

# THE TWO WORLDS

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO  
SPIRITUALISM, OCCULT SCIENCE, ETHICS, RELIGION AND REFORM.

No. 149.—Vol. III. [Registered as a Newspaper.] FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1890.

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# PLATFORM GUIDE.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1890.

**Accrington.**—28, China St., Lyceum, 10-30; 2-30, 6-30: Mrs. Yarwood.  
**Armley (near Leeds).**—Temperance Hall, 2-30, 6-30: Mrs. Beardshall.  
**Ashington.**—New Hall, at 6 p.m.  
**Bacup.**—Meeting Room, Princess St., 2-30, 6-30: Mrs. Gregg.  
**Barrow-in-Furness.**—82, Cavendish St., at 6-30.  
**Batley Carr.**—Town St., Lyceum, at 10 and 2; at 6-30: Mr. Newton.  
**Batley.**—Wellington St., at 2-30 and 6: Mr. and Mrs. Marshall.  
**Beeston.**—Conservative Club, Town St., 2-30 and 6: Mrs. W. Stanfield.  
**Belper.**—Jubilee Hall, 10 and 2, Lyceum; 10-30, 6-30: Local.  
**Bingley.**—Wellington St., 2-30, 6: Mrs. Craven.  
**Birkenhead.**—84, Argyle St., 6-30. Thursday, 7-30.  
**Birmingham.**—Oozells Street Board School, at 6-30.  
     Smethwick.—43, Hume Street, at 6-30.  
**Bishop Auckland.**—Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa, at 2-30 and 6: Mr. W. Murray.  
**Blackburn.**—Old Grammar School (opposite St. Peter's Church), at 9-30, Lyceum; 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. J. Walsh.  
**Bolton.**—Bridgeman Street Baths, at 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. Smith.  
     Spinners' Hall, Town Hall Square, Lyceum at 10; 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. Lomax.  
**Bradford.**—Walton St., Hall Lane, Wakefield Rd., 2-30, 6: Mrs. Wade.  
     Otley Road, at 2-30 and 6: Miss Patefield.  
     Little Horton Lane, 1, Spicer Street, at 2-30 and 6: Mr. Hepworth. Anniversary.  
     Milton Rooms, Westgate, 10, Lyceum; 2-30, 6: Mr. Swindlehurst.  
     St. James's Church, Lower Ernest St. (off Diamond St.), Lyceum, at 10; 2-30 and 6-30: Miss Walton. Service of Song.  
     Ripley St., Manchester Rd., at 11, 2-30, and 6-30.  
     Bankfoot.—Bentley's Yard, at 10-30, Circle; 2-30 and 6: Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright. Wednesday, 7-30. Saturday, Healing, 7.  
     Birk Street, Leeds Road, at 2-30 and 6.  
     Bowling.—Harker St., 10-30, 2-30, 6: Mr. Firth. Wed., 7-30.  
     Norton Gate, Manchester Rd., 2-30, 6. Tuesday, 8.  
**Brighouse.**—Oddfellows' Hall, Lyceum, 10-15; 2-30, 6: Miss Harrison.  
**Burnley.**—Hammerton St., Lyceum, 9-30; 2-30, 6-30: Mr. E.W. Wallis.  
     North Street, at 2-30 and 6: Mr. C. Holmes.  
     Trafalgar Street, 2-30, 6-30: Mr. Bailey. Monday, 7-30.  
     102, Padiham Rd., Developing Circles, Mondays, Thursdays, 7-30.  
**Burslem.**—Colman's Rooms, Market, Lyceum, 2; 6-30: Mr. McDonald.  
**Byker.**—Back Wilfred Street, at 6-30.  
**Cardiff.**—Lesser Hall, Queen St. Arcade, Lyceum, at 8; at 11 and 6-30.  
**Churwell.**—Low Fold, at 2-30 and 6: Mr. G. A. Wright.  
**Cleckheaton.**—Walker St., Northgate, Lyceum, at 9-30; at 2-30 and 6: Mr. Bush.  
**Colne.**—Oltho Hall, Lyceum, at 10; 2-30 and 6-30: Mrs. Connell.  
**Cowans.**—Asquith Buildings, at 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Mercer.  
**Darwen.**—Church Bank St., Lyceum, at 9-30; at 11, Circle; at 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. T. Postlethwaite.  
**Denholme.**—6, Blue Hill, at 2-30 and 6.  
**Deansbury.**—43, Woodbine Street, Flatt, 2-30 and 6.  
**Eccleshill.**—13, Chapel Walk, at 2-30 and 6.  
**Easter.**—Longbrook St. Chapel, 2-45 and 6-45.  
**Felling.**—Hall of Progress, at 6-30: Mr. G. Wilson.  
**Foleshill.**—Edgewick, at 10-30, Lyceum; at 6-30.  
**Gateshead.**—13, North Tyne St., Sunderland Rd., 6-30. Thursday, 7-30.  
**Glasgow.**—Bannockburn Hall, 86, Main St., Lyceum, at 5; at 11-30 and 6-30. Thursday, at 8.  
**Halifax.**—Winding Rd., 2-30, 6: Mr. J. B. Tetlow.  
**Haswell Lane.**—At Mr. Shields', at 6-30.  
**Heckmondwike.**—Assembly Room, Thomas Street, at 10, Lyceum; at 2-30, 6: Mr. Campion. Thursday, 7-30.  
     Blanket Hall St., Lyceum, 10; 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Bentley. Monday, 7-30, United Circle. Tues., Wed., and Thurs., Members' Circles.  
**Hetton.**—At Mr. J. Thompson's, Hetton, at 7: Local.  
**Heywood.**—Argyle Buildings, Market St., 2-30, 6-15: Mr. Fillingham.  
**Huddersfield.**—Brook Street, at 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. Boardman.  
     Institute, 3, John St., off Buxton Rd., 2-30, 6: Mrs. Berry.  
**Idle.**—2, Back Lane, Lyceum, 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Murgatroyd.  
**Jarrow.**—Mechanics' Hall, at 6-30.  
**Keighley.**—Lyceum, East Parade, 2-30, 6.  
     Assembly Room, Brunswick St., 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Stair.  
**Lancaster.**—Athenaeum, St. Leonard's Gate, at 10-30, Lyceum; at 2-30 and 6-30: Mrs. Green.  
**Leeds.**—Psychological Hall, Grove House Lane, back of Brunswick Terrace, 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. Woodcock.  
     Institute, Cookridge St., 2-30, 6-30: Mrs. Russell.  
**Leicester.**—Silver St., 2-30, Lyceum; at 10-45 and 6-30.  
     Lecture Room, Temperance Hall, 6-30.  
     152, High Cross St., at 11 a.m.  
**Leigh.**—Newton Street, at 2-30 and 6.  
**Liverpool.**—Daulby Hall, Daulby St., London Rd., Lyceum, at 2-30; at 11 and 6-30: Local.  
**London.**—Camdenwell Rd., 102.—At 7. Wednesdays, at 8-30.  
     Canning Town.—2, Bradley Street, Beeton Road, 7. Tuesday, at 7-30, Séance.  
     Forest Hill.—23, Devonshire Rd., 7: Mr. Read. Thurs., 8, Séance.  
     Islington.—Wallington Hall, Upper St., at 7.  
     Islington.—19, Prebend Street, at 7, Séance, Mr. Webster.  
     Kentish Town Rd.—Mr. Warren's, 245. Dawn of Day, Social, at 7. Thurs., 8, Open Circle, Mrs. C. Spring.  
     King's Cross.—46, Caledonian Rd. (entrance side door). Saturday, at 8, Séance, Mrs. C. Spring, medium.  
**Lewisham.**—193, Hithergreen Lane, at 3. Séances every Friday, 8.  
**Lower Edmonton.**—38, Eastbourne Ter., Town Rd., Saturday, at 7-30, Clairvoyance. Wednesday, at 8, Developing Circle.  
**Marylebone.**—24, Harcourt St., 11, Healing & Clairvoyance, Mr. Vango; 8, Lyceum; 7, Mr. McKenzie. Wednesday, 8, First Aid. Thursday, 7-45, Mrs. Wilkins. Saturday, 7-45, Séance, Mrs. Treadwell.  
**Mill End.**—Assembly Rooms, Beaumont St., at 7.

**Notting Hill.**—124, Portobello Road: Tuesdays, at 8, Mr. Towns.  
**Peckham.**—Chapstow Hall, 1, High St., at 11-15 and 6-30, Spiritual Services; at 8, Lyceum; at 8-30, Members' Circle.  
     Fridays, Healing (Free) at 7-15; Address and Service, 8-30.  
     No meetings at Fenham Rd. in future.  
**Peckham.**—Winchester Hall, 33, High St., 11, Mr. Dale, "The distinction between God and Lord;" at 7, Mrs. Bliss and Mr. Veitch, Clairvoyance.  
**Shepherds' Bush.**—14, Orchard Rd., Lyceum, 8; 7, Mr. W. Wallace.  
     Tues., 8-30; Mr. Joseph Hagon. Saturday, at 7-45, Mrs. Mason.  
**Stamford Hill.**—18, Stamford Cottages, The Crescent, at Mrs. Jones'. Mondays at 8. Visitors welcome.  
**Stepney.**—Mrs. Ayers', 45, Jubilee Street, at 7. Tuesday, at 8.  
**Stratford.**—Workman's Hall, West Ham Lane, E., 7: Mr. H. Copley.  
**Longton.**—44, Church St., at 11 and 6-30.  
**Macclesfield.**—Cumberland St., Lyceum, at 10-30; at 2-30 and 6-30: Mrs. Groom.  
**Manchester.**—Temperance Hall, Tipping Street, Lyceum, at 10; at 2-45 and 6-30: Mr. J. S. Schutt.  
     Collyhurst Road, at 2-30 and 6-30.  
**Mexborough.**—Market Hall, at 2-30 and 6.  
**Middlesbrough.**—Spiritual Hall, Newport Road, Lyceum, at 2; at 10-45 and 6-30.  
     Granville Rooms, Newport Road, at 10-30 and 6-30.  
**Morley.**—Mission Room, Church St., at 2-30 and 6: Mr. Hopwood.  
**Newcastle-on-Tyne.**—20, Nelson St., at 2-15, Lyceum; 10-45 and 6-30: Mrs. E. H. Britten, and on Monday.  
**North Shields.**—3, Camden St., Lyceum, at 2-30; at 11 and 6-15, Mr. T. H. Hunt, and on Monday.  
     41, Borough Rd., at 6-30: Mrs. White.  
**Northampton.**—Oddfellows' Hall, Newland, 2-30, 6-30: Mr. Darby.  
**Nottingham.**—Morley Hall, Shakespeare Street, Lyceum, at 2-30; at 10-45 and 6-30: Mrs. Wallis, and on Monday.  
**Oldham.**—Temple, off Union St., Lyceum, at 9-45 and 2; at 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. A. D. Wilson.  
     Duckworth's Assembly Rooms, Ascroft St. (off Clegg St.), Lyceum 10 and 2-30; at 3 and 6-30: Mrs. Crossley.  
**Openshaw.**—Mechanics' (Whitworth Street entrance), Lyceum, at 9-15 and 2; at 10-30 and 6-30: Miss Gartside.  
     Mechanics' (Pottery Lane entrance), Lyceum at 2; at 6-30.  
**Parkgate.**—Bear Tree Rd., 10-30, Lyceum; 2-30, 6.  
**Pendleton.**—Cobden St. (close to the Co-op. Hall), Lyceum, at 9-30 and 1-30; at 2-45 and 6-30: Mrs. Smith.  
**Raewinstall.**—10-30, Lyceum; 2-30, 6: Mr. Johnson.  
**Rochdale.**—Regent Hall, 2-30, 6: Miss Walker. Wed., 7-30, Public Circles.  
     Michael St., at 8 and 6-30. Tuesday, at 7-45, Circle.  
**Salford.**—Spiritual Temple, Southport Street, Cross Lane, Lyceum, at 10-15 and 2; 3, 6-30: Mr. Mayoh. Wednesday, at 7-45.  
**Saltash.**—Mr. Willis's, 24, Fore Street, at 6-30.  
**Scholes.**—Tabernacle, Silver St., 2-30, 6.  
**Sheffield.**—Oocoa House, 175, Pond Street, at 8 and 7.  
     Central Board School, Orchard Lane, at 2-30 and 6-30.  
**Shipley.**—Liberal Club, 2-30, 6: Mr. E. Bush. Anniversary Services.  
**Skelmanthorpe.**—Board School, 2-30 and 6.  
**Slaithwaite.**—Laith Lane, at 2-30 and 6: Mr. Macdonald.  
**South Shields.**—19, Cambridge St., Lyceum, at 2-30; at 11 and 6: Mr. Lashbrooke. Wed., 7-30, Mrs. Scott. Developing, Fridays, 7-30.  
**Sowerby Bridge.**—Hollins Lane, Lyceum, at 10-30 and 2-15; at 6-30: Local.  
**Station Town.**—14, Acolom Street, at 2 and 6.  
**Stockport.**—Hall, 26, Wellington Road, South, at 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. Rooke. Thursdays, Circle, at 7-30.  
**Stockton.**—21, Dovecot Street, at 6-30.  
**Stonehouse.**—Corpus Christi Chapel, Union Place, at 11 and 6-30.  
**Sunderland.**—Centre House, High St., W., at 10-30, Committee; at 2-30, Lyceum; at 6-30.  
     Monkwearmouth.—3, Ravensworth Terrace, at 6-30.  
**Todmorden.**—Sobriety Hall, at 6.  
**Tunstall.**—13, Rathbone Street, at 6-30.  
**Tyne Dock.**—Exchange Buildings, at 11; at 2-30, Lyceum; at 6.  
**Walsall.**—Central Hall, Lyceum, at 10; at 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. J. J. Morse, and on Monday.  
**Westhoughton.**—Wingates, Lyceum, at 10-30; at 6-30: Mrs. Horrocks.  
**West Pelton.**—Co-operative Hall, Lyceum, at 10-30; at 2 and 6-30.  
**West Vale.**—Green Lane, 2-30, 6.  
**Whitworth.**—Reform Club, Spring Cottages, 2-30 and 6: Mr. B. Plant.  
**Wibsey.**—Hardy St., at 2-30 and 6.  
**Willington.**—Albert Hall, at 6-30.  
**Wisbeck.**—Lecture Room, Public Hall, at 10-30 and 6-45.  
**Woodhouse.**—Talbot Buildings, Station Road, at 6-30.  
**Yeadon.**—Town Side, at 2-30 and 6.

