

# THE TWO WORLDS

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM, OCCULT SCIENCE, ETHICS, RELIGION AND REFORM.

No. 61.—VOL. II. [Registered as a Newspaper.] FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1889.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

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

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ALOFAS

## SERVICES FOR SUNDAY, JANUARY 13, 1889.

- Ashington Colliery.**—At 5 p.m. Sec. Mrs. J. Robinson, 45, Third Row.  
**Bacup.**—Meeting Room, at 2-30 and 6-30. Sec. 137, Hartley Terrace, Lee Mill.
- Barrow-in-Furness.**—82, Cavendish St., 6-30. Sec. Mr. Holden, 1, Holker St.
- Batley Carr.**—Town St., Lyceum, 10 and 2; at 6: Mr. Armitage. Sec. Mr. J. Armitage, Stonefield House, Hangingheaton.
- Batley.**—Wellington St., 2-30, 6. Sec. Mr. J. Gragson, Caledonia Rd.
- Beeston.**—Conservative Club, Town St., 2-30, 6: Mrs. Murgatroyd. Sec. Mr. J. Robinson, 32, Danube Terrace, Gelderd Rd., Leeds.
- Belper.**—Jubilee Hall, 10, 2, Lyceum; 10-30, 6-30: Mrs. Groom. Sec. Mr. H. U. Smedley, Park Mount.
- Bingley.**—Oddfellows' Hall (ante-room), 2-30 and 6: Miss Walton.
- Birmingham.**—Ladies' College, Ashbed Rd., 6-45. Séance, Wednesday, 8. Sec. Mr. A. Cotterell. Board School, Oozells St., 2-30 and 6.
- Bishop Auckland.**—Temperance Hall, Gurney Villa, at 2 and 6. Sec. Mr. E. Thompson, 8, Sun Street, St. Andrew's Place.
- Blackburn.**—Exchange Hall, 9-30, Lyceum; 2-30, 6-30: Mr. Johnson. Sec. Mr. Robinson, 124, Whalley Range.
- Bradford.**—Walton St., Hall Lane, Wakefield Rd., 2-30, 6: Mr. Schutt, and on Monday. Sec. Mr. Poppleson, 20, Bengal St. Otley Rd., at 2-30, 6: Mrs. Berry. Sec. Mr. M. Marchbank, 129, Undercliffe St.
- Little Horton Lane, 1, Spicer Street, 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Dickenson. Sec. Mr. M. Jackson, 35, Gaythorne Road.
- Milton Rooms, Westgate, 10, Lyceum; 2-30 and 6: Mr. Bush. Sec. Mr. E. Kemp, 52, Silk Street, Manningham.
- St. James's Lyceum, near St. James's Market, Lyceum, 10; 2-30, 6: Open. Sec. Mr. Smith, 227, Leeds Rd.
- Ripley St., Manchester Rd., 2-30 and 6: Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves. Sec. Mr. Tomlinson, 5, Kaye Street, Manchester Rd.
- Birk St., Leeds Rd., 2-30, 6. Sec. Miss Hargreaves, 607, Leeds Rd.
- Bowling.—Harker St., 10-30, 2-30, 6: Mr. Lewis. Wednesdays, 7-30. Sec. Mr. J. Bedford, c/o Mrs. Peel, 141, College Rd.
- Horton.—55, Crowther St., 2-30, 6. 21, Rooley St., Bankfoot, 6.
- Brighouse.**—Town Hall, 2-30 and 6: Mr. Wallis. Sec. Mr. D. Robinson, Francis St., Bridge End, Raistrick.
- Burnley.**—Tanner St., Lyceum, 9-30; 2-30, 6-30: Mr. J. C. Macdonald. Sec. Mr. Cottam, 7, Warwick Mount. 102, Padham Rd., Wed., Healing. Tuesday & Thursday, 8, Circle.
- Burslem.**—15, Stanley St., Middleport, at 6-30.
- Byker.**—Back Wilfred Street, 6-30. Sec. Mr. M. Douglas.
- Cleckheaton.**—Oddfellows' Hall, 2-30, 6: Mr. Hepworth. Sec. Mr. W. H. Nuttall, 19, Victoria Street, Moor End.
- Colne.**—Cloth Hall Buildings, Lyceum, 10; at 2-30 and 6-30: Mrs. Connell. Sec. Mr. E. Christian, End St.
- Cowms.**—Lepton Board School, at 2-30 and 6: Mr. Bush. Sec. Mr. G. Mellor, Spring Grove, Fenay Bridge, Lepton.
- Darwen.**—Church Bank St., 11, Circle; 2-30, 6-30: Mr. Swindlehurst. Sec. Mr. G. W. Bell, 30, Marsh Terrace.
- Denholme.**—6, Blue Hill, 2-30 and 6: Miss Musgrave.
- Dewsbury.**—Vulcan Road, 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Crossley. Hon. Sec. Mr. Stanfield, 7, Warwick Mount, Batley.
- Eccleshill.**—Old Baptist Chapel, 2-30, 6-30.
- Exeter.**—Longbrook St. Chapel, 2-45, 6-45. O.S. Mr. Hopkins, Market St.
- Felling.**—Park Road, 6-30: Local Mediums. Sec. Mr. Lawes, Crow Hall Lane, High Felling.
- Foleshill.**—Edgwick, at 10-30, Lyceum; at 6-30: Local Mediums.
- Glasgow.**—Bannockburn Hall, 36, Main St., 11-30, Members only, Annual Meeting; 6-30, Mr. J. Griffin. Sec. Mr. Drummond, 80, Gallowgate.
- Halifax.**—1, Winding Road, 2-30 and 6: Mrs. J. M. Smith. Sec. Mr. J. Longbottom, 25, Pellon Lane.
- Heckmondwike.**—Assembly Room, Thomas St., at 10-30, 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Russell. Sec. Mr. J. Collins, Northgate.
- Hetton.**—At Mr. Richardson's, at 6: Local Medium. Sec. Mr. J. T. Charlton, 29, Dean Street, Hetton Downs.
- Heywood.**—Argyle Buildings, 2-30 and 6-15: Mr. Le Bone. Sec. Mr. E. H. Duckworth, 38, Longford Street.
- Huddersfield.**—3, Brook St., at 2-30 and 6-30: Mrs. Britten. Sec. Mr. J. Briggs, Lockwood Road, Folly Hall. Kaye's Buildings, Corporation St., 2-30, 6: Mr. B. H. Bradbury. Sec. Mr. J. Hewing, 20, Somerset Terrace, Lockwood Road.
- Idle.**—2, Back Lane, Lyceum, 2-30, 6: Mr. Parker. Sec. Mr. T. Shelton, 4, Louisa St.
- Keighley.**—Lyceum, East Parade, 2-30, 6: Mr. J. Boocock. Sec. Mr. J. Roberts, 3, Bronte Street, off Bradford Road. Co-operative Assembly Room, Brunswick Street, 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Dennings. Sec. Mr. A. Scott, 157, West Lane.
- Lancaster.**—Athensum, St. Leonard's Gate, at 10-30, Lyceum; 2-30 and 6-30: Local. Sec. Mr. Ball, 17, Shaw Street.
- Leeds.**—Institute, 23, Cookridge St., 2-30, 6-30: Mrs. Menmuir. Sec. Mr. J. W. Hanson, 22, Milford Place, Kirkstall Rd.
- Leicester.**—Silver St., 10-30, Lyceum; 8, Healing; 6-30: Mrs. Barnes (see notice). Cor. Sec. Mr. Young, 5, Darnett St.
- Leigh.**—Railway Rd., 10-30 and 6. Sec. Mr. J. Stirrup, Bradshawgate. Newton St., 2-30 and 6.
- Liverpool.**—Daulby Hall, Daulby St., London Rd., 11, 6-30: Mrs. Wallis; Discussion, at 8. Sec. Mr. Russell, Daulby Hall.
- London.**—Baker St., 18, at 7: Mr. Walker, Trance and Clairvoyance. Camberwell Rd., 102.—6-30. Thursday, 8. Camden Town.—143, Kentish Town Rd., Tuesday, at 8: Mr. Towns. Canning Town.—125, Barking Rd., at 7. Cavendish Square.—13A, Margaret St., at 11. Wednesday, 2 till 5, Free Healing. Dalston.—21, Brougham Rd., Wednesday, 8, Mr. Paine, Clairvoyance. Euston Road, 195.—Monday, 8, Séance, Mrs. Hawkins. Hampstead.—Warwick House, Southend Green: Developing, Tuesdays, 7-30, Mrs. Spring. Holborn.—Mr. Coffin's, 13, Kingsgate St. Wednesday, at 8. Islington.—Wellington Hall, Upper St., 7. Tuesday, 8. Kentish Town Rd.—Mr. Warren's, 245, Thurs., 8, Séance, Mrs. Spring.
- King's Cross.**—184, Copenhagen St., corner of Pembroke St., 10-45, Enquiry Meeting; 6-45, Mrs. Wilkinson, Clairvoyance. Sec. Mr. W. H. Smith, 19, Offord Rd., Barnsbury, N.
- Marylebone.**—24, Harcourt St., 11, Mr. Hawkins, Healing; 7, Open Meeting. Tuesday, Mrs. Wilkins, 8, Séance. Saturday, Mrs. Hawkins, 8, Séance. Sec. Mr. Tomlin, 21, Capland St., N. W. Mortimer Street, 51.—Cavendish Rooms, 7: Mr. T. Hunt. New Cross Rd., 475.—7: Mrs. Spring. Thursday, 8. New North Road.—74, Nicholas St., Tuesdays, at 8, Mrs. Cannon, Clairvoyance, personal messages.
- North Kensington.**—The Cottage, 57, St. Mark's Rd., Thursday, 8: Mrs. Wilkins, Trance and Clairvoyance.
- Notting Hill Gate.**—9, Bedford Gardens, Silver St., 11, Healing, Mr. Goddard, sen.; 3, Members' Meeting; 7, Mr. Walker. A Lady will sing Pinsuti's beautiful song, "Angel Land."
- Peckham.**—Winchester Hall, 38, High Street, 11, Mr. J. Veitch; 7, R. Harper; 2-30, Lyceum. 99, Hill St., Wednesday, 8, Séance. Mrs. Spring. Saturday, 8, Circle. Sec. Mr. Long.
- Stepney.**—Mrs. Ayers', 45, Jubilee St., 7. Tuesday, 8.
- Stratford.**—Workman's Hall, West Ham Lane, E., 7. Sec. M. A. Bewley, 3, Arnold Villas, Capworth Villas, Leyton, Essex.
- Lowestoft.**—Daybreak Villa, Prince's St., Beccles Rd., at 2-30 and 6-30.
- Macclesfield.**—Free Church, Paradise Street, at 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. J. B. Tetlow. Sec. Mr. S. Hayes, 20, Brook Street.
- Manchester.**—Co-operative Hall, Downing Street, Lyceum; 2-45, 6-30: Mrs. Craven. Sec. Mr. Hyde, 89, Ecceter Street, Hyde Rd. Collyhurst Road, 2-30 and 6-30: Local. Monday, 8, Discussion. Sec. Mr. Horrocks, 1, Marsh St., Kirby St., Ancoats.
- Mezborough.**—2-30, 6. Sec. Mr. Watson, 62, Orchard Terrace, Church St.
- Middlesbrough.**—Spiritual Hall, Newport Rd., Lyceum, 2; 10-45, 6-30: Mr. J. Livingstone. Sec. Mr. H. Brown, 56, Denmark Street. Sidney St., at 10-30 and 6-30. Sec. Mr. T. Benyon.
- Morley.**—Mission Room, Church Street, at 6: Mr. Campion. Sec. Mr. Bradbury, Britannia Rd., Bruntcliffe, near Leeds.
- Nelson.**—Public Hall, Leeds Rd., 2-30, 6-30: Miss H. A. Wilson. Sec. Mr. F. Holt, 23, Regent Street, Brierfield.
- Newcastle-on-Tyne.**—20, Nelson St., 11, 6-30: Mr. J. Hopcroft, and on Monday, 7-30. Sec. Mr. Sargent, 42, Grainger Street.
- North Shields.**—6, Camden St., Lyceum, 2-30; at 6-15: Mr. A. Rowe. Sec. Mr. Walker, 10, Wellington St., W. 41, Borough Road, 6-30: Mrs. Davison.
- Northampton.**—Oddfellows' Hall, Newland, 2-30, 6-30: Mrs. Butterfield. Sec. Mr. T. Hutchinson, 17, Bull Head Lane.
- Nottingham.**—Morley House, Shakespeare St., 10-45, 6-30: Mr. Wylda, and on Monday. Sec. Mr. Burrell, 48, Gregory Boulevard.
- Oldham.**—Spiritual Temple, Joseph St., Union St., Lyceum 10, 2; 2-30, 6-30: Mrs. Gregg. Sec. Mr. Gibson, 41, Bowden St.
- Openshaw.**—Mechanics', Pottery Lane, Lyceum, 9-15 and 2; 10-30 and 6: Local. Sec. Mr. J. Ainsworth, 152, Gorton Lane, West Gorton.
- Parkgate.**—Bear Tree Rd. (near bottom), at 10-30, Lyceum; at 6-30. Sec. Mr. Roebuck, 60, Rawmarsh Hill, Rawmarsh.
- Pendleton.**—Co-operative Hall, at 2-30 and 6-30: Mrs. Bailey. Sec. Mr. Evans, 10, Augusta St.
- Plymouth.**—Notte St., at 11 and 6-30: Mr. Leeder, Clairvoyant.
- Portsmouth.**—Assembly Rooms, Clarendon St., Lake Rd., Landport, 6-30.
- Ramsbottom.**—10, Moore St., off Kenyon St., at 2-30, 6: Mr. Southwell. Thursday, Circle, 7-30. Sec. Mr. J. Lea, 10, Moore St.
- Rawtenstall.**—10-30, Lyceum; at 2-30 and 6: Mr. Plant. Sec. Mr. W. Palmer, 42, Reeds Holme Buildings, Crawshawbooth.
- Rochdale.**—Regent Hall, at 2-30 and 6. Sec. Mr. Dearden, 2, Whipp Street, Smallbridge. Michael St., 2-30 and 6: Mr. Pearson. Tuesday, at 7-45, Circle. 28, Blackwater St., 2-30, 6. Wed., 7-30. Sec. Mr. Telford, 11, Drake St.
- Salford.**—48, Albion St., Windsor Bridge, 2-30, 6-30: Mr. Mayoh. Wednesday, 7-45, Local. Sec. Mr. T. Toft, 321, Liverpool St., Seedley, Pendleton.
- Scholes.**—Mr. J. Rhodes, 2-30 and 6. Silver St., 2-30 and 6.
- Saltash.**—Mr. Williscroft's, 24, Fore St., at 6-30.
- Sheffield.**—Cocoa House, 175, Pond St., at 7. Sec. Mr. Hardy. Central Board School, Orchard Lane, 2-30, 6-30. Sec. Mr. Anson, 91, Weigh Lane, Park.
- Skelmanthorpe.**—Board School, 2-30 and 6: Mrs. Beanland.
- Slaithwaite.**—Laith Lane, 2-30 and 6: Mr. A. D. Wilson. Sec. Mr. Meal, Wood St., Hill Top.
- South Shields.**—19, Cambridge St., Lyceum, 2-30; 11, 6: Mr. Kempeter. Sec. Mr. Graham, 18, Belle Vue Ter., Tyne Dock.
- Sowerby Bridge.**—Lyceum, Hollins Lane, 2-30 and 6-30: Miss Walton. Sec. Miss Thorpe, Glensfield Place, Warley Clough.
- Stonehouse.**—Corpus Christi Chapel, at 11 and 6-30. Sec. Mr. C. Adams, 11, Parkfield Terrace, Plymouth.
- Sunderland.**—Centre House, High St., W., 2-15, Lyceum; 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. McKellar. Wednesday, 7-30. Sec. Mr. J. Ainsley, 48, Dame Dorothy St., Monkwearmouth. Monkwearmouth, 3, Ravensworth Ter., 6: Mr. Rutherford.
- Tunstall.**—13, Rathbone St., at 6-30. Sec. Mr. Pocklington.
- Tyldesley.**—Spiritual Institute, Elliot St., at 2-30 and 6. Sec. Mr. A. Flindley, 6, Darlington Street.
- Walsall.**—Exchange Rooms, High St., at 6-30. Sec. Mr. T. Lawton.
- Westhoughton.**—Wingates, 2-30 and 6-30: Mr. Gregory. Sec. Mr. J. Fletcher, 344, Chorley Rd.
- West Pelton.**—Co-operative Hall, 10-30, Lyceum; at 2 and 5-30. Sec. Mr. T. Weddle, 7, Grange Villa.
- West Vale.**—Green Lane, 2-30, 6: Mrs. Green. Sec. Mr. Berry.
- Whitworth.**—Reform Club, Spring Cottages, 2-30 and 6: Mr. Plant.
- Wibsey.**—Hardy St., 2-30, 6: Miss Harrison. Sec. Mr. G. Saville, 17, Smiddles Lane, Manchester Road, Bradford.
- Willington.**—Albert Hall, 1-15, 6-30. Sec. Mr. Cook, 12, York St.
- Wisbech.**—Lecture Room, Public Hall, 6-45. Mr. Burkitt.
- York.**—7, Abbot St., Groves, 6-30: Mr. and Mrs. Atherley.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, a weekly paper published by Col. J. C. BUNDY, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A. Agents: Mr. E. W. WALLIS, and Mr. KERSHY.

