crew gazed eagerly upon the poor waif whom they had picked up and rescued from the floating raft.

Many weary days and feverish nights passed, before the tempest-tossed frame of the young sailor regained strength, and enabled him, in gratitude for his providential rescue, to devote his returning health, and the elasticity of his young and buoyant spirit, to the service of his deliverers. Once more he found himself on board a man-of-war, and once more he and his new, friendly, and gallant associates, were forced to submit themselves to the rule of one of the most remorseless and cruel tyrants that those savage war times produced. Young, strong, and sustained ever by a presence none could divine; and a high afflatus that seemed to lift him above and beyond all human ills, Tom Martin worked so well and bravely, that he soon acquired the friendship, as well as the admiration of every creature on board, save that of the surly commander, who, though unable to pick a single flaw in his new recruit's service, hated him for the very love that he commanded from all beneath himself.

The day came at length when this most ill-matched master and man were to try odds together; and this is how it came about. There was on board a poor sickly lad, pretty much such a one as Tom himself had been at the commencement of his seafaring life. For some trifling error or mistake, this miserable drudge had been condemned to receive a dozen cat-o'-nine-tail lashes, and the disgusted and indignant crew were all assembled in sullen silence, to *profit*, as the savage commander phrased it, *by the salutary example* of a naval flogging. Then it was that Tom Martin, who had from the first conceived a strong liking for the poor culprit, and ever acted on board as his friend and protector, stepped up to the captain before he was aware of what he was doing, and doffing his straw hat before his superior officer, he fearlessly, but respectfully, begged permission to be flogged in little Joe's place, urging as the

reason of his request that the said Joe was weak and sickly, and that he, Tom—thanks to his rescue from a watery grave—was strong and hearty, and better able to bear the flogging than little Joe. Now, it so happened, that the novelty of this original request at first startled, but finally so amused the brutal skipper, that he actually consented, with peals of savage laughter, to indulge "the lubber's fancy," and stood by, chuckling and mocking, whilst the noble seaman received the shameful indignity of the twelve lashes designed for the unfortunate Joe.

But this was not all. No sooner was this monstrous deed done, than the captain swore that now the *play* was over, the *punishment* should begin, and for that purpose he ordered, in tones of thunder, that the boy whom Tom had hoped to save, should be brought up, stripped, tied to the grating, and receive *twice* the number of lashes originally ordered, namely, "twelve for himself, and twelve more for the officious lubber who had dared to interfere with the discipline of the ship."

While the astonished crew, and every officer to boot, stood palsied with horror, and the wretched boy, sinking with fear and weakness, was being dragged to the place of punishment, Tom, by an impulse he could not resist, caught up an axe, swung it over his head, and the next moment would have been the last of the captain's fell career, had not the young sailor's arm been held as in a grasp of iron by an invisible force, whilst *the voice*, the dear and ever irresistible voice sounded in his ear—no longer in the tones of his angel whisperer, but, as it seemed to the appalled sailor, like a peal of deafening thunder—"Hold, Tom! What would you do? Can two wrongs make one right? What if you become a murderer? Can your soul's perdition change the law which gives this man authority? Hold, Tom, hold! Do not strike but speak! Speak in the name of right and manhood, and God's angels shall speak through your lips."

These words, and many more to the same effect, passed through the sailor's brain with the speed of the lightning's flash. With the final charge, "Speak, Tom, speak!" the axe fell to the deck with a ringing clang, and speak Tom did—and with the spirit of his angel bride upon his lips, he shouted, "Hold, captain, THE BOY SHALL NOT BE FLOGGED."

The next instant, as if by magic, the air rang with one tremendous shout, bursting from the swelling hearts and indignant spirits of every soul on board. For the next hour, a terrible and dangerous scene of mutiny raged amongst the long-suffering and infuriated crew, and it was only through the prompt and determined action of the officers, bravely assisted by Tom—now the hero of the ship—that order was restored, and the life of the trembling and dastardly captain saved. By the advice of his prudent second in command, and under the plea of *severe indisposition*, the commander, who was, like most bullies, a thorough coward in times of real danger, retired to his cabin for the brief period before the ship returned to port. Why Tom Martin was never brought to trial and punished for his daring act of insubordination remained for ever one of the mysteries of officialism. But though of course he felt bound to quit the ship, and never after encountered his tyrant commander, he parted from both officers and men with the most cordial evidences of their deep sympathy and admiration, to say nothing of offers of advancement in the service, whenever he chose to take advantage of them. Our space does not allow us to pursue the fortunes of the gallant young sailor any further. It is enough to say, from the hour of the stormy scenes recorded above, Tom Martin seemed suddenly to have passed the line of demarcation between youth and manhood, and ascended at once from the servility of the common seaman, to the dignity of the master.

Conscious of his deficiency of education and "book learning," as he termed it, the noble fellow steadily refused all offers of advancement in the navy, and in the simple humility of his guileless nature he never allowed himself to be

placed in positions of command except in the smaller trading craft of the merchant service. What were the secrets of his invariable success, his strange and mysterious prescience of coming storms or approaching changes—why the man that never professed adhesion to any form of religious belief was, in his own reverent way, the most devout worshipper of God in nature, choosing always the sea and sky for his temple, listening silence for his prayers, and a life of spotless purity for his faith offering, none could tell save the very few who knew that he received daily and hourly messages of strength, truth, and guidance through the voice of his “Sweet South Wind,” as he ever called his viewless angel whisperer.

When the narrator of this simple sketch received permission of the venerable old man to “write it down and put it in a book,” it was because “mayhap,” he said, “some other lonely mariner like himself might rejoice to know that the air and the sky, the pathless ocean, and the way of the stars were all full of God’s angels,” and that some of these—maybe one, maybe a host—are ever nigh to help, and bless, and sustain us in our hour of need, if our spiritual eyes and ears were but open to understand what we are surrounded by. “But is this true of every one, father?” said one of his privileged querists. “He that made both great and small, careth for each, and loveth all,” answered the old tar, in his favourite manner of simple rhyming.

“Then you were never married yourself, father?” said another of his youthful auditors, after he had been narrating to a little party some of his old time pathetic tales of love-life in the Indian Isles.

“Yes, child,” replied the patriarch solemnly. “I have long been wedded to ‘Sweet South Wind.’ She it is that has made me what I am; that *piloted* my barque through life’s stormy seas, and will be my angel-bride when I reach the port of eternity.”

THE JESUIT’S VOW.

As a specimen of the influence under which—for the last twenty years at least—Margaret Fox, the unfortunate recanting rapping medium, professes to have been acting the cheat, and imposing upon the most sacred of all human emotions, the love of bereaved mourners for their precious dead—as a sample of the unholy, daringly wicked, and mendacious religion under which the wretched woman above-named and her sister have proclaimed themselves cruel-hearted and remorseless impostors, we have but to call our readers’ attention to the following authentic document, *i.e.*, the vow, taken by the chief-lieutenants and *aide-de-camps* of the Church, under the influence of which, the Fox sisters have made their late miserable *fiasco*.

Read, mark, learn, and digest this document; then marvel no more at anything that two half-besotted and maudlin votaries of *such a religion* may do or say.

JESUIT’S OATH.

“I, A. B, now in the presence of Almighty God, the blessed Virgin Mary, the blessed Michael the Archangel, the blessed St. John Baptist, the holy Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, and the saints and sacred host of heaven, and to you my ghostly father, do declare from my heart without mental reservation, that the Pope is Christ’s Vicar-General, and is the true and only Head of the universal church throughout the earth; and that by virtue of the keys of the binding and loosing, given to his Holiness by Jesus Christ, *he hath power to depose heretical kings, princes, states, commonwealths and governments, all being illegal, without his sacred confirmation, and that they may safely be destroyed*; therefore to the utmost of my power, I will defend this doctrine and his Holiness’s rights and customs against all usurpers of the heretical or protestant authority whatsoever, *especially against the now pretended authority and church in England*, and all adherents, in regard that they may be usurped and heretical, opposing the sacred Mother Church of Rome.”

“*I do renounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince, or State, named protestant, or obedience to any of their inferior magistrates or officers. I do further declare the doctrine of the Church of England, of the Calvinists, Huguenots, and any other protestants, to be damnable, and those to be damned who will not forsake the same. I do further declare that I will help, assist, and advise all or any of his Holiness’s agents in any place wherever I shall be; and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical protestants’ doctrine, and destroy all their pretended power, legal or otherwise. I do further promise and declare, that notwithstanding I am dispensed with, to assume any religion, heretical, for the propagation of the Mother Church’s interest, to keep secret and private all her agents’ counsels as they entrust me, and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing, or circumstance whatsoever, but to execute all which shall be proposed, given in charge, or discovered unto me by you my ghostly father, or by any one of this convent. All which I, A. B, do swear by the blessed Trinity and blessed Sacrament, which I am now to receive, to perform and on my part to keep inviolably; and do call all the heavenly and glorious hosts of heaven to witness my real intentions to keep this my oath. In testimony hereof, I take the most holy and blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist, and witness the same further with my hand and seal in the face of this holy covenant.*”

We add but one more article on this hateful subject, and this given, we hope we may be permitted to consign the foul theme to oblivion. The subjoined extract is taken from *The Boston Daily Globe*, the leading journal of cultured Boston and of the State of Massachusetts:—

IS SPIRITUALISM DEAD?

