

THE TWO WORLDS

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM, OCCULT SCIENCE, ETHICS, RELIGION AND REFORM.

No. 163.—VOL IV. [Registered as a Newspaper.] FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1890

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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WILBRAM'S WEALTH,

OR

THE COMING DEMOCRACY.

BY

J. J. MORSE.

Author of "Righted by the Dead," "O'er Sea and Land," "Cursed by Angels," "A Curious Courtship," "Two Lives and Their Work," "Ione: or the Fatal Statue," &c., &c.

In announcing the above volume it is only necessary to say that, coming from the pen of its able and talented author, it will be sure to interest all who may read it. Mr. Morse's repute as a writer is well known in England and the United States.

The story is one of love and adventure in the Old World and in the New one across the sea. Its earlier chapters depict a phase of London life with all the fidelity of a photographic picture. But it is in the later chapters that the student of our times will find food for reflection of no small value.

The fact that this work originally appeared as a serial, and most successfully, in the widely known journal the BANNER OF LIGHT, in Boston, U.S., some months since, would of itself be sufficient guarantee of the merit of the work; while the many commendatory opinions expressed by readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, who read the story when it appeared therein, will assure all that the story is told, and the topics it includes are treated, in a manner that will meet the requirements of those who read either for amusement or instruction—or both combined. That some idea of the book may be afforded, you are invited to peruse the following LIST OF CHAPTERS.

Chapter I. Introduces the Carmer family, with all the respect due to its many virtues.

Chapter II. Shows how Florence Lenton disgraced the nightly prayers, and thereby created much confusion.

Chapter III. A further peep into the domestic sacredness of the Carmer household.

Chapter IV. Narrates some particulars concerning Frank Winfield.

Chapter V. Serves to show that listeners seldom hear good of themselves, with other matters of importance to this story.

Chapter VI. A virtuous resentment, ending in an edifying scene, which causes our hero to indulge in some reflections and form a doubtful resolution.

Chapter VII. How Frank spent his Christmas Day, and what he did thereon.

Chapter VIII. We meet Welgood Wilbram, and learn something about him.

Chapter IX. Partly political, a trifle socialistic, a little "uncanny," but, the author hopes, interesting withal.

Chapter X. Frank is sorely perplexed over his new friend's sanity, but his fortunes are advancing.

Chapter XI. A madman's dream.

Chapter XII. Shows how Carmer prospered, and how Jane was jilted.

Chapter XIII. Concerns Florence, and tells how she continued to enjoy life in the Walworth Road.

Chapter XIV. Tells how Frank returned to London, and some things he did while there.

Chapter XV. Frank increases his responsibilities.

Chapter XVI. The author indulges in some comments concerning pork pies, piety, and porter.

Chapter XVII. Concerns Wilbram City, and narrates how it was inaugurated. It also discloses the contents of a paternal letter received by our hero.

Chapter XVIII. Relates to the vanity of riches, the advantages of submitting to fate, and takes farewell of Wilbram City and the considerate reader.

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PLATFORM GUIDE.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1890.

Aberdeen.—Mr. Findlay's, 47, Wellington Street. Séance.
Accrington.—26, China St., Lyceum 10-30; 2-30, 6-30: Mrs. Yarwood.
Armley (near Leeds).—Temperance Hall, 2-30, 6-30: Mrs. Jarvis.
Ashington.—New Hall, at 5 p.m.
Bacup.—Meeting Room, Princess St., 2-30, 6-30: Mr. Johnson.
Barrow-in-Furness.—82, Cavendish St., at 11 and 6-30.
Batley Carr.—Town St., Lyceum, 10 and 2; 6-30: Mr. Armitage.
Batley.—Wellington St., 2-20 and 6: Mrs. Connell.
Beeston.—Temperance Hall, 2-30 and 6: Local.
Belper.—Jubilee Hall, 10 and 2, Lyceum; 10-30, 6-30: Local.
Bingley.—Wellington St., 2-30, 6: Miss Pickles.
Birkenhead.—84, Argyle St., 6-30. Thursday, at 8, Mesmeric Séance.
Birmingham.—Oozells Street Board School, at 6-30.
Smethwick.—48, Hume St., 6-30: Mr. Wollison.
Bishop Auckland.—Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa, 2-30, 6.
Blackburn.—Old Grammar School, Freckleton St., 9-30, Lyceum; 2-30, 6-30.
Bolton.—Bridgeman St. Baths, 2-30, 6-30.
Spinners' Hall, Town Hall Square, Lyceum, at 10; 2-30 and 6-30.
Bradford.—Walton St., Hall Lane, 2-30, 6: E. Hoyle, Esq.
Otley Road, at 2-30 and 6: Mr. Todd.
Little Horton Lane, 1, Spicer St., 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Saville.
Milton Rooms, Westgate, 10, Lyceum; 2-30, 6: Mr. Schutt, & 29th.
St. James's Church, Lower Ernest Street, Lyceum, at 10; 2-30 and 6-30: Mrs. Whiteoak.
448, Manchester Rd., 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. Espley.
Ripley St., Manchester Rd., 2-30, 6-30: Mr. H. Hunt. Tues., 8.
Bankfoot.—Bentley's Yard, at 10-30, Circle; at 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Winder. Wed., at 7-30. Saturday, Healing, at 7.
Birk Street, Leeds Road, at 2-30 and 6.
Bowling.—Harker St., 10-30, 2-30, 6: Mr. Whitehead. Wed., 7-30.
Norton Gate, Manchester Rd., 2-30, 6. Tues., 8.
Brighouse.—Oddfellows' Hall, Lyceum, 10-15; 2-30, 6: Mr. Hepworth.
Burnley.—Hammerton St., Lyceum, 9-30; 2-30, 6-30: Mrs. Wallis.
North St., Lyceum at 10; 2-30 and 6.
Trafalgar St., Lyceum, 10; 2-30, 6. Monday, 7-30.
102, Padiham Rd., 2-30, 6. Circle, Thursdays, 7-30. Mrs. Heyes.
Burslem.—Colman's Rooms, Market, Lyceum, 2; 6-30.
Byker.—Back Wilfred Street, at 6-30.
Cardiff.—Hall, Queen St. Arcade, Lyceum, at 3; at 11 and 6-30.
Churwell.—Low Fold, at 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Craven.
Cleckheaton.—Walker St., Northgate, Lyceum, at 9-45; 2-30 and 6-30: Mrs. Hoyle.
Colne.—Oloth Hall, Lyceum, at 10; 2-30 and 6-30: Mrs. Carr.
Cowms.—Asquith Buildings, at 2-30 and 6.
Darwen.—Church Bank St., Lyceum, at 9-30; at 11, Circle; at 2-30 and 6-30.
Denholme.—6, Blue Hill, at 2-30 and 6.
Dewsbury.—48, Woodbine Street, Flatt, 2-30 and 6.
Eccleshill.—18, Chapel Walk, at 2-30 and 6.
Exeter.—Longbrook St. Chapel, 2-45 and 6-45.
Felling.—Hall of Progress, Charlton Row, at 6-30.
Foleshill.—Edgewick, at 10-30, Lyceum; at 6-30.
Gateshead.—Mrs. Hall's Circle, 18, Cobourg St., at 6-30. Thursdays, 8.
Glasgow.—Bannockburn Hall, Main St., Lyceum, 5; 11-30, 6-30. Thurs, 8.
Halifax.—Winding Rd., 2-30, 6: Mr. J. Kitson. Monday, at 7-30.
Hanley.—Spiritual Hall, 24, Broad St., Lyceum, at 10-30; 2-30, 6-30.
Haswell Lane.—At Mr. Shields', at 6-30.
Heckmondwike.—Assembly Room, Thomas Street, at 10, Lyceum; at 2-30, 6. Thursday, 7-30.
Blanket Hall St., Lyceum at 10; 2-30, 6. Monday, at 7-30, Public Circle. Tuesday, Wednesday, & Thursday, Members' Circles.
Hetton.—At Mr. Shield's, 5, Kenton Rd., Hetton Downs, at 7: Local.
Heywood.—Argyle Buildings, Market St., 2-30, 6-15.
Houghton-le-Spring.—At 6. Tuesday, at 7-30.
Huddersfield.—Brook Street, at 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. Rowling.
Institute, 8, John St., off Buxton Rd., 2-30, 6: Mrs. Berry.
Hull.—Seddon's Rooms, 81, Charles St., at 6. Thursday, 7-30, Circle.
Idle.—2, Back Lane, Lyceum, 2-30 and 6: Mr. Thresh.
Keighley.—Lyceum, East Parade, 2-30, 6.
Assembly Room, Brunswick St., 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Wade.
Lancaster.—Athenaeum, St. Leonard's Gate, at 10-30, Lyceum; at 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. Swindlehurst.
Leeds.—Psychological Hall, Grove House Lane, back of Brunswick Terrace, 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. Parker.
Institute, Cookridge St., Lyceum, at 10; at 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. Victor Wyldes, and on Monday.
Leicester.—Liberal Club, Town Hall Square, at 2-30, Lyceum; at 10-45 and 6-30.
Lecture Room, Temperance Hall, at 6-30. Lyceum, at 2-30. 152, High Cross St., at 11 a.m.
Leigh.—King Street, at 2-30 and 6.
Liverpool.—Daulby Hall, Daulby St., London Rd., Lyceum, at 2-30; at 11 and 6-30: Mr. W. Howell, and on Monday.
London.—Camberwell Rd., 102.—At 7. Wednesdays, at 8-30.
Canning Town.—2, Bradley St., Beeton Rd., at 7. Tuesday, at 7-30, Séance. Thursday, 7-30, Members'
Slapham Junction.—6, Queen's Parade, 7: No meetings till Jan. 4.
Forest Hill.—28, Devonshire Rd., 7. Thurs, 8, Séance.
Islington.—Wellington Hall, Upper St., at 6-45.
Islington.—19, Prebend Street, at 7, Séance, Mr. Webster.
Kentish Town Rd.—Mr. Warren's, 245, at 7. Thursday, at 8, Mrs. Spring.
King's Cross.—46, Caledonian Rd. Saturday, at 8, Mrs. C. Spring.
King's Cross.—182, Caledonian Rd., at 10-45 and 6-45.
Lewisham.—198, Hithergreen Lane. Séances every Friday, 8.
Lower Edmonton.—38, Eastbourne Terrace, Town Road, at 7-30, Clairvoyance. Saturday, at 8, Developing Circle.
Marylebone.—24, Harcourt St., 11, Healing and Clairvoyance, Mr. Vango; 8, Lyceum; at 7, Members' Meeting. Monday, at 8, Social. No séance Dec. 25. Saturday, at 7-45, Mrs. Spring.

Mile End.—Assembly Rooms, Beaumont St., at 7.
Notting Hill.—124, Portobello Road: Tuesdays, at 8, Mr. Towns.
Peckham.—Chepstow Hall, 1, High St., 11-15 and 6-30, Spiritual Services; at 8, Lyceum; at 8-15, Members' Circle. Friday, at 8.
Peckham.—Winchester Hall, 33, High St., 11-15 and 7.
Seymour Club, 4, Bryanston Place, Bryanston Square, W., at 7.
Shepherds' Bush.—14, Orchard Rd., Lyceum, 8; 7: Mr. W. Towns. Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 8, Séance, Mrs. Mason, Trance and Clairvoyance.
Shepherds' Bush.—At Mr. Chance's 1, Lawn Terrace, North End Road, West Kensington. Wednesdays, at 8, 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. Walker.
Longton.—44, Church St., at 11 and 6-30.
Macclesfield.—Cumberland St., Lyceum, at 10-30; 2-30, 6-30.
Manchester.—Temperance Hall, Tipping Street, Lyceum, at 10; at 2-45 and 6-30: Mrs. Gregg.
Collyhurst Road, at 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. J. A. Stansfield.
Edinboro' Hall, nr. Alexandra Park Gates, 3, 6-30: Mr. Lomax. 10, Petworth Street, Cheetham, Fridays, at 8-15.
Mexborough.—Market Hall, at 2-30 and 6.
Middlesbrough.—Spiritual Hall, Newport Rd., Lyceum and Phrenology, at 2-30; at 10-45 and 6-30: Mrs. Peters.
Granville Rooms, Newport Road, at 10-30 and 6-30.
Morley.—Mission Room, Church St., at 2-30 and 6: Mr. Galley.
Nelson.—Sager St., 2-30, 6.
Newcastle-on-Tyne.—20, Nelson Street, at 2-15, Lyceum; at 10-45 and 6-30: Mr. J. J. Morse, and on Monday.
North Shields.—6, Camden St., Lyceum, 2-30; 11, 6-15.
41, Borough Rd., at 6-30: Mrs. Caldwell.
Northampton.—Oddfellows' Hall, Newland, 2-30, 6-30.
Nottingham.—Morley Hall, Shakespeare Street, Lyceum, at 2-30; at 10-45 and 6-30: Mr. E. W. Wallis.
Oldham.—Temple, off Union St., Lyceum, at 9-45 and 2; at 2-30 and 6-30: Mrs. Britten.
Hall, Bartlam Place, Horsedge St., Lyceum, 10 and 2-30; at 3 and 6-30: Miss Walker. Mondays, at 7-45.
Openshaw.—Mechanics' (Whitworth Street entrance), Lyceum, at 9-15 and 2; 10-30 and 6-30.
Mechanics' (Pottery Lane entrance), Lyceum at 2; at 6-30.
Parkgate.—Bear Tree Rd., 10-30, Lyceum; 2-30, 6: Mr. Inman.
Pendleton.—Cobden St. (close to the Co-op. Hall), Lyceum, at 9-30 and 1-30; at 2-45 and 6-30: Mrs. Smith.
Rawtenstall.—10-30, Lyceum; 2-30 and 6.
Rochdale.—Regent Hall, 2-30, 6: Mr. Newell. 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 and 6-30: Mr. J. C. Macdonald. Wed., 7-45.
Scholes.—Tabernacle, Silver St., 2-30, 6.
Sheffield.—Cocoa House, 175, Pond Street, at 3 and 7.
Central Board School, Orchard Lane, at 2-30 and 6-30.
Shipley.—Liberal Club, 2-30, 6: Mr. Campion.
Skelmanthorpe.—Board School, 2-30 and 6.
Slaiithwaite.—Lalith Lane, at 2-30 and 6: Miss Patefield.
South Shields.—19, Cambridge St., Lyceum, 2-30; 11, 6. Wed., at 7-30. Developing, Friday, 7-30.
Sowerby Bridge.—Hollins Lane, Lyceum, at 10-30, 2-15; 6-30: Mrs. Green.
Spennymoor.—Central Hall, 2-30, 6. Thurs., 7-30. Helpers welcome.
Station Town.—14, Acolom Street, at 2 and 6.
Stockport.—Hall, Wellington Road, near Heaton Lane, at 2-30 and 6-30. Thursday, Circle, 7-30.
Stockton.—21, Dovecot Street, at 6-30.
Stonehouse.—Corpus Christi Chapel, Union Place, at 11 and 6-30.
Sunderland.—Centre House, High Street, W., at 10-30, Committee; at 2-30, Lyceum; at 6-30.
Monkwearmouth.—8, Ravensworth Terrace, 6-30.
Tunstall.—18, Rathbone Street, at 6-30.
Tyne Dock.—Exchange Buildings, 11; 2-30, Lyceum; 6: Mr. Forrester.
Walsall.—Central Hall, Lyceum, at 10; 2-30 and 6-30.
Westhoughton.—Wingates, Lyceum, 10-30; 2-30, 6-30.
West Pelton.—Co-operative Hall, Lyceum, at 10-30; at 2 and 5-30.
West Vale.—Green Lane, 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Mercer.
Whitworth.—Reform Club, Spring Cottages, 2-30, 6.
Wibsey.—Hardy St., at 2-30 and 6.
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.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE AND HISTORY OF COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

No. III.