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## THE ROSTRUM.

DR. PARKER, OF THE CITY TEMPLE

*Interviewed by the Reporter of the "Newcastle Chronicle."*

OUTSPOKEN VIEWS ON MODERN THEOLOGY.

DR. PARKER, of the City Temple, London, who is at present on a visit to Sunderland, was recently interviewed by our representative in that town. Our representative's first question was—

"Has the Church ever been inspired, or has it had to work its own way through errors and misadventures to any truth it may have reached?"

"In answering such a question I shall first require a clear definition of what is meant by the Church. I do not understand the Church to be any one section or denomination—such as Episcopal, Congregational, or Presbyterian. I must particularly distinguish between the part and the whole. You might ask me—Is the world round? and then you might point me to Tunstall Hill in disproof of its rotundity. So you might ask me—Is the Church inspired? and point me to some foolish resolution of one ignorant section of it, and taunt me with the infirmity and ignorance of the whole Church. Now, I distinctly believe that the Church was inspired, is inspired, and must of necessity be inspired; but that is very different from saying that any one denomination is inspired. The Church loses its inspiration when it loses its unity. We should get more from God if we lived more in Him and did more for Him. It was when the disciples were in one place with one accord that the Pentecostal visitation took place."

"You are aware of the fact, which doubtless must be interesting to theologians, that the Secession Church of Scotland, comprising many clergymen and people, complained in their annual confession of personal and national sins—printed in an act of their Associated Presbytery—of the penal statutes against witches having been repealed by Parliament 'contrary to the express law of God'?"

"It is impossible for me to be responsible for all the foolish policy of any one section of the Church. Any Church that complained of the abolition of the law of witchcraft may have been inspired, but the inspiration was not from above. I should say that in this particular case the question would relate to intoxication rather than to inspiration. It is possible to use the word witchcraft too indefinitely; that is to say, it may be to include some things which I hold to be more or less true. Some people have not hesitated to describe spiritualism as witchcraft. I do not agree in that confusion of terms. By witchcraft I understand a clumsy pretension to foretell the future or to influence destiny, and to do all this from mercenary ends. The longer I live the more I feel there is a great Spiritual Universe, and that we might be more directly and vitally in touch with it."

"Do you think the scientific spirit of the age has tended to modify theological teaching?"

"In some degree, certainly. In another sense it is too early to say anything about such a modification. If theology has been modified by science, we must remember that all other departments of human thought have been similarly affected. Sanitation has been modified by science. Medical

practice has also been modified by it. If old theologians are at a discount, so are old medical practitioners. It must not be supposed that theology alone has been affected by the advancement of science. I might say to an allopath, Do you admit that homœopathy has modified your practice? and though he might snarl at me, and even resent the inquiry, he knows well enough in his soul that the old times of bolus, blister, and blood-letting have disappeared for ever. The most stubborn old allopathist has been subtly affected by the homœopathic heresy. Now, I should not wonder if what is known as quackery in medical practice has made itself felt even in the high quarters of orthodox pedantry. I do not care for questions on modern reforms to be confined exclusively to theology, as if it alone were affected by change of atmosphere and change of standpoint. The fact is every question is affected by the literary climate in which it lives for the moment. He is a fool who wishes in the nineteenth century to keep up the practices of the fifteenth. He is a consistent man who changes as the light increases. Indeed, I do not call it change; I call it adaptation, or growth, or progress. I believe with John Stuart Mill that when rational criticism has done its utmost it still leaves us the Christ. I believe with Professor Tyndall that when science has done all it can do there remains in the Universe an unexplained Secret—Force or Energy.

"In this way you include a good many persons as consistent who have generally been regarded as erratic?"

"Certainly. Many people look for consistency in the mere letter, and not in the indwelling and ruling spirit. The consistency of some men is mechanical; the consistency of other men is spiritual. Their consistency is not in their literal expressions, but in their conscious and invincible honesty. Henry Ward Beecher used to say that he was not the same preacher in the evening that he was in the morning. Where then was his consistency? It was simply in his integrity. He lived up to the light he had at the moment. Our present light is our orthodoxy. We may change all our words to-morrow without changing one element of our spiritual faith. Little mechanical consistencies are the beginnings of most mischievous hypocrisies. You may change your creed without lessening your faith. Until men distinguish between the word creed and the word faith, they will never be in a trustworthy mood towards one another."

"Do you think there is such a thing as 'orthodoxy'?"

"I do, but I do not believe we have yet found it. True orthodoxy is to be in search of the orthodoxy that is true. This is not a mere play upon words. The truth-seeking spirit is of more importance than any portions of truth which may yet have been discovered. The purpose is of more consequence than the immediate conquest. The man who wants to be honest in commerce is the truly honest man. The man who goes on the principle that honesty is the best policy, and gets no further, is a thief in his heart. He rules himself by policy, and not by divine and eternal principle. Somewhere in the universe there must be a point of absolute truth. We have not yet reached that point. We are right in proportion as we struggle towards it. In this respect our orthodoxy is a matter of date. Not what other men were fifty years ago, but what we ourselves are to-day—always supposing our souls to be honest through and through—constitutes the true orthodoxy. It is of small consequence how many intellectual blunders we make if our moral purpose is lofty, unselfish, sublime. The men who assume to have seen all God's creation, and to have read all God's decrees, and to understand the whole movement of the divine sovereignty, are the men who are doing more mischief to real religion

than can be done by all the infidels in the world. The spirit of love is the spirit of progress."

"What are the prospects of the Christian pulpit in England at this moment?"

"From my point of view they are far from cheering. I am now requested to introduce men to eminent pulpits, and I really do not know in what direction to turn for preachers. Only within the last fortnight I have been asked to introduce men to two of the most conspicuous pulpits, and in answer to my inquiry for men worthy of the positions I can only get a dreary negative. For my comfort I am told that, though there are fewer outstanding preachers than there were a generation ago, yet the general average is higher. I get all the comfort I can out of that assurance, but am still left in a very dispirited condition of mind. I think preachers themselves may be partly to blame, for they do not sufficiently magnify their office. I hold that the true preacher should be the greatest man in the world—intellectually, morally, and sympathetically. There is nothing that lies beyond his domain. All history, philosophy, poetry, all wit and humour, all tragedy and pathos should be found amongst his abounding and inexhaustible resources. The pulpit is dying of cowardice. It is decaying through homage paid to conventionality and a mean desire to be regarded as very definite and consistent. The pulpit should be larger than the press and larger than the platform; it should take in all their best elements, and add to them that subtle sympathy which can only be realised by face to face and heart to heart contact. I would respectfully suggest that if sermons have gone down in public estimation, leading articles in newspapers have shared the same fate. There, you see, I am on the same ground that I occupied when I referred to science and theology. The spirit of the age is affecting leading articles quite as much as it is affecting prosy sermons. Hardly any man ever reads a leading article of a column long. Sermons are also being reduced to paragraphs. The new journalism is affecting the new preaching. Do not misunderstand me when I say that all wit and humour are at the disposal of the preacher. I do not mean the wit and humour which merely make men giggle in church. We have had all too much of that. It is absolutely inadmissible unless it be relieved and redeemed by the profoundest pathos that can move the human soul. Answering your question generally I should say that there is at this moment a most serious deficiency in genuine pulpit power."

"How is this to be remedied?"

"I think we get wrong by keeping up a system of regular supply for the pulpit. Providence does not turn men out in periodical batches. We have got our college machines at work, and it seems to be thought necessary that we should keep them in action no matter what kind of metal they turn out. I thoroughly believe that two colleges are quite enough for English Congregationalism, and I should not be sorry if one of them occasionally took a rest of five years' duration. Men are not made preachers; they are predestined from all eternity to be preachers, or, rely upon it, they can never preach. Supposing there are two thousand preachers in England, I think it would be a great mercy if eighteen hundred of them were never to preach again. Would I then turn these men out of the church? Far from it. I believe that many a man is gifted with genius quite as useful as the preachers, but that his gift lies in a pastoral rather than in a pulpit direction. Some of the most useful ministers I know are hardly second-class preachers. How, then, is their success to be accounted for? By their pastoral ability, faithfulness, zeal, and almost episcopal consecration. In organising classes, in conducting meetings, in visiting the sick, and in directing schools they are men of pre-eminent ability. I should therefore place them in that field of operation. I consider that two hundred preachers would be an abundant supply for England. Why not have preaching only now and then, say once a quarter, or once in six months? What in the name of reason can men want with more preaching who have been listening with both ears to sermons for more than half a century? They ought to be out teaching others and helping others. If they do not take this course, they will degenerate into mere criticism, or go lower still, into absolute indifference. Speculation should always be balanced by service."

[NOTE.—Dr. Parker seems to be one of the few clerical lights of the day who has seen the handwriting on the walls of Ecclesiasticism, and knows the meaning of the mystic words "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." But even this bright-minded man does not apparently begin to realize

the profound and irrevocable significance of two sentences, one of which is scriptural, the other plain English. The first is, "No man putteth new wine into old bottles," &c., or, "No man should patch old garments with new cloth," otherwise. The second, and still more expressive words, are "The doom of the sluggard—TOO LATE! TOO LATE!"—ED. T. W.]

## OVER THE THRESHOLD.

By DR. CHARLES W. HIDDEN.

(Continuation.)

### HYPNOTISM AND TRANCE.

AN experience peculiar to the practice of hypnotism is the liability of the subject or sleeper to be taken control of by what purports to be the spirit of one who once lived here in the mortal, an intelligent being, minus flesh and blood. There is the ordinary hypnotic sleep or state, in which the subject is responsive to the will of the operator; then comes the somnambule sleep, in which the subject moves responsive to no will save his own; next comes the more profound sleep of the trance, alluded to above; and, deeper still, we have the cataleptic sleep or mimic death.

Admit the fact of the possession of a soul which survives physical dissolution or death, and we can hardly doubt the ability of this soul to control a human organism whenever the way is opened by the operation of a psychic law with which we are hardly familiar to-day. We anticipate the point that much which passes for spirit control is nothing of the kind, and frankly admit it. Many people who are known as mediums are in reality only somnambules, and obtain the facts to which they give expression by the exercise of thought transference and similar means. In the somnambule sleep, with the external world shut out, the sleeper displays at times an exalted mentality, brightness and cunning, which almost surpasses belief; and, besides, in this state, singular as it may seem, the sleeper at times is able to absorb and give expression to long forgotten thoughts of the sitter. All this may be given in honesty on the part of the sleeper, for the latter, if in the real somnambule sleep, will have no recollection of what has taken place on being restored to consciousness.

There have been mediums in the past, and in all probability there are mediums to-day, who, although honestly believing themselves to be controlled by spirits, and innocent of any attempt at wrong doing, are in reality but somnambule sleepers; they give to the sitter what he already knows, and no more. There is a fixed limit, beyond which sleepers of this description cannot go. With the genuine trance sleeper the case is different. There is no limit to the operation of psychic law by and through the organism of such a sleeper. Proofs of identity and corroborative data come thick and fast. The trance sleep gives, as nothing else can, evidence of a bourne whence travellers do return: travellers who proclaim themselves to be our brothers and sisters, husbands, lovers and friends; travellers who give evidence that they not only live beyond the grave, but that they watch over and love us still.

Before closing this article the writer feels it a duty to refer to the most profound sleep possible to human beings in which thousands of bright men and women, through no fault of their own, but through the lack of knowledge on the part of physicians and attendants, have gently closed their eyes in slumber in the life mortal, to awaken in the life immortal. We refer to the cataleptic sleep, or mimic death. It is a sleep which frequently follows the deeper forms of trance, and may be developed spontaneously. Fortunately, it has fallen to my lot to become tolerably familiar with this sleep, which indeed takes us over the threshold, and intimately relates us to the great beyond.

We can, perhaps, lead up to the idea of this strange sleep best by considering the hibernating animals, which sleep almost the sleep of the dead during the long, cold months of winter. Though apparently dead they still live. During this long, death-like sleep, breathing is suspended. This singular state is produced by throwing open a tiny space between the auricles of the heart, which the hibernating animals, and indeed many human beings, control at will. This is thrown open at the approach of winter; the animal is then, to all outward appearance at least, dead. In the springtime it is closed, and the animal awakens to life once more. If we go to sleep with the idea impressed upon our minds that we shall awaken at a certain hour, nine times in ten we are aroused to consciousness at the appointed time.