“It is now some weeks since the ‘Fox-Kane exposure’ of ‘spiritualistic phenomena’ was made public; long enough for something of its effect to be observed, if it is to have any effect upon spiritualists themselves. The New York paper which first published the ‘exposure’ claimed that it would utterly destroy the faith of eight million people. That is the number of people conceded to be believers in the spiritual phenomena, and American spiritualists themselves claim a still larger number. But if the New York paper really expected to shatter the belief of these people, it must be disappointed. The spiritualists do not seem to be even ruffled by the ‘exposure;’ they hold their meetings just the same, and the story of Margaret Fox-Kane and her sister, if it is alluded to at all, is treated with contempt and derision. However convincing this exposure may be to others, it is plain already that it will have no effect whatever on spiritualists as a body.

“What is the reason of this? Why does not spiritualism die out after these exposures? Is it because its honest devotees are blindly prejudiced in favour of their belief? Or is it because the ‘exposures’ have not been conclusive?

“It must be confessed that the explanation of ‘spirit-rappings,’ so called, given by Mrs. Fox-Kane, is not conclusive, and would not have attracted any attention if it had come from any other source. But when the woman through whom the first ‘Rochester knockings’ were made, declared that the whole thing was caused by a voluntary cracking of her toe-joints, the statement seemed weakened by the fact that thousands of people, including many men of good sense in this and many other countries, have heard the rappings or similar phenomena since, at many times and in many places.

“Not only the spiritualists who believe that the rappings had a supermundane cause, but the many ‘non-spiritualists’ who attribute them to some as yet undiscovered natural force, may be excused for discrediting the improbable explanation offered by the Fox-Kane woman, particularly when her previous character and impecunious circumstances are taken into account. A few hundred dollars offered by a newspaper for an ‘exposure’ may have been a great temptation to her to invent an explanation for the curious phenomena which it is probable that she is as much unable to

explain as any one else. At any rate, this is the explanation which professed spiritualists assign for the 'exposure.' Moreover, these and other so-called 'spiritualistic phenomena' did not originate in the Fox household, but are, as shown by Professor A. R. Wallace, and also by Gerald Massey in his lecture in this city a few Sundays ago, very ancient. It seems to be settled that spiritualism, as a 'belief of eight million people,' will not be killed, as the New York paper expected, by Margaret Fox-Kane's hired exposure."

BRIANTS, THE SCULPTOR. AN O'ER-TRUE PICTURE.

The light burns low in the sculptor's room,
Throwing deep shadows and murky gloom
Into each corner so cold and bare,
One doubts if comfort e'er rested there.
The grate is empty, the pallet-bed
Has never a pillow to prop the head;
Through the broken pane gleams the starlight wan,
Bearing a message of Hope to man.

Toiling, the sculptor, haggard and gaunt,
Hums the refrain of a low sad chant;
Over and over, again and again,
Falls the sweet sound of that sad refrain:
"To-night shall the trial and toil be done—
To-morrow the glorious guerdon won!"
And the starlight gleams on the sculptor's face
As he deftly deepens the lines of grace.

For weeks and months he has toiled away,
Fashioning out of the plastic clay
What on his soul is engraven deep,
Grudging the moments for rest and sleep;
Till at last 'neath the feeble, flickering light,
His work will finish to-night, to-night!
And his brain whirls round, and his pulses beat,
As the dream of a life is at length complete.

On the boards of his garret cold and bare
The sculptor kneels in a fervent pray'r,
And the tears fall fast on his wasted cheek
When he sinks to his pallet all faint and weak.
One moment, and then, with a glance of dread,
He springs to his feet from his lowly bed.
Oh Heav'n! the model—the crumbling frost!
That—that must be spared, though life be the cost.

His trembling fingers undo the vest
That shields from the cold his panting breast,
And one by one round the damp clay mould
His garments are wound with a careful fold;
Then he sinks once more to his naked bed,
With the starlight wan on his pale brow shed;
But in that room at the break of day
Two figures were found, and they both were clay!

The man-wrought image was safe and sound,
Save an arm which the garment had scantily bound;
But the God-made figure was frozen fast
To that bed where his weary limbs he cast;
And an echo came through the dawning grey
Into the room, and it seemed to say:
"Last night the trial and toil were done—
To-day is the glorious guerdon won!" —Ogilvie Mitchell.

[Strangers who pay a visit to the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, will not fail to be attracted by the bronze Mercury who is drawing a thorn out of his heel. The right arm of the god is wanting, and they may imagine, not alone from the nobleness of the work, but from this defect, that they are looking upon an old Greek statue. This Mercury was the last work of the luckless sculptor, Briants. Although he had gained the Prix de Rome, and his genius was acknowledged as incomparable among his French contemporaries, he was almost always, so far as commissions went, unemployed. A garret served him as studio, living-room, and bedroom. Here during the severe winter he worked at his Mercury, always saving his small quantity of coal for the hours during which his model was sitting to him. He spent the rest of the day without a fire. One night the cold was so bitter that he heaped upon his bed all the clothes he possessed. He suddenly remembered his masterpiece, which he had just finished, and dreading lest the damp clay should be frozen, he stripped himself and put all his clothing and bed-covering around the figure. When his friend Cavalié entered to see him on the next day, the sculptor lay on his bed, frozen to death. His Mercury also, in spite of the artist's sacrifice for his art, was frozen, and the right arm had fallen on the floor. His friends had the Mercury cast in bronze; but they resolved, in memory of the sculptor, that it should be cast without the right arm, exactly as it was found at his death. This is the figure which is now exhibited for the study and inspiration of young French sculptors in the Ecole des Beaux Arts.]

"Theology will never again be what it was before Charles Darwin lived and died. Orthodoxy will never again give birth to another Calvin, and Theism will never raise another Parker. The new thought may retain the old name, but theologians will never be able to think again in the old ruts."
—Rev. H. O. Pentecost.

WHITE SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

MRS. ELEANOR KIRK sees things in connection with the working woman's condition just as they are, and reports them rightly beside. She writes, in a recent descriptive letter from Brooklyn, N. Y., that their condition never was so bad as it is now, and that the winter's outlook for those who earn a living by the needle and the sewing-machine is barren beyond description. The steady shrinkage in the wages of sewing girls is ascribed to the modern craze for "bargains" which possesses the rich. Said an intelligent woman at the head of a department in a mammoth dry-goods store in that city: "Our earliest customers, after a flaming bargain advertisement in our morning papers, are the women who come in their carriages with coachman and footman and every possible elegant and costly appurtenance. Long before the women who *need* bargains can do up their work (at home) and get to the stores, the cream of the stock is picked over and carried away by those who will scurry and push to save twenty-five cents on a nightdress or a petticoat, and then go to the candy counter and spend five dollars for a box of bonbons or ten dollars for a dainty luncheon for a party of friends."

The hideous selfishness of human nature is clearly visible in the above statement, which is in no sense exaggerated. The writer above named said that a prominent manufacturer told her that women's underclothing would be sold cheaper than ever this winter, because bargains are an absolute necessity, and the bargains of last year must be improved upon this year, or dry-goods men might as well go out of business. "So you see," said he, "more seams must be sewed and more buttonholes made in order to earn the wages of previous times. What the sewing girls will do this winter is a problem, but it is safe to predict more misery than ever fell to their lot before."

Well may this writer decry the "heartlessness of wealth and the insatiable desire for bargains" which successfully circumvent the efforts of thoughtful and kind-hearted men and women to bring about a reform in this direction. "To see women faint from hunger," she says, "their children crying and literally dying for want of food, is no uncommon sight. I have witnessed it so often, and agonized over it so much, that I would sell my soul to Milton's head-devil, or go to housekeeping in Dante's Inferno, before I would ever buy a garment from one of these underclothing bargain counters." The truth has only begun to be told in this matter. None can see as a woman herself can the wicked wrong and hideous injustice of a state of affairs for which a remedy must surely be found.

COMPASSION.

ABOUT my fireside warm there gather
All whom the household hearth should hold;
None are abroad in the bleak weather,
None tremble when the days grow cold.

Yet in the warm, rich light I shiver,
As fiercely shrieks the wintry blast,
And with quick tears my eyelids quiver,
As hungry need goes hurrying past.

Bright guests are at my evening table,
And there are sweet discourse and cheer;
To speed the hours we well are able,
As quick they come, quick disappear.

But still my thoughts are oft forsaking
The genial glow, the fireside filled,
To watch with one I know is waking
And listening for a voice now stilled.

Yet, Heaven, how poor is this compassion,
For all who challenge thus our good,
Unless we strike in deeper fashion
To aid and bless them as we should.

Unless we feel for this our neighbour
Such love as covers all his needs,
Vain every less device and labour,
Vain our pretensions—vain our creeds.

—Hattie Tyng Griswold.

OFFICE OF "THE TWO WORLDS,"

61, GEORGE STREET, CHEETHAM HILL, MANCHESTER.