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## THE ROSTRUM.

### A DREAM.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BY REV. E. P. POWELL, AT UTICA, U.S.A.

REPORTED in a certain morning paper, was a discourse on heaven and hell. It warned us against a light use of the latter word, although it seems to be entirely blameless to say heaven. Thinking over the momentous subject, and not being able to understand why it was more sinful to say State's Prison than Theological Seminary, or why a place of fire and brimstone should be more sacred than a place of music and joy, I fell asleep, and dreamed that I went to the very place called hell. If you will go out on a clear night and look at the constellation, Canis major, or great dog, you will observe a fine large red star in the mouth of the dog. This is the place so much believed in and classed by our preachers as unmentionable. The word "sirius" is the Greek for "scorching hot," but I found that the only reason for supposing it to be a peculiarly hot world was this unfortunate name. It is warm enough for water melons, peaches, and cucumbers, which I found in great abundance everywhere, but it is cool enough to warrant wool clothing. I found Adam and Eve, who are now quite along in years, wearing furs, partly perhaps as robes of honour. A good deal of their clothing is woven from an exquisite vegetable fibre finer than our cotton. It is gathered from a sort of fig tree, which I was informed was the origin of the story about Adam and Eve wearing fig leaves, meaning only cloth woven of fig leaves.

The most common fruit is an apple, long and tapering like the finger of a lady, red in colour and most delicate in flavour. I was told that the seeds were brought by Eve from the garden of Eden, and that it was called paradise preserved. It is a peculiarly good fruit for marmalade.

I found myself drawn off at once to note the natural productions of the land, because I had been led to suppose the people fed on husks and were an ill favoured set, like those who inhabit Australia or the Sahara. On the contrary, a healthier, better looking people I have never seen. This, I was informed, was owing not only to the food eaten, but to the absence of that flesh-devouring theology which haunts our earth.

"Well," I said, "I shall go back and tell them what I have seen." "You had better not," they said, "for it might send us a tide of those very fellows who are now as anxious to keep away from us as we are to have them keep away; in fact, it is the bad reputation of our world that preserves us from a bad immigration." More than that, they said: "That those who did come were people who had no desire for rest, but were pleased with nothing so much as improvement."

They very kindly assigned Servetus to accompany me in a tour about the globe, and show me every possible favour in the way of information. Of course I was a little curious to know if he was yet reconciled to Calvin, and this I asked him as politely as I might. He replied that he had never seen Calvin since he died. "He is not in this world," he said, "but in heaven." I begged his pardon for not remembering the fact.

"But where is the devil?" I asked, for to be honest, this charming country had wholly abolished the notion of my being in hell. "Neither is the devil here," said Servetus. "We had a change of government some hundred years ago, and as Satan was not quite agreed, we packed him off to heaven. The fact is, when Ben Franklin and Thomas Jefferson came, they began to agitate at once for a republic. They told us what was going on on your globe and flatly refused to stay with us at all unless we would adopt a constitution. We couldn't afford to lose them, and the result was by overwhelming vote—a republic. The only difference being that our government covers the whole of our globe; but as Franklin and Count Rumford have perfected rapid transit, the assembling is easily accomplished. Our world," he said, "is a fraction over one hundred trillion of millions of miles in circumference, but it only requires three days to cover the distance."

The basis of their constitution read as follows: No man is born free, nor is he equal to a free man; but every man may become a free man if he will. He only is free and naturally possessed of the rights of free citizenship who has proved himself to be honest, intelligent, capable and desirous of the public weal. Those who fail of passing the examination as to these qualifications may demand another examination at the end of five years. Meanwhile such persons serve the State as unequals, or serfs. Nothing is more absurd, he urged, than a republic based on the will and judgment of incompetent people and rogues.

He said very few ever came to hell who couldn't read or write. The ignorant crowd went mostly to heaven, being candidates everywhere for that place, as I very well knew was the case on our earth. Furthermore, since the priests have baptized the murderers and all that sort, very few of them ever came there, and, on the whole, the population was so select, intelligent, educated, and really élite, that it had not been easy for the government to fall into the hands of the ignorant. Those who do come are of a thinking sort, and are sent over to Tom Paine's Island of Common Sense, where they are allowed to debate from morning till night, and are thus kept out of mischief.

I was curious to know who was president at the time of my visit, and was somewhat startled to hear that it was Pope Gregory the Great, and that in the Cabinet were Thomas Jefferson, Pius Antoninus, Paul, Daniel O'Connell, Humboldt, and Martin Luther, all men of tremendous executive power.

"But, Servetus," I asked, "how comes it that you who so loved God in your life can endure a godless world?"

"Do you not teach," he asked, "that God is everywhere, how then can there be a mighty world like this where he is not? I will tell you who is not here—your theological God, who is nothing more than a huge man. You, the people on the earth, following Calvin or a like sort, believe in a Being who lives in a heaven, and only visits you occasionally. You only profess to believe in an Omnipresent Soul. The real Spirit of the Universe is here as he is everywhere, and he is here more than in some places only because we appreciate his presence and love him."

"But," I said, "I supposed all folks that went to heaven were immediately changed and made to love each other."

"I know," he said, "that's the dodge that's current in your world. Men are to fight, quarrel, beat, kill each other over their creeds, or be mean, narrow, envious, and bad; then they are to be suddenly transformed. There is no power in the universe to make a soul good but its own choice and practice. However, I understand that in heaven some reforms will be likely to make a change for the better. It is forbidden to baptize convicts in any stream of water used for domestic

purposes; next, that no one can be converted over five times; that at prayer meetings there shall be no shouting to be heard outside the building; that preachers convicted of preaching ten sermons without speaking one truth shall be for ever silenced. The fact is, that heaven had become such a bedlam of contending sects that there was no living with them. Revivalists were plying their trade at the street corners. Baptisms were going on in the River of Life, and the notices of revival meetings were placarded on the white throne. At last, a Salvation Army was organized, and then all the sects put their heads together, and determined upon some of the reforms I have alluded to."

I was thunderstruck at such information, and told Servetus it sounded profane.

"No doubt," he replied. "Do you know, by the way, that nothing is so profane as facts?"

"But where," said I, "is the Lake of Fire of which we have heard so much on the earth?"

"Oh, that was put out long ago. It was a bad affair, and the sulphur fumes were a terrible nuisance. The place had been used by the Calvinists for purposes such as you have often heard of. But Satan was always doing something to ameliorate the condition of the world, and at last hit on the happy expedient of artesian wells. It was found that the centre of our globe was full of vast reservoirs of water; so we set to and pumped till we had flooded the lake entirely, and put it out. You know that your preachers have slowly given up the idea of literal fire. I assure you, this preaching began to modify when we began pumping.