The hibernating animals apparently go to sleep with the idea of awakening in the spring. With the gladsome sounds and balmy air of gentle spring the animal seems impressed with the idea that it is time to wake up, the brain becomes active, the blood begins to course through arteries and veins, the eyes open—life has come back—the lethargic sleep is at an end.

The thought of living without breathing is a stupendous one to most people. Men who are willing to concede that the hibernating animals apparently live without breathing, deny that this gift is possible to human beings. Such persons limit the resources of man; as a matter of fact such resources seem, to the careful student, unlimited. Cataleptic sleepers have lived for months without manifesting a sign of life, and absolutely without food or drinks.

The unborn babe certainly lives without breathing, and it is believed by many that if the babe, or foetus if you prefer, could be transferred to a tub of water heated to the requisite temperature, its life could be prolonged for a long while without the aid of air. But immediately on coming in contact with the air the tiny opening referred to is closed; on the instant our ears are greeted with that first sharp and well-known cry, and we have the living, breathing baby. Physicians will recognize the opening alluded to as the foramen ovale, which is situated at the lower part of the muscular septum, between the auricles, and above the orifice of the inferior vena cava. Thrown open, it removes the necessity for the aeration of the blood, hence breathing is easily suspended, as in the case of the foetus.

In the cataleptic state there is sleep of the involuntary powers; breathing is suspended, and the sleeper seems to be dead. When this sleep occurs it is doubtless for some wise purpose, and it becomes needful that we know more of the chemical laws governing decomposition, to prevent the burying of our friends alive. In the cataleptic sleep the laws governing decomposition are suspended, and, although apparently dead, our friends still live, and need but the application of vital force to be restored to health and happiness. The undertaker should never be called in until decomposition begins; it is the only certain test of death. While warmth remains, life remains; and many, many times, when the body is icy cold, our friends listen to our lamentations and cannot respond, being held in the clasp of the cataleptic sleep.

In every age of the world men have been able to induce this strange, death-like sleep. Colonel Townshend, of the British army, was a noted example. The colonel could enter and leave this state at will; he could simulate death so perfectly as to defy every effort on the part of physicians and surgeons to detect the slightest sign of life. Bishop, the mind-reader, was subject to fits of catalepsy, and always carried papers on his person warning doctors of this, in order to avoid being buried alive. It is believed by men familiar with Bishop and his methods, that, at the close of that fatal entertainment before the Lambs' Club, the poor fellow intended to give those present a scare by suddenly throwing himself into the cataleptic sleep; a great sensation would be created over his supposed sudden death, and a still greater sensation and advertisement would be the result of his coming back to life. The surgeons, in their mad desire to trace out a human soul, to ferret out some supposed peculiar brain formation, began to cut; the mighty curtain of doubt was rung down; the play was over; Bishop, the odd and incomprehensible, was dead.

[We have already given several of Dr. Hidden's excellent, scientific, and instructive papers to our readers. We can only regret that we have not more to offer, and we *hope* (though we hardly expect) that they have been perused with sufficient attention. We shall continue the series by other papers given from time to time on SPIRITUAL GIFTS.]

## AMONGST THE WORLD'S RELIGIOUS CRANKS.

By a correspondent of the "Religio-Philosophical Journal."

### THE MENNONITES.

A FEW days ago I visited a Mennonite camp meeting a few miles from the town of Stayner, in the county of Simcoe. It was on a bright Sunday afternoon, and with some friends I drove out from Collingwood to the place. The distance by road was about ten miles. We drove out through a fine agricultural and fruit country. The scenery on all sides would furnish rich themes for a landscape artist. The Blue Mountains in the south and west, the northern end of that

watershed which forms the mountain at Hamilton and the Falls of Niagara, terraced with farm and forest, intersected by innumerable valleys, here rise majestically 1,100 feet above the level of the sea, the highest point in Ontario. To the north the Georgian Bay cuts the horizon, with a broad extent of the deepest ultramarine blue. To the east stretches a dead level forest known as the Pine plains. Through this plain may still be traced the old Huron trail from Lake Simcoe. A drive of about an hour and half brought us to the scene of the camp meeting. As we neared the spot we passed a great many people, some in wagons, some in buggies, others on foot, coming or going to the meeting. A side road led through about a half a mile of forest, and as we approached the wood a confused noise reached us. We listened, and as we gradually drew nearer we could distinguish that the tumult was caused by a multitude of human voices shouting aloud in prayer. The bush on both sides of the road was filled with vehicles and horses, tied in the shade while their owners attended the meeting. After some trouble we secured a place for our team and then passed along the road until we came to a pathway leading into the woods. The path led a short distance through the trees, and then we reached the camping ground. In the centre of a small cleared spot a huge marquee without walls had been pitched. No danger that the wind would blow it down here. The strongest tempest would waste its strength on the great maples on every side long before it could start a stay rope of the tent. In the marquee seats were provided by driving stakes into the ground and nailing boards across. In this way seating accommodation had been provided for about 300 persons. In the form of a half circle about the marquee, other smaller tents were pitched, along with booths and board shanties. In several open places between the tents cooking stoves were set up for the use of the campers, and a live spring furnished ice cold water to drink. In these tents a great many lived with their families during the week. In some instances those members who did not live more than four or five miles from the camping ground brought their cows along with them, and let the animals roam through the woods, so as to furnish plenty of milk for visitors and for their own families. We entered the marquee, where a general prayer meeting was in progress. At one end a rude pulpit had been raised on a small platform. Leaning on the pulpit, and looking down earnestly upon the crowd kneeling on the ground in front praying, was a kindly faced old man. He was very much interested in the prayers of those below him, and now and again he would give vent to an earnest "Amen," "Yes, brother," "Praise the Lord." The praying continued for some time. Then one of the preachers struck up a hymn, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me." The scene was very inspiring, and no wonder many are attracted by it. The hymn was rendered, not with that delicacy of intonation which we hear in the city churches, but with an earnestness which thrilled the heart of the hearer, and involuntarily we joined in the hymn. "I'm Redeemed" followed, and then several of the recent converts testified. One of the preachers spoke up to a young girl who was asked to testify, "Now, sister, tell us why you backslid?" She hesitated a moment and blushed as the tears streamed down her face. "Speak up, sister." "Well—Charley said he didn't like it—and—and—I became indifferent—and—and—" a fresh burst of sobs and tears finished the recital. "The same old story," said the preacher. "Oh this indifference! Praise be God! You are saved now. Keep believing." A chorus of "Amens" followed. A strange feature of the meeting was that a number of cases of catalepsy or religious trance occurred every day. While we were there one young lady through the influence of religious excitement had taken a cataleptic fit, and remained in a standing posture with her arms uplifted heavenward and her eyes closed, perfectly motionless. This occurred at 10-30 in the morning. Another woman who had taken a similar trance lay on the ground with one arm outstretched pointing upwards. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the latter, apparently stirred by the singing, jumped wildly to her feet and began dancing to the music. Her eyes were tightly closed during this performance, and she ran up against those who happened to be in her way.

Finally she fell against the woman first referred to, who had been standing in the trance, and they both tumbled to the ground. Some ladies picked the latter up, and she remained standing for some time moaning and crying. About four o'clock they both returned to consciousness and related their experiences. All those who had fallen into such trances related wonderful stories about what they had seen while unconscious. Some had been transported to heaven

and seen things unspeakable, others had held communion with the angels, and were in ecstasies over what they had seen. The members took this all as a matter of course, and looked upon these strange trances as special manifestations of divine grace. They attribute it to the power of the Holy Ghost. The scientist might attribute it to catalepsy or self-hypnotism caused by the intense concentration of the mind upon one subject, while under the influence of great emotion. I do not desire to express any opinion, believing that there are many things not dreamt of in philosophy. The interior of the tent presented a picture not soon to be forgotten. In the front were gathered the Mennonite elders and members with their quaint, broad-rimmed hats, shaven upper lips, long beards, and hair. The married women wore black silk bonnets of a peculiar shape, and here and there a fair-haired Marguerite, with her long flaxen locks plaited down her shoulders, sat an interested listener. In the rear portion of the marquee sat or stood the spectators, who had been attracted principally by idle curiosity. "You just keep comin' here and the Lord will get you," was the remark made by one of the preachers to the crowd. In the crowd were the pretty girls from the surrounding country, with their handsome figures and faces like rose leaves; the robust farm hand with his sunburnt cheeks and broad-rimmed straw hat, and a swell from town, with his silk hat and white vest—all apparently very much interested in the proceedings and very orderly.

The Mennonite religion is a form of Arminianism, something akin to Methodism. They believe that it is possible for them to know that they are saved. In baptism they will either dip or sprinkle and baptize adults only. They are the original Anabaptists, and their history is written in blood. They have love feasts at stated intervals, and wash each other's feet before partaking of communion. They will not enlist in the army and do not believe in war or bloodshed. For this reason in many countries they are persecuted and have to pay a war tax. They hold camp meetings in different parts of the country every summer, and are thrifty, quiet, law-abiding people. Although the sect originated in Germany in 1525, and the majority of the members are Germans, still they number many of English descent among their membership. The principal figure at this meeting was the Rev. Mr. Schurman, of St. Louis, Mo., editor of their official paper, a short dark-complexioned man, who wore a fez, and strongly resembled the pictures of Emin Pasha. Miss Hawman, a kindly-featured lady from New York State, looked after the interests of the women converts. Among other preachers and elders there were Mr. Stakley, of Markham; Mr. Keber, of Waterloo; Mr. Bowman, of Berlin; Mr. Hiltz and Mr. Gowdie, of Markham, and others. The meeting lasted for a week, and there were three services every day.

### ABOUT CHINESE WORSHIP.

#### JOSS HOUSES.

Of the six principal Joss houses in San Francisco, one belonging to the Hop Wo Company is located at 751, Clay Street; one belonging to the Ning Wong Company, at 230, Montgomery Avenue; one is at 35, Waverley Place; one at 512, Pine Street (the Kong Chow); one is situated in a lane on the north side of Sacramento Street, and one on Jackson Street. There are also many small temples, some of them belonging to private parties, and others supported by the companies to which they belong. The laundrymen have one of their own, in connection with which is a sort of benevolent association. There are others belonging to the cigar-makers, and to different crafts.

Except a few tinsel ornaments on the balcony, and a figure or two perched on the balustrade, there is nothing to distinguish the exterior of any of these temples from the better class of buildings in Chinatown; nor is the interior decorated with anything approaching to the splendour of an Oriental edifice. John is too practical to expend his hard earnings in erecting costly houses of worship in a land where he finds no abiding-place. The wealthier Chinamen have, moreover, private idols of their own, before which they perform their devotions in their apartments. In the Joss house on Waverley Place are several alcoves, in one of which are seated three gods, forming the Chinese trinity. The middle one is named "Yum Ten Tin," or the "God of the Sombre Heavens." He is supposed to control all the waters of the earth and above the earth, to have the power of extinguishing fire, and putting an end to drought. He

is a vegetarian, and only vegetables and tea are offered on his shrine. On his right sits the Chinese god of war, named "Kowan Tai." His image may frequently be seen in stores and dwellings. He is the only son of the chief god, and in San Francisco is the favourite deity, being supposed to have the power of settling disputes, quelling riots, and intimidating the most lawless of hoodlums. The third of the trio is worshipped as "Nam Hoi Hung Shing Tai," or the "God of the Southern Seas." He is believed to have the control of fire, and when Chinamen or their effects are rescued from the flames, offerings are made to him of meat, vegetables, wine, and tea.

In other alcoves are "Wah Tair," the "God of Medicine," who holds in his hand a large golden pill, and when invoked by certain mysterious incantations is supposed to cure all manner of diseases; and "Tsoi Pah Shing Kwun," the "God of Wealth." This last-mentioned holds in his hand a bar of bullion, and has of course many earnest votaries; the coolie and the capitalist alike bend the knee before his shrine. There are other images in the temple, all of wood or plaster, and some of them representing evil deities, which are also propitiated. The gods are never allowed to go hungry or thirsty. Food, tea, and sometimes wine are always set within easy reach. A large bell, cast in China, and an immense drum are used to rouse them when their slumbers are too protracted. In front of the altars are incense jars, filled with sand or ashes, where are kept, slowly burning, sticks of lighted incense, punk or sandalwood. In the Clay Street Joss house are some copper screens, elaborately carved by hand, and representing scenes from early Chinese history. These are offerings presented as donations by wealthy Chinamen.

In the Chinese mode of worship they enter the temple with covered head. Without uncovering, ceasing their conversation, or removing from their lips the cigar or pipe, they approach their favourite deity, go through the "chin-chinning process" (bowing low three times), leave their offering, if they have one to leave, and go about their business without further ceremony. The female worshippers are more devout, often prostrating themselves before the deity, and giving utterance to their supplications with due reverence. The prayers and offerings of either sex are nearly all for some worldly good—for success in business or gambling, protection in journeys, freedom from calamity, recovery from sickness, &c. They have, however, a dread of purgatory, and their great worship days are when they pray the souls of their friends out of that supposed place of punishment.

The priests obtain their livelihood from the sale of paper money, incense tapers, and other articles required by worshippers. It is also customary for white visitors to purchase from them some trifle as a curiosity.

Connected with some of the Joss houses are hospitals, each able to accommodate twenty-five to thirty patients. Here the sick are treated and nursed without charge. Few Chinamen care, however, to avail themselves of this opportunity, preferring when sick to remain among their friends. Even the indigent sick have a decided objection to being treated in a public building. The most interesting time for strangers to visit these temples is on the Chinese New Year, when grand services are held, offerings of all kinds are made, and large crowds of Chinamen gather for prayer. There is no special time for supplication, and during the day (at New Year) some pious-minded Chinamen may be seen performing their devotions.—*The Carrier Dove*.