The People's Popular Penny Spiritual Paper.

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To CONTRIBUTORS.—Literary Communications should be addressed to the Editor, The Lindens, Humphrey Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

PUBLISHING OFFICES.

"*THE TWO WORLDS*" can be obtained of JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate and Ridgefield, Manchester, and 11, Paternoster Buildings, London; of E. W. ALLEN, 4, Ave Maria Lane, London, E.C.; and is sold by all Newsvendors, and supplied by the wholesale trade generally.

THE TWO WORLDS.

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Sub-Editor and General Manager

E. W. WALLIS.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1888.

1888 — 1889!!!

ANNIVERSARIES, fête days, birth-days, and every description of memorial day, are milestones on the highway of progress, which call upon the traveller in mute but eloquent language to pause—hold in remembrance the way-marks he has left behind him, and by the experience he has gained in the path he has trodden, to take count of the possibilities that open up before him for the future. And if this be true of the individual, how much more so of the whole human family, when it combines as with one accord to celebrate a death and birth in which the planets of the solar system are the actors, and the mighty sun and the grand old earth are the parents of the new-born!

Thus it is, that the hour which sounds out the requiem of the dying year of 1888 will ring in the birth of 1889, with all its freight of weal or woe, joy or sorrow, to every creature that now draws the breath of life upon the face of the earth. Whilst we know that the milestones of time that have been passed since the last annual anniversary, must have been fraught with events of the deepest moment to every individual of the race, there are collective interests that equally call for notice, and one of these is represented by the title inscribed on this little journal, *The Two Worlds*.

What has the year 1888 brought for those who live in the light and communion of the seen and the unseen; the world of probation and that of results; of matter and spirit; of promise and irrevocable fulfilment?

As far as this world of effort is concerned much has been accomplished that should cheer and encourage the labourers. This paper was established little more than a year ago, with none of those financial supports that are supposed to be absolutely essential to bridge over the road of trial from endeavour to success. There are *spiritualists* and *spiritualists*. Some whose only aim is personal satisfaction, comfort, and amusement to be derived from the phenomena. Others whose chief purpose it is to prop up the unmistakeable decadence of those systems of ecclesiasticism, falsely called *Christian*, by attempting to patch the old garments of theology with the new cloth of spiritual gifts—in a word, to label spiritualism with the name of Christianity.

Besides these, we have had to contend with the seekers for the simply wild, wonderful, and incomprehensible.

Restless minds, who strive to force their unproved theories and fantastic vagaries upon spiritualism under the names of occultism and theosophy.

Next we have entered into the lists against the remorseless and conscienceless "scribes and pharisees—hypocrites," who—under the pretext that spiritual gifts are the only form of God's gifts to man *too sacred* to be made the means of earning an honest livelihood—insult and revile all who interfere with their schemes or thwart their selfish designs.

It is not that any looker-on can mistake the animus of those that will slavishly beg and hypocritically *take presents*, but refuse honest pay for honest labour. Forgetting the eternal law, that "every idle word shall be brought into judgment," these cruel foes of our own household have recklessly vilified our disinterested efforts, and brought disgrace on their own cause and ours, by presenting to the common enemy the spectacle of "a house divided against itself," and the literature that should have been devoted to writing the Bible of the future has been made the vent for envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

To all and each of these classes this little journal's course has been—to let them SEVERELY ALONE.

Perhaps our hearts have been stirred, and feelings wounded. The certainty that there is a world where every wrong will be righted, and compensation and retribution meted out with unerring precision, has been the chief impulse which has stayed the swift act, tongue, or pen of earthly vengeance, and deferred this merited retribution to the ALL-SEEING tribunal of spiritual judgment.

And so, the promoters of this paper have gone on their way, achieving a success beyond their expectations, and entering upon another decade of time when they scarcely expected to reach the conclusion of the dying year. Trusting in God, the angels, and a righteous cause, they have borne the revilings of disappointed envy in silence, giving prizes for excellence, bringing tidings of spiritual progress from all quarters of the globe, and devoting their columns solely to the exposition of what true spiritualism is, not what it only pretends to be. Our fair, clean columns have never been opened to vain controversies, idle disputations, or mere theories. We have fearlessly rebuked injustice, shams, and perversions of real religion; pleaded for the poor and down-trodden, but never suffered the hobbies of wild theorists or vain imaginings to be harnessed to the grand car of spiritualism.

The wealth, which to a great extent forms the sinews of literary success, has been wanting in our undertaking, hence the time may come when we shall have no more to pay with, and then—we shall neither beg, bully, nor abuse others more successful than ourselves—but simply stop. In the meantime, we shall not abandon the principles with which we started, and those are all comprised in the grand proposition that this world is a probationary scene to prepare mortals for the world of compensation and retribution hereafter, and the ascending worlds of progress in eternity. If we find any libellous statements vented against individuals, or our community at large, we are prepared to appeal to the law to stop the same.

If malice and envy vents its spleen against us in printed form, we shall not disgust or worry the public by making our columns the scene of controversy with such unworthiness, but we shall do our utmost to present something better. The friend of all true spiritualists, the determined foe of shams and pretences, this paper will go on as long it can help spiritualism forward, and decently pay its way.

We may not pretend even to present a retrospect of the past eventful year without once more alluding to the unhappy pit of evil into which the two first well-known mediums of the spiritual cause have fallen, and into which, with the insanity of vice, they hoped to have dragged their cause. We allude, of course, to the unfortunate Fox sisters. We have already in three previous numbers shown first—

that their pretended confession is the worst fraud of their lives, and that the only question to be addressed to them now is, "Which was your greatest lie? that, which for forty years, you uttered when you claimed that your manifestations were all the work of spirits, or, that which you now say when you declare them to have been the work of fraud?" To judge these hapless women truly, we must remind our readers that they are besotted drunkards, hence insane, and unworthy of credit; Roman Catholics by profession, hence taught *by profession*, to "lie for the honour and glory of their church," the worst enemy of which is SPIRITUALISM. As far as the cause of spiritualism is now, or has been, connected with these women, it is enough to say there have been and are, at least, a hundred thousand better and more forcible spirit mediums in the world than them; the cause can therefore well afford to let them go.

Yet again, in order to shake our skirts free from that which will never cease to entail disgrace upon our noble cause, we earnestly call upon all spiritualists to forget these women's relations to it, and, as the first step to this act of repudiation, let us have no more celebrations of the *thirty-first of March*. Spiritualism is God's and angels' work, not man's, much less the work of two besotted priest-ridden women. Anniversaries are good and useful milestones on the road of progress; eloquent voices calling upon us to pause, think, and take stock of the past, so that in the future we may be wiser and stronger from contemplating our failures or successes. It is in this sense that we would ask for the annual observance of a SPIRITUAL ANNIVERSARY, but instead of dating from the action of any weak and fallible mortals, let us refer it solely to God's providence in nature, and hold it EVERY NEW YEAR'S DAY. Then will we have sun, moon, and stars, the glorious solar system, and ten thousand, perhaps millions, of other systems in harmony with us. We shall bid a loving and grateful farewell to the dead year, a hopeful and aspiring greeting to the new. How thoroughly such thoughts, stirred by such a death and re-birth, are in harmony with a dying theology, and a young, new, but imperishable religion, built upon principles of love, right, and reason, we leave thinking spiritualists to decide.

Some years ago, when the Editor of this paper was in the habit of lecturing often at Leeds, she was solicited to take part in a New Year's watch-night. Just as the year was dying, a vision was presented to her, which she thus narrated to the assembled audience. The spirit of Charles Dickens appeared, displaying to the seeress a semblance of old Marley the miser's ghost. This figure wore, as described in the original story, a long, dragging, doleful chain, composed of little *cash boxes* all linked together. "Behold," said the spirit of the great novelist, "I show you from my new spiritual home how the real miser I idealized, progresses, and how his fetters of cash boxes may be turned into an immortal crown of glory." Then the seeress beheld the ghost gathering up his chain, and throwing away its several cash boxes or links, one after another. At first he threw one to a lean, hungry-looking wretch, and it turned into a loaf of bread; he threw another at a ragged Arab selling matches, and it turned into a warm suit of clothes; still another he threw, to a desolate-looking being weeping over a new-made grave, and it turned into a wreath of summer flowers. Thus, one after another, the ghost threw away every cash box but the *last one*, and each time they fell, they turned into something good, useful, or comforting, to some suffering creature. The ghost was about to cast the *last one* at the head of a wretched miser such as he himself had been, when lo! it slipped from his hands and shot up into a glorious, radiant crown of immortal glory, and settled on the head of the generous and beneficent being who had given his all for the benefit of others.

Glorious, wonderful transformation! The chain was not lost, but changed into countless blessings. Its last link freed the prisoner from the miser's fetters, and crowned him with the symbol of heavenly glory!—So the vision ended.

May each returning New Year's watch-night be a record of the many little cash boxes we have thrown to the poor, the comfortless, and those worse off than ourselves, until every link in the chain of selfishness is broken! May each joy-bell that rings in the birth of another milestone on the highway of eternal progress be also a voice to remind us of the glorious outpouring of the spirit upon all flesh! And this is the final prayer for—and greeting to—every reader, by their friend, THE EDITOR OF "THE TWO WORLDS."