"You see that our globe is now a vast archipelago. We have no very large continent, but some 70,000,000 islands. Each one is noted for some peculiar industry, economic enterprise, or social experiment. When a man invents a new machine we give him an island to experiment on. When a new theory is touched we give the philosopher an island on which to try the working of his scheme. That saves an eternal dispute and quarrel about what might be. Now you have theorists, like the socialists, nihilists, etc., that if you could seclude for a while, might practise on their plans among themselves and prove their value. Then, again, you have a vast system of so-called reform institutions. The whole of them are nurseries of crime. Your prisons educate criminals. Your other public institutions are largely of the same influence. Then you run your public schools in a reckless way—no careful moral training, and little chance for it; and your religions are none of them for the benefit of your world, only for some other. Your creed is to pronounce your world hopeless and condemned. Don't you see, that makes a hell of it to start with? And it always will be a place where crime rules until science shows you that the priests and politicians, instead of being the real reformers, are the very ones that do not wish a reformation. Here," he added, "we began with the teachers and preachers, and educate them in the fundamental principles of right. They are compelled now to teach only what they know, and not what they believe.

"Then for reformation we abolished all systems of shutting criminals in prisons, and began to educate in them a moral sense. Crime is based largely on undeveloped moral capacity. Of course we have had comparatively little difficulty, as the percentage of bad men coming here is very small; but our system starts at this point, they are bad because either of heredity or of environments. We give them good environments and then educate out their inherited evils."

What Servetus told me and what I saw of hell vastly surprised me, and so I repeatedly told him.

"Well," he said, "and so was I surprised when I first came here. I expected to find it a great State prison, a place where criminals never grow better, but always worse, and where torture of some kind is eternal. Instead of that, I found the priests, the incorrigible criminals, the politicians, mainly eliminated, and as a result, a steady reformatory movement in progress that will in time make a model world."

"But when an incorrigible does come to you, what then?"

"If seemingly incurable, a being in whom we can create no moral power, we seclude him in the Island of Regret, and leave nature to do her work."

"That," said the guide, as we passed over a very white looking island, "is New Boston." The fact is, there was no living with those American Athenians until they were assigned to a special island. Here they had built an exact copy of the earthly Boston, and had a splendid duplicate of Bunker Hill Monument, and the Common, the State House,

and old Faneuil Hall. Landing, I found Phillips addressing a mass meeting, on the anniversary of the Boston mob. Emerson had a new volume of essays in the press, and Longfellow had just written an ode in honour of Pericles, who was a visitor on the island, and they issued the *Atlantic Monthly* regularly from advanced sheets.

All agreed that the moral atmosphere of hell was preferable to that on the earth; for, said Garrison, "Every slaveholder, murderer, and intolerant orthodox are in the other place, and that's just the sort of company we don't want to keep."

I had just entered into negotiations for a corner lot in this industrious and democratic town when I was shaken by my wife and sharply requested not to talk in my sleep. I told her she had lost the most gorgeous time she would ever get, and it was a bargain that was offered.

#### A LETTER FROM J. J. MORSE.

TO THE EDITOR, and all Good Friends, greeting.—My last contribution to the pages of *The Two Worlds* was sent from the far Occident, written in the good city of San Francisco, whose verge is kissed by the rippling waves of the Pacific Ocean. My present letter is indited in the New World Babylon, New York, that, queen like, sits beside the wide Atlantic. These cities of the East and West, over three thousand miles apart, are linked by the iron road, the electric wire, and those bonds of common sympathy that unite a nation of sixty million souls in a union more marvelous than history tells of in any previous age. Our sojourn by the Pacific extended over eighteen, though originally intended but for three months, and terminated on Nov. 2nd, when we started upon our long, long ride towards the rising sun. The last two months of the stay were severally spent between the cities of San José and Santa Cruz, the first a pretty little place situated in the lovely Santa Clara valley, of which it is virtually the commercial centre; the second a lovely seaside resort on the northern arm of the Bay of Monterey. In San José I met several Englishmen, the president of the society, Mr. C. Vinter, being an old Londoner. I found the work, as usual, in each of the above-named cities, resting upon the few, and as usual also, on those who could least afford to do all their generous self-sacrifice prompted them to. My reception in each place was cordial to a degree, and but for imperative engagements elsewhere I could have remained there until now, and longer. The unseen ones decide their workers' public lives—and their private ones too, at times—so, in accordance with *their* wishes, our faces were eastward turned, and on the date stated we bade adieu to our ever-to-be-remembered friends in the Golden State.

Our route was *via* Ogden, Denver, Omaha, and Chicago, to New York. From Ogden to Denver we travelled *via* the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, upon which road is situated the famous Mormon centre, Salt Lake City. We arrived there on Sunday, and spent some six hours in seeing all that could be seen—Zion's Co-operative Store, the "Eagle" Gate, the "Amela Palace," the Endowment House, the Temple (unfinished yet), the Tabernacle, Brigham Young's grave, and many other notable objects beside. We visited the interior of the Tabernacle, a building capable of seating, it is said, 10,000 people. We remained until just before service commenced, but the congregation did not appear to exceed fifteen hundred persons. Brigham Young's grave is in the corner of a square railed space, itself surrounded by an unpretentious iron railing, unmarked by any monument, inscription, or ornament of any kind. Our guide was a Mormon. He painted the picture at its best, but our party was of unfruitful soil. We listened to his panegyrics of worldly success characterizing this "city of saints," respected his convictions, but departed unconverted to his faith. Salt Lake is, though, a very fine city, commercially prosperous, possessed of all modern advantages, liberally provided with educational facilities, publishes two very fine daily papers, one Mormon, the other Gentile; it is full of handsome residences, large stores, and looks the equal of any city of similar size elsewhere.

From Salt Lake to Denver the railway runs through some of the finest scenery the world possesses—the Black Cañon of the Gunnison, the Royal Gorge, Marshall Pass, the Needle Mountain, Castle Rock, Pike's Peak, and other wonders that are stupendous and sublime. Words entirely fail to adequately describe them. Denver, the end of this part of the

journey, truly described as a "scenic route," is a beautiful city, full of life, push, and commercial prosperity. There can be seen to perfection the freedom and dash that are such characteristics of frontier cities over here. From thence on to Chicago was our next stage, nothing of interest or importance transpiring *en route*. We spent twenty six hours in that wonderful city, where we had the pleasure of being the guests of our good friend, Colonel J. C. Bundy, Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, whom we found literally up to his eyes in work. From there on to New York, and the final thirty hours of our railway journey of over 3,000 miles was duly accomplished, and once again we stood in the busy bustle of New York's crowded streets, and so much nearer home!

It would be an impertinence for me to venture an opinion concerning the status of our cause in California from what I saw in San Francisco and its vicinity, but it may not be amiss to state that the lack of union is as conspicuous there as in most other places. Pretenders and frauds have reaped rich harvests, but have also sown seeds of ill. There are no meetings like those held in Platts Hall years gone by, while interest is diverted and divided by a number of small meetings, promoted by speculators, who run a while and then die off. Undeniably the cause is in a transition state.

Since returning east I have filled an engagement in Paterson, N.J., where I was greeted by the largest proportion of English people in my audience of any place I have visited, Macclesfield, Halifax, Hebden Bridge, Holdroyd, and Manchester being well represented. The secret is, that Paterson is the Macclesfield of the United States, and weavers find it a centre of their industry. The "hands" here are neatly dressed, self respecting *men* and *women*, not mere mill boys and girls. I visited a silk factory, and the difference indicated above was most conspicuous. At this time I am filling an engagement at Conservatory Hall, in this city, this being my seventh engagement (each of a month) in this city since our arrival here in 1885. The next two months will be spent in Philadelphia, Pa., and my time is all engaged up to our return to England early in September next, when I shall be at the service of our work in my native land once more.

Of course we have had more or less of a flutter over here, *re* the recent actions of the two Fox sisters, but the matter has utterly failed either in impressing outsiders or our own people. The able editorial, "This is the time to try men's souls," that appeared in *The Two Worlds* of a recent date is so just, and states the case so fully, that all one can say is it exactly expresses one's feelings, and does it too with that directness and facility that are associated with all that comes from the Editor's pen. Thank God, our cause rests upon facts that are irrefutable and, of themselves, outside of the character and reputations of those through whom they are expressed.

I see the good friends in the north and the metropolis are realizing the propriety of Federation for work. It is an excellent thing, and for which I pleaded these many years past. I trust wise counsels, careful deliberations, and an earnest desire to advance the work, will, ultimately, help in evolving a practicable method that shall unite our forces into a compact army working for the good of the entire movement. The course of *The Two Worlds* in giving aid and encouragement to this movement, is another of those things that must endear it still closer to the heart of every earnest and faithful spiritualist and worker.

As I lay down my pen I am reminded that Christmas will soon be here again. Three thousand miles will be between us, dear friends, when your smiling faces gather around the festive board. The fluttering snow-flakes may fall round you, like purest down from fairest birds, the ruddy fire will glow upon your faces, the red-berried holly will gleam on all sides, and the kiss-provoking mistletoe will hang above you. It will be a season of mirth and happiness, of family reunions, of love and peace, and, though we cannot keep it on the same soil with you, yet we heartily and lovingly send the old time wish of "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" to you all: to our honoured sister who presides over this valuable journal—and her faithful husband, too; to Bro. Wallis and his household; to the paper's host of readers, and to our many friends scattered—from the Land's End to John o' Groats, from the Mersey in the west to the Humber in the east—in the dear little island home we love so well. God bless you all, dear friends; and even as you are blessed, so do all within your power to bring blessings unto others also. We—self, wife, and daughter Florence—send you our greetings this year, but next we will be with you again.

## THE IMPROVISATORE; OR, TORN LEAVES FROM REAL LIFE HISTORY.

BY EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

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### CHAPTER II.

A MONTH had elapsed since the Improvisatore with the famine-struck face and the voice of an angel had warbled himself into the good graces of La Gabrielle, and by her, had been consigned to the care and tutelage of Signor Luigi, impresario of the Royal Italian Opera, of which the far-famed prima donna was the shining star.

The hour was evening; the scene, the fair artiste's summer parlour, in which she herself sat in the midst of the jessamines and roses that clustered around the open window, gazing forth at the tranquil moon and stars which shed their lustre upon the trees and flowers of her fairy garden. The calm of the delightful summer night, and the charm of the scene stilled the restless spirit of the beautiful artiste, and she seemed to listen with more than ordinary interest to the low murmured words which a gentleman, who stood leaning over her, was pouring into her ear.

The individual thus highly favoured was a tall, aristocratic-looking personage. From the curl of his dark moustache to the tip of his shining boot, he had the style and contour of "a finished gentleman." His finely modulated voice, no less than the *distingué* air which marked his whole bearing, stamped upon him the synonym of *Peer of the Realm*; but when we add that he was none other than the Earl of Ravensleigh, one of the proudest and richest of England's aristocrats, have we not described him in full?

And this magnificent piece of human china had taken itself down from the shelf of lofty conservatism, where it had been deemed too precious to be served up at any tables save those of nobility, and laid itself an humble suitor at the shrine of the operatic Queen, La Gabrielle.

For two years Lord Ravensleigh had been the unsuccessful wooer of the peerless prima donna. Accustomed to *buy* or command female favour, he had brought all the batteries of flattery, wealth, and fashion to bear, in the hope of placing La Gabrielle in his cap of conquest, but during his vain efforts to render the prize he sought worthless, his own cold selfish nature had become subdued, and he had grown to love—aye, actually to *love*—some one better than himself; and thus under the spell of this enchantress's fascinations, he had at length tendered rank, wealth, and hereditary estates, to the acceptance of an opera singer!

Gabrielle was as ambitious as the peer, and fully as proud. She detested the man. But to be a countess!—to take precedence of all the haughty dames, who thought they *condescended* when they caressed the Queen of song; to command the realms of fashion—no longer as its amusement, but as its mistress! These were visions upon which her aspiring fancy delighted to dwell. And all this and more could be hers, as Countess Ravensleigh.