### REMINISCENCES OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

BY E. W. CAPRON.

EARLY in the month of March, 1850, a very singular outbreak of spiritual phenomena commenced at the home of Dr. Eliakim Phelps, in the town of Stratford, Conn. It was a strange thing to occur in the family of an old clergyman, who had for years preached what he understood to be the true gospel, and never went looking after strange occurrences—in fact, had never read the accounts and knew nothing of the Rochester knockings, reports of which had commenced to agitate the world. It was strange in many particulars, some of which, even up to this time, have been little thought of. Why they should have commenced at this house, when to all appearance or knowledge no one was present to act as medium, is a question that has often arisen in the minds of investigators. The fact that they occurred in the absence of all mediums was nothing new. In Rochester, when the old house was abandoned by every one of the family except



Mr. Fox, and the neighbours commenced to examine the partition for the source of the noise, the sounds continued in various parts of the building. So in the case of Dr. Phelps. They performed some of their most wonderful achievements when no person was present that could by any possibility be supposed to be a medium. There are many cases of this character, and we seem as far from a satisfactory explanation of them now as at first.

Though there seemed to be two classes of spirits at Dr. Phelps's mansion, there evidently was a desire to correct property affairs, allusion to which the doctor specially prohibited me from publishing at the time, as they were expected to come before the courts of the country for adjudication.

There were several occurrences at Dr. Phelps's house, which we have rarely seen or read of in the history of spiritual phenomena. Papers with curious figures on them were thrown down in the midst of the room, where no such papers could have fallen by the aid of those sitting about the apartment. Many of these were burned in a drawer, where they were placed by the Doctor for safety, under lock and key, securely fastened, as he supposed. He saw fire issuing from the drawer, and opening it, found the strange manuscripts burned to cinders. Twice articles in the drawers were set on fire by the spirits. There are many spiritualists who dispute such work by spirits, but it is thoroughly well known to those who have investigated spiritualism carefully.

On the 8th of February, 1832, fire was discovered in the cowhouse of one Grombach, of Orlack, in Würtemberg, while the children were cleaning it out. The fire burned out brightly. This occurred several times. Then the house was set on fire, and subsequently watches were set, but the fire burst out notwithstanding. These fires continued at intervals until the house was torn down. There are other well-authenticated cases of a similar kind.

In March, 1850, Dr. Phelps had his attention called to the first pamphlet published on the subject of spiritualism, and was requested to ask questions as there detailed, but refused. It was against his orthodoxy to do so. When the Doctor's two youngest children left for a few days, all was quiet; but on Harry's arrival home, before he reached the house, a mysterious paper was dropped by the door, which read as follows, according to the interpretation of Andrew Jackson Davis:—

"Fear not when he returns; all danger is o'er.  
We came, we disturbed thy home; but shall no more.  
Believe us not evil or good till we prove  
Our speech to humanity, our language of love."

This was soon followed by another, which read:—

"The good ones say that all is done,  
But the wicked ones say it has just begun."

And the "wicked ones" seemed to be correct, for that afternoon the first breaking of glass commenced, and more violent demonstrations took place than ever before. A gentleman present asked to be allowed to question the spirits, and then got a communication about property affairs before alluded to. The family thought that after this revelation the spirits would remain quiet, as it seemed to be the important subject of their communications; but not so. The breaking of crockery and window glass was renewed with greater fury than before. At about this time it was ascertained that they could not get communications unless the little boy was present—the first discovery of anything like mediumship in the family. All the previous demonstrations were made whether the boy was present or not.

The question of spirits appearing in regular bodily shape was as well settled there as it had been thousands of times, if we only look at the history of spiritualism as it really is. One morning a daughter of Dr. Phelps had gone to the front door to see a friend out. When turning to come in she saw three men sitting in the parlour. They had their hats on, and one of them, in true Yankee style, had his feet on the table. She only thought it singular how they got there, as she was at the front door, and no other way of access to the room existed. She stepped into the parlour, when suddenly the men all disappeared—the one having his feet on the table turning his chair over as he left it. Never was there a clearer case than this; and the chair was undoubtedly turned over as a proof that it had been filled. At another time spirits came into a room where the doctor was in bed, but behind a sheet which they held up before them. On the doctor jumping from the bed the sheet was dropped, and they disappeared.

Dr. Phelps's brother and son came from Andover. They knew—so they thought—that they could soon stop all the

manifestations. They tried, and soon found that whatever it was, it had no more respect for their divinity than if they had been the most common of everyday mortals. Dr. Phelps (the son) has made several attempts to say something on the subject, but never pretended that his father was not honest and correct in all his statements, and professed to be much puzzled to account for all the manifestations. He thought, notwithstanding, that spiritualism was a "putrescent heap," and we can but regret that he thinks his father one of the pillars of that heap of compost. His father assured us, years after the occurrences at Stratford, that he always preached in a way to bring the people to a knowledge of the mighty truths of spiritualism, although he could not tell them that he was a spiritualist, for they would not have heard him at all. We doubted the correctness of his plan, but his means of livelihood were at stake, and he could not afford in that day to say plainly what he believed. How many still refuse to acknowledge the truth for the same reason.

### THE CITY OF THE LIVING.

In a long-vanished age, whose varied story  
No record has to-day,  
So long ago expired its grief and glory,  
There flourished, far away

In a broad realm, whose beauty passed all measure,  
A city far and wide;  
Within, the dwellers lived in peace and pleasure,  
And never any died.

Disease and pain and death, those stern marauders  
Which mar our world's fair face,  
Never encroached upon the pleasant borders  
Of that bright dwelling-place.

No fear of parting and no dread of dying  
Could ever enter there;  
No mourning for the lost, no anguished crying,  
Made any face less fair.

Without the city wall, Death reigned as ever,  
And graves rose side by side;  
Within, the dwellers laughed at its endeavour,  
And never any died.

Oh! happiest of all earth's favoured places!  
Oh! bliss to dwell therein;  
To live in the sweet light of loving faces,  
And fear no grave between;

To feel no death damp, growing cold and colder,  
Disputing life's warm truth;  
To live on—never lonelier nor older,  
Radiant in deathless youth.

And, hurrying from the world's remotest quarters,  
A tide of pilgrims flowed  
Across broad plains and over mighty waters,  
To find that blest abode

Where never death should come between and sever  
Them from their loved apart;  
Where they might work, and will, and live forever,  
Still holding heart to heart.

And many years rolled on and saw them striving,  
With unabated breath,  
And other years still found and left them living,  
And gave no hope of death.

Yet listen, hapless soul, whom angels pity,  
Craving a boon like this:  
Mark how the dwellers in the wondrous city  
Grew weary of their bliss.

One and another who had been concealing  
The pain of life's long thrall,  
Forsook their pleasant places, and came stealing  
Outside the city wall,

Craving, with wish that brooked no more denying—  
So long it had been crossed—  
The blessed possibility of dying,  
The treasure they had lost!

Daily the current of rest-seeking mortals  
Swelled to a broader tide.  
Till none were left within the city's portals,  
And graves grew green outside.

Would it be worth the having or the giving,  
The boon of endless breath?  
Ah! for the weariness that comes of living,  
There is no cure but death.

Ours were indeed a fate deserving pity,  
Were that sweet rest denied,  
And few, methinks, would care to find the city  
Where never any died!

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1890.

### PRESENTATION TO ALDERMAN BARKAS.

On Wednesday, September 10th, in the Council Chamber, Newcastle, Alderman T. P. Barkas received a gratifying testimonial of the esteem of his numerous friends and admirers in Newcastle. The idea of such a presentation was first suggested by the Mayor (Mr. Thomas Bell) a few months ago, when, at the twentieth annual meeting of the members of the Central Art Gallery, Alderman Barkas intimated his intention of retiring from the lesseeship of the institution in favour of his son. The Mayor advised the convening of a committee for the purpose, and this having been done, himself headed the subscription list, which increased so rapidly that soon a very large sum had been subscribed, representing the good wishes of hundreds of people of all classes. The Mayor presided at the ceremony of presentation, and Alderman Barkas sat on his left. There were also present the Sheriff (Mr. Edward Culley), the ex-Mayor (Alderman T. Richardson), and many of the aldermen and councillors, besides many other well-known gentlemen. There were several ladies present.

Mr. Pace (hon. secretary and treasurer), read letters from several gentlemen regretting their inability to be present, and then read the address as follows:—

"To Alderman Thomas Pallister Barkas, F.G.S., Newcastle upon Tyne.—Your many friends in the north of England desire, on the occasion of your retirement from the active management of the Central Exchange Art Gallery and News Room, to testify to the very high appreciation of the enterprise which you exhibited in the establishment of such an institution, to the uniform excellence of your management, and the unfailing courtesy and geniality which have distinguished your public life. They desire, also, to place on record their recognition of your faithful services to the inhabitants of the city as councillor, and latterly as alderman for upwards of twenty-four years. As a lecturer and writer on scientific and literary subjects, you have, with rare devotion, laboured for more than half a century. Your public reputation is enhanced by the unimpeachable virtue of your personal life. We ask, on behalf of those friends and admirers who by their contributions have shown their appreciation and respect, your acceptance of this address, together with a cheque for £345. We hope that your well-earned retirement will conduce to your living many years to enjoy the honour that is intended to be conferred, and the esteem in which you are universally held."

The address, which was numerously signed, was beautifully illuminated by Mr. Andrew Reid. There were pictures of the Art Gallery and of the Old Castle.

After a highly eulogistic speech on the part of the Mayor in presenting the testimonial, Alderman Barkas, who was greeted with hearty applause, said there were just a few points in the address to which he wished to refer. First, as to the Art Gallery. He need scarcely remind them that the Art Gallery was in a very fortunate position for a great number of years, but that, like a great number of popular institutions, it gradually declined, and ceased to be held as a gallery at all, till, twenty years ago, Mr. Tweedy and himself ventured upon the experiment of opening the rooms for public and general purposes. The rooms had been remarkably successful up to the present time, and he believed that, under the energetic management of his son, aided by himself so long as he was able, they would be still more successful in future. Alderman Barkas then spoke of his connexion with the Town Council, and of his writings. As to his lectures, he thought that on the whole they might have been useful. They were delivered at a time when lecturing was not so prominent and so popular as at the present, and when there were great difficulties in getting lecturers and audiences together. The result was that a large number of persons who heard popular lectures on scientific subjects had been benefited by them, and had, in recent times, thanked him for the services of that popular kind which he had rendered. His life was before them all, and they knew him as well as he knew himself; and he hoped that the sentiments contained in the address might at least be approximately true. He felt deeply obliged for the unanimity and the excessive kindness with which the inhabitants of Newcastle had contributed towards the testimonial, and he accepted it, on behalf of himself and his family, with very great pleasure. The members of his family would look on it with as much pleasure as himself. They were scattered in all parts of the world, and he had no doubt the proceedings would be read by them with very great thankfulness and pleasure. He was greatly obliged to them for the honour they had done him in presenting him with that handsome address and the very valuable cheque.

After appropriate votes of thanks to the chairman and officials present, the proceedings closed.

[NOTE.—It is almost unnecessary to call attention to the deep sense of obligation to Alderman Barkas for his long-continued and valuable public services, which must have promoted the presentation of this noble testimonial, and called together the large number of distinguished persons, whose presence graced the occasion. But whatever the general public may have to say in recognition of Alderman Barkas's life-long services to the cause of art and science, falls infinitely short of his still more inestimable services in the advancement of spiritual light, knowledge, and the eternal truths of religious progress. This noble gentleman hazarded his public position, the respect of a bigoted community, and the friendship of his intimate associates, by defending, both by word and deed, the experiments of mesmerism at a time when few others had the courage to touch so dangerous a subject. With even more personal risk of the popular taboo—the brave and true-hearted reformer fearlessly investigated the yet more dreaded subject of spiritualism, and when his keen mind and searching acumen assured him of its truth, he gave his time, service, good name, and popularity alike to its defence and propagandism. Despite of sneers, scoffs, and clerical anathemas, this grand leader of the north country spiritual army has continued by voice and pen to advocate the cause of spiritualism against all odds, defend its mediums and propagandists with the invincible shield of his own good name, explore and expound its philosophy in the finest writings and lectures of which our ranks can boast, and in his wonderfully acute and persistent investigations bring to light phenomena, powers, and properties of spiritual origin, which, but for him, would to this day have been held in abeyance, or been sneered out of public acceptance. "Grand old man!" as his Honour the Mayor styled him, when first agitating the subject of the testimonial—and "Grand Young Immortal" will be the greeting echoed and re-echoed through the spheres of eternity, when Alderman Barkas shall have attained to his well-earned rest on earth, and enter upon the leadership of the armies of progress that have sent such unnumbered recruits to the higher world during the last quarter of a century. Few, if any, of us may be able to reckon upon a warmer place in the heart's love of their spiri-



tual associates, than Alderman Barkas will leave as his best earthly monument, but all of us may venture to wish that we could leave behind us such a record of good work done, and carry with us such an account made up of noble service in the cause of light and truth to the land of the hereafter.—  
ED. T. W.]

Oh, pure Reformer! not in vain  
Your labours for the right,  
The good that bloodshed could not gain,  
You've bought with love and light.

The truths you urge are borne abroad  
By every wind and tide;  
The voice of Nature and of God  
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found  
Are those which heaven hath wrought;  
Light, truth, and love—your battle ground,  
The free broad field of thought.