HISTORICAL SPIRITUALISM.

STUPENDOUS MANIFESTATIONS AMONGST THE EASTERN ECSTATICS.

(The following account is taken from "*Les Souvenirs d'un Voyage dans la Tartarie et la Chine, par M. Huc, Prêtre Missionnaire*," published at Paris, 1860.)

M. HUC, the renowned missionary priest and writer, says, at page 170 of his work as above: "The fifteenth day of the new moon we encountered several caravans, following, as we did, the direction from east to west. The road was filled with men, women, and children, mounted on camels or oxen. They told us they were all going to the lamasery of Rache-Tchurin. At a turning of the road we overtook an old lama who appeared to walk with difficulty, as he had a heavy package on his back. 'Brother,' we said, 'thou art old; thou must be fatigued; place thy burden on the back of one of our camels.' After the pilgrim was relieved of his load, we asked him why all these pilgrims were pacing the desert? 'We are all going to Rache-Tchurin,' he said, with accents of devotion. 'Without doubt some great solemnity calls you to the lamasery?' 'Yes, to-morrow, a lama *bokt* will manifest his power; he will kill himself, but not die.' . . . We at once understood the kind of solemnity which had put all these Tartars on the move. A lama was about to rip up his stomach, take out his entrails, place them before him, and then return to his normal state. The spectacle, atrocious and disgusting as it is, is nevertheless very common in the lamaseries of Tartary. The *bokt* who is to 'manifest his power,' as the Mongols express it, prepares himself for this formidable act by many days of prayer and fasting. During this time he must forego all communication with other men and keep in absolute silence. When the day arrives the multitude of pilgrims assemble in the large court of the lamasery, and an altar is raised in front of the doors of the temple. The *bokt* appears. He advances gravely, the people saluting him with loud acclamations. He moves to the altar and there sits. He draws from his belt a cutlass which he places on his knees. At his feet a number of lamas, arranged in a circle, raise loud invocations. As the prayers proceed the *bokt* is perceived to tremble, and then gradually to fall into convulsions. The lamas become more excited; their chants become disorderly, till at length they are changed into howlings. And it is now that the *bokt* casts off the scarf which envelopes him, detaches his belt, and, seizing the cutlass, cuts up his stomach through all its length. While the blood is flowing from every part, the multitude, falling before this horrible spectacle, interrogates the fanatic concerning hidden subjects, future events, or the destiny of certain persons. The *bokt* replies to all these questions by answers which are regarded as oracles.

"When the devout curiosity of the pilgrims is satisfied, the lamas recommence the recitation of prayers with calmness and gravity. The *bokt* gathers up, with his right hand, some of the blood, carries it to his mouth, blows on it three times, and then casts it in the air with much clamour. He rapidly passes his hand over the wound and all returns to its primitive state, without leaving a trace of this diabolical operation beyond extreme languor. The *bokt* rolls his scarf again around his body, recites a short prayer with a loud voice, and all is over. And now the pilgrims disperse, with the exception of the most devout, who stay to contemplate and adore the blood-stained altar. These horrible cere-

monies occur with sufficient frequency in the large lamaserics of Tartary and Thibet.

"All lamas have not the power to operate these prodigies. Those, for example, who have the horrible capacity of cutting themselves open are never found among the lamas of higher rank. They are ordinarily lamas of bad character, and held in small esteem by their colleagues. The lamas who are sensible, generally asseverate their horror of spectacles of this description. In their eyes all these operations are perverse and diabolical. The good lamas, they say, have it not in their power to execute things of this kind, and are careful to guard against seeking to acquire the impious talent.

"The above is one of the most notable *sié-fa*, i.e., 'perverse powers,' possessed by the lamas. They will heat a piece of iron hot and lick it with their tongues. They will make incisions in their bodies, and an instant after, not the least trace of the wound remains, etc., etc. All these operations should be preceded by prayers."

Hideous and revolting as such performances are, they are too often and too well testified of to admit of question, and they involve stupendous—and as yet—utterly unknown powers of the human spirit in its triumph over matter. Thus we deem it quite in order in a philosophical as well as practical paper like *The Two Worlds*, to challenge serious attention to such cases, and demand from genuine thinkers and skilled observers what these things mean? In order to strengthen the case above narrated, we shall cite one of several others, taken from a work entitled "*Souvenirs de Voyage en Asie Mineure et en Syrie*," by THE PRINCESS BELGIOIOSA.

"Amongst a variety of other wonders, the Count de Gobineau, the Ambassador of France to Persia, a sincere and good observer, says that everybody assured him that the Nossayris, one of the principal sects in Persia, perform the following marvels: They fill with fire a large brazier in the middle of the room, and whilst a musician plays a little drum, called dombeck, the Nossayri approaches the fire. He is agitated, exalted; he lifts his arms and eyes towards heaven with violent contortions. Then he seizes a burning coal, and putting it in his mouth, blows it in such a manner that the flames issue through his nose. He receives no injury whatever from it. He seats himself in the midst of the fire, the flames mount up and play in his beard, and caress without harming him. Finally he lays himself down in the brazier, and receives no hurt from it. Others enter a baker's oven in full ignition, remain there as long as they like, and issue again without accident. What these people do with fire, others do with the air. They throw themselves from rocks without receiving any damage, from whatsoever height they fall. This is the manner in which a *Purzadeh* explained these extraordinary phenomena; 'Since,' he said, 'everything in nature is God, so everything contains, secretly but plenarily, the omnipotence of God. Faith only is necessary to put in motion this power. Therefore, the more intense and complete the faith, the more marvellous will be the effects produced. It is not merely from the air and the fire that we can draw prodigies, but from objects in appearance the most contemptible. If we wish to call out interior virtue, whatever it may be, into action, we have only to apply the irresistible instrument of faith, and then, nothing is impossible.' Such are the ideas of the Nossayris." Speaking of her own experiences, the Princess says:—

"One fine morning, reclining on my divan, I saw enter a little old man in a white mantle, with a grey beard, a pointed cap, and a turban of green; he had a lively eye, and countenance frank and good-natured. The old man announced himself as the chief of certain Dervishes, performers of miracles, whom the grand Muphti had sent to show me their operations. I offered him my thanks, and expressed myself ready to witness the spectacle which they proposed. The old man opened the door, made a sign, and quickly reappeared, followed by his disciples.

"They were eight in number. Their clothes were in rags, their long beards untrimmed, their visages pale, their forms emaciated, a something indescribably ferocious and haggard in their eyes, all which contrasted singularly with the open, smiling countenance of their chief. These men on entering, prostrated themselves before him, made me a polite obeisance, and seated themselves at a distance, awaiting the orders of the old man, who, on his part, awaited mine. I experienced a degree of embarrassment, which would have been still more painful had the séance been of my own ordering. I expected a scene of the grossest imposition, which I should be obliged to applaud out of politeness, and of which I must show myself a dupe out of good breeding.

"I caused coffee to be served, to gain time, but the chief only accepted it. The disciples excused themselves, alleging the seriousness of the trials to which they were about to submit. I gazed at them; they were serious as men who expected the visit of a revered master. After a short silence the old man asked me if these children might begin, and I replied that it rested entirely with themselves. Taking my answer as an encouragement, he made a sign, and one of the Dervishes arose; he then prostrated himself before his chief and kissed the earth; the chief placed his hands on his head as if to give his benediction, and spoke some words in a low voice which I did not understand. Then arising, the Dervish put off his goatskin fur, and receiving a long poignard from one of his companions, the handle of which was ornamented with little bells, he placed himself in the middle of the apartment. Calm and self-collected at first, he became animated by degrees from the force of an interior action. His breast swelled, his nostrils expanded, and his eyes rolled in their sockets with a singular rapidity.

"This transformation was accompanied by the music and songs of the other Dervishes, who, having commenced by a monotonous recitative, passed quickly into cries and yells, to which the regular beating of a tambourine gave a certain measure. When the musical fever obtained its paroxysm, the first Dervish alternately raised and let fall the arm which held the poignard. A convulsive twitching pervaded his limbs, and he united his voice with those of his *confrères* whom he soon reduced to the humble rôle of assistants, so much did his cries exceed theirs. Dancing was then added to the music, and the protagonist Dervish executed such amazing leaps that the perspiration ran down his naked figure.

"'It was the moment of inspiration.' Brandishing the dagger, which he never abandoned, and every motion of which had made the little bells resound; then, extending his arm and suddenly retracting it, he plunged the dagger into his cheek so deep that the point appeared in the inside of his mouth. The blood rushed in torrents from both apertures of the wound, and I could not restrain a motion of my hand to put an end to this terrible scene.

"'Madame wishes to look a little closer?' said the old man, observing me attentively. Making a sign for the wounded man to draw near, he made me observe that the point of the dagger had really passed through the cheek, and he would not be satisfied till I had touched the point with my finger.

"'You are satisfied that the wound of this man is real?' he said to me. 'I have no doubt of it,' I replied, emphatically.

"'That is enough. My son,' he added to the Dervish, who remained during the examination with his mouth open, filled with blood, and the dagger still in the wound, 'go, and be healed.'