And thus it was that she had promised, that after one year more of operatic triumphs, she would become the wife of Earl Ravensleigh.

And now, as this ill-matched pair looked forth into the lovely moonlit scene, the tempest of discordant emotions that usually stirred their hearts, seemed, for the time, to be subdued into something like harmony with the holy peace that surrounded them. But even then there seemed to float between the eyes of the betrothed pair a formless shadow of an unknown evil. Slowly but inevitably it sighed out words of evil portent, and its pestilential breath passed like a rush of icy winds through the balmy summer air. The silent watchers saw it not in substance, but *they felt it*; and even when it had passed, they knew it had been there; drawn aside the mystic veil of futurity, and disclosed for one brief moment of premonition, an horizon of unimaginable darkness.

"I should be specially happy this night," murmured the Earl, "and yet I feel strangely sad. Come, read my riddle, fair Sibyl! or, better yet, sing to me. Your voice would dispel the darkness of Tartarus itself!"

"I have no heart for the Sybilline vein to-night, Edward, nor can I sing," she replied. "I cannot describe the gloom that oppresses me, and if I could be sure that Fate had an embodied life and form, I should say that she was standing between us, and crying, 'Woe to Ravensleigh! Woe to thyself!'"

"Idle dreams, my Gabrielle; visionary as your own

unearthly beauty. We *make* our own future. There is no such thing as Fate."

"Edward!" cried the singer, speaking under an afflatus which at times seemed to possess her like the ecstasy of the ancient prophet; "If we make our destiny, who made us? What inspires the poet's glowing imagery? What compels the musician to breathe forth floods of unpremeditated melody? What hangs the pearls of eloquence on the lips of the orator, or the words of doom on the tongue of the prophet? Oh! believe me, we are but instruments in the hands of unseen players, whose master-touch calls forth tones which neither you nor I could of ourselves devise. Edward! such a viewless musician sweeps over my soul's harp strings this night, and no requiem for dead hopes and vanished joys ever sounded with a more mournful cadence."

"Beautiful fatalist! you are wrong," cried her betrothed, unable to answer her, though desirous to change the dangerous subject. "But *à propos* of inspiration, tell me, Gabrielle, what has become of that wonderful singing beggar whom you picked up some four weeks ago?"

"Good Heavens!" cried the erratic beauty, "why have I forgotten all about my poor Improvisatore? I gave him in charge to Signor Luigi to clothe, educate, and civilize, and in expectancy that he is to become the *primo tenore* of the operatic world, I persuaded the poor savage to apprentice himself to the politic manager, on the night when I first introduced them to each other a month ago."

"Gabrielle!" replied her lover, "do you remember I told you that my good uncle, General Kalozy, was wrecked in the Santa Cecilia, and rescued from drowning only by the gallant efforts of a poor Italian singer who was saved with him? Now I have found out from my uncle that his preserver was left in a fisherman's hut, exhausted by his exertions, and my uncle writes me word, that two days ago, to his unbounded joy, he met his deliverer in the streets of London, and that he is studying for an opera singer. Can it be possible that this is your singing beggar? My uncle speaks of his rescuer as—Ernest Rossi—"

"General Kalozy, Signor Luigi, and Signor Rossi," was the announcement of a servant, and the next moment three gentlemen entered the room. The two first were the Hungarian general, an uncle of the Earl by the mother's side, and Luigi, the Italian opera Impresario, known to all present; but not until lights were brought did they recognize that the third comer was no other than the "singing beggar," now Luigi's apprentice, and the rescuer of General Kalozy from the wreck of the Santa Cecilia; still, he was so metamorphosed from the itinerant that sang before La Gabrielle's gate, that it required the testimony of General Kalozy and Luigi, to assure even the keen glance of feminine scrutiny that he was the same being. The rags of the itinerant were exchanged for a modern suit which set off to advantage a fine manly form. The elf locks and beard were gone; in their place was a beautiful head with black hair and moustache. The eager face, pinched, hungry, and "all eyes," was now radiant, handsome, and illuminated by the most lustrous pair of eyes that ever gleamed in a human head.

"Curses on the handsome vagabond! what brings him here?" thought the Earl.

"How could the poor mountain mother part with such a noble son?" thought Mrs. Martin.

"I have found my *beau idéal* at last! Ravensleigh and the singing beggar!—better say, Beauty and the Beast," reflected Gabrielle.

And so Beauty sang as they desired him, strain after strain of his wild, but most delicious melodies, till the night was far spent, and the listening stars looked down in the dewy cold of the coming dawn; yet the company lingered to hear the wondrous minstrelsy of that delightful voice and those unfamiliar songs.

Beast was silent, spellbound, and unhappy. Were not these strangers the incarnation of the shapeless phantom that had brooded over his paradise, and did not that wonderful Improvisatore sing the death-knell of his own earthly hopes—for ever?

Weeks and months sped on. The Improvisatore studied hard to acquire *the arts of civilization* and musical training. In the first he succeeded admirably, for he was one of nature's noblemen, who only require the polish of conventionalism to make them "gentlemen." But alas! for the musical training. The poor Improvisatore alleged of himself that he was *too dull to learn*. The truth was, he was too highly inspired. In vain did his teachers strive to bind his soaring imagination into the art of routine repetition.

No sooner would he strive to fix his mind upon the lesson which he must repeat by note, than his eyes would be upturned to the skies, or fixed on the far away, and he would improvise poetry and music on the subject of his lesson, immeasurably in advance of the original, but still not within the boundaries of time, rhythm, and order; and so his teachers were in despair, and he himself in hopeless humiliation.

Month after month did the puzzled masters of song strive to treat what they deemed "a morbid case of vocal indisposition" with the nostrums of art and the fetters of stereotyped science.

The harassed Improvisatore's voice, beautiful beyond expression, seemed to need no training. Yet the professors maintained that Ernest Rossi's charm of singing had been acquired illegitimately, and the unhappy student, who could not put his natural acquirements into the crimping irons of art could not make an opera singer, and must choose a fresh profession.

Spring-time came—spring, the brightest and most hopeful season of the year. But never did the May moon and silver stars light up with a diviner radiance the fair face of Nature than on a certain night when two lovers were keeping tryst amid the broken arches and ivy-crowned ruins of what had once been a cloistered abbey, situated some few miles distant from the great, thickly-throbbing heart of the British metropolis.

The beauty and fame of these ruins attracted crowds of visitors by day, but the ghostly legends and weird traditions which attached to the ancient fane, isolated the place from intrusion after the shades of evening closed in around the charmed precincts. It was this immunity from interruption which had induced the present visitants to select so *fearsome* a spot for a love tryst. One thing, however, was certain; their aim was concealment, for it was only when they had reached a part of the cloisters where they could themselves command a view of all the approaches to their retreat, that the lady threw back the black mantilla that shrouded her face, and suffered the full glow of the moonlight to fall on the lovely features of La Gabrielle.

But if the appearance of Lord Ravensleigh's betrothed, in such a scene and a time, might have seemed but little in keeping with her engagement, still more anomalous was her companionship; for by her side stood her recently adopted protégé, Ernest Rossi, the Improvisatore. Notwithstanding the unmistakable confidence which existed between this noble looking couple, there was a marked difference in their manner towards each other.

For the first time in her life, Gabrielle's passionate and impulsive spirit found its ideal in the gifted Improvisatore. On his part, the kindly and admiring gaze he fixed upon her, was mingled with something mournful, and, at times, there was a reserved and even stern expression, which formed a singular contrast to her display of affection.

With Gabrielle's heart, capable of the most intense love, and a firm belief in the influence of an unseen world, of which she conceived herself to be the instrument, the handsome and talented Improvisatore had appeared suddenly in her path as the incarnation of all her dreams of spiritual perfection. *He was her fate—she must love him, she would love him.* He was a sunbeam from heaven, sent to illumine her earthly way, and she would follow his leading, even if its goal were destruction.

Without any apparent effort to resist or yield to the unmistakable interest the fair prima donna manifested for him, the Improvisatore seemed to occupy inevitably the place she assigned him; grateful for her generous interest, and delighted with her talent and beauty, he loved her as much as—she sometimes bitterly remarked—a creature more of heaven than earth could love a mortal. On one point, however, they were entirely disagreed, and it was this which now cast a shadow over his noble face, and deepened the tone of affection in which he would have addressed her, into one of grave rebuke. This was Gabrielle's engagement to Lord Ravensleigh. She was beloved, idolized by the Earl, and was pledged *in honour* to become his wife in a few months from the very day when she was now, in secret, and therefore, as the generous and honest nature of the young mountaineer deemed it, *in dishonour* meeting with a more favoured lover.

Up to this time, Gabrielle had insisted that the love which had so suddenly sprung up between herself and the Improvisatore, should be kept a profound secret from the world. She herself, she said, would in her own way and

time break off her engagement with the Earl; but as yet it was evident she had taken no steps toward the promised dénouement.

Ernest Rossi's honourable sense of right loathed the idea of attempting to supplant his rival by secret arts, and yet, whenever he would have urged upon the prima donna a frank avowal of her sentiments, the thought of the pitiful exchange she would make from the Countess of Ravensleigh's high destiny to that of being wife to a poor mountaineer, sealed his lips, and hung fetters upon his remonstrances.

"What have I to offer her?" he would say to himself. "They cannot make a singer of me. I am fit for nothing but to sing to Calabrian brigands, and strive to make them a little better with a holy prayer. And what a home have I to give her! A chalet of pine logs, an inheritance of mountain goats, and the produce of the chase—oh! that I had never seen this London star! never quitted my mountains for this life of artifice, shams and dishonour!"

In the midst of these sad and bitter self-communings, Gabrielle's appealing eyes, looking up into his, aroused him from his abstraction, and he said tenderly but firmly:

"Gabrielle, dear precious child! you *must* be your own fate, and that on this very night; but first you shall be in a position to judge me fully and fairly; so now, my star-beam! hear thy recreant knight's confession. Gabrielle, you love me, and, heaven knows! I can say, from the depths of my heart, I know you to be worthy of the devotion of any mortal upon whom the treasure of your love is fixed. But, Gabrielle, what would you say if I, whom you have deigned to call beloved, could not render you back this whole-hearted and undivided devotion? Nay, start not, dearest. She, whose image comes between me and my earthly queen, is not a mortal. Gabrielle, I love; nay! you must hear me! Even from early boyhood, I have loved a strange, fantastic, perhaps an unreal, existence; a wreath of mist; a fanciful ideal, yet one which has been to me in my lonely mountain life an actuality, and yet, more strange to tell, this vision, this mere creation of a morbid fancy to all the world but me, has whispered to my soul the name of 'Eulalie,' and taken to my ideal sight the form of your own sweet self. It was this strange impersonation of my life's dream in *your* image which made me stand with such deep amazement when I first beheld you, outside your gate. Do you remember?"

"Perfectly, Ernest. But go on, you see I am tranquil now, and can listen calmly. I am not jealous of a *wreath of mist*, or a mere ideal, especially if it wears my form and features."

"I know not, Gabrielle. Doubtless the world would call me mad, and perhaps there are many madder, whom the world calls sane, but this I know—from my earliest boyhood, a young and girlish form has seemed ever to hover at my side. If I lost my way among the Alpine ranges, or in the depths of the dim forests, then she would come like a wreath of golden mist and flit along the path that would lead me home. Did I fail to find the sport necessary to replenish our scanty board, this fairy would whisper in my ear un-failing directions. Her voice would syllable out words of warning, guidance, and prophetic wisdom. Her form, like a streak of sunlight, has guided me through life. Her presence is as palpable to me as yon starry host above us, and I have never known a life apart from her."

"Did you never speak of this airy sprite to others, Ernest?"