(Concluded from last number.)

QUOTING from page 118 in Count Tolstoi's best work, "My Confession," we find the following:—

"At a recent period of my years of mental and religious struggle, I renounced the life of my own class, for I had come to confess that it was not a real one, only the semblance of one; that its superfluous luxury prevented the possibility of understanding life, and that in order to do so I must emulate the simple life of the working classes. The labouring men around me were the Russian people, and I turned to them and to the meaning of their faith, which may, perhaps, be expressed as follows:—'We have all of us come on earth by the will of God, and God has so created man that each of us is able to ruin or to save his soul. The problem of man's life being to save his soul, he must live after God's Word. To live after God's Word, we must renounce all the pleasures of life, labour, be humble, endure, and be charitable to all men. This to the people is the meaning of the whole system of faith, as it has come down to them through, and is now given them by, the pastors of their church, and the traditions which exist among them.'

"This popular faith, however, among the non-sectarian communities in which I moved, was inextricably bound up with the sacraments of the church, the fasts, and the bowing before relics and images. The people were unable to separate these things, and no more could I. Though many things belonging to the faith of the people appeared strange to me, I accepted everything, I attended the church services, prayed morning and evening, fasted, prepared for the communion; and, while doing all this, for the first time felt that my reason had nothing to object to.

"But this reasoning, which justified the oddities of the ritual side of faith, was insufficient to make me feel that I had a right, in a matter like faith (now become the one business of my life), to take part in acts of which I still am doubtful. I ardently desired to be one with the people, and conform to the rites which they practised, but I could not do it. I felt that I should lie to myself, and mock what I held most sacred, if I did this thing.

"While thus fulfilling the ordinances of the church, I submitted my reason to the traditions adopted by the mass of my fellow-men. I joined the millions of the people whom I loved. Moreover, there was nothing bad in all this, for bad with me meant the indulgence of the lusts of the flesh. When I got up early to attend divine service, I knew that I did well, were it only for the sake of a closer union with my ancestors and contemporaries. I tamed my intellectual pride, and, in order to seek for a meaning in life, sacrificed my bodily comfort. It was the same with preparing for the communion, the daily reading of prayers, the bowing to the ground, and the observance of the fasts. I prepared for the communion, fasted, and, while listening to the church service, I weighed every word, and gave it a meaning whenever I could. At mass the words which

appeared to me to have most importance were the following: 'Let us love one another in unity.' The confession of belief in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—I passed over, because I could not understand it.

"I continued an exact observance of the rites of the church, and I believed that the doctrines I followed were true; and then there happened to me a thing which now is clear enough, but which then appeared to me very strange.

"I once listened to the discourse of an unlettered peasant pilgrim. He spoke of God, of faith, life, and salvation, and a knowledge of what faith was seemed open to me.

"I went amongst the people, familiarising myself with their ideas of life and faith, and the truth became clearer and clearer to me.

"But no sooner did I mix with learned believers or consult their books, than doubts, uneasiness, and the bitterness of dispute came over me, and I felt that the more I studied their discourses, the more I wandered from the truth, the nearer I came to the precipice of unbelief."

Following up on the condition described above was another period of long and tremendous mental struggle. The Count strove in vain to reconcile the assumed holiness of the church, with the shameful laxity of life in its professors. With war, cruelty, public executions, social vice in all its forms, and political wrongs and injustice, what was the use of this religion he argued, except to the poor, the suffering, and the oppressed, who alone lived out the fruits of religion in their lives. At length came a crisis. The following dream, narrated in much more prolix form by the author, seems to have been the turning point of his mental warfare. He says, in 1879, "I dreamed I was laying on my back in bed, but presently I felt uncomfortable in the position in which my legs and feet rested. I examine, and find I am laying on a network of cords, and these irritate me. I push away the cords on which my limbs rest, but I find I have pushed them too far. Other cords slip from under me. My limbs hang down, and my whole body seems drawn forward and about to sink.

"I hold myself up only by the upper part of the back, and I feel now not only discomfort, but horror. I begin to ask myself what I had not thought of before; where I am, and on what I am lying. I look around, and first I look below, to the place towards which my body slipped, and where I feel it soon must soon fall. I look below, and I cannot believe my eyes.

"I am on a height far above that of the highest tower or mountain, a height beyond all my previous powers of conception. I cannot even make out whether I see anything or not below me, in the depths of that bottomless abyss over which I am hanging, and into which I feel drawn. My heart ceases to beat, and horror fills my mind. To look down is too terrible. I feel that if I look again I shall slip from the last cord and perish. I stop looking, but that is still worse, for then I think of what will at once happen to me when the last cord breaks. I feel that I am losing in my terror the last remnant of my strength—sinking lower and lower, and in another instant I shall fall! At that terrible point I look above. . . . Another gulf stretches over me, but I forget the abyss beneath! As I look upwards, all fear leaves me—I hear a voice saying, 'Look up! look well; safety is there.' I pierced farther and farther into the infinity above me, and I become calm, happy, safe, and reliant. I ask myself, 'Am I not hanging still?' but I feel in all my limbs, without looking, the support by which I am held. I perceive that I no longer hang nor fall, but have a fast hold. I question myself how it is. I look around, and I see that under the middle of my body there passes a stay,

and on looking up I find that I am lying perfectly balanced, and that it was this stay alone that held me up before. As it happens in dreams, the mechanism by which I am supported appears perfectly natural to me, a thing to be easily understood, although this mechanism has no apparent sense when I am awake. In my sleep I was even astonished that I had not understood this before. At my bedside stands a pillar, the solidity of which is beyond doubt, though there is nothing for it to stand upon. From this pillar runs a cord, somehow securely yet simply fixed, and if I lie across this cord and look upwards, there cannot be even a question of my falling. All this was clear to me, and I was glad and easy in my mind. It seemed as if some one said to me, 'See that you remember!' And I awoke."

"LEO N. TOLSTOI."

It scarcely needs to pursue this strange mental and spiritual battle of life history any further. Count Tolstoi is one who, unconsciously to himself, and perhaps to the many thousands who know of him by name and misjudge him, thinks he can stand alone, and by mental struggle and what he calls reason, strives to build up the foundation necessary for his feet to rest upon. He fails, as every human being fails who looks downwards instead of upwards to find the true meaning of life, as every earthly pilgrim will fail when he expects to sustain and feed his soul by the mere supports on which his feet rest. Count Tolstoi, in his memorable dream, realized that he could only feel safe and sustained by looking above and beyond himself.

But this dream has an interpretation not peculiar to Leo Tolstoi. Every living creature must rest upon something higher and mightier than itself. In ancient times men leaned upon divine and spiritual revelations; in still later times upon great psychologists—inspired men and powerful reformers. Now they lean upon the priestly systems founded by the reformers, and endeavour to plant their feet upon the dead theories of the past. Happily, in this day of looking downward and backward instead of upward and onward, spiritual revelations have come again, and safe and joyous are the few who can look upward and see the sublime truths of a spiritual universe, and an immortal destiny for the soul, descending upon them through the ministry of angels. There they can afford, for the present, to rest—to watch and wait for the hour that shall bring them "light, more light." Count Leo Tolstoi, following in the wake of the entire family of man, watched, waited, and prayed, though all unconsciously, for a leader, and at length, turning back to find one, he discovered the Christ of 2,000 years ago, and there rested. The result has been that on the LITERAL WORDS of the Teacher of 2,000 years ago he has not only rested but re-modelled his whole life. He is a Communist like Jesus. He must not "resist evil"; he must give his cloak to him who would take his coat—in a word, he lives with the poor, becomes poor—ignores riches, wealth, *love, marriage*, and paternity—all in his *literal* following of this exemplar upon whom he chooses to found his entire system of religion—the literal Jesus of the Gospels. Jesus was a celibate, Tolstoi must be the same, hence his "Kreutzer Sonata," and denunciation of marriage and sexual love. At present, he rests on Jesus and is at peace. Let none grudge him the repose he has so long and wildly struggled for. A great mind, a mighty soul, and powerful intellect, has been from the first of life, utterly perverted and ultimately shipwrecked by bad, false, hypocritical, and wholly impractical systems of theology. Leo Tolstoi is a living example that no man can think deeply, reason profoundly, and search analytically into the present prevailing systems of theology without ending in shipwreck, mental imbecility, automatic dependence on faith without reason or blank materialism. So for 'Count Leo Tolstoi, honest yet still "blind leader of the blind," in deepest sympathy yet strongest hope, we close with the reflection that "the end is not yet."

Amongst the vast number of notices *pro* and *con* which the publication of "The Kreutzer Sonata" (one of Count Leo Tolstoi's latest novels) has called forth, the following is at once, perhaps, the mildest and most just that has yet appeared. When it is borne in mind that the present phase of Count Tolstoi's life is devoted to the *attempt* to imitate and emulate the life and opinions of an ascetic and celibate of 2,000 years ago—namely, Jesus of Nazareth—in all its literal and ancient time specialities, the severe critics of "The Kreutzer Sonata" may be dismissed with the remark that they do not know or understand the person or subject they write of.

"THE KREUTZER SONATA. BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOI."

"All the world has read the latest startling theory of Count Tolstoi's which finds expression in 'The Kreutzer Sonata.' To most people the book has come as a shock; it is unfortunately the case that to many who know nothing of the author and credit him with any but sincere motives, it has been read as the latest popular addition to realistic literature. Apart from this, however, the book has an especial degree of interest at the present time, when the great question 'Is marriage a failure?' is being so vehemently discussed. One might imagine society now-a-days to be divided into two sets—those who denounce the married state as an abyss of certain misery for all who are rash enough to enter into it, and, on the other hand, those who advocate and wish to bring marriages about by any means whatever, without regard to natural love or proper choice, and who, to effect their object, will even have resort to the degrading system of the matrimonial agency. Reasonable people will believe both classes of the extremists to be equally mistaken, and the controversy is, of course, as far from settlement as ever. But if we are to accept the conclusions of Count Tolstoi, a lurid light is cast upon it, and only the most hardened criminal will have the evil courage to venture into the temple of the matrimonial god, over whose portals the forbidding legend, 'Abandon hope, all ye who enter here,' must for the future be inscribed. It is not difficult, however, to detect the fallacy which underlies Count Tolstoi's argument. A wealthy nobleman, after years of gross profligacy, becomes weary of his abandoned life, and marries one for whom he thinks he has affection. The dream of love proves shorter than the honeymoon. They quarrel grievously, and before long the disappointed husband ends his hapless partner's life. But what could such a man expect? There is justice in God's world, although that justice seems to work tardily and uncertainly. Violation of the great moral laws in one way or another brings its own punishment. It may be positive or negative. Some calamity sooner or later befalls a man, or he is punished by having made himself incapable of partaking in the lawful pleasures of existence. The pure joys of Hymen cannot be for one whose vices have rendered him a moral bankrupt. The drunkard, who has practically ruined his constitution by long intemperance, when the late day of reformation comes, cannot reasonably hope to enjoy the health and strength which make life sweet even in old age to the life-long temperate. At the best he can only look for a little respite, checkered by many pains and much infirmity, before he goes down prematurely into his self-made grave. And the case of the debauchee is infinitely worse. To say nothing of the physical deterioration which his vicious course has brought upon him, his moral nature is sapped to the foundations. How can the man, who has rendered many women servile to his wishes, respect the one poor woman whom, to her shame and sorrow, he has made his wife. Marriage strips off the mask from people, and a man's immoral history is intuitively discovered by a pure and loving woman. And the moment the discovery is made, the degraded creature thus revealed loses his wife's respect, and with her respect her love soon vanishes; while, if the deceiver has been deceived himself (as is the case in Count Tolstoi's story), mutual respect perishes more absolutely. The Count not only enters marriage after conditions which without a miracle would necessarily preclude felicity, but also bases an evidently fallacious argument on his experience. Men are not to marry at all because his marriage turned out unhappily. Are we to argue, therefore, that because men, or myriads of men have, from various causes, led unhappy lives, life is not worth living, and it is the duty of the whole human race forthwith to commit suicide, on the faith of their unfortunate experience? As to the 'quasi' religious argument, it is specious and unreal. It needs little reply or refutation from a Christian, for it simply serves in 'The Kreutzer Sonata' as a thin and easily penetrated veil to cover the fanatical attempt to imitate ancient monastic asceticism, in which the whole work is conceived."—*Banner of Light*.

MAGICAL POWERS OF EASTERN ECSTATICS.