Press on! and if we may not share  
The glory of your strife,  
We'll ask at least, in earnest prayer,  
God's blessing on your life.

### THE BIRD SONG.\*

THE sinking sun had streaked the west  
With flecks of gold and crimson bars;  
The wandering wind had sunk to rest,  
And in the cold east rose the stars.  
The evening chimes like gladsome psalm,  
Pealed loud from out the old church tower;  
And e'er the valley fell the calm  
Which broods upon the twilight hour.

Loud through the eve-wrapt, listening vale,  
From humble bower of eglantine—  
A blackbird trilled his mellow tale  
As if he sang through luscious wine.  
By cottage, grange, and hall around,  
Enraptured listeners lingered long;  
All heard the self-same fluttering sound,  
While each interpreted the song.

A little child, scarce five years old,  
In wonder woke to visions dim  
Of crowns and dulcimers of gold  
And surging strains of holy hymn  
In that sweet land that brighter far  
Than shining shores in emerald seas,  
Where glows the lustrous evening star  
Above the fair Hesperides.

A maiden at the moss-fringed well  
Beside her pitcher lingered long,  
Her soul enthralled with the strange spell  
Contained within that mystic song;  
For oh! to her it ever sings  
Of love which all her being fills,  
And of the lad that twilight brings  
From over the dividing hills.

To child, and youth, and maiden fair,  
That bird made glad the closing day;  
But dame and sire, with silvered hair,  
Drew sorrow from its roundelay.  
All filtered through the years of woe  
On their hearts fell the mellow strain—  
Waking the songs of long ago,  
And made them sigh for youth again.

—The Better Way.

### SEÑOR JOSEF.

AN IDYLL OF OLD VIRGINNY.

WHEN Abbie Garden was born her father's place was the greatest in — Court House. There was not a finer man in all Virginia than Colonel Garden, nor a prettier woman than his wife; but time brought changes. We know all about the war, and what befell. I for one had rather not talk those things over, and when I first saw Miss Abbie she was living alone, her parents dead.

One old black woman, old Ma'am Carline, had stuck to her through all, and how they lived they best knew. On persimmons and peanuts some folks said, only if you ever tasted persimmons you will know no one could live long on them.

Miss Abbie's mouth was puckered up by nature, as they do pucker your mouth, I am free to confess; and she must have been thirty, and looked old for that. She was sallow and thin and plain, and had no dress to set her off, but she was very good. Poor folks, black and white, went to her in their trouble, and if she could not help them she got some one else to do so.

I used to think about her looks sometimes when she came

\* Purported to be written by Longfellow through the trumpet medium, Hugh M. Moore, of Dayton, O., for Miss Cora Denny, musical medium, of the same place.

to the mill with her bags of corn in the wagon, driving an old horse that seemed just able to hold his head up. I was a bachelor of forty. I wanted a wife, and lots of the pretty women were only pretty on the surface, I knew, and bad enough to have the faces of demons, and here was a sort of good angel, so kind and tender and sensible, too, that she would have made any man happy if she had had a face he could have kissed. She was not proud. Perhaps she would not have refused a miller because he was a miller. I came from England and bought land down there, and I had made money; but it was just there—she was too plain. I never could make up my mind to ask her. No one ever had, I suppose.

There were springs near our place where folks came every summer for their health, and a big hotel, of course. One summer a Spanish gentleman stopped there, as handsome a man as I ever saw, I think, and once when he had taken a long walk and lost himself, Miss Abbie Garden, driving along in her queer guy of a wagon behind her bare-boned horse, offered him a seat and took him to the hotel. A little while after it was plain to all beholders that some one was really courting Miss Garden. The handsome Spaniard used to go up to call on her every evening, Ma'am Carline sewing in a corner while he played his guitar, or waiting on them while they took tea.

We all wished that it had not been that summer that an old uncle in Texas left Miss Abbie 10,000 dollars. Still, she seemed so happy and so bright that I used to say to myself: "Even if the dowry made the match it's better than a lonely old maid's life."

And now that she had money she wore pretty bonnets and nice gowns, and looked quite another figure. The Spaniard was devoted to her. Señor Josef was his name; and at last we all knew they would be married in a week or two. We knew, too, that the legacy was in portable shape, and that they were going to some Spanish-speaking place to live—a place where that money would be a fortune, for Señor Josef was not rich, only a teacher of his own language, making his bread from day to day.

People learn everything about their neighbours in a small town, and old Ma'am Carline talked and told all she knew.

But one thing I'll say, nobody was ill-natured. Every one said that whoever got Miss Abbie was lucky, plain as she might be.

There was a wedding in the church one day, and everybody went to it.

Miss Abbie looked better than I ever saw her before, and the Spaniard very handsome. They were to stay in the old house a day or two, and then place it in Jerry Johnson's hands to lease to any one who wanted to hire it—any respectable people who would use it well—and the Señor also had one more lesson to give, a lesson he had been paid for.

It was some miles away, and Madame Williams, who was driving over, was glad of his company. He said he would walk home.

It was not a pleasant walk in any weather. There were so many wash-outs on the way, and it was lonely, too, and there were bits of pine woods to cross, and there were negroes about who were not pleasant to meet.

But no one thought of any danger to the Señor, and we supposed he had got home long before the great thunder-storm began.

It was a frightful storm. Our barn was struck and the smoke-house on the Garden place, and lots of trees, and we were all glad to be under shelter, when, at twelve o'clock, old Ma'am Carline came over to tell us that Miss Abbie, as she called her still, and always did call her, "was most crazy with skeer," for the Señor was not home yet.

Oh, that was a storm! My mother begged me not to go out, but in Virginia men always help a woman if she is in distress, and, storming as it was, two or three of us mounted and rode to Madame Williams' house.

Madame Williams had set the Señor down at his pupil's door and seen no more of him.

After that we galloped over to the pupil's house and roused the family at half-past two.

She said the Señor had gone away in the early afternoon, bidding them all good-bye, and saying that it was, perhaps, for ever.

We shouted in the woods, we called across the wash-outs, we rode about a long while. All the light we had was the lightning. The thunder rolled and the rain poured. We had to go home at last and tell the Señor's wife that he couldn't be found.

"But no doubt," I said, "he has gone in somewhere, and is quite safe, and will be home all right."

She thanked us over and over again for what we had done.

"But," she said, "I shall never see him again, good friends. The only being who ever loved me is dead. I know it!"

The house was full of ladies next day, before sunrise, and we men were searching for the Senor.

We did not find him, though. There was not a place we did not look into. The cane in the west woods, the "hole" under the hill. We dragged the river and looked into hollow trees, but we never found him; and pretty soon Ma'am Carline told us something that set us all thinking.

From the day her mistress had put her money into paper, the Senor had carried it with him in a belt he always wore. He was terribly suspicious of the negroes, and said it was not safe for her to have so much in the house.

Nobody knew what he had done but his wife and Ma'am Carline, until she told it, but then we felt we knew the truth.

The Senor was not dead. He had run away with the fortune of the ugly woman he had married, and he had married her for nothing else, as we'd been afraid he had.

Of course, the poor woman never heard the talk.

The years passed, and the poor soul lived alone with old Ma'am Carline.

She got out her mother's black clothes that she wore as a widow, and put them on; she had no money to buy new ones.

All that had gone with the Senor. And the black veil got rusty and almost red at last, and she who wore it grew thinner and thinner. We only saw her at church, when she sat with her veil over her face. And they said she earned her bread by taking in sewing. Ladies used to carry it to her themselves after dark and fetch it, and never tell their best friends a word about it, for they felt for a lady who had suffered so much, and when southern folks do feel friendship they show it.

So it went on for ten years—ten long years—until one day a neighbour, who wanted more land, went over to the widow to ask her if she could spare some of hers.

She didn't work it, and the smoke-house lay in a heap just as it tumbled down years before.

He talked a good while before he could get her to do it, but at last she agreed.

"I'm poor now," she said, "I'm getting on, and I have no children."

And he named a price that was liberal, I'm bound to say, and put it in an envelope, and laid it at her elbow, and she did not count it until he was gone, if ever she counted it at all.

You see, he was a gentleman, and she was a lady, and both felt confidence in each other, and the next day, when he sent men to carry off the old smoke-house, he told them to do it as quietly as they could, and have no shouting and laughing.

"The lady I bought it of might be reminded of what was going on if there was too much noise made, boys," he said.

Folks respect each other in Virginia.

Well, the boys did as he said. They carried away the roof and the old posts, and the window-sashes, and they were lifting off the boards when they all stopped. I saw them from my porch. Their master saw them; everybody saw them.

They stopped, and stood still. There was not a sound. And then they turned and came marching softly up to their master's house, hats off.

We call all black men "boys" down there. Some of these men had grey heads; not one of them but could remember ten years back—the night of the great storm I've told you of—when the Senor disappeared.

One or two of them used to belong to Colonel Garden in slavery times, and the oldest of these—it was old Pete—stepped forward with his hat in his hand, and said:—

"Mars Brown, what we gwine to do? We've found Miss Abbie's husband out dar."

"What do you mean, Pete?" cries Brown, turning white.

"He's dar, sure 'nuff, lying dead, and as natral as if he died yesterday," said Pete. "It's dreadful strange, Mars Brown, but dar he is."

And there he was. Nobody who was in those parts that day ever forgot it.

The boards had burned and mouldered away until they had turned to charcoal and he was packed in it.

The professor said that was why it was he had not changed any to speak of.

It was plain to everybody now that he had got to the smoke-house just as the rain began to pour, and had gone in for shelter. He was there when the building was struck. And about his waist was the belt, with all the money safe in it, and over his heart a locket with his wife's hair in it.

My mother went up to tell her, and what she said when she heard it was:—

"Thank God! We can lie together now, my true love and I, and thank God, too, that everybody knows, as well as I have known all along, that what has been thought and said of him—oh! I have known it very well—did him injustice."

I think she was happier after that, and yonder, near the church there, we laid her beside him only a year ago.

KITSON TESTIMONIAL.—Final summary next week.

## LYCEUM JOTTINGS.

### HOW SHE ATTRACTED ATTENTION.

THIS little incident—it is a true story—occurred a few years ago in Philadelphia.

The owner of a large retail store gave a holiday to all his employees in the middle of June. Cashiers, foremen, salesmen and women, cash-boys and porters, all were invited to spend the day on the grounds of the country seat owned by their employer. Tents were erected, a bountiful dinner and supper were provided, a band of music was stationed in the grove, and special trains were chartered to carry the guests to the country and home again.

Nothing else was talked of for weeks before that happy day. The saleswomen, most of whom were young, anxiously planned their dresses, and bought cheap and pretty muslins, which they made up in the evenings, that they might look fresh and gay. Even the cash-boys bought new cravats and hats for the great occasion.

There was one girl, whom we shall call Jane, who could not indulge herself in any pretty bit of finery. She was the only child of a widowed mother who was paralyzed. Jane was quick and industrious, but she had only been a few months in the store and her wages barely kept her and her mother from want.

"What shall you wear?" said the girl who stood next to her behind the counter. "I bought such a lovely blue lawn."

"I have nothing but this," said Jane, glancing down at her rusty black merino.

"But that is a winter dress? You'll melt, child. There'll be dancing and boating and croquet. You must have a summer gown, or else don't go."

"I shall wear this," Jane said firmly. "And I think I will go. Mother wishes it."

"But you can't dance or play croquet in that!"

"It is always fun to see other people have fun," said Jane, bravely.

The day came, bright and hot, and Jane went in her heavy, well-darned dress. She gave up all idea of "fun" for herself and set to work to help the others find it. On the cars she busied herself in finding seats for the little girls and helping the servants with the baskets of provisions. On the grounds she started games for the children, ran to lay the table, brought water to the old ladies, was ready to pin up torn gowns, or to applaud a "good ball." She laughed and was happy and friendly all the time. She did not dance or play, but she was surrounded by a cheerful, merry group wherever she went.

On the way home to town the employer, who was a shrewd man of business, beckoned to his superintendent.

"There is one girl here whose friendly polite manner is very remarkable. She will be valuable to me as a saleswoman. Give her a good position. That young woman in black," and he pointed her out.

The next day Jane was promoted to one of the most important departments, and since that time her success has been steady.

The good humour and kindness of heart which enabled her to "find fun in seeing others have fun" were the best capital for her in business. She had the courage, too, to disregard poverty and to make the best of life, a courage which rarely fails to meet its reward.

### ALWAYS LEARNING.

WASTE not your precious hours in play,  
Nought can recall life's morning;  
The seed now sown will cheer your way,  
The wise are always learning.

Nor think when all schooldays are o'er,  
You've bid adieu to "learning:"  
Life's deepest lessons are in store,  
The meek are always learning.

When strong in hope you first launch forth,  
A name intent on earning,  
Scorn not the voice of age or worth,  
The great are always learning.

When right and wrong within you strive,  
And passions fierce contending;  
Oh, then you'll know how, while they live,  
The good are always learning.



## PLATFORM RECORD.

*The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions expressed, or for the accuracy of the statements made, in the reports, and earnestly request secretaries to use the utmost care to make their communications brief, pointed, and reliable.*

**ARMLEY.**—Mr. Dawson's inspirers spoke to small audiences. The subjects were well handled, and it is a pity to have such talents as we listened to laid dead.—R. P.

**AUCKLAND PARK.** Gurney Villa.—Mr. Scott, of Darlington, gave an address on "Christians' objections to Spiritualism." All friends were highly satisfied.