"Oh, yes; because in early boyhood I deemed it nothing strange; I thought each human being must have a similar companionship. But when I told my uncle, the priest, he said it was my guardian saint, and when the poor and friendless of our district wanted comfort or advice, they would come to me, and I, waiting to hear the whispers of my angel, would always seem to be inspired to give them good counsel, or speak to them in tones of wisdom far beyond my simple self."

"You are an Improvisatore, my Ernest," replied the lady with a tone of calm assurance, as if that single word explained the mystery. "You know improvisation is really inspiration, is it not so?"

"It may be, Gabrielle, but if so, some mind must inspire the subject of improvisation, and to me that inspiring mind took the form of Eulalie."

"And did no one ever see this sprite but you?"

"Yes, once. I had a friend, a young comrade who had been a pupil of my uncle. I loved him dearly. He went forth into the great cities to study as an artist. The world was too hard upon him, and, at length, bending beneath the

chill breath of consumption, he came to the home and friends he had loved so well, to rest and recruit—in reality, to die.

"Amongst the wild and rugged paths it was my delight to tread, there was one which led to a ledge of overhanging rocks of such a giddy height, and reached by a path so wild and precipitous, that no foot but my own had ever dared to tread it. Thither it was my custom to go at early dawn and sunset to meet my visionary love. And there, one golden-sunset evening, I found the dying artist, lying with brush and palette in hand on the very edge of the awful precipice which, in his best and most vigorous days, he had never dared to scale.

"When I inquired in amazement how he came there, he replied, 'Ernest, I have seen your fairy; it was she that led me hither, and see, here is her portrait.' . . . Two days before he died, he gave me that portrait as his dying token of love. It was such a faithful likeness of the angel face that has looked so often into mine, that I know my dead friend *saw her*, hence that she has a being, and is not at all the airy fancy of a dream."

"Will you show me that portrait, Ernest?"

"'Tis here! hold it in the moonlight, Gabrielle—and now tell me, whom does it resemble?"

"Heavens, it is myself." "And yet," she sadly thought, as she watched him tenderly returning the miniature to its concealment near his heart, "he loves the airy semblance, and cares but little for the mortal reality."

(To be continued.)

#### THE LAST REFUGE FOR THE POOR.

If I were asked to say off-hand what was the greatest curse of the poor, and what was the greatest blessing, I think my answer to the first query would be the public-house, and to the second the hospital. Of course I might be wrong. There are some people who will contend that in these islands the greatest blessing of the natives of all degrees is that they are Great Britons. Our patriotic songs bid us all rejoice greatly at the fact, and patriotism is not a class privilege. The starved outcast, crouching for shelter on a wild March night in one of the stone recesses of London Bridge, has a right to exclaim with the same pride as the Marquis of Westminster—

"Far as the breeze can bear the billows' foam,  
Survey our empire and behold our home."

His soul, for all we know, may rejoice greatly that Britannia rules the waves, and in spite of the fact that a policeman spying him out as "without the visible means of subsistence" may seize him and consign him to durance vile, he—the outcast, not the policeman—may ponder with much national vanity on the fact that Britons never shall be slaves.

Out upon the parochial-minded disciples of the Birmingham school, who pretend that a nation can be very great abroad and yet very small at home? "Survey our empire" is a noble line, and there is another about the Queen's morning drum which has a magnificent ring about it, and crops up in patriotic leading articles about twice a week all the year round. It is, however, just possible that the vast extent of British rule does not come home so pleasantly to my friend on the bridge as it does to the well-fed, prosperous citizen of Jingo proclivities who believes that Heaven's first command to an Englishman was, "Thou shalt remove thy neighbour's landmark." The poor wretch may "surv-y" his "empire" with a feeling of anything but contentment, and he may be tempted to wish that we had a little less empire to look after abroad, in order that a little attention might be bestowed upon the place where charity begins.

Even at the risk of being pronounced unpatriotic, I shall, therefore, maintain my contention that the greatest blessing of the poor is the hospital—that noble institution of which Englishmen of all classes and all creeds may reasonably be proud.—"*How the Poor Live*," by George Sims.

MAN perfected by society is the best of all animals; he is the most terrible of all when he lives without law and without justice. If he finds himself an individual who cannot live in society, or who pretends he has need of only his own resources, do not consider him as a member of humanity; he is a savage beast or a god.—*Aristotle*.

THE more one studies and tries to understand these wonderful laws which rule this world, the more one wonders, worships, and admires that which to us is so incomprehensible.—*Princess Alice*.

OFFICE OF "THE TWO WORLDS,"  
61, GEORGE STREET, CHEETHAM HILL, MANCHESTER.

*The People's Popular Penny Spiritual Paper.*

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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. 8d. 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.

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

PUBLISHING OFFICES.

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

## THE TWO WORLDS.

Editor:

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

Sub-Editor and General Manager

E. W. WALLIS.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1889.

### THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES IN RELIGION.

It is so rare to find the great dignitaries of the Christian Church stooping from their palatial heights to discourse of the real practical issues of life, that it is quite worth while—were it only for novelty sake—to reprint the noble and affecting plea uttered for the poor—the miserably poor—of London, by the Archbishop of York, at the recent Lambeth Ecclesiastical Conference. He said: "The sins and miseries which yet remained could not be overcome by mere civilization. The tools she could use suited not this work; the results she arrived at intensified the evils. Turn their thoughts to London or New York; think of a single day in either city; how human creatures groaned and travailed, knowing, as yet, no redemption, by Divine or any love, from sin and sorrow. The night closed over the day of struggle, but rest came not with the dark. Men watched round death-beds, and while they sorrowed, felt that death at least was rest. Houseless wanderers were fortunate who could sleep unobserved under a tree. Some of them, he knew it, had learned to sleep upon their feet, to whom the doorstep was forbidden, who were only allowed such sleep as could consist with moving on. The servants of pleasure were still astir—the pleasure that was made up of drink and shameless appetite, which must not be called *brutal* in justice to the brute. Under cover of night loves that were worse than hatreds worked themselves out. Between the loud roar of day and the dull throbbing of night there was a difference; but sin never ceased. Consider, too, the poverty as well as the sin. Wealth was never greater, poverty was never more stark and grinding. Westward there were streets and squares of palaces, charged to the full with every contrivance of luxury such as no mediæval Queen could have dreamed of. Eastward there were dwellings far more numerous upon which none of those luxurious inventions had lighted. In many of them a few helpless women tried to keep continuous the miserable meals which barely staved off starvation by the few daily pence which their work was judged to be worth. Their boasted progress had made both the wealth and the poverty. If the progress became more rapid they did not see why the riches might not grow greater and the poverty more deadly. . . . The terrible element of this question was, that our present progress aggravated both extremes, doubling the pile of the rich and halving the wages of the poor.

"They could not always shut their eyes to this terrible problem of the poor. They might not fear that they would ever destroy society; they were too weak and helpless for that; but still even the most flaccid conscience must be uneasy. They might sleep in their beds, because starving

hands could brandish no weapon and kindle no torch; but still their sleep could not be so sound if they knew that brothers and sisters were starving around them."

True, loyal, Christian words these; but did it ever occur to the Archbishop to consider where the blame lies for all this?

As a fitting corollary to the above brave but all too true utterances, we give the following extracts from a sermon recently preached by the Rev. H. O. Pentecost—well-known to the Editor of this paper some ten years ago in New York—as a fashionable and popular preacher of the strictly orthodox type, and a warm supporter of the fanatic revivalist Moody. How this great advocate of orthodoxy, and its narrow, conservative views of religion has grown under the contagion of popular, liberal views, and the bold analytical spirit which dares to think, reason, and demand proofs for pulpit utterances, the following report from a New Jersey daily paper will show:—

"Hugh O. Pentecost, minister, recently of the Belleville Avenue Congregational Church in Newark, preached lately in the Criterion Theatre in Brooklyn. The stage was set to a parlour séance, and a piano and cornet furnished the music for the singing of the congregation. Mr. Pentecost briefly sketched the history of his connection with the Newark church.

"'I refused to be tamed,' he said, 'by the board of trustees or by the board of deacons, and I hope no minister will be found who will be more easily tamed than I was. I have no notion of establishing a church. My idea is that there are as many churches as there should be in the United States. I feel that there are religiously inclined people who are not inside of the churches, but who have a religion of their own, and who would be benefited by a church with no formal creed. Furthermore, if I feel like making an extempore prayer on Sunday morning, I shall do so, and if I don't feel like it I won't do so. One of the things I object to is that at 11 o'clock on every Sunday morning a pastor has to get up and pray, whether he feels like it or not. There is ample warrant in the conduct of Jesus Christ for my position. The truth that Jesus taught is not taught in the Christian churches, and a man who tries to teach it as he taught it has to get out of the church. In my Newark church I was warned not to let the congregation applaud at the time the sermon was preached, but here, if you want me to stay and preach to you, you may express your approbation in any way to which you are accustomed. If you are a Methodist I shall expect you to say "Amen," or "Hallelujah."

"An old legend in the Talmud relates that Abraham's father was an image maker, and that one day Abraham broke all the little images in the shop, and then put the hammer into the hand of the biggest image. He told his father that the big images had broken the little ones, and his father said: "It is impossible. They can neither see nor move." Abraham replied: "Then they are no gods." It was Abraham's departure from an old to a new creed. He showed that he was a religious rationalist. That, in a word, is all I want you to be. There are no mysterious secrets, and you must not believe any one who tells you "Thus far shalt thou think and no further." It makes no difference whether 200 or 300 bishops got together and said so or not. Every honest, earnest man demands a religion which satisfies his reason. Think and believe for yourselves. Consider well what you believe, so that you will know why you believe. In the Roman Catholic church the Virgin Mary is considered sinless. Study it, if you are a Roman Catholic, and come to the reasonable belief in it; but if you believe it because the Church says it's true, then it is superstition only. Similarly, if you believe in the Trinity, be able to tell why. I don't. I can't see how three times one is three and three times one is one at the same time.

"I like independent thinkers, like Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, who is supposed to be such a monster by many people. I have read every word ever printed that was uttered by Colonel Ingersoll on religious matters, and I think he has spoken as much truth as any man I know of, yet with all his rhetoric, courage, and eloquence, he has not laid hold of the people to make them better. He has done much to break down superstition, yet he has not persuaded men to live lives of personal purity and earnestness. It is mine to tell you to be as good as Jesus Christ was. The doctrine of the brotherhood of man is dead in the churches. I mean the church as an institution. The church recognizes the aristocracy of money and birth. It caters to wealth, and culture, and distinction. The work that the church is



doing will, if it is persevered in, break down the notion of the brotherhood of man, and some fine morning some man will run a blue pencil through the Declaration of Independence. Already we have college professors who declare that all men are not created equal.

"Mr. Pentecost's admirers among the Anti-Poverty and Henry George societies and clubs of this city are about to build a church for him. Meanwhile he will preach in the theatre on Sunday afternoons, being engaged in similar work at Newark in the morning and in New York in the evening."—*Newark Times*.

For the reverse side of these encouraging pictures see next week's number of *The Two Worlds*.

#### THE WHITE SLAVES OF AMERICA, AS WELL AS OF STAFFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND.

NOTHING has been said or printed this year in Chicago which has caused a more profound sensation, and aroused the indignation of the people than the series of articles published in the *Daily Times*, entitled, "City Slave Girls." The *Times'* lady reporter, Miss Neill Nelson, took upon her the embarrassing duties of dressing herself in the attire of a factory girl, and visiting, each day, one or more factories where women are employed, where she either found employment and worked a few hours, or managed to stay long enough to learn the condition of the employees, and the *Times* contained the story of misery as seen by Miss Nelson.

On July 10th, she visited the Western Lace Factory, 218, State Street. There she found the most wretched conditions of poverty and serfdom. As she entered the office she was followed by a young girl, who had been crotchetting mats, and as she had come to draw her pay and quit the company's service, it gave the reporter an opportunity to make a note of her earnings, and when the clerk opened the books, it was found that the poor girl had worked from the first of last January to July 10th, over six months, for the princely sum of fifteen dollars, and instead of paying her, she was put off to wait until the proprietor came in. Miss Nelson then applied for work, and learned that for making mats of the size and style made by the poor girl, the company had paid sixty cents (2s. 5d.) per dozen; that a dozen was an ordinary week's work, and that all the other grades of work given out by that company were correspondingly the same price. That company lets its work out by the piece and the employees carry it to their homes. But the *Times* reporter found that to get work one must pay two dollars for the privilege, and deposit one dollar to secure the return of the material!