"The Dervish bowed, drew out the dagger, and turning to one of his companions, knelt and presented his cheek, which this man washed within and without with his own saliva. The operation continued some seconds, but when the wounded man rose, and turned to one side, every trace of the wound had disappeared.

"Another Dervish made a wound in his arm, under the same ceremonies, which was healed in the same manner. A third terrified me. He was armed with a great crooked sabre, which he seized with his hands at the two extremities, and applying the edge of the concave side to his stomach caused it to enter as he executed a see-saw motion. A purple line instantly showed itself on his brown and shining skin, and I entreated the old man to allow it to proceed no further. He smiled, assuring me that I had seen nothing, that this was only the prologue; that these children cut off their limbs with impunity—their heads, if necessary, without causing

themselves any inconvenience. I believe he was contented with me, and judged me worthy to witness their miracles, by which I was not particularly flattered.

"But the fact is, I remained pensive and confused. What was that? My eyes, had they not seen them? My hands, had they not touched them? Had not the blood flowed? I called to mind all the tricks of our most celebrated prestidigitateurs, but I found nothing to be compared with what I had seen. I had had to do with men simple and ignorant to excess; their movements were made with the utmost simplicity, and displayed not a trace of artifice. I do not pretend to have seen a miracle, and I state faithfully a scene which I for my part know not how to explain. The next day Dr. Petracchi, for many years the English Consul at Angora, related many such marvels, and assured me that the Dervishes possessed natural, or rather supernatural secrets, by which they accomplished prodigies equal to those of the priests of Egypt."

M. Adalbert de Beaumont, who visited Asia Minor in 1852, asserts the reality of the same wonders as the Countess de Belgiojoso. He says when the dancing Dervishes have reached the paroxysm of their excitement, they seize on iron red hot, bite it, hold it between their teeth, and extinguish it with their tongues. Others take knives and large needles and pierce their sides, arms, and legs, the wounds of which immediately heal and leave no trace.

And this is occultism in practice—mind, or rather SPIRIT, over matter in actuality. Unless history and the most authoritative human testimony is to be utterly discredited, then is NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE WITH MAN.

LYCEUM JOTTINGS.

VISIT OF ST. NICHOLAS ON THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In the hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to my window, I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wandering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump,—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

All, the earth's best can be but the earth's best.—
Robert Browning.

PUBLIC AND PHENOMENAL SPIRITUALISM.

Mr. T. Venables, of Bacup, writes in defence of phenomena being presented in public, "because they are valuable as means of convincing enquirers. Some test-mediums and clairvoyants are better developed than others," and he pleads "for help to be given to all to secure better development." The advisability or otherwise of devoting the Sunday services to "test giving" wholly or in part is a question which is exercising the minds of thoughtful spiritualists all over the country. Many who are anxious to promote the cause and present it at its best, in the most dignified, intelligent, and instructive fashion, so as to command the respect and consideration of intelligent men and women, are inclined to view with sorrow and sincere disapproval the growing tendency to lose sight of the educational and devotional elements of a religious service, in the disposition to employ upon the platform mediums whose powers are imperfectly developed, and are limited or nearly so to clairvoyance. They say, and with considerable truth, that the descriptions are often vague and unsatisfactory, become extremely wearisome, and, however interesting to one or two, are not instructive to the whole audience.

Mrs. Butterfield's controls expressed their thoughts on this important matter, which were briefly reported in our columns a few weeks since. We have received several letters commenting upon that report, which are disqualified by their somewhat bitter and personal tone from appearing in our columns. Surely, a question of public importance can be calmly considered without imputing motives?

The whole question turns upon the object for which Sunday services are held. If they are conducted solely to prove the truth of spirit communion by supplying evidence of the fact, would it not be better to make them more select to secure more favourable conditions? or encourage mediums to devote their time to the cultivation of their powers, that the demonstrations (either physical, test, clairvoyant, or psychometric) should be positive, clear, and conclusive?

If the meetings are "run to pay," and sensational attractions are necessary in the form of personal statements as to past life, future prospects, health, and business, then the spiritual element and the moral and educational features may well be abandoned, and the only test for fitness in the platform advocate will be the power to draw an audience, irrespective of whether the statements made are logical, consistent, grammatical, or educational. Bad grammar, and inaccurate pronunciation, are faults which can be overlooked when the *spirit* of the address is good and earnest; if the ideas are worthy, the dress they are presented in may be forgotten—but better far that good, true, and elevating thoughts should be correctly presented in chaste language, with proper pronunciation and good elocution. When the address lacks thought, purpose, tone, and point, it is no wonder that people feel they can employ their time better elsewhere!

The objects it seems to us, for which the public meetings of spiritualists are held, are at least two-fold—to present to the public a rational and intelligent statement of our position, philosophy, and religious aims; and to provide for spiritualists a more acceptable form of public service, which shall be encouraging, educational, elevating, and religious.

A society cannot succeed without support, and the financial question is always a serious one. We sympathise with the troubles of committees in this regard, but would respectfully suggest that what is needed is more unity between the members and the managers. Members should support and second the efforts of those they place in office. Again, it will be found that audiences, if appealed to in the right way, will invariably contribute fairly liberally to the collection. We believe that much rests with the chairman. Most people, after hearing a discourse which they feel does them good, will give, especially if the necessity for so doing is clearly laid before them.

Many experienced spiritualists are of opinion that too much importance may be, and sometimes is, attached to the phenomena where they are sought merely as phenomena, and to gratify a wonder-seeking taste, which grows by what it feeds upon. It is felt by such that the better place for the elicitation and observation of the proofs of spirit presence and identity is the *semi-private séance or home circle*.

At the same time there is much force in the objection that strangers frequently attend the public service, and receive a description of a spirit friend, who probably would not attend a private circle, or semi-private séance. It is frequently objected that the pleasant and beneficial effect of a good and ennobling address is lost or spoiled by clairvoyance or psychometry, especially if the latter are unsuccessful or imperfect.

There are many considerations which arise out of this important question. Hasty generalizations are to be deprecated. Great care is required to steer between formalism and coldness on the one hand, and sensationalism and incompetency on the other.

It will be generally conceded that our desire should be to promote spiritualism for the good of humanity; that it is best to present our truth, philosophy, ethics, and religion *at their best*, by the best possible methods; that our services should be conducive to spirituality, and helpful to goodness; that life is hard and cold, and our services should be bright, cheery, and encouraging; that harmony is helpful, and therefore good music and sweet singing are necessary; that our foes are many, and misconceptions as to what spiritualism is and aims to perform, are numerous, therefore we need defenders and teachers, and they need support and encouragement by intelligent, sympathetic, and enthusiastic workers and audiences; that the advocacy of unpopular truth can hardly be expected to pay, neither should societies be managed to pay, or mediums engaged to draw; that the aim in engaging speakers or mediums and carrying on a society should be *how can we do the most good*, to educate, reform, comfort, and spiritualize ourselves and our neighbours, and who can best help us in the good work?

"Nothing useless is or low,
Each thing in its place is best;
And that which seems but empty show,
Strengthens and supports the rest."

Let us not make invidious comparisons, but strengthen each other, find the weak places and mend them, try to have each thing in its place, permit no empty show, but by solid, honest, and earnest efforts unitedly work for human weal here and hereafter.—E. W. Wallis.