**BACUP.**—Mr. G. Smith dealt with questions from the audiences, afternoon and evening, in a masterly manner. Good audiences.

**BLACKBURN.**—Harvest festival. Morning: Mrs. Wallis gave a very interesting address to scholars and parents. The platform was set out with fruit and vegetables. A floral arch over the centre of the platform added greatly to the effect of the display. Afternoon: The choir rendered a service of song, "Marching Onward," listened to with great attention by a large audience. The solos, sung by Misses Stephenson and Whittaker, and Mr. C. Hastings, were the main feature of the service. The connective readings were read by Mr. T. Birtwistle. Evening: Mrs. Wallis spoke on "Prayer and praise, to whom due?" and handled the subject in a manner which pleased the audience. Mrs. Wallis is a good speaker, and always receives a warm welcome here. Monday, Mrs. Wallis spoke on "Homes, and home builders," to a good audience, none of whom will regret having spent an hour with us. The proceeds of the harvest festival will go towards providing heating apparatus for the hall.—C. H.

**BOLTON.** Spinners' Old Hall.—We had discourses from Mr. Price. Afternoon, "Is Spiritualism True?" Evening, "The Creation." We are arranging for a concert and dramatic recital by Mr. Wood and members of the society, in a few weeks.—A. H.

**BRIGHOUSE.**—The guides of Mrs. Connell spoke very ably. Afternoon subject, "Homes here and Homes in the Spirit World." Evening, "The outward world is dark and drear." Good clairvoyance, and very good audiences. Sept. 12: Mr. G. A. Wright concluded a course of highly interesting lectures on phrenology and kindred subjects under the auspices of the Society of Spiritualists. They have won the appreciation of good and intelligent audiences. Clever character sketches at the close proved very interesting. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded him.

**BURNLEY.** Trafalgar Street.—Mr. Sutcliffe's guides gave splendid addresses, followed by good psychometry, which seemed to have given entire satisfaction. We hope to have him with us again soon.—J. M. G.

**BURNLEY.** North Street.—Mrs. Geo. Newton, of Leeds, spoke very satisfactorily to fair audiences. Afternoon: "Where are the Dead?" evening: "The Antiquity of Man."

**BURSLEM.**—Our speaker did not come, but Mr. F. Grocott, who was in the room, kindly helped us, and his controls delivered a good discourse on "Death—what is it?" They showed the difference between the orthodox and spiritualistic views.

**CARDIFF.** Psychological Society.—Morning class at 11 a.m.; Lyceum, 3 p.m., as usual. In the evening Mr. T. B. Chadwick delivered an able address on "The Glorious Hope of Immortality," before an appreciative audience.

**CLOCKHEATON.**—Afternoon: Mrs. Clough was controlled by Mrs. Illingworth, of Bradford, who gave her spiritual experiences, which were very interesting. Evening: Another spirit gave his experience. Successful clairvoyance followed.

**COLNE.**—Mrs. Green gave good lectures. Afternoon: "He shall give his angels charge over thee." Evening: "The power of saints, and what they do." Clairvoyance after each lecture, 22 given, 16 recognized. Good audiences.—J. W. C.

**DARWEN.**—Our annual floral and harvest festival was attended with great success. Mr. Victor Wyldes, in grand and eloquent language, discoursed to very large audiences, and was greatly appreciated. Afternoon subject, "The glorious robe of the Infinite King." Evening, "Heaven and its immortal inhabitants," followed with an inspirational poem. The meeting room was tastefully decorated with fruit and flowers, presented by friends of the cause, and the atmosphere, laden with their sweet perfume, filled us with a prophetic foretaste of the spheres of bliss. A sentiment of cheerfulness and spiritual sympathy pervaded all. The Lyceum Children sang several sweet hymns, under the able guidance of Mr. Sudall, to whom the best thanks of the committee are due. The adult choir, augmented by the voluntary aid of several friends connected with various denominations, rendered two anthems in an admirable manner, under the efficient leadership of Mr. Sudall. We concluded our festival on Monday evening, with a fruit banquet, when Mr. Wyldes, in a clear and lucid manner, gave experiments in psychometry, which demonstrated that there is a force outside our own individuality. Afterwards the vegetables were sold by auction. The collection amounted to £8 2s. 6d., which, under existing circumstances, was better than we expected.—E. R.

**FELLING.** Charlton Row.—Owing to indisposition Mr. Clare could not be with us on Wednesday. Mr. Pickering kindly officiated, giving general satisfaction. All being well, Mr. Clare will be with us on Wednesday, Sept. 24. Subject, "Phrenology." On Sunday last Mr. Gardner delivered a fine oration, "Thoughts on future life," which gave great satisfaction.

**FOLESHILL.**—Morning: Mrs. Groom's guides answered questions put by persons in the audience, "If God made man in His own image, why is man so degenerated?" It was stated that it was the soul—not body—that was in the image of its Creator, and its attributes were divine and capable of the highest possibilities. "Inspiration of the Bible" was also treated. Evening: They spoke upon "Cause and Effect" and "Heaven and Hell," and extemporised poems upon words selected by some of those present. Clairvoyant descriptions were given in the morning, and were nearly all recognized. The evening meeting was too crowded to admit of descriptions being given.—Cor.

**GLASGOW.**—Morning, Mr. J. Russell read from the works of the Countess of Caithness, subject, "Mesmerism." Discussion followed. Evening, Mr. R. Harper discoursed on "Spiritual and Social Progress."

Man, a part of the Infinite Soul, lives on; this knowledge brings vigour to his manhood. The good things of this life retarded progress, suffering was a blessing in disguise. Fight the way manfully. There was no favouritism with God. The insect had His protecting care. The unity of interest working for the general good of mankind would be the salvation of the race. The lyceum was well attended and ably conducted by J. Robertson. Thursday, 11th Sept., an experimental meeting was conducted by J. Griffin, where clairvoyant, psychometrical, and other phases of mediumship are developed.—J. G.

**GLASGOW.** East End.—First pic-nic on Sunday, Sept. 14, at Castlecary Glen, where we spent a very happy day. The country round is rich with historical associations connecting it with the Romans in the far past. Our good and tried friend, "Jacobs," through Mr. Anderson, gave an interesting picture of the inhabitants and surrounding country, viewed as they existed in those early periods. We regret the season is so far advanced as to prevent other excursions this year, as our first has been a real success.—J. H.

**HOCKMONDWIKE.** Blanket Hall Street.—Mr. Thresh gave two stirring discourses to large audiences in good style, afternoon and evening, subjects chosen from the audience. Although it was the first visit we have had from Mr. Thresh, we wish to have him again before long.—T. R. O.

**HAYWOOD.**—Our president read a "Defence of Spiritualism," and "Is Spiritualism unscriptural?" The guides of Mr. Lomax discoursed on "The two influences," and "Scriptural evidences of spiritualism." Clairvoyance at the close.

**HUDDERSFIELD.** Brook Street.—Very good audiences have listened to Mr. Tetlow with great attention, notwithstanding the high temperature, showing clearly that the practical addresses were duly appreciated. The tests of psychometry were very satisfactory and clear; nearly all were acknowledged correct.—J. B.

**LANCASTER.**—Sept. 7: Speaker, Mr. Swindlehurst. An open-air meeting at 2-30; very attentive audience. Evening, Mr. Swindlehurst spoke from subjects chosen by the audience. Sept. 14: Another open-air meeting in the afternoon with Mr. W. Johnson as speaker. There were a few comments made by objectors during the address, but no one volunteered to take the speaker's stand, when asked, after he had finished. Evening: Mr. Johnson spoke to a fair audience in our hall. Several strangers present. The Lancaster friends have now fairly broken the ice, and in all probability will have more open-air meetings another summer, seeing the people can thus be got together, who would never come near the hall.—J. D. Another correspondent writes: Mr. Johnson brought 500 copies of *The Two Worlds* for distribution. He and friends journeyed to Morecambe on Sunday morning to attend a secularist meeting, Mr. Johnson having his five minutes in reply to a questioner, and distributing 300 copies of *The Two Worlds* there and on the promenade. Afternoon: On the poor-house green, he delivered a powerful address to a very large audience. After speaking forty minutes, he offered his position to any objector; none were forthcoming. We were disappointed, knowing we had some bible champions around us.

**LEICESTER.** Temperance Hall.—Mr. G. Wright, of Bradford, was with us. Morning subject, "Ancient and Modern Spiritualism." Evening, five subjects, chosen by the audience, were handled in eloquent style. Clairvoyance and psychometry, given after the lectures, were received with satisfaction. On Monday a social tea was given by Mrs. Parsons, and much enjoyed by the members and friends. Mr. Wright lectured on "My Path from Atheism to Spiritualism." Tuesday, Clairvoyance and psychometry were given. Other subjects every evening during the week, and I am pleased to say we had a real grand time.

**LONDON.** 2, Bradley Street, Beckton Road, Canning Town.—Mr. Weedemeyer gave a short but instructive address on "Brotherly love," which is much needed. The guides of Mr. H. Towns and Mrs. Weedemeyer gave good clairvoyance, all recognized. We are pleased to state that although disappointed by the non-appearance of the speaker, our meeting was a decided success. Fresh faces at every meeting, which gives us more energy. When conditions are favourable our week-night meetings have been all that could be desired. Last Thursday the table floated over the heads of the sitters, the luminous card on the edge of the table, and a large hand on the card, the light from which gave a perfect view to all. The table was moved without contact.—Cor.

**LONDON.** Marylebone, 24, Harcourt St.—Morning meeting with Messrs. Vango and Harry Towns was very instructive, several subjects being treated by Mr. Vango. Evening, Mr. Towns gave a short descriptive address, followed by very successful psychometric delineations, the general wish being that he might come again soon.—C. W.

**LONDON.** Winchester Hall.—Morning, our friend Mr. Leach gave a very instructive discourse. Evening, the guides of Mr. Hoperoft spoke upon "Spirit Work in the Spheres," after which he gave one clairvoyant description with a message. The person whom it was for stated that it was perfectly correct, as well as the cause of death of his brother. Better one clear and good than ten indifferent.—P. A.

**LONDON.** 23, Devonshire Rd., Forest Hill, S.E.—Mr. A. M. Rodger gave an exceedingly able address on "Spiritualism a Religion for Thinking Men." Last Thursday, Mrs. Bliss's guide "Vigo," gave a most interesting account of the seven spheres surrounding this earth, to a large and appreciative audience.

**LONDON.** Peckham, Chepstow Hall.—The inauguration of the new building fund was brought about on Sunday last, but owing to the late hour of concluding the evening service, many friends in sympathy with our purpose did not remain. Some £34 was promised by our members, and we trust that as we have now made an effort to help ourselves, those spiritualists who can afford to assist us will do so, and as quickly as possible. The president of the society at Winchester Hall attended, and the elected committee were instructed to enter into communication with the friends at Winchester Hall, to ensure, if possible, a united effort on the part of all South London spiritualists. The announcement in last week's issue that Sunday services would be held at Fenham Road was somewhat premature, as I have before me "a notice to quit," and therefore, on Friday, Sept. 19, our last meeting will be held there. We have arranged to hold the healing séance at Chepstow Hall on Friday evenings, at 7-15, followed by a spiritual gathering at 8-30. Friends, please remember the first meeting on Friday, September 26. All will be welcomed. On Sunday last, large and attentive audiences were well repaid by two splendid discourses. Information and



prospectuses for the building fund may be obtained from the treasurer, Mr. J. T. Fovargue, 30, Grosvenor Park, S. E., who will be glad to receive subscriptions. The quarterly tea is fixed for Sunday, October 12, at 5 o'clock. Tickets—Adults 9d., children 4d.—W. E. L.

**LONGTON.** 44, Church Street.—Mr. Victor Wyldes was with us morning, noon, and night. Nine subjects, from the audiences, were treated upon in that peculiar masterly manner for which Mr. Wyldes and his guides are well known. Earnest and attentive audiences. A grand day.—H. S.

**MACOLESFIELD.**—Afternoon, Mr. Minshall gave an interesting account of his experiences of spiritualism and some fairly successful clairvoyance. Evening subject, "Go forth into the world and preach the Gospel," disproving the total depravity dogma, and affirming that man was left to keep himself as free from sin as possible. In the world beyond there is suffering for wrong-doing, reward for right, but no escape.—W. P.—[Address 10, Petworth Street, please.—E. W. W.]

**MANCHESTER.** Tipping Street.—Mrs. H. Taylor discoursed on "The Angels Speak," and after her lecture, which I consider was very good, gave satisfactory clairvoyance. Evening subject, "Have faith in one another," that would remove a great portion of the sin and degradation from our midst. The lecture was good and to the point. Several clairvoyant descriptions, all but one recognized. She has a nice manner with clairvoyance; her control makes a short speech between each description. One test was very remarkable. She described a very tall form—a gentleman, in a dress suit; he appeared to be a schoolmaster, but the gentleman to whom she spoke could not recognize it; she then gave the Christian and surname, which he at once recognized. The musical part was taken by our friend Mr. Smith and choir, who did well.

**MONKWEARMOUTH.** 3, Ravensworth Terrace.—Mr. Charlton gave a grand address on "The Training of Children," followed by psychometric delineations, which were very good, to a fair audience.—G. E.