THE following wonderful phenomena has frequently been described by the great French missionary Le Huo and other Eastern travellers, and is now given as an actual scene occurring in the experience of the author of "Art Magic," who on page 194 of his wonderful treatise, writes as follows:

During the author's residence at Benares—the holy city of Hindustan—about the year 1855, a party of European gentlemen, attracted by interest in spiritualistic pursuits, frequently visited him, and assisted in experimenting with the swarms of Fakeers who crowd the city, and the numerous professing miracle-workers who flock to Benares at certain seasons of periodical pilgrimage.

One of this party, Capt. Warren, an officer of estimable character and high culture, being anxiously desirous of investigating these alleged miracles, one morning entered his friends apartments with a countenance beaming with excitement, and exclaimed, "Eureka! the great object of my search is found. A mighty magician is coming to Benares who can solve all my doubts. Report speaks of him as the greatest of all wonder-workers. A sacred Bokt—a veritable Lama, an incarnation, perhaps, of the Divine Buddha—is expected, and will arrive this very evening." Anxious to gratify the newly-awakened interest of their friend, the party above mentioned made inquiries, and found that a Thibetian Lama had indeed arrived, and would give exhibitions of his skill to whoever desired his services. Without inquiring in what this skill consisted, the party engaged the great Mystic, arranging that his first performance should be given in a private residence in the vicinity of the city. None but invited guests were to be present, but it was not until some few hours before the ceremonial was to take place, that the party of Europeans learned to what they had committed themselves, and the true nature of the horrible entertainment they had provided for a set of refined and intelligent visitors. When the true state of the case was disclosed, the love of the marvellous prevailed. The Bokt was no necromancer, seer or visionist, but a great ecstatic—a Lama of such stupendous sanctity that he was about to slay himself, die, and come to life again. Whatever he could or could not do, however, the engagement had been made and must be carried out.

The presence of a number of Fakeers of extraordinary power had been secured, an audience hall improvised, an altar erected, seats provided, and the Bokt now illuminating the sacred city with his presence, proposed in view of all beholders to rip up the abdomen, remove a portion of the intestines, read in them the decrees of fate, replace them again, and heal up the wound inflicted without damage to the person of the performer. It must be confessed that when the full horror of this revolting rite was understood some of the party pleaded earnestly that the engagement might be cancelled and the scarcely human crowd of participants be dismissed with the promised fees; but the belief in others that the performance could not be real, but would end in an act of clever legerdemain, determined them all to unite in suffering the ceremonial to proceed. When the hour of noon arrived, the Lama appeared and took his seat before the raised altar on which lamps had been lighted. Behind him was a radiant image of the sun, and on either side of the altar were grim idols which had been placed there by the attendants.

The Lama was in person a small spare man, with fixed glittering eyes, an emaciated frame, and an immense mass of long, black hair which floated over his shoulders. He appeared altogether like a walking corpse in whose head two blazing fires had been lighted, which gleamed in unnatural lustre through his long almond-shaped eyes.

He was about forty years of age, and report alleged that he had already performed the great sacrificial act he was now about to repeat some four times previously.

From the moment this skeleton figure had taken his seat, the Fakeers who surrounded him in a semi-circle began to sway their bodies back and forth, singing meanwhile a loud, monotonous chant in rhythm with their movements. The party of spectators, twenty in number, were accommodated with seats in a little gallery opposite the Lama, and so placed as to command his every motion.

In a few minutes the gesticulations of the Fakeers increased almost to frenzy. They tossed their arms on high, bent their bodies to the earth, now forward, now backward, now swung them round as if thrown by the hands of others; meantime their monotonous chant rose into shrieks and yells so frightful, that the ears of the listeners were deafened, and their senses distracted by the clamour. On every side of the auditorium braziers of incense were burning. Six Fakeers swung pots of frankincense, filling the air with intoxicating vapours, whilst six others stood behind, beating metal drums or clashing cymbals, which they tossed on high with gestures of frantic exaltation. For some time the howls, shrieks, and

distracting actions of this maniac crew produced no effect on the immovable Lama. He sat like one dead, his fixed and glassy eyes seeming to stare into illimitable distance, without heeding the pandemonium that was raging around him. "Can he be really living?" whispered one of the awe-struck spectators to his neighbour, but this question was speedily answered by a series of convulsive shudderings, which at length shook the Lama's frame. His dark eyes rolled wildly, and finally nothing but their whites were to be seen, spasm after spasm threatening to shiver the frail tenement and expel its quivering life.

The teeth were set, and the features distorted as in the worst cases of epilepsy, when suddenly, and just as the tempest of horrible cries and distortions was at its height, the Lama seized the long glittering knife, which he had laid across his knees, drew it rapidly up the length of the abdomen, and then displayed in all their revolting horror the proofs of the sacrifice in the protruding intestines.

The crowd of awe-struck ascetics bent their heads to the earth in mute worship; not a sound broke the stillness but the deep breathings of the spectators. At length one of them, who had witnessed such scenes before in Thibet, addressing the living creature—for living he still was, though he uttered no sound, nor raised his drooping head from his breast—said, "Man! can you tell us by what power this deed of blood is performed without destruction of life?" "The Lama is all Atma now," responded a thin, shrill voice from the bleeding wreck before us. "Fo keeps the Manas (senses) until the work is done." "But why is that work necessary?" rejoined the querist, "Is it right?" "To show that life and death is his, Fo can withdraw the Atma (soul) and give it back; it is his will to show his power." "Is the Lama then dead now?" "The city of Brahma (the body) is empty; Brahma Atma has retreated." "How long can the Atma remain absent?" "He returns even now. See, he wings his way hither, and now he must re-enter the city's gate, or it is closed against him for ever." "Yet a moment; the Akasa (life principle), has it left the flesh that is severed—cut?" "Not yet—but soon the Akasa will ebb away, if your will detains the Pitris who guide home the Atma." A dead silence ensued. The living corpse moves. It raises its quivering hands and scoops up the blood from the wound, bears it to the lips which breathe upon it; they then return to the wound, begin to press the severed parts together, and re-make the mutilated body. The Fakeers shout, the drums beat, the cymbals clash, shrieks, prayers, and invocations resound on all sides. The fragrant incense ascends. The flute-players, planted on the outskirts of the estate, pour forth their shrill cadence.

The harps of some European servants, stationed in a distant apartment and previously instructed, send forth strains of sweet melody among the frantic clamour.

The ecstatic makes a few more passes, and after wrapping a mantle, previously prepared, over the body as if to cleanse it from the gore in which he was steeped, suddenly he stands upright, casts all his upper garments from him, and displays a body unmarked by a single scar. Gesticulations, cries, shouts subside; low murmurs of admiration and worship pass through the breathless assembly, and then the Bokt, clasping his thin hands and elevating his glittering eyes to heaven, utters in a deep, low tone, far different to the shrill wail of the half-dead sacrifice, a short but fervent prayer of thankfulness, and all is done.

The man resumes his dress, accepts gravely the presents bestowed upon him, dismisses his admiring votaries, and walks away as calmly as if he had just parted from a gay festivity. Subsequently questioned concerning this strange and hideous rite, he declared that he had fasted for six weeks previous to its performance, partaking of no other sustenance than bread, water, and a few herbs. During the ceremonial he insisted that he felt nothing, heard nothing; stated that he had been lifted up to Paradise and beheld beauties ineffable, and partaken of joys which no other mortal could ever know.

SHADOWS AROUND US.

ACCREDITED NARRATIVES OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

(Compiled by Arthur Morrison, for "The Northern Weekly Leader.")

I.—THE TRANSLATION OF MAURICE TULLING.

THE remarkable case now to be dealt with is recorded by Dr. Johann Heinrich Jung (usually called Jung Stilling), the friend of Goethe and Lavater, and the author of the

"Theorie der Geisterkunde," and the "Scenen aus dem Geisterreiche." He most carefully examined the evidence, and vouched for the authority of every circumstance, but suppressed the correct names of the parties in relating the incident in his "Theorie der Geisterkunde."

There resided in a comfortable house not far from Philadelphia, United States, in 1740, a man of somewhat singular habits. He had an independency, and lived entirely alone, seeing little of his neighbours. He had the reputation of piety, and was a regular churchgoer, while his unostentatious kindness and benevolence in the neighbourhood was a well-known fact. Even his name was for long a mystery until he received letters with an Indian postmark, when it soon became noised abroad that they were addressed to Mr. Maurice Agra Tulling; from which, and from collateral circumstances, it was immediately assumed that he was born in India, at Agra, and named after his birth-place; that he was perhaps a half-caste, very possibly a Brahmin, or Buddhist, or fire-worshipper, or fifty uncanny things; more particularly as the women who periodically assisted his old housekeeper in cleaning the house reported the presence therein of a variety of fearful images and extraordinary weapons and instruments, the use of which they could not guess at—unless it was witchcraft. Some of which inferences might possibly have been true, and equally possibly might not. Singular stories also got about as to his sometimes shutting himself up for days, and often weeks together, without food and drink, and altogether Mr. Tulling was the object of no little curiosity, and some certain fear, to the inhabitants of Philadelphia and the outlying houses.

Among these neighbours was a Mrs. Hackett. Her husband was captain of a merchantman, which, at the time of these occurrences, had been between eighteen months and two years gone on a voyage to the West Coast of Africa and to England, during the latter half of which time she had received no letters from him. She became exceedingly uneasy in consequence of this, and expressed to her friends serious fears of a fatal disaster. Hackett, in all his previous voyages, had always been a punctual correspondent, and, if the original programme of the voyage had been carried out, he should long before this time have arrived home.

Mrs. Hackett was a person of some energy of character, and her position, tortured as she was by anxiety, and at the same time helpless to do anything to relieve it, was almost unbearable. She was not a superstitious woman by any means, but she was reduced to such a state of despair as to willingly clutch at any suggestion, however insane, which might bring news of her husband. So that when or two of her ignorant neighbours, impressed by the tales they had heard and had told about the mysterious powers of Mr. Tulling, recommended her to consult him, she, after some hesitation, determined to do so.

Upon her arrival at the house, and in response to her request to the housekeeper to see him, Mr. Tulling himself appeared, evidently not a little surprised at receiving a visit from anybody, more especially from a woman neighbour. He was a spare man of a little over the middle height, well formed, and erect, and his short, irregular, white beard offered a strong contrast to his sun-tanned skin.

Mrs. Hackett, with some embarrassment, told him her difficulties. She hinted that she had been told that he had travelled, and probably knew all about the places to which her husband had gone, and would perhaps be able, in consequence of this knowledge, or maybe by some other means, to tell her something which might ease her mind.

Mr. Tulling heard her through, and sat in silence, steadfastly regarding her face for some little time after she had spoken. Then he said—

"I don't know—I will do what I can. If you will excuse me for a little time perhaps I may be able to bring you some news. Will you sit down and wait?"

She did so, and her mysterious neighbour passed through a door into an inner room. This door had in its upper panels two elliptical windows, which were, however, hidden by short red curtains.

In the outer room Mrs. Hackett sat waiting. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour. Another quarter of an hour, and a clock in another part of the house struck three. Another half-hour. Mrs. Hackett began to get impatient. Had he gone away and forgotten her? Still she waited, and four o'clock struck. She had been an hour and a half in this room without hearing a sound but that of the clock. She felt uneasy. Was he making a fool of her?

What was he doing so quietly in the next room? Perhaps the man was mad, and she was in a dangerous position. Perhaps his eye was intently fixed upon her every movement from some cunning hole or cranny. She would take a peep into the inner room, cost what it might.

She rose and stepped lightly to the door. The curtains were upon her own side. She moved one a little aside at the corner, and peeped through the panel window into the room.

The light in the room was dull and faint, the one small window being obscured by a drawn blind, but clearly on a sofa there lay Mr. Tulling, stretched out motionless and rigid, as if a corpse. His eyes had the glassy stare of a dead man's, and his features were pale and fixed.

Mrs. Hackett let go the curtain and turned away considerably frightened. What should she do? Call the housekeeper? Not yet. Perhaps, after all, he might not be dead. It might be only a part of some fearful witchcraft or another. She would wait a little longer, and if she heard nothing then she would call the house-keeper.

Again she waited—five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour. Horrible Hindoo images, with distorted faces and many heads and arms, grinned at her from the recesses of the room; inscriptions in strange characters stared from screens and cabinets. It was in late winter, and it began to get dusk. Half an hour.

A slight rustle in the inner room, and her heart stood still. Then the door opened, and Tulling appeared in the room, pale and slightly languid, as though from unquiet sleep. Mrs. Hackett gasped and shrank from him. Tulling smiled slightly.

"You may comfort yourself, Mrs. Hackett, I think," he said, in a quiet, equable voice, "Your husband is quite safe, is at this moment, in fact, in a coffee house in London. He has had several adventures since he left you. There is war between Spain and the old country, and his ship was taken by a Spanish war vessel nine months ago. But one of Admiral Vernon's ships took the Spaniard in its turn, and after taking him with her for some time, just lately returned to England to refit, and has landed him there. He sent one letter from the man-o'-war, but that must have miscarried. He is now on the point of taking ship for home, and will probably arrive as soon as could any letter he might write."

Mrs. Hackett's agitation prevented her replying to or thanking her strange informant for some time; but some shade of doubt crossing her face, Tulling resumed:

"You may quite rely on the truth of what I have told you. It seems strange, no doubt, but I have means of becoming acquainted with such things, which I cannot explain. But I hope you will set your mind entirely at rest. Believe me, on my honour, what I have told you are the actual facts."

Confused and amazed, Mrs. Hackett thanked him as well as she could, and made the best of her way home. The element of superstitious belief which is present in every human nature, backed by Tulling's evident earnestness and sincerity, prompted her to some confidence in what she had been told, but it was a confidence which she would scarcely confess to herself; and there was a vague fear that she might have been assisting at, or connected with, some unholy rite of witchcraft—witchcraft being a thing believed in and punished by the Pennsylvanians of those days.

Whether she passed the next month or two in a much easier frame of mind than she had enjoyed before her visit to Mr. Tulling, she would probably have been puzzled to say; but as the weeks succeeded one another her excitement and suspense increased.