OUR FIRST ANNUAL CENSUS OF SOCIETIES.	Number of Members.	Seating Capacity of Hall.	Average Attendance.	Lycium Membership.	Average Attendance.	Mediums.		Number of Circles.
						Public.	Private.	
Bacup	40	160	100	66 <i>d</i>	50	—	—	6
Barrow-in-Furness, Victoria Hall, 82, Cavendish Street	45	220	200	180 <i>d</i>	70-100	4	5	5
Batley, Wellington Street	30	200	100 <i>a</i>	—	—	—	2	4
Beeston, Conservative Club, Town Street	16	110	80	47	30	—	2	1
Belper, Jubilee Hall	60 <i>s</i>	250	170	72	56	—	several	4
Birmingham, 92, Ashted Row	7	200	40-120	—	—	2	1	many
Blackburn, Exchange Lecture Hall	150	400	330 <i>b</i>	100	80	—	no information	—
Bradford, Birk Street	46	200	100	—	—	yes	yes	yes
„ Bowling, Harker Street	2	100	40	—	—	yes	yes	several
„ Little Horton, 1, Spicer Street	—	200	150	—	—	—	3	1
„ Milton Rooms, Westgate	50	400	200	98	45	21	e	many
„ Otley Road, 165	25	120	100	—	—	—	2	1
„ St. James', near St. James' Market	24	350-400	130 <i>b</i>	70	35	yes	yes	—
„ Walton Street	40	300	200 <i>c</i>	40	30	a good number of mediums		
Brighouse, Commercial Street (a new society) ..	59	150	170 <i>b</i>	—	—	—	6	9
Burnley, Tanner Street	24	250	300 <i>c</i>	110	80	1	20 <i>s</i>	30
Cleckheaton, Odd Fellows' Hall	12	350	200 <i>a</i>	26	26	1	4	3
Colne, Cloth Hall (society fifteen months old) ..	112	200	150	134	100	—	several	many
Cowms, Lepton, near Huddersfield	30	300	100	—	—	—	—	2
Cromford and High Peak	v	30	20	—	—	1	several	several
Darwen, Church Bank Street	70	250	150	53	25	2	13	—
Denholme, 6, Blue Hill (a new society)	15	50	40	preparing for one		—	3	1
Dewsbury, Vulcan Road	26	170	100	—	—	1	8	5
Eccleshill, Stone Hall Road (3 months old)	24	120	—	preparing for one		—	2	3
Exeter, Longbrook Street Chapel	30	200	50	—	—	—	2	8
Felling, Felling Park Road, High Felling	45	85	f	20-30	20-30	3	2	1
Foleshill, Edgewick, Coventry	37	50	40	17	14	—	3	4
Glasgow, Bannockburn Hall, 36, Main Street ..	83	300	100	50	40	—	yes	10 <i>s</i>
Halifax, Windyng Road	60	280	240	112	80	11	30	20
Heckmondwike, Assembly Room, Thomas Street ..	58	500	400	50	40	2	1	—
Hetton-le-Hole	11	—	20	—	—	2	1	2
Heywood, Argyle Buildings	19	100	40	—	—	1	3	—
Huddersfield, 3, Brook Street	31	300	200	—	—	—	1	yes
„ Kaye's Buildings	60	140	100	80	50	—	yes	many
Idle, 2, Back Lane	24	65	40	38	26	5	3	3
Keighley, Assembly Rooms	—	—	160	—	—	1	20	20
„ East Parade	60	200	160	130	120	—	yes	—
Lancaster, Athenæum Lecture Hall, St. Leonard's Gate	70	200	100	90	60	1	1	5
Leeds, 23, Cookridge Street	80	180	60 <i>g</i> -180 <i>h</i>	j	—	—	—	—
Leicester (Established 14 years)	80	180	120	25	20	6	many	many
Liverpool, Daulby Hall, Daulby Street	100	500	250	—	—	—	yes	yes
London, Canning Town, 125, Barking Road	12	60	38	—	—	—	6	3
„ King's Cross, 184, Copenhagen Street (corner of Pembroke Street)	20	150	60	—	—	—	—	yes
„ Notting Hill Gate, 9, Bedford Gardens, Silver Street	32	200	100	k	—	—	4	7
„ Peckham, Winchester Hall, 33, High Street	82	110	30 <i>i</i> -100 <i>h</i>	40	30	3	—	many
Macclesfield, Free Church, Paradise Street	56	130	76	50	42	4	4	5
Manchester, Assembly Rooms, Downing Street ..	110	400	300	40	36	—	yes	yes
Mexborough	40	80	70	—	—	—	4	2
Middlesbrough, Spiritual Hall, Newport Road ..	40	500	30 <i>i</i> -200 <i>h</i>	60	50	—	6 <i>r</i>	12 <i>s</i>
Monkwearmouth, 3, Ravensworth Terrace	—	80	60	—	—	1	3	—
Nelson, Public Hall, Leeds Road (hall just taken) ..	42	1200	100-200	85	80	—	p	several
Newcastle-on-Tyne, Cordwainers' Hall, 20, Nelson Street	100	250	180	20 <i>n</i> -100 <i>o</i>	18 <i>n</i> 80 <i>o</i>	yes	—	many
North Shields, 41, Borough Road	— <i>v</i>	60	50	—	—	—	—	2
„ 6, Camden Street	55	350	150	50	40	—	yes	yes
Nottingham, Morley Hall, Shakespeare Street ..	50	250	30 <i>i</i> 90 <i>h</i> 250 <i>l</i>	38	30	2	several	several
Oldham, Spiritual Temple (off Union Street) ..	80	500 <i>m</i>	200 <i>g</i> 350 <i>h</i> <i>m</i>	135	90-100	5	50 <i>s</i>	many
Openshaw, Mechanics' Institute, Pottery Lane ..	125	600	550-600 <i>h</i>	80	80	—	yes	yes
Parkgate, Bear Tree Road	37	300	80	50	40	5	2	4
Pendleton, Co-operative Hall	70	600	350 <i>h</i>	—	—	5	1	several
Rawtenstall	40	100	60	36	28	5	2	7
Rochdale, Regent Hall, Regent Street	—	—	100	—	—	—	2	5
Scholes, Silver Street	12	50	43	—	—	3	2	—
Sheffield, Central Board Schools	50	200	150	—	—	—	yes	yes
Skelmanthorpe, Board School	18	170	100	—	—	—	—	3
Slaithwaite, Laith Lane	23	200	125	52	28	1	—	2
South Shields, 19, Cambridge Street	48	350	120	60	37	—	3 <i>q</i>	4
Sowerby Bridge, Lyceum, Hollins Lane	80	250	100	70	—	—	8	6
Stonehouse, Corpus Christi Chapel (only formed six months)	50	350	100 <i>i</i>	—	—	2	several	5 <i>t</i> 4 <i>u</i>
Tyldesley, Elliott Street	20	100	30	—	—	—	2	several
Walsall, Exchange Buildings, High Street	50	120	45 <i>h</i>	38	25	3	7	6
Westhoughton, Spiritual Hall, Wingates	35	100	40	21	16	1	4	3
West Pelton, Spiritual Association	8	300	40	35	—	—	2	1
Wibsey, Hardy Street	11	100	60	—	—	—	1	—
Wellington, Durham (new society), Albert Hall ..	15	500	50	—	—	—	—	5
Wisbech, Lecture Room, Public Hall (society fifteen months old)	40	300	250	—	—	3	—	7
York, 7, Abbott Street, Groves (a new society) ..	12	20	16	—	—	—	1	—

The following societies have not sent replies:—Ashington, Batley Carr, Bingley, Birmingham (Oozells Street), Bishop Auckland, Bradford (Ripley Street, Rooley Street), Burslem, Byker, Leeds (Psychological), Leigh, London (a number of places), Lowestoft, Manchester (Collyhurst Road), Middlesbrough (Sidney Street), Morley, Northampton, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Ramsbottom, Rochdale (Blackwater Street and Michael Street), Salford, Saltash, Sheffield (Pond Street), Sunderland, Tunstall, West Vale, Whitworth.

- (a) At each service
(b) At night
(c) Overcrowded
(d) Band of Hope
(e) A large number
(f) Generally full
(g) Afternoon
(h) Evening

- (i) Morning
(j) Preparing to start in 1889
(k) One contemplated
(l) Special occasion
(m) Full on special occasions
(n) Officers
(o) Scholars

- (p) Yes, developing
(q) Local
(r) Or more
(s) About
(t) Public
(u) Private
(v) No society

COMMENTS.

BLACKBURN heads the list of membership, Openshaw second, Colne third, Manchester fourth; Liverpool and Newcastle each have 100. It does not look as if our foes had killed spiritualism in any of these towns! Bradford has 187 members divided between seven societies. (Is it worth while to spend so much in rent?) Openshaw, Heckmond-wike, Pendleton, Blackburn, Burnley, Liverpool, Wisbech, and Halifax show the highest averages of attendance.

The Lyceum statistics are most encouraging. Oldham and Colne head the list with 135 and 134 members respectively; Keighley, East Parade (130) is a good third, while Newcastle, Halifax, Burnley, and Blackburn are not far behind. Barrow-in-Furness has a Band of Hope of 130 members, and with such resources an active Lyceum should soon be established. Keighley shows the highest average Lyceum attendance, Colne, Newcastle, and Oldham being second, third, and fourth. Where so many have done so well, it seems invidious to make comparisons, but we draw attention to these figures to emphasise the growth which has taken place, and encourage others to push forward. To one and all we say God speed, and may his angels bless and strengthen you in your work.

As will be seen from the list, there are nearly one hundred and thirty public meetings of spiritualists held regularly every Sunday. We have been struck by the disparity between the number of members and the congregations in many places. Thus, there are but twenty-four members in one society which has an average evening audience of 300. Surely the local spiritualists fail in their duty when they do not unite with the society! The number of members might be largely increased if the chairman on Sundays announced the conditions, and invited persons to join. This is an important duty which is too frequently overlooked.

In casting the average attendance at the meetings, various methods appear to have been adopted, and in some places a smaller total is given than might have been shown, because the average at the evening meeting has been reduced by the smaller attendance of the morning or afternoon being taken into consideration. Next year we will ask our friends to give us the two meetings separately, as Northampton and Nottingham have now done.

There are nearly forty Lyceums in the country. This represents healthy work and rapid growth—a few years ago there was scarcely a dozen. It is a difficult matter to obtain accurate returns, and we thank our many friends who have done their best. Another year we trust we shall be able to give a fuller and more complete table and analysis of the state of the public work connected with spiritualism.

We have not published the returns of the number of papers sold at the meetings, as they were very imperfectly rendered; but we have been struck with the small number disposed of in many places compared with the size of the audiences.

Many spiritualists get their papers through newsagents, and there is an advantage in doing this, because they have them delivered at home on Friday or Saturday, in time to see the announcements for the forthcoming Sunday. But we feel confident that very many more *could* be sold if an earnest effort were made to induce inquirers to purchase copies and become regular readers.