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.**—Mr. E. W. Wallis delivered three most excellent lectures (Sept. 14 and 15). We were favoured by good audiences. The subjects were clearly thought out and eloquently expressed, the general opinion being that Mr. Wallis's mediumship indicates continuous unfoldment. On Monday night, Mr. H. A. Kersey exhibited four cabinet photographs taken a few days ago, and just received from scientific friends in Edinburgh, showing Mrs. Mellon and "Sissy" as distinct personalities. I understand that reports will reach the Spiritual Press from careful hands, as both scientifically and artistically they will be considered of the highest value. Remember, Mrs. Hardinge Britten on Sunday and Monday next.—W. H. R.

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.** Open-air meetings.—I am glad to state that my retirement has turned out to a considerable advantage to the cause. Sunday, the weather being all that could be desired, was supplemented by three speakers, who positively left nothing that could be desired, except that Mr. E. W. Wallis (who was one of them) should have been in better health. Brothers Stevenson and Lashbrook did yeoman service at the Quay Side, to large respectful audiences. There was no opposition but very earnest intelligent enquiry, coupled with a strongly expressed desire to witness and experience the phenomena named by the speakers.—B. H.

**NORTHAMPTON.** Oddfellows' Hall.—Mr. Veitch. Afternoon, "John's Revelation." Evening, "The Bible and Immortality." At night there was a very good audience, and they gave the speaker close attention all through.

**NORTH SHIELDS.** 41, Borough Road.—Mr. Graham gave a thoughtful address, "The Growth of Religion, and the Belief in God," in a praiseworthy manner. The lecturer answered a large number of questions to the satisfaction of all.

**NOTTINGHAM.**—Our spirit friends, through Mrs. Barnes, selected the verse, "Take no thought for the morrow, &c." The text did not mean the literal interpretation, but referred to the storing up of treasure. The surest way to happiness was to learn, by looking around us on the works of the Creator, to cultivate trust in the wisdom and goodness of the Father of all. This must not prevent us from using to the utmost the talents we possess. But recognition of the oneness with the Father would save the inward fretfulness and vexation of soul, which made life to many so devoid of happiness.—J. W. B.

**OLDHAM.** Spiritual Temple.—On Saturday, a social tea meeting, generously given by a number of our lady friends, was held. After tea Mr. H. Taft presided, and a good programme was provided. Mrs. Chadderton favoured us with two songs, and Mr. Thorpe gave several readings. Mr. Hepworth succeeded in keeping the audience roaring with laughter with his humorous songs. Mr. E. Standring presided at the piano. The receipts amounted to £4 4s. 3d., for which the committee are very thankful. Sept. 14, Mr. Hepworth gave sound practical addresses on "The road to Heaven," and "Spirits, and their work." Mr. C. Thorpe presided.—J. S. G.

**OLDHAM.** Duckworth's Room.—A grand day with Mr. Ringrose. Afternoon, subjects from the audience were dealt with in his best style. Evening subject, "Immortality proved from the Bible of Nature," a treat to the large audience present, and caused much astonishment. His astronomical tests gave every satisfaction, his only fault being that he does not come to Oldham more often. We are moving in the course of a week to a new tabernacle, better adapted to our wants. Next Sunday will be a red-letter day in our history. The collections are to be set apart towards the expenses to put our new place in order. The ladies, at a committee meeting held at the close of the service, promised to take their part in making next Sunday a success. Don't forget next Sunday.—E. A. V.

**OPENSHAW.**—The audience in the morning being small, a circle was held, Mr. J. Campion giving some very encouraging remarks. In the evening he treated the audience to an outline of twenty years' experience from the Wesleyan pulpit to the spiritualist platform. This proved an interesting discourse, pointing how, in past years, he denounced the spiritualists' teaching as being devilish and all that was bad; but since, having investigated and proved its truths, he had thrown in his lot with the religious progressive movement. We should be glad if many more would do likewise.—J. G.

**PENDLETON.** Hall of Progress.—Afternoon: Mr. W. H. Wheeler, subject, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" A few questions were satisfactorily answered; good audience. Mrs. Stansfield, of Stockport, presided. Evening: "My

path from orthodoxy to spiritualism" was much appreciated by a large and intelligent audience. A number of questions were dealt with in a masterly manner. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Wheeler. Mr. James Pilkington presided; a most enjoyable day.—J. G.

**RAWENSTALL.**—Afternoon: Mr. Postlethwaite dealt with questions. Evening: The control lectured on the "Affirmations of Nature," giving much information very clearly; such discourses are truly educational, and spiritualism would be benefited if we could have more lectures of that order.—W. P.

**SALFORD.** Southport Street.—The hall was nicely decorated with flowers, plants, etc., kindly sent by friends. Afternoon: Our little hall was nearly full, when the service of song, "Marching Onward," was given, with success, by the choir; the reader being Mrs. Denson. At night the hall was crowded with a sympathetic audience, to hear Mrs. Stansfield. After a sweet duet by Ada Tyldesley and Lotty Cockins, a presentation of a small satchel was made to the speaker, by Mrs. Heggie, on behalf of the lady members, saying how they admired her good services in the cause, and hoped she would be long spared to continue her noble work. Mrs. Stansfield suitably responded; and took for her subject, "Harvest Home." She said this was our harvest home, but it was for the time being only; there would be a day when we should have a true harvest home; but there was something very great, yet simple, to do before we get there. We were put into the world to work and keep a true conscience. She pleaded us to have pleasing ways and manners, to be bright, sympathizing, and have a loving smile with our neighbours; that was a true harvest home. Our spiritual helpers were always willing to help us in the time of need, if we would afford the opportunities. A more eloquent and touching lecture has not been given here for some time. Good clairvoyance. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to all who had worked so willingly to make everything so complete. There is evident proof of the growth of spiritualism here; may all "pull for the shore," and it will be reached.—A. J. Tyldesley.

**SHIPLEY.** Assembly Rooms Liberal Club.—Mr. Marshall's inspirers gave interesting addresses. Afternoon, "Speak gently, it is better far," from the hymn sung. Evening, "The spirit world and its influences upon humanity." After each address the guides of Mrs. Marshall gave excellent clairvoyant descriptions, nearly all recognized. Very good audiences.—C. G.

**SOUTH SHIELDS.**—10, in the absence of Mrs. Caldwell, Mr. J. G. Grey kindly gave a very interesting lecture on "Prayer." 12th, usual developing circle. 14, Mr. Wm. Murray, after appropriate remarks, his guides gave some very remarkable clairvoyant description to several strangers, fully recognized by them.—D. P.

**SOWERBY BRIDGE.**—A very enjoyable meeting with Mrs. Wade. Her controls discoursed on "Freedom." The argument was good, forcibly brought out, and adapted to the hearers. A good audience listened attentively. Clairvoyance followed, being very clear and concise.

**STOCKPORT.**—Illness prevented Mr. Savage from fulfilling his engagement. Mrs. Johnstone, of Rochdale, attended at a few hours notice, although suffering from the effects of a recent domestic bereavement; considering this she gave good addresses, and her clairvoyant descriptions were mostly recognised. Dr. Gallagher made some remarks, and gave a little of his varied experience in spiritualism.—T. E.

**TYNE DOCK.**—Wednesday, Sept. 10: Mr. Henry kindly favoured us with his presence and gave several clairvoyant descriptions satisfactorily. Sunday, Sept. 14, Morning: We commenced our senior class. The first of a series of lessons on "Physiology" was given by the teacher. Evening: Mr. J. Clare gave an interesting and instructive lecture on "How Gods are made."

**WIBSEY.**—Mrs. Ellis, speaker. Subjects: Afternoon, "Harvest Home;" evening, "Set thy house in order, for thou shalt live and not die." Both were treated to the satisfaction of all. Clairvoyant descriptions at all service. Good audiences.—J. E.

### THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

**BOLTON.** Old Spinners' Hall.—Fair attendance. Usual programme. Recitations by Mr. Wood and Master T. Hatton, musical reading by Mr. Hatton. All gone through well.—J. Hatton, 42, Bullock Street.

**BURNLEY.** North Street.—Great difficulty to deal to-day with the large number of scholars attending. No room for further increase of attendance at present.

**CLOCKHATON.** Northgate.—Prayers by Mrs. Thornton. We should like to see better attendances; quite a falling off this morning. Repeated invitations have been given from our platform for parents to send their children, and come themselves to witness the way they are taught. We fully expected an increase this morning after the pithy address from Mrs. Hoyle's guides last Sunday. We had a good lesson from the Manual on "The Nature of Man." Time well spent. Scholars 20, officers 2.

**HUDDERSFIELD.** Brook St.—Moderate attendance. Usual routine. Recitations by Miss A. Littlewood and Master Leonard.—F. H.

**LEEDS.** Cookridge Street.—Happy meeting. Attendance good. Mr. Young opened with singing and prayer. Good recitations by Miss Yarwood and Masters Hodgeson and Campion. We had a visitor, Mrs. Smith, of Beeston Hill, who gave an interesting address on "The Five Senses and Harmony," listened to with attention. We hope to see her again soon. Groups are doing well. Morning well spent.—F. T. W., sec.

**LEICESTER.**—A memorial service was held on Sunday, Sept. 14, in memory of our loved brother, Ernest Pears, when the guides of Mr. Hodson addressed a large audience upon the following subject: "Lead, Kindly Light," to which the audience listened with rapt attention.

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.**—At our annual meeting, last Sunday, there were 56 members present. The report as to attendance, prepared by our conductor at the expense of both time and labour, was highly satisfactory. Mr. Kersey was elected conductor, Mr. Hunter assistant-conductor, and Mrs. Hammarbohm as guardian of the groups, for the fourth year, with great enthusiasm. Miss Kersey was appointed musical director, and Misses Lottie and Ada Ellison and Hannah Stevenson as assistant musical conductors. Leaders of groups, Mrs. Robinson, Misses Bacon, Black, Brown, Sedgley, Robson, A. Godfrey, L. Ellison, and T. and M. Graham. Captain of guards, Mr. James. Guards, Messrs. Martin, Cairns, W. Brown, and E. Fender, W. and A. Davidson.



Secretary, Miss M. Back. Librarian, Master Willie Moore. Visiting officer, Miss M. J. Graham.—M. J. G.

PENDLETON.—Morning: Present, 12 officers, 29 scholars and 6 friends. Usual Programme. Recitations given by Miss M. Daniels, Lily Clarke, Elizabeth Tipton, Ben Clarke and Ernest Wallis. A duet by Elizabeth Tipton and Jane Fogg. Classes were taken by Mr. Thomas Crompton on "Habits," and Miss Barbara Armstrong. Afternoon: Marching and calisthenics gone through. Attendance good. Mr. T. Crompton opened and closed both sessions. Invocation by Mr. Moulding.

SOUTH SHIELDS.—Attendance fair. Invocation by conductor. Recitations by Miss Bell and Masters Connor and Thompson. On Saturday afternoon, Sept. 6, the Lyceum children had their annual tea in the hall, on account of the weather being so treacherous. After tea, various games were played and the children scrambled for nuts and sweets, and we had an enjoyable time. On Monday night a coffee supper was held for the children who could not attend on Saturday, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

## PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

BRADFORD. Little Horton, Spicer Street.—Saturday, September 20, a public tea and entertainment. Mr. F. Hepworth and others will take part in the entertainment. Tickets 9d., children 4d., entertainment only, 3d. Sunday, September 21, anniversary services. Mr. Hepworth will occupy the platform, 10-30, 2-30 and 6. Subjects at 10-30, "Creeds v. Deeds"; at 2-30, "Our Lyceums"; at 6, "Angel Visitants." Special hymns will be sung. All are welcome.—A. W.

BRADFORD. St. James' Spiritual Church.—A service of song, entitled "Scenes on the Line," will be rendered by an efficient choir on Sunday, September 21, at 6-30. Collection towards clearing off the debt.—E. H.

BRADFORD. Walton Street.—Mr. Walter Howell, from the United States, will give inspirational addresses at Walton Street, on Sunday, September 28. This being his first appearance since his return, we hope friends will rally around and give him a hearty welcome.—A. O.

BURNLEY. Hammerton Street.—Saturday, Sept. 20: A special leaders' meeting. Tea on the tables at 5 prompt. The tea will be given by a friend, for the benefit of the lyceum. A collection will be taken. A hearty welcome to all. Our special attention should be given to the lyceum, as its members will be the future spiritualists. Let us be up and doing.—W. M.

BURNLEY. Hammerton Street.—Sept. 21: Mr. E. W. Wallis at 2-30. Questions on "Mediumship." At 6-30: Questions on "Phenomenal and Philosophical Spiritualism."

CHURWELL.—Sept. 21, Mr. G. A. Wright will lecture. Afternoon: "Spiritualism and Christianity." Clairvoyance to follow. Night: Subjects from the audience. Monday night, "How to read character." Phrenological examinations after. Friends in the district are cordially invited.

HECKMONDRIKE. Blanket Hall Street.—Look out for the harvest festival on October 5, when Mrs. Mercer, of Bradford, is expected to occupy our platform.—T. R. O.

HULL.—The Psychological and Investigating Society will hold their first meeting on Sunday, Sept. 21, at 6 p.m. The second meeting on Wednesday, 24; at 8 o'clock, in Seddon's Rooms, 81, Charles Street, Hull, and continue till further notice. Our room at present will be No. 2, until our numbers increase, so that we may be able to remove to larger rooms on the same premises. We earnestly invite all who are interested to rally round us for our mutual edification and instruction.—John Bland, secretary, 80, Seaton Street.

LEEDS. Spiritual Institute.—Sept. 22: Mr. Hepworth and a few other friends will give a miscellaneous entertainment towards the funds.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION.—Through unexpected occurrences the Federation will not occupy Claremont Hall again, and there will be no Federation meeting of any kind next Sunday, except the mass meeting in Hyde Park at 3 p.m. The council meeting will be held on Tuesday evening, at 8-30 p.m., at 107, Caledonian Road, King's Cross, and we hope to announce a new Federation Hall in next issue.