Her next visit was to Never Rip Jersey factory, 13, West Washington Street, where she was given work, making jerseys at sixty cents (2s. 5d.) per dozen. On entering the work-room her heart nearly failed, as she beheld the wretched serfs and surveyed the low ceiling, with its scanty light and bad ventilation, and inhaled the sickening odours and foul air from the dyed fabrics and a long row of dirty closets which projected from the wall. In this factory she stayed long enough to earn twenty-five cents. At noon, she says, the machinery stopped, and 120 working women were given thirty minutes in which to eat their dinner.

The reporter says she counted thirty-seven women who made their dinner on dry bread alone, fifteen with sandwiches; ten ate cold pancakes, and twenty-three had no dinner whatever.

"Oh God, that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap!"

In the evening the reporter went to the sale room to price a jersey, and was asked \$2.50 for the identical jersey she had finished for five cents (2½d.)!

The invincible reporter finds herself the next day in the foul air and murky confines of Ellinger's Cloak Factory, 282, Madison Street. There she found the usual price paid for making a cloak was fifty cents, and but few could make a cloak in one day; but for cloaks above a certain grade, the company paid sixty-five cents, which was divided, the stitcher getting twenty cents (10d.), the binder fifteen cents (7½d.), and the maker thirty cents (1s. 3d.), providing the workmanship withstood the closest inspection, if not, it was condemned, and no credit given for the work, or the girls compelled to make it over. The reporter undertook the job of making one at sixty-five cents, or rather thirty cents, after paying the stitcher and binder. It was a lady's long cloak, trimmed down the back, around the collar, cuffs, and pockets with mohair plush, and all the seams faced with black muslin. She could not make the cloak in one day, and another woman

helped, and it was finished a few minutes before quitting time. The plucky little woman took her time and demanded her thirty cents (1s. 3d.), which was refused until pay day. She seized the cloak, and refused to surrender it until paid for her work. A struggle ensued which ended in paying her the thirty cents, and she threw the cloak in the proprietor's face, and went to the workroom and gave the thirty cents to a woman who had instructed her how to make the cloak. The price of the cloak at the sale room of the company was \$35.

At 7-30 the next morning she went to the workroom of Wetleerl's factory on Wabash Avenue, where corsets, bustles, skirts, jerseys, cloaks, &c., are made. Here she found the average wages paid to be \$1.50 per week.

Her next visit was to one of the darkest and most degraded holes of American serfdom, Julius, Stein, & Co., 132, Market Street. There she found a girl who had worked three days for sixty-five cents (2s. 6d.). Another two and a half days for forty-five cents, on a cloak. Another earned \$4.20 in two weeks, and the highest earned was reported by a woman who said she earned \$6.10 in two weeks. According to Miss Nelson's report, the Julius, Stein & Co. factory is presided over by the most heartless, cruel, insulting tyrants, who are only prevented from using the lash by the civil law. Like the other factories she visited, the workroom is dark and badly ventilated, and the poor slaves suffer not only from starvation, but are slowly dying by inches from foul air and malarial poison.

The *Times* next reports the visits of the brave little lady reporter to the Excelsior Under-wear Works, Fifth Avenue. There she found women's drawers made at 20 cents—8d. per dozen—on machines for the hire of which the wretched toilers have to pay 50 cents—2s. per month. The *Times'* report ends with these significant words: "These conditions are the parents of anarchy, and from them are born revolution and its dire results. Human endurance has its limits, and peace ends where rank injustice rules."—*Industrialist*.

#### THE SEWING GIRLS PROTEST.

The striking sewing girls of Minneapolis recently held a mass meeting, which was presided over by Mrs. E. S. Marble, president of the Local Suffrage Society. About 2,000 people were in attendance. On the back part of the stage hung several garments as made by the girls, and the prices paid for the same in St. Paul and by the firm for which they had been working in Minneapolis, as follows:—St. Paul; Shirts, 9 cents; \* pants, 14½ cents; overalls, 6 cents; blouse, 6 cents; blouse shirt, 6 cents. Minneapolis (Shotwell, C. and L.): Shirts, 6 cents; pants, 12 cents; overalls, 5 cents; blouse, 4½ cents; blouse shirt, 3½ cents. The beloved aged woman, whose great life work has been for unfortunate women, Mrs. C. O. Van Cleve, opened the meeting with prayer, and after introductory remarks by Mrs. Marble, made the first address. Mrs. Van Cleve said it had been her experience that girls become outcasts for want of decent wages. She urged those present to take this matter home to themselves, and plan what could be done to make the working girls feel they have friends. Mrs. Marble gave an earnest address, and said that the sympathy of the public was with the girls. On the motion of the Rev. — Wilkinson, it was resolved to submit the matter to arbitration, and Father McGolaick was authorized to forward the resolution to the firm. A collection of fifty dollars was taken.—*The Woman's Tribune, Nebraska*.

NOTE.—We do not print the above reports to show that American working women are as badly off—or indeed any worse or better off—than their wretched sisters at home, but simply to show how loud, bitter, and imperative is the cry for reform; reform in the shape of JUSTICE, or a balance struck between labour and capital all over the civilized, i.e., the Christian world. If any one of our readers, hungry for the sensationalism of communications from "the dear spirits," and impatient of all else, should ask, what have we to do with such subjects? we ask back, Is there one intelligent spiritualist in the wide world that would dare to pay women starvation prices for work, the sale of which enabled him to ride in his carriage and fare sumptuously every day? Without any "ifs or ands," we answer emphatically—NO. No spiritualist being such, and knowing the result of feeding off poor wasting flesh and blood, would be insane enough to so shipwreck his own soul, and that in the full consciousness of what he was doing. As long then as the present Editor has charge of this paper, so long will there appear from time to time these heartrending and earnest appeals for help to those who cannot help themselves. What can we do in such emergencies, queries the poor humble spiritualist? "Do all in your power to make spiritualists," we answer. "Promulgate its doctrines, aid its enquirers, LIVE IT OUT in precept and example, and you wield the axe that will yet cut down the tree of all injustice and inhumanity from man to man."—ED. T. W.

\* Cent: Value of about one half penny English money; two cents, however, scarcely reach the value of one English penny.

## SPIRITUALISM AND RELIGION.

To the Editor of "The Two Worlds."

The criticism of our paper on "Spiritualism and Religion," which appears in your last issue (Jan. 4th), deserves the most frank and serious consideration. Let it, then, be granted that it is unwise to mould bullets for our enemies' rifles, and that if our representation of spiritualism gives lawful occasion for the enemy to blaspheme, we deserve your censure. But what is this missile? Simply an attempt to mark by colourless philosophical analysis the exact dividing line between spiritualism and religion.

It seems to us, on many grounds, desirable to recognise this distinction, in order that the attributes proper to each should be accurately adjusted, and no claim made for either, and especially for spiritualism, which cannot be sustained. In order to do this we take what you call "a narrow view," which simply means that our analysis is rigid, and that we do not apply to the essential principles of either religion or spiritualism all the infinitely varied qualities that may be associated with them in their living development, when they have entered into all the multitudinous and complex relations of outward life.

A spiritualist is simply one who accepts the facts of spiritualism—i.e., he believes in the possibility of some sort of intercourse between visible dwellers on earth and those whose visible earthly existence has ceased. Anyone who recognises the reality of "spiritual manifestations" in this sense is a spiritualist. You say that this definition is not sufficient, and invent a new category of persons whom you call *spiritists*, to include only those who accept the facts, and do not use them in the particular way which you describe, in varied but not very definite phraseology. You see you are obliged to complicate the question, in what we venture to consider a very unphilosophical style, in order to sustain, and even to express your objection to our view. And in this we think you are mistaken. You cannot smuggle into the definition of spiritualism all sorts of moral and religious accidents, which may or may not be associated with the primary fact. If you do, others may do the same; and every spiritualist will claim for his own special type an exclusive legitimacy, and no one will know his own friends or affinities.

It is quite true that spiritualism ought to have an educating, refining, purifying, ennobling influence. No one has contended more strongly for that than we have. But you cannot seriously maintain that it always *does* exert this influence wherever it is received? You are very shocked because we say that a spiritualist, *as such*, is not necessarily a good man, but may be a "pernicious rascal of any conceivable type." This is the bullet aforesaid! But is it not true? We do not venture so far to pass judgment on our fellow sinners as to say of this or that spiritualist—here is a case in point. We could do so; and it is too glaringly obvious that the same number of your journal which contains this protest, contains also a particularly melancholy account of what most of us look upon as singularly disgraceful behaviour on the part of one or both of the Fox sisters, who certainly have been always looked upon as the types and originators of modern spiritualistic developments. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that one of these ladies has been guilty of conduct which may be fitly described in the language which you so pathetically deplore.

You may say that by their own acts they have ceased to be spiritualists. Even granting this, you must allow that they *once* were spiritualists, and that in their case spiritualism has *not* been "a moral power," "a religious teacher," with the result that their "whole nature is stirred with purer thoughts and loftier ideals." These typical ladies now tell us that their spiritualism never was to them a religion; it was only a cracking of one of their toes! Precisely so. Some people's spiritualism never does get out of their toes into their heads and hearts. Spiritualism may stop short at the basest extremities, or it may bathe the whole life in radiant and glowing light. But it is spiritualism still, in its degradation as in its glory.

It is not merely a matter of scientific accuracy to seek clear ideas on this subject; it is a practical question of great interest and importance. Spiritualism is not a thing to be trifled with; it is not true either that its advent is necessarily, and in all cases, beneficial. It brings the subject nearer to the spiritual world; but it does not therefore confine him to the good influences that dwell there, and exclude the evil. Spiritualism may be angelic: it may also be diabolic; just as the spiritual world contains not only all the good, but also all the evil, that the heart of corrupted humanity has generated and developed. It is mere self-will and voluntary blindness to ignore this, and to enact that its identity shall not be acknowledged unless its character is respectable. *Corruptio optimi pessima*: "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

We can therefore re-affirm all the eulogy we have pronounced on spiritualism when its teachings and influences enter into holy alliance with religion, and all that ennobles character: and on that very account we say, let not the need of this alliance be overlooked; or, that which comes to purify and bless will lead to profanation and perdition.

With heartiest New Year salutations to you—dear Editor—and your readers, we are, yours very faithfully,

MORELL THEOBALD.  
R. M. THEOBALD.

January 6th.

## LYCEUM JOTTINGS.

## THE BEAUTIFUL.

(MUSICAL READING, ARRANGED FOR LYCEUMS.)

The following musical recitation of an old and very familiar hymn has been sent by Mr. W. H. Wheeler, of Oldham, whose zeal and earnestness in the work of conducting and aiding Lyceums entitles his contribution to respect and attention—ED. T. W.

The Lyceum stand to sing the verses as they occur, before and after the reading, but resume their seats while the conductor reads the intervening portions.

E.L.M. 81.

Tune 532—Bristol Tune Book.

THE world has much of beautiful,  
If man would only see;  
A glory in the beaming stars,  
The lowest budding tree;

A splendour from the farthest east  
Unto the farthest west—  
Aye! everything is beautiful,  
And we are greatly blest!

When we gaze on nature, we oft-times pass lightly over its beauties and splendour. Proportionate to the stage of "development" reached will be the enjoyment and appreciation derived therefrom. The universe is limitless—north, south, east, and west stretch out into endless space; the beautiful structures of its many parts are wondrously wrought; its climax is in man, the "lord of creation." Degrees of beauty are manifested, but there lies within all of us a divine, immortal essence, by the careful cultivation of which we may bedeck ourselves with the flowers of earnestness and truth. Do not tire or grow weary in well-doing. Our characters are shown by our deeds, which proclaim us the mediums of the spirit world. Are our actions vile or hurtful?—an evil spirit is abroad, and he works through us; do we pursue a life of useful, conscientious, and earnest endeavour?—then are the angels able to control us for all that is pure and beautiful.