At last her watching and waiting came to an end, for her husband came.

Where had he been? Why had he been so long? Where was his ship? Why hadn't he written? were her questions when the first greetings and tears were over.

The ship had been taken, he said, by the Santa Croce, Spanish frigate, on its way from the Guinea coast. But the Santa Croce soon had its turn, and got in the way of an English line of battle ship, who towed her away to Portsmouth, after cruising about a bit, he and his liberated crew in the meantime navigating the captive Spaniard. The only letter he had been able to send had been one from the Santa Croce, after his liberation, by a merchantman under convoy, which had been spoken and boarded for other purposes.

She had never received the letter, she said; and they agreed that it must have miscarried.

Hackett concluded his story. He had landed at Portsmouth, and had gone to London to place in the hands of his owners' agents the business of claiming the recovered ship, and had almost immediately after embarked for home. The wife said nothing at first about Tulling and his statements, marvellously fulfilled as they had been; wishing to find, if possible, for herself, where his information came from. And this she shortly found.

Walking out of Philadelphia a day or two after his return, accompanied by his wife, on their way to the house of a friend, Captain Hackett suddenly stood still and hailed a man who was rapidly disappearing up a path near Tulling's house. It was Tulling himself.

"Why, he's running away—don't want to know me again!" observed Captain Hackett, with astonishment. And then he suddenly added, "Why, he must have come over in the same ship with me—it was the first one leaving. But hang me, if I saw him on board!"

Mrs. Hackett was ten times more astonished than her husband. But she only asked, "Do you know that man?"

"Why, yes, and so do you. He brought me news of you in London; never told me his name, and I forgot to ask you about him yesterday."

"You saw him in London? When? What did he say?"

"Came to me in a coffee-house. He said, 'Aren't you Captain Hackett?' 'Yes,' says I, 'Then,' says he, 'Mrs. Hackett, in Philadelphia, who is a neighbour of mine, is troubled in her mind about your safety. You are a good deal overdue, and she hasn't seen a letter from you for months. Are you going to write to her?' 'No,' I said, 'I shan't write now, because I am going over by the next ship, but I wrote a month or two ago,' and then I told him about the ship being taken, and everything relative thereto. There was a many folk in the coffee-house, and presently, I cannot tell how, we got separated, and I never saw any more of him although I hunted the place inside out. And now he runs away from me. But how could he have come across, and I never clap eyes on him all the way, is what beats me. Who is he?"

Exactly who or what he was Mrs. Hackett would never venture to guess, but she told her husband that his name was Tulling. Why Captain Hackett had never seen him in the vessel which had just arrived she quite understood, for Mr. Maurice Agra Tulling had never left Pennsylvania, at any rate in the body, since first settling there, shortly after Hackett had last sailed.

MURDERERS CONVICTED—THEIR COUNTENANCES REVEALED IN A DREAM.

THE trial of Howser and Bowes, at Ebensburg, Alleghany, U.S.A., for the murder of Pollie Paul and Cassie Munday, on the 7th of June last, has been brought to a close, and resulted in the conviction of the prisoners, and their sentence to be hung. The murder was one of the most brutal and horrible ever perpetrated, and for a time seemed involved in impenetrable mystery. The defendants had served a term in the penitentiary for burglary, committed in Alleghany, and while there they made the acquaintance of two other prisoners, who knew old Pollie Paul, and believed that she had considerable money. The lonely mountain hut of the old woman and her help Cassie was a place where, in the opinion of these daring burglars, robbery and murder could be committed with impunity. They planned the robbery before getting out of prison, and consummated the murders in a few days after visiting the neighbourhood. They then returned to Alleghany, and doubtless felt secure; but one of those trifling circumstance which so frequently lead to the detection of murder had occurred in this case. A negro confined in an adjoining cell in the penitentiary had overheard the conversation which passed between Howser and Bowes, and after hearing of the murders, he made known this fact, which led to their arrest and conviction. Another remarkable fact is reported in connection with this case. The mother of Miss Munday, an aged lady, states that soon after the commitment of these men to the Ebensburg jail, she had a dream, in which she plainly saw her daughter struggle with her murderer, and heard her cry "Help, mother." She could remember the features of the man whom she saw in the bloody act, and the dream made so deep an impression on her mind that she determined to visit the prisoners in the jail, and see if she could recognize the murderer of her daughter. The inmates were all placed in

a row, and the old lady closely scrutinized them, one after another, until her eyes fell upon Bowes, when, starting back, she exclaimed, "You are the murderer of my child." This, of course, could not be used as evidence, but it is a most singular fact, nevertheless, and will serve to confirm those who have faith in dreams.—*From the "Pittsburgh (Penn.) Gazette."*

STRANGE STORY OF THE WELSH GOLD MINES.

The search for gold likely to take place in Wales owing to the recent discoveries that are at present attracting so much attention affords a rare opportunity for spiritualists and clairvoyants to test the powers they are supposed to possess of finding things hidden beyond the range of ordinary human vision. It is a curious fact that a really remarkable gold discovery was made in Wales in the early part of the present century by supernatural instrumentality. In 1827 a woman returning home late at night from market saw a spectral skeleton standing on a burial-mound or barrow that had existed from time immemorial near Mold, in Flintshire. The skeleton, she alleged, was clothed in a vestment of gold which shone like the noonday sun. But little credence was placed in her story until about six years later, when, on the barrow being cleared away for agricultural purposes, it was found to contain, besides urns and burnt bones, a complete skeleton, round the breast of which was a corslet of pure gold. This interesting relic of antiquity was subsequently deposited in the British Museum. There can be little doubt that an enterprising clairvoyant, or indeed any energetic person of mystic tendencies, might do a roaring business in the gold discovery line, if he or she could boast one such success as that which attended the strange vision of the Flintshire woman sixty years ago.—*St. James' Gazette.*

HER SPHERE.

No outward sign her angelhood revealed,
Save that her eyes were wondrous mild and fair;
The aureole round her forehead was concealed
By the pale glory of her shining hair.

She bore the yoke and wore the name of wife
To one who made her tenderness and grace
A mere convenience of his narrow life,
And put a seraph in a servant's place.

She cheered his meagre hearth, she blessed and warmed
His poverty, and met his harsh demands
With meek, unvarying patience, and performed
Its menial tasks with stained and battered hands.

She nursed his children through their helpless years,
Gave them her strength, her youth, her beauty's prime;
Bore for them sore privation, toil and tears,
Which made her old and tired before her time.

And when fierce fever smote him with its blight,
Her calm, consoling presence charmed his pain;
Through long and thankless watches, day and night,
Her fluttering fingers cooled his face like rain.

With soft, magnetic touch and murmurs sweet,
She brought him sleep and stilled his fretful moan,
And taught his flying pulses to repeat
The mild and moderate measure of her own.

She had an artist's quick, perceptive eyes
For all the beautiful; a poet's heart
For every changing phase of earth and skies.
And all things fair in Nature and in art.

Yet near the throng of worldly butterflies
She dwelt, a chrysalis, in homely brown;
With costliest splendours flaunting in her eyes,
She went her dull way in a gingham gown.

Hedged in by alien hearts, unloved, alone,
With slender shoulders bowed beneath their load,
She trod the path that Fate had made her own,
Nor met one kindred spirit on the road.

Slowly the years rolled onward; and at last,
When the bruised reed was broken, and her soul
Knew its sad term of earthly bondage past,
And felt its nearness to the heavenly goal,

Then a strange gladness filled the tender eyes,
Which gazed afar, beyond all grief and sin,
And seemed to see the gates of Paradise
Unclosing for her feet to enter in.

Vainly the master she had served so long
Clasped her worn hand, and with remorseful tears,
Cried: "Stay, oh stay! Forgive my bitter wrong;
Let me atone for all these dreary years!"

Alas for heedless hearts and blinded sense!
With what faint welcome and what meagre fare,
What mean objections and small recompense,
We entertain our angels unawares!

—Elizabeth Akers Allen, in June "Atlantic."

OFFICE OF "THE TWO WORLDS,"
10, PETWORTH STREET, CHEETHAM, MANCHESTER.

The People's Popular Penny Spiritual Paper.

TERMS TO SOCIETIES.

The *Two Worlds* will be supplied at the following favourable rates: 100 copies for 6s.; 50 copies for 3s.; 25 copies for 1s. 6d.; 12 copies for 9d. Carriage extra.

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To places comprised within the Postal Union, including all parts of Europe, the United States, and British North America. One copy, post free, 1½d.; for six months, 3s. 3d. Annual Subscription 6s. 6d. in advance.

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ACCOUNTS will be issued monthly, and the Directors respectfully ask the favour of prompt remittances.

"THE TWO WORLDS" Publishing Company Limited, will be happy to allot shares to those spiritualists who have not joined us.

PUBLISHING OFFICES.

"THE TWO WORLDS" can be obtained of JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate and Ridgefield, Manchester, and 1, Paternoster Buildings, London; of E. W. ALLEN, 4, Ave Maria Lane, London, E.C.; and is sold by all Newsvendors, and supplied by the wholesale trade generally.

THE TWO WORLDS.

Editor:

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—Literary Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and addressed to the Editor, The Lindens, Humphrey Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

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E. W. WALLIS.

whom Reports, Announcements, and Items for Passing Events and Advertisements should be sent at 10, Petworth Street, Cheetham, Manchester, so as to be delivered not later than Tuesday mornings.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1890.

WITCHCRAFT IN IRELAND.

IN a recent work on "Witchcraft, ancient and modern," Professor Upham gives a curious sketch of a trial for witchcraft, which occurred only about twenty-five years ago. The person accused was a woman named Mary Doheny, who seemed to wander from place to place with her husband, a blind man. They ultimately came to settle at Carrick on Suir, Ireland, and the woman professed to have the power to "raise the dead" and reveal their forms to the living, besides being able to disclose the secrets of the heart, predict the future, and make distant persons come by will to any place she, *the witch*, desired.

These and many other similar powers—now clearly proved, by numerous experiments, to partake of the nature of "mesmerism," or "hypnotism"—Mrs. Mary Doheny was tried for practising, as late as 1864. The circumstances which led to the trial were these:—Mary Doheny acquired a sudden and extraordinary power over a man and his wife, named Reeves. The man was a policeman of exemplary character, and his wife a good-natured, hard-working woman. It seems that the couple having heard of Mary's gift of fortune telling, paid her a visit, on which occasion both the wife and husband positively swore that there appeared before them, in a magic mirror, the apparition of Reeves's father; a child of theirs, who had been dead some years, and a relative of theirs, one Tom Sheehan, a railway man, known to be *living* some hundreds of miles distant. Since that visit "the witch," as she was termed, required of the astonished couple that they should send her regular supplies of food *for the spirits* every day. This was done until the affair coming to the ears of the magistrates they caused the woman, Doheny, to be arrested. The following are some of the items of this extraordinary trial:—

"Mr. Hanna, prosecuting for the Crown, examined Mrs. Reeves: 'What is your name?'—'Mullins is my maiden name, but Reeves by marriage.' 'Is your father dead?'—'He died about three years ago, and was buried in Carrick-on-Suir; but he is now living in Carrick-on-Suir.' 'Living! how can you say that?'—'Because I saw him.' 'Under what circumstances?'—'I had a whisper from him; his voice was heard by night, and afterwards Mrs. Doheny (the prisoner) brought me and showed him to me. She also showed me Tom Sheehan, who was lame, and my own child. They were all alive (sensation in the court); I sent them food regularly, and upon one occasion I sent my father my chemise

to serve as a shirt for him.' (This witness gave her evidence in a clear, collected, and positive manner).

"Constable Reeves, a man of about forty-five years of age, was next called, and he swore that he too saw the two persons and his little daughter whom he believed to be dead. There was no doubt whatever on his mind; there they were, where the prisoner had pointed them out, and, more than this, she had brought him to a field near the moat of Ballydine, and showed him William Mullins, with whom he had been well acquainted.

"The niece was called, a fine intelligent girl she appeared to be, and in a clear voice and unhesitatingly she answered the questions put to her by the magistrates. Having been sworn, she said every night after dark she brought tea, milk, bread and butter and other food, and gave them to her uncle, Tom Sheehan, whom she always saw standing under the wall of the old house. The magistrates interrogated her closely, but she persisted in swearing that it was to Tom Sheehan and no one else she gave the food.

"Hayes, a retired policeman, came forward, and positively deposed on oath that he knew some of his own relatives brought to life. Prisoner showed Mullins to him—he believed in ghosts; 'for,' said he, 'I saw one in the county of Cork, standing outside the door where a cousin of mine was waking. It is not so extraordinary,' he added, 'for persons to be raised from the dead.' 'The magistrate,' adds the *Clonmel Chronicle*, 'and a crowded audience were positively astounded, and, from the remarks which were heard to proceed from several persons—some well dressed and apparently in comfortable circumstances in life—and also from the awe which was written upon the countenances of a still greater number, it appears that many besides the bewitched family believed in the power of the prisoner. As nothing of a directly criminal nature could be alleged against the reputed witch, she was discharged with a severe warning against the continuance of her arts and an order to quit the neighbourhood. The trial, however, created for the time being the greatest excitement, and called forth a mass of narratives, not a few of them coming from really educated and apparently sensible persons, confirmatory of the universal belief which prevailed, even in that time, in witchcraft.' . . . If these good people could have witnessed, as I have, the feats of influence exerted by mesmerists and electro-biologists, they would have been more than ever prompt to believe in the universality of witchcraft. I myself believe in the power of will exerted through mesmerism to produce all the marvels miscalled magic, enchantment, divination, and witchcraft. I only differ in opinion concerning the producing cause, which I am confident lies in that realm of recently-discovered wonder and glamour, called animal magnetism."