Spiritualists, support your papers! promote your cause by using the papers. Send them about as missionaries. Don't lend the paper *regularly* to any one; suggest that your friend orders it regularly for himself. Another dozen copies sold by each society every week would make a substantial increase to our usefulness and circulation! May we ask your co-operation, kind friends, in our efforts to promote the cause?

The number of mediums—public and private—has largely increased during the last four or five years, and it is noteworthy that the cause seems strongest where there are the largest number of mediums and circles, indicating that they are interdependent. Circles are the stronghold of spiritualism, and the public services the bulwarks. But without mediumship there would be no spiritualism. Public meetings challenge public attention, and incite to investigation, the phenomena of mediumship, and the beautiful philosophy rouses inquiry, and in the séance the more direct and personal evidences are obtained which compel conviction, and transform foes into friends. Thus the public and private work are both useful, and both necessary.

On the whole there are many gratifying and encouraging signs of progress. The cause has flourished greatly, and the public work accomplished has aroused much interest. In spite of the desperate efforts of foes, and the discouraging action of some who claim to represent the cause, the movement was never more sound, more earnest, or more aggressive and progressive. Circles are held in thousands of homes by persons who never attend the meetings or identify themselves with the public work in any way. But the most striking feature of all is the wide-spread use of our facts in fiction; novels abound in which the phenomena are introduced more or less openly—in fact, it has become the fashion lately to deal in the occult, and shows the way the tide of thought is flowing.

The preachers, too, are rapidly becoming bolder and more outspoken, many avowing their belief in the nearness of the spirit world, and some courageously admit the communion. Scientists are less openly materialistic, and the tendency of modern thought is towards the recognition of man the spirit, the immortal, the progressive, here and hereafter, and communion between the two worlds. Let us take heart, as pioneers in the van of the army of progress; fight shoulder to shoulder, confident that victory comes to the workers. "One and the truth are a majority."

Mr. H. J. Bowens writes that he has had to leave Long Ditton and return to Bradford, owing to a fire destroying the works where he was employed. His present address is 665, Bolton-road, Bradford.

A Correspondent says: "I am glad to notice among spiritualists everywhere, a growing opinion in favour of building up and strengthening our members and others with facts, and a more earnest desire to bring home to all the absolute triumph of a good and pure life. Once get this fastened on the heart and conscience, and its practical results will be manifest in every action of our lives, and ours then is a fortress that defies the world."

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

Mr. J. Hopcroft will visit Middlesbrough, 30th and 31st. Letters should be addressed, from the 14th to 30th, c/o Mr. R. Simpson, Barker Lane, Ramsgrove, near Blackburn.

BACUP.—Service of Song, entitled "Frozen to Death," Dec. 30th, at 2-30 and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM. Ashted Row.—Materialization circle commences on New Year's Eve, 8 p.m. Three sitters wanted.

EXETER. Longbrook Chapel.—Social tea, Dec. 31st. Tea on the table at 7-30. A hearty welcome to all.

HALIFAX.—Saturday, December 29th, annual tea and entertainment, tickets 9d.; children 6d. Admission after tea, 3d.

LEEDS. Psychological Hall.—Dec. 31 (New Year's Eve): tea will be provided at 5 o'clock. Tickets, 9d., children, 4d. Entertainment at 7; tickets, 4d.; children, 2d. Dancing at 9-30. Welcoming in the New Year, 11-30: refreshments, 4d.; children, 2d. All friends welcome.

LONDON. Canning Town Association.—Dec. 30th, Developing Circle. Jan. 13th, Mr. Vango, medium. Jan. 27th, Mrs. Spring. Feb. 10th, Developing Circle. Feb. 24th, Mr. J. Hopcroft.—H. Copley, Sec., Canning Town, London, E.

LONDON, SOUTH. Winchester Hall, Peckham.—The general meeting for the election of officers, &c., will be held on Tuesday, Jan. 8th, at the Society's Rooms, when we hope all members will attend. Anniversary services, Winchester Hall, Sunday, Jan. 27th. Tea meeting, Tuesday, Jan. 29th, at Fenham Road Mission Hall, High St., Peckham.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION.—Mr. E. W. Wallis, sub-editor of *The Two Worlds*, in London. Goswell Hall, 290, Goswell Road, E.C. On Sunday, January 6th, 1889, in the above hall, Mr. E. W. Wallis will deliver two addresses, at 2-30 p.m. and 6-30 p.m. Afternoon subject, "The Work before Us"; evening subject, "Spiritualism: its Power, Principles, and Progress." Tea at 5 p.m. for old friends to renew, and new friends to make, the acquaintance of Mr. Wallis. Tickets, 1s. each. J. Veitch, Sec., 44, Coleman Road, Peckham.

MANCHESTER. New Year's Day, tea party and entertainment in the Assembly Rooms. Mrs. Britten will give a reading, entitled "The Witches' Frolic." Tea at 5 p.m. prompt. Tickets, 1s.; after tea, 6d. Children under 12, 6d.

MANCHESTER. Collyhurst Road.—New Year's Day: Lyceum party, entertainment by members. We hope to spend an enjoyable day.

MIDDLESBROUGH.—Grand tea party, entertainment, tea, supper, and social gathering on New Year's Night. Tickets, 1s. 6d., 1s., and 9d. See bills, on application. T. B. S., 101, Grange Road, W.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Tea party and concert in aid of the funds on New Year's Day. Tea at 4-30; tickets to tea and concert, 1s. each, children half-price.

SALFORD. 48, Albion Street, Windsor Bridge.—New Year's Day, a children's tea party (for children only), tickets 4d. each, 5 o'clock tea on the table. Each child when leaving the room will be presented with a toy from a tree that will be decorated in the room. Our aim is to make the adults' tea party as great a success as possible, so that we may give to each child a good present.—T. Toft.

PASSING EVENTS.

IMPORTANT CHANGES.—SUCCESS OF "THE TWO WORLDS."—We shall begin the New Year with increased hope and zeal, and, as in the past, do our "level best" to meet the wishes of all friends and supply the increasing demands of our rapidly-growing movement by a FREE GIFT TO OUR READERS.

The Two Worlds will still be sold at one penny, but we shall alter the arrangements of type, and, by taking out the "leads," shall be able to get a great deal more matter into each page. An additional page of the smaller type will also increase considerably the amount of reading matter.

The Directors have decided to make this change for the benefit of the cause, that additional space may be given to the work of societies, Lyceums, and passing events, which have grown beyond the limits of the three pages hitherto assigned them. By these changes we incur considerable additional expense weekly. But the unexampled success which has rewarded our efforts during the past year, the warm sympathy and support which have been accorded to us, encourage the Directors in the thought that this additional proof of their determination to co-operate with one and all in the cause of truth will not fail to win such a response, in the shape of increased circulation, as will sustain *The Two Worlds*, which, with general accord, is proclaimed the *best, cleanest*, and most valuable exponent of spiritualism in the country.

We are of opinion that our friends of the London Federation would have done well to have arranged for two delegates from each society, and an additional delegate for every society containing upwards of fifty members. The council of twenty-one representatives strikes us as being too large; twelve would have been sufficient. But we presume these are matters in respect to which the promoters are willing to receive advice, and to make changes when deemed necessary. We believe they are animated by a sincere desire to serve the cause. It is easy to find fault, and not possible to please everybody, hence these friends are in a most trying position, and deserve the fullest sympathy and kindly support of those who love the cause. It is not by harsh and unkindly criticism, but by judicious co-operation, that errors may be avoided, and wise methods adopted. We are confident that there is no Christian bias in the minds of the majority, nor shall we support or in any way countenance in these columns any attempt to galvanise old orthodoxy by attaching it to spiritualism. We stand for spiritualism pure and simple.

Bury, Preston, Bolton, and Todmorden, are not represented in the Sunday Services list. We wish the local friends would unitedly put their shoulders to the wheel, and set the car of progress rolling along.

A SPECIAL REQUEST.—We ask all secretaries to make a special point of reminding the chairman to announce *The Two Worlds* amongst the other weekly notices, and request him to read the "contents" to the audience, as we are confident this would materially aid the cause. The contents will be found above the "Rostrum" article each week.

Mr. W. Corstorphine, of Glasgow, says, in commenting upon our recent jottings, "You have touched upon a subject much wanted in order to wake up a numerous class who seem as if their spiritualism was too precious for disclosure among their fellows. As the result of my experience I am inclined to think that this same spirit permeates to a large degree some of our valued members, and retards the work by its discouraging and withering effects. It is to be regretted that the absentee friends are those whose experience and influence can be ill-spared from public services. It is good indeed that there should be home and private circles, and if conducted in the true spirit of devotion we cannot have too many. But these should not in my opinion be held so as to interfere with the equally important duty of attending when possible to the public claims. Much sympathy and encouragement is needed to sustain the hands of the few devoted public workers in the noble cause. The spirit of harmony, fraternity, and brotherly love ought surely to exist and abound among those who delight to hold communion with the loved ones of the summer land. Who, I ask, can be at ease in Zion, folding their arms in selfish fireside indulgence, while a great and noble spiritual awakening is so much depending on individual effort? Surely if we possess no other useful quality we may at least help the good work by *our presence*, and show which side we are on."