There is a host of angels, who  
With every moment throng;  
If we would only list awhile  
The cadence of their song;  
They speak in every sunny glance  
That flashes on the stream,  
In every holy thrill of ours,  
And every lofty dream.

Who but the angels have ever spoken in holy thrills and lofty dreams? Unseen hosts are around us; and if we would cultivate communion with them, we must clothe ourselves with the armour of righteousness. Not by demanding loudly and imperiously the truths of that wondrous spiritualism do we receive proofs and experience; *not* by denouncing the existence of the spirit messengers, but by waiting and watching. "If we would only list awhile" better results would follow. Self-sufficiency is too large, and no further steps are taken to reflect from ourselves the "sunny glances" of their cheering presence. Our spirit-natures would express themselves in the "good and beautiful," but are crippled and warped by ignorance, and sometimes bigotry. The key-note of self-development rings in our ears; the help of God and the angels is at hand; the ministrations of the spirit world lift over every ill; and we realize in our upward, struggling pilgrimage, that we are never alone; spirit-guardians are nigh our path, and cheer us on our way.

The world is good and beautiful,  
We all may know it well,  
For there are many thousand tongues  
That every day can tell  
What love has cheered them on their way,  
O'er every ill above;  
It only needs a goodly heart  
To know that all is love!

—Arranged by W. H. Wheeler, of Oldham.

## LIVE IT DOWN.

Do you hear that cruel slander  
Envious tongues with malice frame,  
Has been put in circulation  
Just to tarnish your good name?  
Never mind, don't be disheartened,  
Overcome it—live it down;  
Though it clouds your sky with sorrow,  
Just be faithful—live it down.

Do you hear that fiery gossip  
Is now floating in the air;  
Piercing hearts so pure and tender,  
Blighting hopes once bright and fair?  
Never mind—don't be discouraged;  
Always faithful—live it down;  
'Tis the lot of all that's mortal—  
Good or bad—then live it down.

Do you feel those stones and arrows,  
By outrageous villains cast?  
Do you see them hurled with vengeance  
To embitter all your past?  
Still be calm! Do good for evil,  
Stand undaunted—live it down;  
Silence gives the sweetest pleasure,  
Ever faithful—live it down.

Are you growing weary-hearted?  
Do the dogs your doorway throng?  
And your steps are they pursuing,  
Snarling, bitter all along?  
Do not go around bewailing—  
Let them growl—just live it down;  
'Tis the truth that cuts the sharpest—  
Mind not falsehood—live it down.

Do you think the world grows colder,  
When its venomous sting is flung?  
Do they call your good all evil?  
Has your heart with anguish wrung?  
Never mind—rail not in answer,  
But be faithful—live it down;  
One day in the coming future,  
You'll be glad you lived it down.

—Canadian Freeman.

UNSELFISH people are always polite because good manners are only the absence of selfishness.

WHEN a man has no good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.

## CHRONICLE OF SOCIETARY WORK.

**BIRMINGHAM.** 92, Ashted Row.—The first meeting for mediums only was held Thursday, January 3rd, with encouraging success. Most of the 19 who were here were private mediums, in no way connected with the public work except as well-wishers. Though most of these prophets and seers were strangers to each other, a sociable and general conversation was carried on, both before and at tea, which made all feel at home, easy, and genial. The preliminary conversation afforded much food for the thoughtful, and plenty of encouragement for the voluntary yet ill-appreciated (in this life) working medium. A gentleman stated that four months ago he attended the public séance on Wednesdays, when the officiating prophet told him he was a medium, also that his wife and children were mediums of extreme sensitiveness. This was confirmed by Mr. Elliott at a private séance in their own house, and again by Mr. Wyldes in the public meeting. As none of these three were present I name them as a recognition. They were advised to sit at home round a table, with paper and pencil before them, but no medium or stranger present, and they would soon convince each other of the truth of spirit return. They were orthodox church people, unprejudiced, but, of course, sceptical. The gentleman has developed as a musical medium, but as they are a musical family, playing various instruments, and possessing different voices, this to them is not so striking; but he is promised compositions under control, if he will give conditions, which eventually he means to do. His wife has proved to be a trance medium, and many spirits have displayed their individuality through her to the complete satisfaction of the family. Their daughter has developed as a writer, and many long messages have been written through her, in different handwritings, and signed by the spirit giving the advice or prophecy, which time in most instances has proved correct. A son, thirteen years old, developed after the first few sittings as a most powerful physical medium. He now takes long walks with his mother while under control, the lady for the time losing sight of the fact that she has a boy for her companion in the lofty thoughts, manly voice, dignified utterance, respectful attentions, and the subject matters of conversation, which are far beyond the normal capacity of her schoolboy son: all this has convinced them that spirits return when men welcome them with faith and confidence, as they would do visitors in the body. After tea the control of one medium was voted to preside, then two others to give a short address of ten minutes each for advice and any information suitable for the company. These proved to be spiritual and practical, and coming as they did from private mediums, were most unexpected, every word falling with a weight which was intensified by the gentle, musical, measured, yet soul-stirring utterance. It was the first time, in one instance, in which the control had addressed strangers; in the other, two only of those present had heard him before. It seemed to be the unanimous opinion of all that much good would result to both private and public mediums by these frequent social meetings, the one great secret of success lying in the effort each prophet makes (after the voting for president and speakers) to sink individual prejudices and peculiarities, and become a student, sitting at the feet of the three who will be voted to suggest mental food for a month's contemplation. On future occasions the married partners can accompany the mediums, providing they are in sympathy with the movement and mediumistic. It was decided that all persons may bring with them an unopened 1/- box of Ilford's  $\frac{1}{2}$ -plates, which they themselves may open, mark the first with name, put it in, and watch the development. This privilege is not granted because one medium suspects the genuineness of another's mediumship, but in order that those who have sceptical friends able to rely on their own word, may have an opportunity of getting the additional testimony of a spirit photographer wherewith to prove the possibility of spirit return. The mirth-provoking controls most mediums have created much laughter at the close. All mediums known and unknown are invited here the first Thursday in every month, from 3 p.m. Refreshments will be provided at 1/- each for those who come to tea, 6d. for those who come after. A post card the Monday before from those who intend to come, will oblige.—S. A. Power.

**BLACKBURN.**—On New Year's Day we had our annual tea party. After an excellent tea a first-class entertainment was given, our esteemed president, Mr. Wolstenholme, occupying the chair. Good readings and recitations were given, and the musical part of the programme was ably conducted by Messrs. Holt and Greenwood. A capital reading, "Six Hours in a Wringing Machine," was given by Mr. Haworth. Mr. Taylor gave some first-class mimicry. Songs by the Misses Grime, Holt, Coupe, and Pemberton, by Messrs. Greenwood, Derbyshire, Pemberton, and Taylor; also excellent selections by the choir. An enjoyable evening was brought to a close at a late hour by dancing and various games. We were pleased to see numerous friends from Colne, Burnley, Darwen, and Oswaldtwistle, among us on this occasion. On Sunday, Mrs. Gregg gave two good addresses to large audiences. Afternoon subject, "The Future of Children in the Spirit World." Two children were named in well-chosen language "Hope" and "Snowdrop." Evening, "Life in Both Worlds," an instructive lecture.—A. A.

**BRADFORD.** Ripley Street.—Mrs. Connell took for her afternoon subject, "Faith and Charity." Evening subjects, "Life Beyond the Grave," and "Capital Punishment, is it Justice?" to crowded and highly-delighted audiences. Clairvoyant descriptions very successful at each service.—T. T.

**BRIGHTON.**—Two excellent meetings with Mrs. Wallis. In the afternoon, "Is Spiritualism Needed?" formed a subject for a most excellent discourse, and the points of interest were strewed throughout a most rational sermon. Evening subject, "Some popular objections to spiritualism, considered and confuted." This discourse was most instructive, and the audience, which was large, listened very attentively; it was a reasonable oration, and much admired. Eleven clairvoyant descriptions were given, seven being recognized.—S. B.

**CLACKHEATON.** Oddfellows' Hall.—The guides of Miss Patefield gave two excellent discourses. Afternoon subject, "What shall I do to be saved?" Evening, "What is Death?" showing that a man reaps as he sows. A man who follows the doctrine of spiritualism is not afraid of death (so-called), and does not kneel at the feet of Jesus at the last minute and want him to see him safe into heaven. Clairvoyance at each service. We are having the Rev. T. Ashcroft in the town, but

we want to gather as many friends around us as possible, to let him see we are not to be denied.—W. H. N.

**COLNE.**—Mrs. Yarwood gave two addresses. Afternoon, "Love;" evening, "Shall we meet beyond the river?" Clairvoyance, thirty-four given, twenty-one recognized.—J. W. C.

**COWMS.** Lepton.—Mrs. J. M. Smith's guide took for the subject in the afternoon, "What and where is heaven?" evening subject selected by the audience. Twenty clairvoyant descriptions given, fourteen recognized.—G. M.

**CROMFORD AND HIGH PEAK.**—Morning's discourse on Genesis xi., v. 7. "The mystic breath of life." Many questions followed, which is a sure sign the main point of all addresses had been secured, i. e. to instruct and cause thought. Evening: "God, the Guardian Angel," served for a good address. Both meetings well attended.—W. W.

**DARWEN.**—Miss Jones occupied our platform. Very successful psychometrical readings were given from articles handed up by persons in the audience.

**DENHOLME.** Spiritual Rooms, 6, Blue Hill. On January 5th, we had a pie supper and entertainment, which was a good success; 38 persons sat down to the good things provided. After which Mrs. Scott, of Keighley, gave an entertainment of phrenological delineations of character, which was very successful.—A. Butterfield, Sec.

**DEWSBURY.** New Year's Eve.—The members had a pleasant evening. Tea and supper and various enjoyments having been indulged in, officers and committee for the quarter were elected. Then followed one of the grandest spiritual meetings your correspondent ever experienced. The New Year was ushered in by such demonstrations of spirit power and hearty "Happy New Years" through our various local mediums, as seemed to fire the hearts of each to such an extent that they were loath to separate even after two hours meeting. May God accord his blessing to our efforts during the coming year. Jan. 6th: Mrs. Stansfield's guides gave two interesting addresses on New Year's subjects, followed by brief clairvoyance. May the happiest of New Years be experienced by all workers in the vineyard.—W. S.

**ECOLESHILL.** Stone Hall Road.—Afternoon: Mrs. Beardshall discoursed upon "There is no death." Evening's subject, "Who are the world's redeemers or saviours?" pointing out that the reformers of past ages as well as the present time are the world's saviours. Clairvoyance after each discourse. The following have been elected as officers for current quarter: President, Mr. T. Hindle; vice-president, Mr. J. Jowett; treasurer, Mr. T. Hindle; committee, Messrs. Hindle, Jowett, Hobson, Blackburn, Child, Aggus, Burnley, and Brook.

**FELLING-ON-TYNE.**—Mrs. R. Peters gave twenty-four clairvoyant delineations, most of which were recognized. The officers for the half-year ending June 30th, were elected as follows: president, Mr. John Wilson; vice-president, Mr. Joseph Hall; secretary, Mr. George Laws; treasurer, Mr. Wm. Winlow; steward, Mr. John Dobson; committee, the members of the society.—G. L.

**GLASGOW.**—Thursday evening. Investigators' meeting, under the presidency of Mr. J. Griffin, whose guides gave the Invocation. The spirit guides of Mr. Walrond spoke on several subjects connected with "Spirit Communion." Sunday morning, January 6th. A most pleasant discussion, under the chairmanship of Mr. Russell. Subject: "Who are the Reformers?" Messrs. Robertson, Drummond, Corstorphine, Dewar, Wilsun, Gemmell, Griffin, and Walrond, gave their views, which were on the whole most harmonious in thought and expression. Evening: Mr. Gavin Finlay read a well prepared essay on "Shaker Theology," the line of argument being, that though shakers may be spiritualists, in so far as they believed in spirit intercourse and its phenomena, spiritualists were decidedly not shakers. Mr. James Robertson spoke very strongly and inspirationally on the benefits of spiritualism, religiously, morally, and socially.—G. W. W.