LONDON. Forest Hill. 23, Devonshire Road.—On Thursday, Sept. 25, and following Thursdays, at 8 p.m., Professor Chadwick has arranged to give a course of lectures on "Phrenology and Mesmerism," illustrated by experiments. Admission—3d., and 6d. for front seats.

LONDON. Marylebone Association of Spiritualists, 24, Harcourt Street.—Members' quarterly meeting, Sept. 28. Many having been convinced of the presence of their spirit friends during the last six months are kindly requested to be present, and, if willing, to testify to benefits derived from the Association, and to consider the general question of Lyceum and other business in connection therewith.

MRS. BRITTEN'S VISIT TO LONDON.—The Federation Council have decided to give Mrs. Britten a reception in the Athenæum Hall, 73, Tottenham Court Road, Thursday, Sept. 25, at 7 p.m. All spiritualists and friends are cordially invited, and complimentary tickets will be sent on application to the secretary. Mr. E. Dawson Rogers will take the chair, and Mrs. Britten will give an address. London friends will make short speeches. Vocal and instrumental music by Mrs. A. F. Tindall and friends. Friday, Sept. 26, Mrs. Britten will give another address in the Athenæum Hall, on "Spiritualism: the reform, science, and religion of the age," at 7-30. Chairman, Mr. J. T. Audy. Numbered seats, 1s.; second seats, 6d. Admission free. Early application for tickets will oblige.—Utber W. Goddard, hon. sec., 6, Queen's Parade, Clapham Junction.

LONDON. Peckham, Chepstow Hall.—Sept. 21: "The Mediums of the Bible." Sept. 28: "The Relationship of Spiritualism and Christianity." Oct. 5: "Spirit Communion in the Early Christian Church." All friends heartily invited. Questions may be asked at the morning service on the Sunday after the address named.

LONDON. Open-Air Work.—Sept. 21, Mass Meeting in Hyde Park: Speakers, Mrs. Yeeles, and Messrs. Emms, Drake, Utber Goddard, Bullock, Cannon, McKenzie, Veitch, Smyth, Rodger, and others. Sept. 28, Mass Meeting in Victoria Park, same speakers.—P. S.

LONDON. Peckham, Winchester Hall, 33, High Street.—Sept. 28, at 7 p.m., the Rev. Dr. Young, D.D., will deliver an address upon "The English Socialism of To-day."—J. Veitch, sec.

LONDON.—Mr. Hopcroft will hold a séance on Sunday, Sept. 21, at 7-30, at Mr. Warren's, 245, Kentish Town Road; all friends are welcome.

MR. G. A. WRIGHT is booking dates for 1891. Societies wishing for his services should write at once. (See advt.)

MISS PARKER has removed to 334, Bowling Old Lane, Bradford, where she can be consulted.

MANCHESTER. 10, Petworth Street, Cheetham.—Reception séances; on Friday, September 19, at 8 p.m. Mrs. and Mr. Wallis.

NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. Wallis will be at Morley Hall, Sunday, Sept. 21. Morning: "Social states in spirit life." Evening: "Life in the great beyond," or subjects from the audience. Don't miss this treat, and bring your friends. Monday night, meeting at Liberty Café, Alfred Street, at 8 p.m. Silver collection.

OPENSHAW.—Sunday, Sept. 28, is the Harvest Festival. All are invited to take part, and, that it may be a success, flowers, plants, fruit, and vegetables for the occasion will be thankfully received by the committee.—J. G.

RAWTENSTALL.—Sept. 21, Mr. Johnson, of Hyde. An open-air meeting at 11 o'clock, on Tup Bridge. After the discourse 30 minutes will be allowed for questions. We invite all spiritualists round about to be present, and help on the cause.

SHIPLEY. Assembly Rooms Liberal Club.—First anniversary services, Sunday, September 21, at 2-30 and 6. Mr. E. Bush, of Bradford, speaker. Saturday, the 20th, we shall have a public tea and expect to have a pleasant varied entertainment. All friends are cordially invited. Tea at 4-30. Tickets 6d.

THE YORKSHIRE FEDERATION.—Saturday, Sept. 27, a tea will be held in the Milton Rooms, Westgate, Bradford, to welcome our esteemed friend and co-worker, Mr. Walter Howell, on his visit to this country, after which there will be a meeting, when Mr. Howell, Mr. Armitage, of Batley Carr, Mrs. Craven, of Leeds, and other friends, will give short addresses, interspersed with songs, duets, recitations, &c. Mr. Morse intends breaking his journey at Bradford, on his way to Newcastle, to join in welcoming Mr. Howell. Mr. Craven, of Leeds, will preside. Tea at 4-30, meeting at 7. Tickets, tea and meeting, 9d. and 4d., after tea 3d. It is hoped many friends will attend to give Mr. Howell a really hearty welcome.—M. M., sec.

WALSALL. Central Hall.—Sunday, Sept. 21: Mr. J. J. Morse will deliver addresses, at 11, "For which world?" at 6-30, "Our friends 'over there.'" Also on Monday at 8, same place, answers to questions.

## PASSING EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

(Compiled by E. W. WALLIS.)

PASSED ON.—Master Pears, aged 16, passed over into spirit life on Thursday last, at Leicester, after a very short illness. He was loved by all who knew him, and was a hard worker as assistant Lyceum leader for a short time. The funeral service was conducted by Mr. Hodson and Mr. Sainsbury. A great many of his fellow workpeople attended and listened very attentively to the address given by the controls of Mr. Hodson. A flower nipped in the bud to bloom in a more congenial clime.—F. T. H.

LATE REPORTS.—We again remind correspondents that reports must reach us on Tuesday morning, at latest, to secure insertion. Walsall: Mr. J. W. Mahoney lectured with his usual ability, giving much satisfaction. London (open-air work), Battersea Park: Adu conducted by Mr. Emms, who met with opposition from the Christadelphians, one of whom will next Sunday uphold "that the Bible proves man is mortal, and therefore the spiritualist teaching of immortality is wrong." Mr. Wyndoe will reply. Bible writers may have believed man "mortal only," but that is where they made the mistake, and spiritualism, by its facts, proves them wrong. The Bible "say-so" proves nothing either way. Let us have facts. Reports of Mr. and Mrs. Everitt at Carnforth and Burnley too late for this issue. Next week.

WORKINGTON (Cumberland).—Mr. W. Shirley, who is well known in connection with the Middlesbrough Society, having removed to Workington, has started a circle to promote spiritualism, and intends to form a society. He says: "We hold circles two nights a week—on Sunday and Thursday. We have already got ten sitters, and there are several more desirous of investigating the subject." The writer is the medium, who is controlled and speaks in a foreign language. The control offered up a prayer, and then shook hands with every sitter and spoke a few words to each. We also heard distinct rapping, and he then described two spirit forms, which were recognized. We should be glad if any medium or speaker when in this district would give us a call and help on this grand cause.—W. Shirley, 34, Beeby Street.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

QUESTIONS crowded out by press of matter. Will soon be renewed. DIRECTIONS FOR SPIRIT CIRCLES.—Shall be given again shortly.

T. T. A.—Extracts not quite suitable. Hope to explain why personally.

LILY.—Thanks for poem. In probably next week.

LEX. POMONA. ART AND SCIENCE.—Many thanks; but unsuited for our columns.

F. T. J. X. Y. Z.—The same.

NEW MISSIONARY NUMBER.—We hope to produce the promised "Missionary Number" by the middle of October. Mrs. Britten's necessary absence in the North and at London may delay the preparation of the work somewhat, but we trust full compensation will be found in the subject matter to be given. The chief portion of this great number will be devoted to well-attested and authoritative accounts of the SPIRIT-WORLD; or, THE LAND OF THE HEREAFTER. Extracts will be given from the most esteemed writers of the New Spiritual Dispensation, and in every case the descriptions quoted will be taken from spirit-communications given under the most crucial test conditions.

Early orders for extra numbers, especially those designed for gratuitous distribution, should be sent in from this time forward until the week of publication.

OWING TO THE LIST OF SECRETARIES given in this issue the reports have been considerably condensed, and several matters of importance are necessarily held over until next week.

**THE RULES FOR THE SPIRIT CIRCLE.**—Copies of the *Missionary* number of the *Two Worlds* containing the above named "Rules," together with much other valuable advice to enquirers, can always be had on application to Mr. E. W. Wallis, manager, 10, Petworth Street, Cheetham, Manchester. Send him three halfpenny stamps.

MR. G. SMITH, of Colne, writes—"My attention has been drawn to a report from Hammerton Street Society, Burnley, which says, 'Owing to the complete failure of Mr. George Smith as a medium in a meeting with some friends,' &c. I deny the statement there made as to my failure as a medium, and if J. N., who, I suppose is secretary, will refresh his memory, he will say the same as he did at the meeting referred to, that he had never heard my control do better. The reason I did not occupy the platform was, the committee allowed the persons whom they called their friends to slander and abuse me after I had been over an hour and a half under control, speaking from a subject chosen by one of them. At the close I was branded as an impostor and told I was too lazy to work. I do not know what you would have thought about it, but suppose you would have felt hurt as I did. I regret I ever had anything to do with it."

DISTRICT CAMP MEETINGS were held at Bingley on Sunday, Sept. 7, at the noted historical Druids' Altar Heights. The morning dawned beautifully fine, and the numerous greetings between friends who seldom have an opportunity of coming together was of the most cordial description. The journey from the station, a distance of nearly two miles, was not one of the easiest, under the warm rays of glorious Sol. One friend enlivened the journey by repeating a scientific discovery he had made anent the British Association Meeting. He was "prepared to prove that water as a rule ran up hill." This assertion rather opened our unscientific eyes, but when the explanation came we collapsed, it was merely that its tendency was towards the meridian. At last the summit was reached, and a beautiful picture of variously tinted heather met our view. The few who had braved the walk before us were gathered together near the old "Altar," one friend had walked the five or six miles from Bradford. We assembled on a good vantage ground, and Mr. T. Craven, of Leeds, president of the Yorkshire Federation, announced the hymn, "For all Thy gifts we praise Thee, Lord." Prayer was offered by Mrs. W. Stansfield, whose guides gave evidence that they were in a much freer atmosphere than usual, and were offering their petitions under the vast dome and temple of the living God. Mr. Craven spoke approvingly of holding such meetings as these, as we thus reached many who might never come within the true spiritual influence. Mr. Marshall, of Bradford, spoke upon "What are the teachings of Spiritualism?" He made an excellent and practical address, basing his statements on personal investigation, concluding with the recital of a recent instance of spirit-reclamation, proving to him that there was not only progress here, but after death. Mr. W. Stansfield related an instance of spirit return, through his own wife, that corroborated Mr. Marshall's statement. The spirit (unknown to himself, wife, and daughter, the sitters) gave his name and where he had lived; and afterwards, at another sitting, ten miles away from the first, he again manifested, and asked pardon of one present whom he had wronged many years ago. She was not aware of anything to forgive, but his explanations brought acts to light, and cleared away mysteries that had appeared totally unfathomable in the early portion of the lady's married life, while troubled with a drinking husband. This spirit afterwards came in a much brighter condition and thanked Mr. Stansfield for having given him the first dawn of true spiritual light and knowledge, and been the means of his making what amends he could for the mischief of the past. The speaker emphasised the desirability of renouncing the evils of life, while on earth, that our spirit-home may be in brighter condition for our reception. The visitors included Mr. Craven and Mr. W. Wakefield, of Leeds; Mr. and Mrs. Milner, of Huddersfield; Mr. Robinson, of Beeston; Mr. Marshall, Mr. E. Bush, Mr. and Mrs. Burchell, Mr. Foulds, Mr. Parker, Mr. Woodcock, and others, from Bradford; Mr. and Mrs. Stansfield, from Batley Carr; and friends, whose names we have not ascertained, from Shipley, Eccleshill, Keighley, and surrounding places. After luncheon at a farm house and social chat we inspected the remains of what were once united giant rocks. Under the shadows of the sacrificial altar two or three hymns were heartily sung, attracting a capital audience of about three hundred persons, many strangers, and a goodly number of neighbouring friends, including Mr. Blackburn, of Keighley. A grand influence pervaded the assembly, and Mr. Craven giving out the hymn, the hill re-echoed in glorious tones the heartiness with which the people sang. A petition full of love and gratitude to the All-Father was offered by the guides of Mrs. Burchell. Mr. Blackburn made some practical and encouraging remarks. Mrs. Stansfield's guide in a powerful voice, heard by all present, spoke words of inspiration to the weak and faltering ones, bidding them stand fast to the truth, and act as missionaries of the Gospel of love. Mr. Woodcock and Mr. Parker spoke appropriately and earnestly, and our old friend, Mr. Bush, in a terse speech, gave several interesting reasons, why he was a spiritualist, in contradistinction to his former position as an active member of the methodist community. Mr. Foulds responded to a call with a capital short speech. In fact the services were all inspirational with the surrounding influences. Much pleasure was expressed at the tone of the meetings, and many friends hoped that other meetings of the kind may follow. The Bingley friends (Mr. Butler and Mr. Wood) heartily thanked all helpers for their voluntary assistance. A return to the farmhouse for tea, and a stroll round the hill, by the pleasant winding paths on the river side, toward the station, and so ended our day's spiritual work in the "Upper world" at Bingley.—W.S.

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