A writer in the *Christian World* recently said: "When a great preacher's nearest biographer lived one hundred, two hundred, or six hundred years after the time of his death, few particular facts can be identified in the mass of legend, the nimbus of miracle, for which his name becomes a centre. Among superstitious, hero-worshipping surroundings, a man of transcendent qualities becomes, even in his own life-time, a miracle-worker without being able to help it, as was notably the case with Luther. The process goes on with increased energy after his death."

This is very true, and applies with still *greater force* to Jesus, and vitiates the supposed infallible accuracy of the so-called biography of the Nazarene.

A South Shields spiritualist writes a long letter, but we have only room for an extract:—"You will be aware that there are many spiritualists who hold developing and other circles (family), who seldom or never attend the society meetings, and must be almost, if not altogether, unknown to the secretaries, circles, where the most wonderful phenomena occur, and tests of life beyond the grave are produced. Being a regular attendee at circles, I am requested by my colleagues, to place in your hands an account of the good work they are doing. A circle is held every Monday, at 7-30 p.m., at Mr. Braum's, 5, Florence St., Deans. Mrs. Caldwell, clairvoyant medium, is usually very correct with delineations—average attendance eight. Wednesday, same address and hour, a developing circle has been held for the last ten months, bringing out a trance speaker, good results up to date. Thursdays, private family circle, same address. Friday, same hour, at Mrs. Caldwell's, Garden Cottages—medium, Mrs. Caldwell. Her control is particularly good in delineations, and in answering questions. Open to enquirers if known to the sitters. This lady has developed under the care of Mr. Braum and Mr. Kemp. She has only once been on a public platform."

LEICESTER.—Dec. 16: the Lyceum entertainment has resulted in an increase of membership. There were present: 30 children, 7 officers, and 2 visitors. Programme: opening hymn 302, invocation, golden-chain recitation 101, mis. reading 214, calisthenics, lessons, closing hymn, &c. The conductor pointed out the lessons of order and punctuality contained in the recitation, as shown in the movements of the solar system, and its necessity in daily life; while the guardian continued his excellent lessons on ambulance work, treating of bandaging.

Mr. Walrond writes: Lyceum work is most glorious labour ever undertaken. We are free from any hard and fast rules, and can enter into the spirit of progress, and give the little ones mental and physical culture they could not get in Sunday schools of the orthodox type. Strangers who visit us are not only astonished but charmed at our method of giving instruction, and acknowledge it to be noble and grand.

SPIRITUALISM AND DR. PARKER OF THE CITY TEMPLE.—Mr. B. Harris writes:—"I took note of your prediction in relation to my *outlandish* proposal to introduce spiritualism in this world-renowned edifice, and acknowledge its prophetic truthfulness. "Hunger is a sharp thorn" (but has its use). Jesus, through its sharpness, sought relief from a fig tree.

Some are driven or drawn to observe "the signs of the times." The "rustling sound on the top of the mulberry trees," is caught by some ears quickly (clairaudient). These are the uhlans of the race; while others move in slow and stolid tread, freighted with baggage and heavy artillery, scarcely asking "Watchman, what of the night?" or "If the day is breaking?"

A few days back, a letter was forwarded to Dr. Parker, asking, that as Land Nationalization had been represented on the platform of the City Temple, the favour should be extended to Spiritualism, as being not only of equal but much greater importance to humanity than any scheme (however good) that treated man only as a physical being. Receiving no reply, the writer attended last Thursday's noonday lecture in the Temple, after which splendid address, he sought and easily obtained a personal interview, along with several others who were waiting for the like privilege.

Ushered into the vestry, and name given, the greeting was a cordial grasp of the hand (like a dream it passed). Dr. P.: "Where from?"—"Newcastle. Did you receive a letter from me from Peckham?"—"Dr. P.: "Yes, thank you. What are you?"—"A Spiritualist."—"Dr. P.: "What am I?"—"A Spiritualist too—you could not be anything else"—a pause, smile, shrug (all in one).—"Ah! Ah!" (firmer grip of the

hand, no denial of the correctness of my answer). I thanked him for his inspiring thoughts, that had many times invigorated me like a fresh mountain breeze. He was glad to have ever helped me or anyone. "Good bye" (another was waiting), but my request was unanswered then. Another letter respecting the request, brought this wonderfully brief answer: "Quite impossible at present.—J. P."

"The time of figs has not yet come" (to the City Temple), but I think there is more of hope than of sting in the *tail* of the little sentence "Go thy way for this time." I will hope that in 1889, the Doctor will find a "more convenient season."

THE CAUSES OF CRIME.—In one thousand cases which have been examined, Mr. L. G. Rylands gives the following instructive summary of the causes of crime; and, contrary to the prevalent opinion, that drink is the chief cause, he states that over 35 per cent is traceable to bad company in the street, in the workshop, and in the public-house. Drink is responsible for 20 per cent; bad temper, 7 per cent; poverty, 5 per cent; and opportunity, 7 per cent, the remaining 26 per cent being assignable to minor causes. Evil companions and drunkenness are therefore the chief factors in the manufacture of criminals. To know the cause is a long step on the way to cure; and, as prevention is better than cure, we commend the above facts to the notice of parents, Lyceum instructors, and children.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS.—The prison population of England has been reduced from 20,800 in 1878 to 14,536 at the present time, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, and the spread of education is suggested as the main factor in this change. No doubt it is so. The efforts of temperance reformers and the effects of Bands of Hope must have contributed largely to these satisfactory results. Workers for humanity of all shades of religion, and in all reformatory effort, should be encouraged to persevere with renewed energy.

GOOD COLLECTIONS—A HINT.—A few Sundays since we went to church, and the minister, in closing the discourse, said he "had sometimes been in the vestry when the collection was counted, and had seen farthings, cough drops, brass buttons, and even counterfeit coins. He exclaimed, 'Mean souls! small stingy souls!' They will sing, as if they meant it, 'Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were an offering far too small,' and then give a button! He hoped there were none such present that morning, but that they would show the largeness of their hearts by their liberality towards the work." The collection was then taken—needless to say it was a good one.

Breaks of nature, such as the Two-headed Nightingale and Mrs. Tom Thumb, earn as much as £150 a week, or £7,800 a year. A correspondent says: "How the people pay for 'freaks,' and yet refuse to pay speakers to live! A word to spiritualists—Make your speakers more independent, and they will be more fit for their duties."

SHEOL, HADES, OR THE POLICE STATION?—A boy, in the witness-box, was asked where he would go to if he did not speak the truth? "To the police station!" said he. The parsons at the Church Congress could not settle the answer as to the fate of the wicked after death, so that it is hardly to be expected the poor boy could decide so moot a question.

A few years ago a local preacher, anxious to strike terror into the hearts of his hearers by illustrating the extreme heat of the bottomless lake—no, the burning pit—well, the mythical fiery hell—reminded his hearers of a certain blast-furnace in the neighbourhood. "If a poor lost soul from the pit were to be dropped into that blast-furnace, heated seven times hotter than usual, it would be as cool as winter to him, compared with the summer heat of the torrid lake." What a vivid, not to say *warm*, imagination that man had. Since then, however, hell has gone out of fashion, and Sheol has cooled off a good many degrees, for which relief much thanks.

Mr. Clayton, an earnest worker in Middlesbrough, who has spent much time, service, and cash in work for the cause, writes: "I shall advocate the payment of speakers as far as possible. Those who can work for the cause without impoverishing themselves can do it by all means, but *don't go begging for money in other ways*. I don't know of another body in England where there are such able speakers, and all springing from the working classes." Speaking of public meetings, he points out the benefits to be derived. A place to meet one's friends; to cultivate music; to meet the best speakers, &c. The larger the meeting, the greater the circulation of the papers and the dissemination of truth, and numerous other benefits that arise from social intercourse that cannot be gained by isolation. "You can meet your opponents on stronger ground when there is a strong and organized society."

The *Golden Gate* says: "A person visiting foreign lands finds it necessary for his convenience to change his money into the current coin of the realm whither he goes. Here is a hint to those about to visit the realm of the 'beyond.' But how, do you ask, can the traveller, in this case, change his wealth into currency that will be of any use to him 'over there'? We answer, he must spiritualize it, that is, convert it into noble deeds for the uplifting of humanity. He who gives wisely receives. As his deposits diminish here they increase there. Every rich man has it in his power to enter spirit life a prince; or he may go, as goes the galley slave, 'scourged to his dungeon' by the lash of his own selfishness." True. If the money spent in drink and tobacco were given into the treasury of the societies by its members, to help on the work of social and spiritual redemption of mankind in this world, it would effect a double good, viz.: the reformation of those who give and supply means to help others.

THE RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL TRACTS published by Mr. R. Cooper, 82, Tideswell Road, Eastbourne, Sussex, are very valuable and useful agents in combating the prevalent erroneous ideas respecting the Bible and spiritualism. Nos. 3 and 6 are especially good for distribution at the meetings of opponents. (See advt.)

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