Tracing up the first known appearances of witchcraft in Ireland, the professor attributes it wholly to the Scandinavians. He says: "Witchcraft is an old institution in Ireland. The Irish borrowed the science from the Scandinavians. The *Icelandic Saga* gives a singular account of the 'Danish hag' called Heida, living in Pagan times, who was famous for her skill in magic, divination, and witchcraft—a right royal witch she was, for she went attended in state by thirty men-servants, and was waited on by fifteen young women; and in the *Ranga Saga* an account is given of another celebrated witch named Thorbiorga, who, together with her nine sisters, were all professional witches, and famous for their prognostications and knowledge of futurity. They frequented public assemblies and entertainments when invited for purposes of divination. Thorkil, a Danish earl, in order to know when a famine or plague which prevailed would cease, sent for Thorbiorga to tell the time. On her arrival she was dressed in a gown of green cloth, closely buttoned from top to bottom; about her neck was a string of glass beads, and her head was covered with the skin of a black lamb, lined with that of a white cat; her shoes were calfskin with the hair on, tied with thongs, and fastened with brass buttons; on her hands she wore gloves made of the skin of a white cat, with the fur inward; about her waist she wore a Hunlandic girdle, at which hung a bag containing her magical instruments; and supported herself on a staff ornamented with many knobs of brass. The system of witchcraft so introduced into Ireland by the Danes assumed such proportions that a special Act of Parliament was found necessary to put it down, and accordingly Queen Elizabeth had an Act passed, of which the following is an abstract: 'If any shall use, produce, or exercise any invocations or conjurations of evil or wicked spirits, to or for any intent or purpose, or shall use,

practise, or exercise any witchcraft, enchantment, charm or sorcery whereby any person shall happen to be killed, or 'death ensue,' the offender shall suffer death as a felon, without benefit of clergy; and it was further enacted 'that if any person so operated upon by witchcraft, &c., should be wasted, consumed, or lamed in their body and members,' or 'goods destroyed,' the offender should suffer a year's imprisonment for the first offence, and once in every quarter of the year stand openly upon the pillory for six hours on a market day, and openly confess the error or offence; and for the second offence should suffer death as a felon without benefit of clergy!! It is a positive fact, which our criminal records attest, that so late as the early part of the last century women were tried in the county Antrim for witchcraft under this Act."

Happy, indeed, are we in the light of modern science and spiritual revelation to know that the spirit in man can and does exert influences, the wonderful powers and possibilities of which, as yet, no experimental philosophy has sounded the depths of. We know, too, that the mesmeric operator at death carries his power with him, and is the same operator from the spirit land to subjects on earth, as he was whilst yet encased in the mortal form. Thus animal magnetism, mesmerism, and hypnotism—as the fashionable term goes—is the foundation stone of the temple of magic. Spiritual magnetism, or hypnotism, is the crowning dome of the building pointing to the higher and better world. The power is the same in each department of the grand temple. Earthly magnetism below, spiritual magnetism above. The steps are those which lead from life mortal to life immortal, and form at once the dividing lines and connecting links.

Ignorance in olden times called all these developments of the unseen world sorcery or witchcraft. Ignorance in modern times calls them imposture or humbug.

True occultists in olden days called such powers and developments magic. In modern days we call it Spiritualism, or the Science of the Soul.

SIRIUS.

SPIRITUAL FRAGMENTS.

"Gather them up."

HALLUCINATIONS OF THE GREAT.

THE following words, though called "hallucinations" by the bigoted and the ignorant, are but another collection of words testifying to the universality of spirit influence, guidance, and the control of the higher spheres of spirit life. Malebranche declared that he distinctly heard the voice of God within him. Descartes, after a long seclusion, was followed by an invisible person, who urged him to pursue his researches after truth. Byron imagined himself to be sometimes visited by a spectre; but he said it was owing to the over-excitability of his brain. The celebrated Dr. Johnson clearly heard his mother call Samuel; she was then living in a town at a great distance. Pope, who suffered much in his intestines, one day inquired of his physician what arm that was that appeared to come out from the wall. Goethe asserts that he one day saw the counterpart of himself coming toward him. The German psychologists give the name of *Duterescopie* to this kind of illusion. Oliver Cromwell was stretched fatigued and sleepless on his bed—suddenly the curtains opened, and a woman of gigantic size appeared, and told him that he would be the greatest man in England. The Puritan faith and the ambition of Cromwell might have suggested, during those troublous times of the kingdom, some still stronger idea; and who can say whether, had the phantom murmured these words in his ear: "Thou wilt one day be king!" the Protector would have refused the crown as did Cæsar at the Lupercalian feasts? *De Boismont.*

A WORKER OF CURES.

MR. DE FERRO's account in *Blackwood's Magazine* of his sojourn at the famous "Cure" of Sebastian Kneipp, in the little Bavarian village of Wörishofen, tends to throw light upon the obscure question of the power of curing human ailments that seem to be wielded by some individuals unskilled in the orthodox fashions of the healing art. Mr. de Ferro himself was cured by the worthy pastor Kneipp in a marvellous manner of an obstinate nervous disease; and he was the witness of numerous other instances equally remarkable. Nevertheless, he confesses himself of opinion that those who say that like results might be obtained by

any other doctor, amateur or professional, with the simple aid of cold water, frugal diet, and rational exercise, are quite right. He adds, however, the condition that the healer must be able to induce his patients to believe in him with the same unerring faith and blind confidence that are accorded to this remarkable man, who is described as "neither a genius nor a magician, but a simple man of the people, whose natural capacities and shrewd insight into human nature have been developed and matured by the patient toil and observation of nearly half a century." The faith and steadfastness certainly seem to be forthcoming. Over a thousand sufferers, it is said, gathered at Wörishofen during the past summer, and many were compelled to seek shelter in neighbouring villages. Among them, he tells us, was Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, who arrived with his secretary, cook, and two servants, but was obliged to sleep in his own private saloon carriage on a railway siding. "Barefooted and bare-headed," continues the narrative, "Baron Rothschild was seen every evening promenading in a meadow near the station to the wondering admiration of the gaping crowd of visitors who daily enjoyed this quite abnormal spectacle of Croesus sans bottles."

HOW THEY TESTIFY.

The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which unite me. —*Victor Hugo.*

"There one question I would ask the author. Is the spiritualism of this work foreign to our materialistic, manufacturing age? No; for amidst the varieties of minds which divers circumstances produce are found those who cultivate man's highest faculties; to these the author addresses himself. But even in the most cloudless skies of scepticism I see a rain-cloud, if it be no bigger than a man's hand; it is Modern Spiritualism." — *Preface by Lord Brougham in "The Book of Nature."* By C. O. Groom Napier, F.C.S.

Alfred Russell Wallace says: "My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of spiritualism in their entirety do not require further confirmation. They are proved, quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences, and it is not denial or quibbling that can disprove any of them, but only fresh facts and accurate deductions from those facts. When the opponents of spiritualism can give a record of their researches approaching in duration and completeness to those of its advocates; and when they can discover and show in detail, either how the phenomena are produced or how the many sane and able men here referred to have been deluded into a coincident belief that they have witnessed them; and when they can prove the correctness of their theory by producing a like belief in a body of equally sane and able unbelievers—then, and not until then, will it be necessary for spiritualists to produce fresh confirmations of facts which are, and always have been, sufficiently real and indisputable to satisfy any honest and persevering inquirer." — "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism."

A PIGEON'S FLIGHT.

A Dalziel cable says that the homing pigeon, Dude, one of six birds liberated in France last July twelvemonth by the Scripps League Expedition, has just arrived home at Plainfield, New Jersey, after an absence of fifteen months. The day after the arrival of the members of the expedition in Paris, four of the birds were released. Dude and another bird called Ariel were released 700 miles away, the object being to break the ocean record. Ariel flew almost to within sight of New York, and then dropped exhausted on the deck of an inward bound steamer. Dude did not turn up at the time expected, and was ultimately given up as lost. When it arrived home, part of a letter from the Scripps League Expedition still clung to its legs, the oilskin wrapper which enclosed it having been torn to tatters.

The *New York Sun* says: Lineman Michael J. Fitzpatrick, of the Metropolitan Telephone and Telegraph Company, is the survivor of a shock of electricity, surely 1,000 volts strong, given some weeks ago, on a pole at First avenue and Eighteenth St., and thus describes his experience: "When the shock struck me I felt as though somebody had hit me in the neck and paralysed me. I had no feeling in my feet at all. It seemed as if some one had strapped my head;

muscles and legs so tightly with stout bands that you could not bind them a hair's breath tighter. I felt as if every part of my body was bursting, and the agony was horrible. All of these sensations passed over me in two or three seconds, and then I lost consciousness. I wanted to cry out in horror when I first felt the shock, and I thought I did make a noise, but when I came to, after falling from the pole to the sidewalk, they told me I made no outcry at all. I had climbed up the pole with my steel spikes until I found the telephone wire I was tracing. I dug my spikes firmly into the pole and got a secure footing to continue my work. Fortunately, I did not throw my leg across the arm-piece of the pole, else I should have been done for. You see the terrible force of the current wrenched my legs, spikes and all, out of their hold on the pole, and, of course, with no other support, I tumbled like a log to the ground. Then the bystanders picked me up and I was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital, where it was found that my collar-bone was broken and my neck badly cauterized on the left side near the jugular vein. I had a frightful taste of sulphur in my mouth, and I've got it there still."

THE GOOD OLD TIMES TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THE FAMOUS CONNECTICUT BLUE LAWS.

These laws were enacted by the people of the "Dominion of New Haven," and became known as the blue laws because they were printed on blue paper. They are as follows:—

"The governor and magistrate convened in general assembly are the supreme power, under God, of this independent dominion. From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made.

"No one shall be a freeman or have a vote unless he is converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the dominion.

"Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God to bear true allegiance to this dominion, and that Jesus is the only king.

"No dissenter from the essential worship of this dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for electing of magistrate or any officer.

"No food or lodging shall be offered to a heretic.

"No one shall cross a river on the Sabbath but authorised clergymen.

"No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day.

"No one shall kiss his or her children on the Sabbath or fasting days.

"The Sabbath days shall begin at sunset Saturday.

"Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver, or bone lace above one shilling per yard shall be presented by the grand jurors and the selectmen shall tax the estate £300.

"Whoever brings cards or dice into the dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

"No one shall eat mince pies, play cards, or play any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet, or jewsharp.

"No gospel minister shall join people in marriage. The magistrate may join them in marriage, as he may do it with less scandal to Christ's church.

"When people refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrate shall determine the point.

"A man who strikes his wife shall be fined £10.

"A woman who strikes her husband shall be punished as the law directs.

"No man shall court a maid in person or by letter without obtaining the consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offence, ten for the second, and for the third imprisonment during the pleasure of the court."

LYCEUM JOTTINGS.

ONLY ONE KIND WORD.

"Twas a little thing, only one kind word,
In the hurry and bustle of every day,
But the heart was touched, and the soul was stirred,
And a rainbow of hope spanned the darkened way!

"Twas a world-worn man, with a weight of woe,
Who was groping along, in the crowded street,
When he heard a voice that was soft and low,
And a word that was warm and passing sweet!

And the sluggish life in his veins moved fast,
And the light in his eye was the olden light—
'Twas the one kind word, he had met and passed—
'Twas the blue in the sky, where the stars shine bright!

'Twas a sinning girl with a reckless air,
Who was one of a throng on a sunny day,
And her painted cheek and her stony stare
Were the signs of a soul on its downward way!

But a greeting came, and a kindly word,
With a message of grace to the erring one;
And the centred depths of her nature stirred,
Till she turned from the wrong, and the good was won!
—Ella Dare.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

I.

DEACON ROGERS he came to me:
"Wife's a-going to die," said he.
"Doctors great, an' doctors small,
Haven't improved her any at all.
Physic and blister, powders and pills,
And nothing sure but doctors' bills!
Twenty old women with remedies new
Bother my wife the whole day through—
Sweet as honey, or bitter as gall—
Poor old woman, she takes them all;
Sour or sweet, whatever they choose,
Poor old woman, she daren't refuse.
So she pleases whoe'er may call,
An' Death is suited the best of all.
Physic and blister, powder and pill—
Bound to conquer, and sure to kill.

II.

"Mrs. Rogers lay in her bed,
Bandaged and blistered from foot to head.
Bandaged and blistered from head to toe,
Mrs. Rogers was very low.
Bottle and saucer, spoon and cup,
On the table stood bravely up;
Physic of high and low degree,
Calomel, catnip, boneset tea;
Everything a body could bear,
Excepting light and water and air.

III.

"I opened the blinds—the day was bright,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some light.
I opened the window—the day was fair,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some air.
Bottles and blisters, powders and pills,
Catnip, boneset, syrups and squills,
Drugs and medicines, high and low,
I threw them as far as I could throw.
'What are you doing?' my patient cried;
'Frightening Death,' I coolly replied.
'You are crazy!' a visitor said;
I flung a bottle at her head."

IV.

Deacon Rogers he came to me:
"Wife's a-comin' round," said he.
"I re'lly think she will worry through—
She scolds me just as she used to do.
All the people have poohed and slurred—
All the neighbours have had their word;
'Twas better to perish, some of 'em say,
Than be cured in such an irregular way."

V.

"Your wife," said I, "had God's good care,
And his remedies—light and water and air.
All the doctors beyond a doubt,
Couldn't have cured Mrs. Rogers without."

VI.

The Deacon smiled, and bowed his head;
"Then your bill is nothing," he said.
"God's be the glory, as you say!
God bless you, Doctor! good day! good day!"

If ever I doctor that woman again,
I'll give her medicine made by men.

—W. M. Carleton.

LOVE'S YOUNG DIFFICULTY.

UPON the timber bridge she stood,
That spans the water near the wood;
A maiden innocent and good.
The day was bright, the month was May;
The frisky lambs around were sporting,
We both were young; and youth, they say,
Youth is the time for courting.

She paused; a word might make her stay—
I would that she were here to-day!
I spoke not, and she passed away.
You laugh, no doubt, and deem me cold,
That in my arms I did not fold her;
The reason? I was ten years old,
And she was ten years older!

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

PLAN OF SPEAKERS FOR JANUARY, 1891.

BRADFORD (Bentley Yard): 4, Mrs. Jarvis; 11, Messrs. Lee and G. Galley; 18, Mrs. Russell; 25, Messrs. Wrighton and France.
 LANCASTER: 4, Mrs. Beanland; 11, Mr. P. Lee; 18, Mr. G. Jones; 25, Mr. Thos. Postlethwaite.

ACCRINGTON. 26, China Street—New Year's Day: Annual tea and entertainment, tickets, 1s. Tea at 4 p.m. All heartily welcome.

ARMLEY.—Tea party on Christmas Day. We cordially invite all enquirers and friends, the proceeds to the harmonium fund.—J. W. G.

AUCKLAND PARK. Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa.—Dec. 25: A public tea at 4 o'clock. All friends are kindly invited. Hoping they will not forget us, for the benefit of the cause.—G. W. B.

BACUP.—Society's Bazaar is put off till Good Friday. Thanking those who have already contributed towards it. The Treasurer, Mrs. Firth, 31, Dale Street, Bacup, will thankfully receive any further help either in money or articles, for the bazaar, the proceeds of which are to go towards a building fund.

BATLEY. Wellington Street.—Dec. 25: A public tea (with ham). Tickets, 8d., 4d., and 2d. After tea, a social evening of games, songs, reading, etc. A cordial invitation to all.

BOLTON. Old Spinners' Hall.—The members of the Bolton Spiritualistic Society are endeavouring to have a sale of work during the New Year's holidays. They earnestly ask for any small donation or articles that any friend will send them. Messrs. Hatton will receive them thankfully.

BRADFORD. Bentley Yard.—December 25: A ham tea and miscellaneous entertainment; tea at 4-30, entertainment at 7-30. Tickets: Adults, 9d.; children, 6d.

BRADFORD. Bowling. Harker Street.—Dec. 31: Pie supper and social gathering, at 7-30. Adults, 6d.; children, 3d. All invited.

BRADFORD. St. James'.—A Sale of Work, tea meeting and entertainment, on Dec. 25. Admission: Adults, 9d.; children, 4d.; entertainment only, 3d.—E. H.

BRADFORD. Walton Street.—Dec. 28: E. Hoyle, Esq., F.S.A., will answer scientific questions. Hoping friends will avail themselves of this opportunity of hearing this gentleman.

BURNLEY. 102, Padiham Road.—Dec. 25: Our annual tea party as usual. Tickets, 9d. and 6d. each. Tea at 5 o'clock.—J. W.

BURSLAM.—We shall open our new room on January 4, and hold a tea meeting on the 5th, which will be opened by Mrs. Groom.

COLNE.—December 25: A public meat tea and entertainment will be held. Tickets, 1s.; entertainment only, 3d. A very interesting programme is being arranged.

HALIFAX.—Please make a note of this. The annual Christmas tea and entertainment on Saturday, December 27, at 4-30 p.m. Tickets for tea and entertainment, 9d., children, 4d.; entertainment only, 3d. The best of the season. We hope to see all old friends and new.

HECKMONDRIKE. Blanket Hall Street.—On Christmas Day, the first annual ham tea and entertainment. Songs, recitations, readings, and selections. Mrs. and Mr. W. Stansfield, of Batley Carr, and Mr. Wainwright and others are expected to be present. Tea at 4-30, entertainment at 7. Tickets for tea and entertainment, 9d., 6d., and 4d. Entertainment only, 3d. All heartily welcome.—H. O.

HECKMONDRIKE. Thomas Street.—Dec. 26: Annual Christmas tea, and entertainment of songs, recitations, and dialogues by Lyceum scholars. Tea and entertainment, 9d., entertainment only, 3d.

HUDDERSFIELD. Brook Street.—The Christmas tea party and dramatic and musical entertainment, at the Victoria Hall, on Friday, Dec. 26. Tea at 4-30; drama at 6-30. Concluding with a selection of recitals and songs, in which Mr. Hepworth, character artist, will appear. Tickets for tea—adults sixpence, children 4d.; after tea, by programme only, 6d. and 4d., children half-price.

LEEDS. Spiritual Institute, 79, Cookridge street.—December 28: Mr. Wm. Victor Wyldes, at 2-30 p.m. Subject, "Christmas joys and sorrows." At 6-30 p.m., "Jesus of Nazareth: his reputed life and work from a spiritualist's point of view," followed by an inspirational poem. Monday, Dec. 29, at 8-0 p.m., "Hearts, Heads, and Hands," a prophetic oration, followed by clairvoyance, &c. Dec. 22: There will be a fancy stall in connection with the ladies' sewing class for the sale of fancy toys, &c., for Christmas. Opened at two o'clock. Refreshments provided. Dec. 26: The annual Christmas tea and social evening of songs, recitations, readings, and dancing. Price of tea, adults 8d. children 4d. Tea on the tables at 5 p.m. prompt. On Wednesday, Dec. 31 (New Year's Eve), a grand entertainment. Part 1 to be given by "The White Star Juvenile Minstrels." Part 2, tableaux vivants, illuminated with a brilliant oxy-hydrogen lime light. Part 3, living representations of the twelve months, by twelve lyceum girls, commencing at 7-30 p.m. Collection on entrance.

LEICESTER. Liberal Club, Town Hall Square.—December 26: Christmas tea meeting and entertainment. Tickets, adults 9d. Tea at 5 o'clock. Friends cordially invited.

LONDON. Clapham Junction. Endyonic Society.—Next meeting on Sunday, January 4, 1891, at the new premises, first floor over the Clapham Junction Post Office, 16, Queen's Parade. Afternoon meeting, 3-30; social tea at 5-30; evening meeting at 7. These spacious rooms will hold over 130 seats, and a large muster is anticipated.—U. W. G.

LONDON. Marylebone, 24, Harcourt Street.—The Lyceum tea party on Boxing Day, at 4-30. Usual amusements to follow. A few tickets for non-members at 9d. Apply early.

LONDON. Peckham. Chepstow Hall, 1, High Street.—We are drawing near to the close of a successful year of spiritual work, and to commemorate the advent of 1891 we intend holding a tea festival on Jan. 4, at 5 p.m., tickets 6d. Early application is required, as a large number have already been taken.

LONDON. Shepherd's Bush.—December 28, Mr. Towns. Jan. 12, Lyceum children's Christmas tea party, at Stephenson Hall, Hammersmith, followed by a grand vocal and instrumental concert in aid of our Organ Fund and Lyceum. Tickets, 6d., including tea, 1s., of Mr. Mason, 14, Orchard Road, or Mrs. Cusden, 11, Overstone Road, Hammersmith.—J. H. B.

MACOLESFIELD.—Dec. 25: The annual tea party and entertainment.

Two dramatic representations entitled "My Little Adopted," and "The New Footman," will be performed, and also a musical sketch, "Little Gleaners," by the Lyceumists, in which the May-pole dance will be introduced. Tickets 1s., Lyceumists 6d. After tea, 6d.

MANCHESTER. Edinboro' Hall, Opposite Alexandra Park Gates.—Christmas Day: Tea party and social gathering. Tickets: Adults, 1s.; children under twelve, 6d. Can be had from Mr. Winson, the proprietor of the hall; Mr. Hesketh, 23, Sewerby Street, Moss Side; or J. B. Longstaff, hon. sec., 28, Caton Street, Upper Tamworth Street.

MANCHESTER. Geoffrey Street Hall, off Shakespeare Street, Stockport Road.—Every Sunday, at 11 a.m.; and Tuesdays, at 8 p.m., public circles; Thursdays, at 8 p.m., circle for spiritualists only, admission 2d.

MANCHESTER. Psychological Hall.—A tea party and entertainment on Christmas Day, at 4-30. Admission, adults 1s.; children 6d.; after tea, 3d. We shall be glad to see all friends. New Year's Day lyceum tea party at 4 o'clock. Adults 9d.; lyceum members free.

MANCHESTER SOCIETY.—Notice.—Annual tea party and ball, Thursday, January 1, 1891, in the Ardwick Public Hall, Higher Ardwick. Tea at 4-30 p.m., prompt. Dancing at 7 p.m. Tickets 1s. No pass-out tickets after 10 p.m.—W. H.

MIDDLESBRO'-ON-TEES.—Dec. 28 and 29: Mrs. Peters. New Year's Day, tea and entertainment. Tickets, 1s. Children at a reduction. Entertainment only, 3d.—S. B. S.

MORLEY.—Christmas Day: A fancy stall and a variety entertainment.

NORTHAMPTON.—Tuesday, Dec. 30: We shall have a tea and sale of work. If there are any visitors from other towns we shall be glad to see them, and hope they will make themselves known.

NOTTINGHAM.—The usual party will be held in the Morley Hall on Christmas Day. We hope to arrange for a pleasant evening. Help is earnestly invited. Mr. E. W. Wallis will be our speaker on Dec. 28. Friends please bear this in mind. On the first Sunday in the New Year a local conference will be held in the Morley Hall, to consider the best means for propagating the cause in Nottingham. Papers will be given bearing on the subject. Further announcements will be made.

NORTH SHIELDS. Camden Street.—Coffee supper and social on Friday, December 26, at 7. Tickets 9d.

OLDHAM. Spiritual Temple.—Dec. 25, Annual Tea Party, at 4-30. Tickets 8d. Lyceum tea party, Dec. 27, at 4-30. Children 4d., adults 6d.

OPENSHAW.—Dec. 25: Old folks' tea party and entertainment. Tea at 4-30. Friends' tickets, 1s.; old people over 60 years, free. We also have our annual tea party entertainment and ball, on New Year's Day. Tickets, 1s. Tea at 4-30 p.m. Dancing at 7-30.—J. G.

RAWTENSTALL.—Saturday, Dec. 27: A public tea party and entertainment. Tea and meeting, adults, 6d.; children under 12, 4d.; meeting only, 3d.

SALFORD. 28th, Mr. J. C. Macdonald. Lyceum Tea Meeting, Jan. 1, 1891. Friends' tickets, 6d. Service of Song, Jan. 4.

SLAITHWAITE. South Lane.—Tea and entertainment on Saturday, December 27. Tickets: adults, 6d.; children, 4d.

SOWERBY BRIDGE.—Dec. 25: Tea and entertainment. Songs, duets, and recitals, by Mr. Birkhead. Glees by the choir. Two sketches, "Apartments to Let," and "The Trials of a Patient Man." Tea at 4-30, entertainment at 7. Admission: Tea 1s., entertainment 6d. A Watch-night service on Dec. 31, at 10-30.

STOCKPORT. Wellington Road.—Dec. 25: First public tea party in our new hall. Member's and friend's tickets 8d. Shall be glad if friends will rally round us in good numbers. Mrs. Green has postponed her visit to Jan. 19, 1891.—J. A.

TYNE DOCK. Exchange Buildings.—Coffee supper and social on New Year's Eve. Admission, 6d. Commence, 7-30.

WESTHOUGHTON. Wingates.—Dec. 25: Tea party and entertainments. Tickets, gents, 8d.; ladies, 6d.; children, 4d. Tea at 4-30 p.m. Friends are cordially invited.—T. H.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS' NEW MONTHLY, "THE COMING DAY.—For the advocacy of the religion of humanity, based on the permanent foundations of God and the brotherhood of man." The first number, for January, 1891, is now ready. Threepence. (London: Williams and Norgate, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.) *The Coming Day* will read the word "Religion" in the light of the word "Humanity," and its subjects will therefore take a wide range, dealing not only with the Church, but with the state and the home. Above all things, it will plead for the faith that the prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," stands for a great practical week-day reality, and not a Sunday dream. *The Coming Day* will be useful as a help to the perplexed, the doubting, and the spiritually homeless. There are many such—more to-day than ever. In all the churches, many feel the pressure of burdensome traditions; while, outside of all churches, multitudes, in self-defence, are drifting towards agnosticism. *The Coming Day* will help these by showing them that religion belongs to humanity, not to the priests,—to streets and homes, not only to churches and altars,—to reason and conscience, and not only to belief,—that it is love, and peace, and joy, in a holy spirit, and is as independent of creeds and rituals and rites as the blue sky is independent of the lake—or the puddle—that tries to reflect it. *The Coming Day* ought to be easily obtained through any bookseller (on giving the names of the London publishers); but experience has shown that it is necessary to arrange for the transmission of such a magazine through the post. Those, therefore, who wish to have it forwarded, may order direct from Frank Hopps, New Walk, Leicester. One copy will be regularly sent for a year for 3s. 6d.; two for 6s.; four for 10s.; ten for £1. All post free.—The first number for January, 1891, contains—A Letter to Mr. Gladstone on Revelation and Inspiration, and his Reply; A Scientific Basis of Belief in a Future Life; A Child's Religion—in a Letter to a Child; An Agnostic's Marriage Difficulty; Emerson on Robert Burns; A new Book of Common Prayer (Part I.); Messages from our Forerunners; Light on the Path, &c.—Advt.

BINDING VOL. III.—We are making arrangements for binding a number of volumes. If we can make up a big parcel we can bind customers' own copies for 2s. a volume, carriage extra, but unless a good number of our friends avail themselves of this offer we must charge more. Send to Mr. E. W. Wallis, 10, Petworth Street, Cheetham Manchester.

OUR THIRD ANNUAL CENSUS OF SOCIETIES.

NAME OF SOCIETY.	Number of Membership.	Seating Capacity of Hall.	Average Attendance.	Mediums.	Number of Circles.	Lyceum Membership.	Average Attendance.
Armsley	10	160	160	4	2	—	—
Bradford, Ripley Street, Manchester Road	—	100	50 to 60	20	8	—	—
Brighouse	60	350	250	4	8	114	86
Burnley, Hammerton Street	70	400	300	several	several	217	60
" North Street	40	120	80	—	—	96	70
Cleckheaton	15	100	80	6	3	35	28
Colne	—	—	—	—	—	80	70
Cowms	22	60	40	—	1	—	—
Darwen, Church Bank Street	60 to 70	400	150	30	—	38	30
Glasgow	70	250	60	6	—	54	35
Hanley	15	150	70	2	3	17	14
Heckmondwike, Thomas Street	23	500	200	7	3	37	25
Keighley, Assembly Rooms'	65	200	120	6	1	—	—
Lancaster, Athenæum Lecture Hall, St. Leonard's Gate	—	300	130	6	2	—	60
London, Chepstow Hall, 1, High Street, Peckham ...	85	150	100	4 or 5	many	—	—
Manchester	120	300	250	7	many	50	30
" Psychological Hall	—	200	130	—	—	100	70
" Moss Side and Hulme, Edinboro' Hall	—	500	80	10	1	—	—
Middlesbrough	24	—	45	6	3	45	30
Northampton	49	200	80	7	7	—	—
North Shields	44	250	100	—	1	40	30
Oldham	102	500	350	12	many	93	60
Slaithwaite ..	16	200	80	—	—	38	30
South Shields	67	300	80	12	8	57	38
Tyne Dock	28	120	60	3	—	30	25
The Spiritualist Corresponding Society *	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

*For mutual interchange of thought between spiritualists, answering press criticisms, and assisting enquirers. List forwarded on sending stamped envelope to Mr. J. Allen, 245, Camberwell Road, London.

We very much regret that so few secretaries of societies have replied to our request for particulars as to the condition of the public work in connection with the cause in their towns. We had hoped to present, in tabulated form, a digest of the returns sent in, and a comparison with those of previous years, but our intentions have been frustrated by the absence of returns from so many centres of spiritual work. Apparently our friends have been too busy to take note of our request. We will publish next week any additional particulars which reach us before Dec. 26th.

REVEREND PETER DEAN'S VIEWS UPON SPIRITUALISM.—In reply to "Constant Reader," and at our request, the Rev. Peter Dean writes: "As I have said in my discourse, I am not a spiritualist, and as I do not believe spiritualists to be frauds, I am shut up to the only other alternative, namely, that spiritualists must be somehow mistaken. I have no doubt they see spirits—my only doubt is as to whether the spirits are there to see. Awhile ago in taking my watch from my bed-head it slipped from my hand and fell to the floor. In looking under the bed I saw broken glass lying about the watch as clearly as ever I saw broken glass in my life, but the watch face was not broken; expectancy made me to see what there was not there to see. In the terrible railway accident at Taunton the other week, some of the imprisoned sufferers lay for an hour or two under the impression that their legs had been taken off, but when they were released they were able to walk. In this case also expectancy misled them as to what was the fact. Again, in my dreams I see sights, feel impacts, hear sounds which are not there to be seen, felt, or heard. Miracles believed are miracles achieved. Only those ever see ghosts who are expecting to see ghosts. If miracles or ghosts still occur or appear, belief or expectancy would not need to be factors in people seeing them. To me spiritualism is a matter of evidence; the testimony of others is of no good to me, and only proves that they think they have seen what they declare. I have an open mind to evidence of the truth of spiritual phenomena. I have evidence that others think they see extra-natural phenomena—I now want to see the marvels myself. I have read more spiritualistic literature than most non-spiritualists and I have been present at three séances, but I must honestly say that I am still lacking evidence of the truth of spiritualism. In every case except in one matter of a name, the asserted spirits of the dead (including those of my mother, father, and father-in-law) have shown me conclusively they were not what they professed to be. I have written this in response to your note. I do not propose to enter into a controversy on the matter. Spiritualism is only one of the subjects I differ from other men upon, and if I am to engage in controversy with all I differ from, I should be unable to find time for anything beside." [Mr. Dean has our thanks for his kindly and courteous letter. Of course we know he is mistaken, but he is justified in holding his present opinion until he has evidence to the contrary. We think he hardly allows sufficient weight to those testimonies which oppose his opinions. Spiritualists have found that the best evidences come "unexpectedly," and hundreds of cases of this class are on record which are not covered by the theory of "expectancy." We confess we hardly expected so sweeping a statement from Mr. Dean as "Only those ever see ghosts who are expecting to see ghosts;" it is uncorrect and unphilosophical. Hudson Tuttle's work on Psychic Science gives a number of instances which contradict that statement, not to mention other works. Professor Myers' "Phantasms of the Dead" contains many instances outside the theory propounded by Mr. Dean. It is "a matter of evidence," and the evidence is abundantly adverse to Mr. Dean's theory, but until he is acquainted with the evidence, and obtains proof for himself, he is justified in suspending his judgment, and has our thanks for his letter. The fact that he is a non-spiritualist makes his defence of the spiritualists against Mr. Ashcroft's attack all the more creditable and valuable.—E. W. W.]

A YANKEE editor remarked, in a polemical article, that though he would not call his opponent a liar, he must say that if the gentleman had intended to state what was utterly false, he had been remarkably successful in his attempt.

SOME THOUGHTFUL WORDS RESPECTING THE CONDUCT OF MEETINGS AND THE METHODS OF SOCIETIES.—Speaking of the meetings in Adelphi Hall, New York, Mr. Lyman C. Howe says, in the *Progressive Thinker*: "The society is exceptionally true to the higher objects and progressive usefulness of educational spiritualism. Phenomena are cultivated for the uses they serve, and not merely to gratify idle curiosity, or catch dimes to save any voluntary effort of financial sacrifice. Of course we all know that 'money makes the mare go,' and it is a business principle to make every enterprise self-sustaining. But a cause that concerns the interests of the whole world, and must be introduced before it can make any headway, requires effort and some temporal sacrifices. If spiritualists have not the cause at heart who will have? If those who have shared the blessings are not quickened and inspired to do something more than to barely drift, what can we hope for the future of spiritualism? If we supinely hug our ease and court the idols of the past and shrink from duties and from responsibilities, we must expect to see the churches absorb our best minds, and grow strong on the patronage of those whose hearts are not with them. If we leave this heaven-born cause to the mercy of business speculations, and cover it with obloquy and ridicule by a wholesale surrender to the mob, in order to make it self-supporting, and escape the necessity of personal effort and financial donations, we cannot hope for any permanent success. If we pander to the lowest instincts for the sake of paltry gain and selfish gratification, and 'sell our birthright for a mess of pottage,' we do not deserve blessings that heaven has rained upon us for 43 years. So far as I can ascertain the first Society of Spiritualists of New York have aimed above all these 'besetting sins.' They have steadily and patiently faced the frowns of fortune and the sneers of bigots, and sacrificed time, labour, comfort and money to maintain, year after year, a reliable society and regular meetings, with the best talent attainable, with no hope of temporal reward, or even a just appreciation from the people whose interests they have done so much to serve. I think their example ought to inspire others to go and do likewise. But as yet even this move is but in germ. It is an earnest of what may be evolved from a healthy beginning, and a loyal purpose to serve the spiritual interests of humanity. The valuable services of Nellie J. T. Brigham as local pastor for 12 consecutive years, have contributed much to their success. It is not alone her inspired discourses, so sweet and rich in spiritual beauty and high intelligence, but her constant influence in private life which carries all the inspiration of her heavenly guides and the wealth of personal character into the homes and hearts of all who share her companionship. This is a power for good which is sadly overlooked by most societies. Where speakers are changed every month, nearly all of this personal influence is wasted. Even the churches, thoroughly organized and disciplined as they are, would lose half their strength if they pursued such a suicidal policy. All of the value attaching to social life, and the magnetism that draws people together, is weakened or wasted in the perpetual changes which characterise most of our spiritual societies. But there is a worse feature than this, because it concerns every soul that follows the fickle fluctuations thus presented. It cultivates a morbid demand for change, a sickly sensationalism that dulls the mental faculties and demoralizes the intellect and destroys the best incentives to earnest endeavour and high devotion to the cause. High spiritual attainments are not the product of momentary effervescence. They are not evolved by chaotic excitement, the fluctuations of fickle fancy. All great works are accomplished by a steady, persistent, orderly progress, keeping the line of march unbroken, the pillars of the temple in solid persisting, while brick by brick the superstructure rises." We give the above quotations in the hope that they will inspire our friends and co-workers to do their utmost to promote spiritualism as an educational, reformatory, and religious movement, and endeavour to attract and retain the more thoughtful and spiritually-minded people. Progress means improvement spiritually, as well as increasing numbers.

WHO CAN HELP an educated, scientific, middle-aged man, over twenty-five years a spiritualist, who would be glad to fill some position? First-class references.—Damon, *Two Worlds' Office*.

PASSING EVENTS AND COMMENTS:

(Compiled by E. W. WALLIS.)

SPECIAL NOTICE.

OWING TO THE NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAYS we must go to press for our next issue a day earlier. Reports, &c., intended for insertion should be sent so as to reach us on Monday, Dec. 29.

AN EXPLANATION.—We regret that owing to our being compelled to go to press early on Monday morning, we have been unable to insert any reports, and some announcements have come to hand too late for insertion. They shall appear next week.

A LYCEUM has been formed at Stockport, which is held at the Spiritualist Hall of Progress every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. The attendance for the past three Sundays has been about twenty each meeting.

CIVILIZING AFRICA.—Fourteen missionaries, 400 tons of gunpowder, 11 cases of gin, and 10,000 casks of rum, were recently sent to the West Coast of Africa. Grog, Gospel, and Gunpowder, are the Christian trinity for the civilizing of the heathen. Gin, Gunpowder, and Greed, win in the long run.

SEND IN YOUR PAPERS FOR BINDING AT ONCE.—A good number of volumes have been sent in for us to bind up, but we have not received sufficient to enable us to avail ourselves of the special cheap rate. Will others who intend to forward their papers please do so *at once*, that we may put them in hand?

Mrs. E. A. BINGHAM, of 1, Windermere Villas, Earlsfield, London, S.W., writes "I have a meeting here every other Sunday. Mrs. Spring gave us several tests and a beautiful address." Mrs. Bingham also sends us a printed sheet, entitled "A Spiritualist's Christmas Carol," which contains some appropriate and seasonable sentiments.

"Man is greater than the world, for he can comprehend and survey it. He is greater than a star, for he can bethink its birth and death. He reads the thoughts of God after him. But for man, God would be childless and friendless, and, like Robinson Crusoe, he would be banished in his own universe."

CARDIFF. Queen's Arcade, Psychological Hall.—This society is now organising a library for the purpose of circulating spiritualistic literature amongst members and friends. The committee will be glad of assistance from friends of the cause by the gift of books suitable for adults, or for the children attending the Lyceum. All communications should be addressed to the hon. librarian, Chas. H. Help, 10, New James Street, Castle Road, Cardiff.

A GRAND OLD MAN.—In a pleasant letter Mr. L. N. Fowler, the famous phrenologist, says: "What a lot there will be to learn when we pass into the next sphere. I read *The Two Worlds* with great interest, and hope the editors will long be spared to make known the mysteries of the spiritual realms. What a world of knowledge there is around us, and yet how little we know. Time is hurrying us on to the time we shall see as we are seen and know as we are known. I shall according to the order of nature soon be on the other side; as I am already in my eightieth year I cannot expect to remain here much longer, although I am free from pain and disease and enjoy eating, sleeping, and working as well as ever I did." [We wonder how many men of the same age can say the same? This is "growing old gracefully, in truth." E.W.W.]

A REMARKABLE CASE OF HEALING.—My little boy, aged about 2 years, suffered from chronic bronchitis ever since he was born, and we had the family doctor attending him, and he said that we should never rear him, and I believe we never should had we not heard of Mrs. Beanland, of Leeds. But after being under Mrs. Beanland's treatment for about a month, and only taking a few bottles of medicine, he is completely cured, and can go about now as well as any child of his age. Mrs. Beanland being medically clairvoyant, is able to diagnose disease, and has been frequently asked by medical men where she got her information from. I shall be pleased to give further particulars to any one desiring them.—Mrs. Fred Lunn, Green Lane, Lofthouse, near Wakefield.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I have before me a copy of your issue of yesterday, Friday, Dec. 5, containing a paper read by Mr. Morse last November, in Liverpool, and his paper contains a good deal on the subject it purports to deal with of a not altogether correct nature (e.g., that the "atma," or 7th principle in man has a "Karma," and the span of our earthly life is called, in Theosophical parlance, a "manvantara"); thus showing that the knowledge upon which his statements are based is neither accurate nor wide. But what I write more particularly to point out, and which I trust you may find space to publish, in common fairness and justice, is a statement made by Mr. Morse, which is not only *absolutely false*, but contains hints and innuendoes of a character most misleading, and unworthy of the source from which it proceeds. Mr. Morse says 'the late hideous exhibit of the inner-side of things by Prof. Elliot Coues, of Washington, in the New York Sun, remain(s) unanswered, and practically unnoticed. Why?' Had Mr. Morse taken the trouble to turn to the August number (his paper was read Nov. 19) of *Lucifer*, he would there have found, p. 523, a specified notice, by Mr. Judge, of New York, that he had *then* (August) brought an action for libel against Dr. Elliot Coues, re certain statements in the article published in the New York Sun, alluded to by Mr. Morse. Nay more, I may add, that in the October number of *Lucifer*, Madame Blavatsky announces that she herself, in addition to Mr. Judge, in New York, is bringing an action against Dr. Coues re the same libellous article in the New York Sun. Under these circumstances—published circumstances—how can Mr. Morse venture to say that the article in question has remained unanswered? Comment is needless.—I remain, yours faithfully, A. L. C., Fellow of the Theosophical Society. Harrow, December, 1890."

STILL ON SALE.—We printed some hundreds of our grand Christmas Number above the total of the orders we received, and shall be happy to supply them to customers at the terms already advertised. Single copies, post free, 2½d. 12 copies, post free, 2s. 25 copies, post free, 3s. 9d. We have also copies of the first and second Missionary Numbers which we shall be glad to dispose of. We will send one each of the Missionary Numbers and the Christmas Double Number post free, for 5d.—Address, Manager, "Two Worlds," 10, Petworth Street, Cheetham, Manchester.

THE LYCEUM BANNER No. 2 has just come to hand; it is full of good things suitable for the lyceum work and workers. The children are taking much interest in it, and the pledges for the golden group have been revised in such manner as makes them commendable to all. We hope to see every member of the lyceums enrolled. We can only say, if you have not had *The Banner*, get it, take it regularly, and by your support help the publisher to enlarge it, for the only fault we find in it at present is, it is too small, but a large circulation will enable the publisher to soon remedy that. Write to Mr. J. J. Morse, 80, Needham Road, Liverpool. [See advt.]

RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY is still at work, eager to crush out the first lisps of an enemy that means the destruction of creedalised rituals, and mumbling formulas. We rented our hall for 12 months, and permission was given us to erect a platform for our speakers. About a month after we opened, we were dragged on the carpet on the plea that we were preaching pure atheism. Having satisfied our landlord on that point, in a week or so the platform was in the way. We had this cut down, and at a great inconvenience, removed after the services to the ante-room; but this week we were informed that it must be removed altogether. The expense of altering and adapting platform cost us £4, now we had to take it away. We have secured another room (sitting capacity 150) at a reduced rental of 4s. a week. Spiritualism is not dead yet in Hanley, but means to *progress*.

HOW SOME CLERGYMEN RAISE THE WIND.—A valued correspondent sends us some advertisements headed "Biblical Competition," offering large sums of money to people who count the number of times certain letters occur in certain chapters in the Bible. The entrance fees are 1s., and 6d., respectively, and of course are what the advertiser is after. The methods of the swindle are fully exposed in the Christmas number of *Tit-Bits*. Our correspondent writes: "I traced one of this class of advertisements for curiosity some time ago and found it to be a 'Reverend' (?) clergyman living at Folkestone, in Kent. I should like to hear and see other people's opinions, and your own, expressed upon the matter." Our opinion is that it is another version of the "confidence trick," a clear case of "false pretences," and a contemptible act on the part of any one, and any clergyman who engages in it is no better than a rogue.

A PLEA FOR "THE TWO WORLDS."—Mr. J. Butterworth, of Oldham, writes: "I am sorry to learn that *The Two Worlds* is not yet self supporting. I am also sorry to learn that there are mediums who earn what they can from the platform and other ways, and profit by reports in your columns, and yet scarcely ever spend a penny on the paper, which shows a selfish spirit or a want of appreciation of the interest and sacrifice the editors and directors evince in trying to make it a paper worthy of our cause. I would like to suggest that mediums, from the platform, speak a word or two in its favour oftener than they do. I think it would have a good effect and help the sale. I only remember hearing brother Johnson do so, good soul that he is. He is always advocating the sale of literature, and yet not from a selfish motive but for the good of the cause and humanity. My aim is to urge mediums and spiritualists to interest themselves in behalf of *The Two Worlds* even more earnestly than in the past, and trust that at the close of another year the circulation will have doubled."

"Do you think I shall have justice done me?" said a culprit to his counsel, a shrewd Kentucky lawyer of the best class in that eloquent State. "I am a little afraid that you *won't*," replied the other. "I see two men on the jury who are opposed to hanging."

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

The necessity of preparing matter appropriate to Christmas and the New Year, and also the fact that we have been obliged to go to press at this season in time to allow our publishers and printers their accustomed holidays, must be accepted by our correspondents as the several reasons why their letters have not received more prompt attention. After the New Year's first numbers are issued we shall be able to devote more time and space to these subjects. At present we can only add the following brief notices:—

"MAN TO MAN."—Kindly declined. Unsuitable to our columns. Questions by "BONA FIDE" are not clearly defined. The writer seems desirous of mixing up the beliefs of Orthodox Christians with spiritual phenomena, and the only question we can elicit from him is, whether, in our opinion, the Lord Christ is not speedily coming to judge the world and put all things to rights generally? According to the New Testament, the disciples of Christ were promised this in *their* time, but the promise was not fulfilled, neither has it been so for some eighteen centuries after their time. To our mind it seems rather doubtful when such a fulfilment is likely to take place; at any rate, we do not cherish any such expectations for the year 1891.

For some eighteen poems offered "for our next issue," we beg to say we do not at present find any appropriate place for them, some 1800, more or less, being already waiting favourable opportunities of appearing.

Many other correspondents will be notified of "The good time coming. Wait a little longer."

CORRESPONDENT.—The message you send would be cheering and helpful to yourself, and contains some fine thoughts. Thousands of such encouraging messages are given every year, and are of much service to their recipients, but are hardly of sufficient general interest to warrant us in publishing them. You have our thanks and good wishes.

RE THE SUGGESTED WORKERS' CONFERENCE.—Mr. J. Allen, of 245, Camberwell Road, London, writes: "I think such an idea would be productive of much good, not only to the workers and mediums themselves, but beneficially to our cause generally. I, myself, will gladly add my mite to the expenses if it can be brought to a successful issue. Wishing the Editor and yourself success in your constant efforts to spread the truth of spiritualism."

MR. W. WALLACE writes: "Yesterday, I could not resist going to see my old friends, the Chisholms. When I arrived I found that Mr. Chisholm had passed away. He was an earnest spiritualist and a true friend, a kind and loving husband. He was 55 years of age, and has gone to the spirit-land in peace without the blood of the Lamb. His remains have been interred at Edinburgh." [We knew Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm some years ago, and received much kindness at their hands. Mrs. Chisholm has our sincere sympathy, our ascended brother has our congratulations in having entered into life.—E. W. W.]

MINISTERS OPPOSE MUSIC in the public park on Sunday. "In spite of the vigorous opposition of the Rev. Brooke Lambert and other liberal-minded clergy, the Greenwich Ruri-decanal Conference has agreed, by 48 votes to 16, 'that the playing of a Sunday band in Greenwich Park is a desecration of that day, and interferes seriously with the rights of a large majority of the inhabitants to the maintenance of quiet and order on the Lord's Day.' The Conference resolved to petition the Chief Commissioner of Works to allow no bands to play in the park on Sundays." Query: Why should band playing in the open air be a "desecration" any more than a band or an organ playing in church? Why not petition to secure the "rights" of the citizens to "quiet and order" by stopping the braying of the Salvation trumpets and big drum thumping and noisy bell clanging? Circumstances alter cases.

GHOST SEERS IN YORKSHIRE.—The correspondent of a Leeds contemporary is responsible for the tale that three gentlemen—commerce law, and medicine—had an experience which the members of the Psychical Research Society will assuredly envy. They took a stroll along a certain country lane in Yorkshire. At the end of the lane was a gate. When they reached this gate, all three stood in surprise and stared at each other; for each had seen a man sitting on the gate, who disappeared instantaneously just as they reached him. They searched high and low, and could discover no trace of the missing man. Returning to their inn, the landlord asked them how they had enjoyed their walk. "Very well," replied one of them, "and we have seen a ghost." "Ah!" said the landlord, "then you have been at such-and-such a lane, and you saw a man sitting on a gate. People often see him. He was hanged there a hundred years ago." Since the ghost seers are all three vouched for as "gentlemen of the highest personal character," we are forbidden the usual explanation that visions of "departed spirits" very often follow familiarity with those other "spirits" which are often the principal ingredients of "the warmest welcome at an inn."

HULL. The North Eastern Metropolis, and Spiritualism.—Some twenty years ago a society existed here but vanished, leaving only here and there a few living members "amid the encircling gloom." The death angel took some home, while others removed to distant places, leaving but a few solitary sparks scarcely known to each other. Lately the wind of the spirit has fanned these almost dying embers. Now the dry bones rattle and are moving. A lady from a western city who came to reside in Hull, a woman of "faith" (not "without works"), sought to re-open this subject in the city of her adoption, hit on a plan, ingenious and effective, by it drew other two to her side, and now in three months this little band, assisted by one of the earlier group, have secured a membership of nearly thirty. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Ye mediums, prophets (howsoever gifted), when visiting this large town for pleasure or business, turn aside, and see re-enacted in this little band of workers the old story of the "burning bush"—unconsumed itself—yet destroying the stubble of infidelity and materialism in this dark north-east corner of England. The banner of truth, "There shall be no more death" (hung over their platform), is a note of triumph that these pioneer ladies and gentlemen intend to aim at and work up to, never withdrawing their hands, or remaining silent in the publication of this last and best everlasting gospel. Friends of the cause, bless yourselves and them by any help you can give.—B. H.

THE "GLASGOW HERALD" OF NOV. 12, contained the following paragraph: "The abysmal depths to which human folly can descend, especially under the guidance of that curious mixture of quackery and superstition called 'Spiritualism,' is well illustrated by a brochure entitled 'Garrison in Heaven.' The author of this precious literary production is an American professor called Denton, and the 'first authorised English edition' of his so-called 'dream' has just appeared." The notice goes on to quote from the advertisement, the "headings" which were given of the principal points of the "dream. It is clear, from the notice, that the reviewer has not read the pamphlet but only seen the advertisement, and yet he winds up thus: "Apart altogether from the profanity of this coarse and slipshod production, no human being with the brains of a bird, unless the bird happened to be a goose, could endure such vulgar and idiotic twaddle, and yet we are assured that there is a good deal of 'humour' in it." Since Denton's statements are based upon Biblical authority and orthodox Christian teachings, the absurdity of which are clearly exposed, we fail to see the profanity. Evidently the reviewer has not "the brains of a bird," and is unable to see the joke, doubtless because it is at the expense of that dull, decorous, deadening orthodoxy which the *Herald* is so fond of. We hope the notice will set some of the Glasgow folk reading "the dream" for themselves.

THEY ARE MOVING. "WHAT MUST WE DO TO BE SAVED."—A fortnight since I listened to a sermon in Bradford by a Congregationalist minister on the above text. He vigorously opposed the "once popular faith that salvation was an instantaneous change." "A compact with God of so much salvation for so much faith." He denied "that once saved always saved" was true. He thought if he were asked "Are you saved," the thoughtful Christian would hesitate ere he replied, although

a believer in the old dogmas would reply at once in the affirmative. His idea was that man was saved from sin, from the doing of wrong, that salvation was a growth, a gradual process of spiritual unfolding, not saved for believing but saved by the knowledge of truth which he gained by believing in Jesus—that is, by accepting the duty of out-working in daily life the teachings of Jesus. Forgiveness did not wash away the consequences of sin, but the feeling that God was love and accepted the repentant wrong-doer, would not condemn him but bless his aspirations and efforts, gave man relief from the intolerable sense of guiltiness, and encouraged him to live the life of the spirit, and so he could say, "I am being saved so far as I am, by the grace of God living the truer life."

Such teachings are being heard with increasing frequency and force in the pulpits by outspoken, earnest, and brave teachers. Surely reform is taking place at last within the fold. The service was reverential, beautiful, and the preacher was an educated, cultured thinker, who, fearlessly and eloquently, spoke his honest thoughts. His congregation is rapidly growing in numbers and influence. Is this a sign of the times? Are we as spiritualists leading the van? Are we educators, reformers, teachers, leaders of spiritual progress, or are we being left behind by the liberal churches?

WITH BELL, BOOK, AND CANDLE.—The Vale of Clwyd Calvinistic Methodist Monthly Conference has resolved on the report of a special committee of inquiry to excommunicate Crucor Chapel, owing to a serious scandal amongst its members. No Communion will be administered or devotional services held for twelve months, with the exception of Sunday, when sermons will be delivered. The scandal has been the subject of police court proceedings at Ruthin.

JESUS.

'Twas he opposed the bigot Jews
And preached their superstition down;
His novel teaching they refused,
And falsely cried, "He seeks a crown."
He sought to rid the world of creeds,
Of priestly juggles, craft, and lies—
A martyr to the truth he bleeds,
A victim of the priesthood dies.
The very bondsmen he would save,
A market of his death throes made;
The priesthood juggled o'er his grave,
And made "his love for man" a trade.
And still they juggle, preach, and pray,
And mar the great reformer's plan—
Give mental night, where he gave day,
And lord it o'er the souls of man.
We need no priest our souls to shrive,
Or lay their hands upon our head;
Priests persecuted. Christ alive,
And live upon him now he's dead.

THE INDIANS' GHOST DANCE.—A lady missionary stationed near Sitting Bull's camp gives this graphic description of the ghost dance of the Indians: "Have been up to Sitting Bull's and the dance is in full blast. It is a most terrible thing—the old sun dance with a new name. They dance facing the sun as long as possible and fall down, moan, groan, whoop, and foam at the mouth like mad dogs. They do not yet cut their bodies, but that will soon come. The men all dress in war dress and paint and feathers, and the women also take part and paint and wear feathers, which is a new feature (women never wear feathers). Sitting Bull stayed in the sacred tent and every one entering the dance for the first time, went into the tent to be made 'Wakan,' and painted with crescents on the forehead, cheeks, and chin and across on the nose. I went into the tent and talked with the old man. He assented to everything, but promises nothing. He means war."—*Religio Philosophical Journal*.

THE COMMON PEOPLE.—How many Arkwrights, Stephensons, Bunyans, Wedgewoods, Turners, and Carlyles have sprung from the common people? Think. Then, how many great hearts and brains, as well as beautiful and strong forms, are yearly lost to us in the slums and factories? We know that beauty, and grace, and charity, and high intelligence, in spite of every adverse power, are to be found in profusion amongst the poorest classes; but we do not seem to think that every woman or man ruined or slain by poverty, ignorance and vice is the loss of so much bone and sinew, of so much courage and skill, of so much delight and glory to the nation. Think what men and women are under the best conditions, and then go into the places where the masses dwell under the worst conditions, and you will be ready to rend your garments as the ruinous waste becomes apparent. Is not one Darwin or Milton or Ruskin, one Brontë, one Florence Nightingale, one Jenny Lind, or Mrs. Siddons worth a price above rubies? Well, cast your eyes over the Registrar-General's returns, and imagine, if you can, how many gentle nurses, good mothers, sweet singers, brave soldiers, clever artists, inventors, and thinkers are swallowed up every year in the ghastly deeps of that ocean of crime and sorrow known to the official mind as the "high death-rate of the wage-earning classes."—*Sunday Chronicle*.

"GARRISON IN HEAVEN": A DREAM. BY WILLIAM DENTON.—First English edition, 1890. Manchester: E. W. Wallis, 10, Gt. Ducie Street. Price 3d. This is an amusing skit on orthodoxy by the late W. F. Denton, the geologist and anti-Christian spiritist lecturer. It depicts Lloyd Garrison, the great Abolitionist, admitted to heaven because after death the ministers began to speak well of him; seeing all the menagerie of the apocalypse, but being dissatisfied because all his old familiar friends and fellow-workers were down in hell. He then wanted to see Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, and Paine, but found they were all below, while he was expected to keep company with Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, Samson, David, and Calviu. At length Garrison takes up a corner as near to hell as he can possibly get, and expresses his determination to start an underground railway, and run in every soul from that infernal pit.—*The Freethinker*.

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