**HALIFAX.**—Mr. J. H. Taylor, of Batley, gave two excellent addresses, afterwards clairvoyance, very good. At the members' meeting the balance sheet for the past six months was read over, which leaves a very fair sum in hand. The following are the officers for the ensuing six months: president, Mr. Jagger; vice-presidents, Mr. Cordingley and Mr. Kendrew; treasurer, Mr. Jagger; corresponding secretary, Mr. J. Longbottom, 25, Pellon Lane; financial secretary, Mr. Garnett; committee: Messrs. Bailey, Greenwood, Lea, Marshall, Barnes, Bradshaw, and Huppler. The ladies committee to remain as before until after our sale of work on Shrove Tuesday. Two of our locals, Mrs. Briggs and Miss Pickles, on Monday night.

**HECKMONDWIKE.** Church Street.—Miss Harrison gave two addresses. Afternoon: "Seek ye it—the pearl of truth;" evening: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings;" followed with clairvoyance, mostly recognized.—J. N.

**HETTON.**—A very pleasant meeting at Mr. Richardson's, the members taking part; we had some good things given us, all being well received. At the after-meeting the following were elected officers for the coming quarter: Mr. John Thompson, president; Mr. J. T. Charlton, secretary; and Mr. William Griffiths, treasurer.—J. T. C.

**HUDDERSFIELD.** Brook Street.—For some unexplained reason Miss Caswell did not put in an appearance; at very short notice our friend Ringrose nobly came and filled the void, and he has done excellently well, giving earnest and stirring addresses on "The Kingdom of God" and "The Training of Children," to the great satisfaction and edification of all. At the conclusion of each service our friend Milner gave clairvoyant tests with success.—J. B.

**LANCASTER.**—Mr. Hepworth, in the afternoon, treated three subjects from the audience. Evening subject: "Faith and Fact," from which we had a grand and instructive discourse, which seemed to give great satisfaction, closing with clairvoyance. Very good audience.—J. B.

**LEICESTER.**—Morning: A circle was held, and we spent a good time, Mr. Ashby being the medium. At 6-30, in the absence of Mr. Barradale, Mr. Sainsbury lectured on a subject selected by the audience, "The Spiritual World," in a masterly style, first, speaking of man as living on earth, but ever looking forward for a brighter and a happier sphere. That after we pass the change called death we enter the spirit world the same as we lived upon earth, and the same ambition and desires to grow better and be happier were carried to the other side, and as we have lived in earth-life we shall find a counterpart when we pass over; that it was a continual state of progress, and that we must all work out our own salvation.—J. P.

**LEIGH.**—Jan. 1st: A tea party was held, when over 100 sat down to an excellent tea, followed by a concert, consisting of pianoforte solos, duets, and songs, by members and friends; also recitations by the children. Everything passed off in a highly satisfactory manner. Mr. G. Wright presided, assisted by our indefatigable secretary, Mr. J. Stirrup, who, as usual, was the life and soul of the proceedings. On Sunday morning, lecture by Mr. G. Wright on "Creation"; in the evening, "Where are the Dead?" Both given in his usual able style.

**LIVERPOOL.** Daulby Hall.—Notwithstanding the severely cold weather, Mrs. Hardinge Britten was greeted by fine audiences, and a most cordial welcome, the first Sunday of the year. Splendid lectures and great enthusiasm marked each service; and highly eulogistic speeches at the close of the evening service testified to the warm appreciation of the audience. No New Year's meetings at Liverpool have ever commenced more auspiciously. A very successful tea and enjoyable entertainment on Tuesday, January 8th; a large audience, and capital programme.

**LONDON FEDERATION.** Goswell Hall, Goswell Road, E.C.—Mr. E. W. Wallis, under control of his guides, delivered two excellent addresses. The afternoon subject, "The work before us," was dealt with in an eminently practical manner. If the ideas of method which were given forth through Mr. Wallis were acted upon in an earnest spirit, the cause of spiritualism would undoubtedly flourish. The evening subject of "Spiritualism: its principles, power, and progress," was dealt with in an exhaustive manner. Spiritualism was powerful because it appealed to the human heart—because it answered in a satisfactory way the question of mankind, "If I die, shall I live again?" Its progress had been great, but in the immediate future it would be greater. If union truly existed amongst us, and if all who were convinced of the truth of spiritualism only admitted it in the broad light of heaven, such a power and influence would be the result, that it would cause spiritualism to be recognized as a power from one end of the land to the other. Both of the addresses were forcibly delivered, tersely put, and closely reasoned. Mr. Darby, Mr. Emms, and Mr. Drake, spoke in strong recommendation of the lectures. The weather unfortunately was cold, the atmosphere very foggy, and, in consequence, our attendance did not realise anticipations, but nevertheless, we must declare the meetings successful. We hope that Mr. Wallis will be with us again ere long.—*J. V.*

**LONDON.** King's Cross.—Sunday morning, Mr. Rodgers opened on "Prayer," after which discussion followed. Evening: Mr. R. J. Lees delivered an eloquent address, his text being, "Only be thou strong and courageous," which he thought would be an excellent motto for this year. We hope to have him again with us shortly. We were favoured by some splendid singing by the "Nickless Family." Friends, come and join our band, and help us to fight for this grand cause.

**LONDON.** Zephyr Hall, 9, Bedford Gardens, Notting Hill Gate, W.—On December 31st, between 60 and 70 friends assembled at 10 p.m. to finish the old year, and commence the new by holding a spiritual and devotional service. Short addresses were given by Mr. R. Lees and Mr. W. O. Drake. It was unanimously agreed to be more faithful and sincere workers in our holy cause for the new year. Several ladies provided a good supply of tea, coffee, cake, &c., which was partaken of twice during the meeting. The Professor also kindly gave the use of the hall free of charge. Sunday, 6th, morning: a small but pleasant audience assembled. Short speeches by members, and good work in healing, by Mr. Goddard, sen. Evening: The audience were entertained by Mr. Portman, and clairvoyance by Mr. Mathews, who gave great satisfaction.

**LONDON.** Peckham, Winchester Hall.—Morning: Mr. R. Harper favoured us with a fine discourse on "The Wealth that is Never Lost," urging each to cultivate the spiritual qualities inherent in our nature, and to use them for the uplifting of humanity, and thus create that "wealth" which alone we can carry through the valley of the shadow of death into life eternal. Good questions followed, the answers, especially those concerning the occupation of spirits, being very interesting. Mr. Joseph Humphries's subject at the evening meeting was "Woman's Spiritual Mission," and we can only regret such a small attendance, many of the friends being at Goswell Hall with Mr. Wallis.—*W. E. Long.*

**MACCLESFIELD.**—Mr. Rogers gave an interesting discourse on the "New Year." He said that this New Year he had had sent to him by some friend, a kind of New Year's greeting in the form of a Trinity—three cards in one envelope. It truly was three in one, but he could not make it into one in three. One of the cards was a church, another entitled "The Blood," and another, "What think ye of Christ?" by Moody. He made some very appropriate remarks on the latter.—*W. P.*

**MANCHESTER.** Assembly Room, Downing Street.—Mr. J. B. Tetlow answered two questions in the afternoon, viz., "Is the Bible the Word of God?" and "Pre-historic Man," from which we had a good lecture, closing with very good psychometric readings. Evening: "Gnostics and Agnostics." This subject was well worked out; he gave us to understand who were gnostics and agnostics in various religious sects, closing with some remarkable psychometric tests, which seemed to give general satisfaction to a large audience. Annual tea party and entertainment on New Year's day: about 200 persons enjoyed a good tea. Miss Goodall commenced the entertainment by playing a pianoforte solo; Mr. Simkin sang a song with banjo accompaniment, and was deservedly eucored; Misses E. McTaggart (Faith), M. A. Lamb (Hope), and Jane Hyde (Knowledge), recited the "Three Fairies" (taken from *The Two Worlds*, Dec. 7th) in good style; a pianoforte solo by Miss Braham; recitation by Miss B. Jones (eucored); a song by Miss Marshall; recitation by Mr. Gough; and a reading by Mr. Hy. Jones, completed the contributions by the young people. Mrs. Britten gave a reading in her own eloquent and impressive way, and a pianoforte solo in masterly style, which received hearty applause. Mr. Wallis gave two recitations and a song, which happily concluded a pleasant entertainment. The room was then thrown open for the young people to enjoy themselves, which they did to their hearts' content. The committee tender sincere thanks to all who took part in the evening's amusement, and those who took part in arranging the tea, especially Mr. Lamb, who undertook the management all through.—*W. H.* [Please write on one side of the paper only.]

**MANCHESTER.** Psychological Hall.—The guides of Mrs. Stansfield,

in the afternoon, discoursed on "Life," picturing it in its various aspects. Evening: "Angel Messages," during which many passages were quoted from the Bible, showing numerous instances of messages given unto man. The discourses were well appreciated by the audience. Clairvoyance was also given successfully. This is our friend's first visit, but we hope it will not be the last. After the meeting the auditors' report was given, to the satisfaction of all. It shows considerable progress upon any previous term, and we hope to show still greater at our next audit. The following officers were duly elected to act until midsummer: President, Mr. W. Crutchley; vice-president, Mr. J. Kellett; treasurer, Mr. J. Yates; financial secretary, Mr. G. Stout; corresponding secretary, Mr. J. H. Horrocks; librarian, Mr. J. Burgess; musical director, Mr. P. Smith; committee, Messrs. Stanistreet, Emmett, Banham, Warburton, and Walker; sick visitors, Mrs. Thornton and Mrs. Brown.

**MEXBOROUGH.**—Afternoon. The guides of Mr. Rowling, of Bradford, gave a very interesting discourse on "Man's Duty to Man, and his Duty to his God." Evening subject: "Man's Journey through Life," was well received by an attentive audience. Four clairvoyant descriptions, one recognized. January 4th, passed away, at Mexboro', the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren, Mr. Geo. Featherstone, of Parkgate, officiating for the same. All passed off very quietly.

**MIDDLESBROUGH.** Spiritual Hall.—Professor Magus, of Keighley, gave two splendid lectures. Subjects: "What is Man?" and "Man in his Higher Aspects." The observance of pure and beneficent pre-natal conditions, and a life in harmony with the principles of love and duty, were strikingly enforced; also the responsive inter-action between progressive and potential humanity and a progressive and potential universe.

**MONKWEARMOUTH.**—Mr. Hoey's guides spoke on the "Road to Heaven," which was very interesting, to a large audience. A few delineations were given, mostly recognized.

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.**—Dec. 30th and 31st, Mr. W. V. Wyldes, concluded a two weeks' engagement here. His lectures have been highly appreciated, and the psychometrical delineations have been invariably acknowledged correct. On Sunday, 30th, Mr. Wyldes performed the interesting ceremony of naming the daughter of Mr. Geo. Wilson (President), which he did in a very becoming manner. On Tuesday (New Year's Day), we had a grand tea party and concert, when the hall was filled. A number of ladies and gentlemen kindly took part, and the excellent way in which the songs, recitations, &c., were rendered, called forth frequent bursts of applause.—*F. S.*

**NORTHAMPTON.**—The guides of Mrs. Butterfield spoke for us on Sunday last, 2-30 and 6-30. Subject, afternoon, "Pure and Undeified Religion." Evening subject, "Spiritualism." Both discourses were full of logic and vigour, vastly exceeding our expectations. She is staying here for this week, and will occupy our platform next Sunday. We hope to be able to have her with us again soon. It may be interesting to other societies to know that last year we consider was a success; we spent nearly £80, and started this year with funds in hand; we had engaged fifteen or sixteen speakers during the year; this year we have already booked forty Sundays, and hope to fill the remainder with good speakers, and if a disappointment should occur we will put our shoulders to the wheel, feeling assured by the success of last year, that we shall have unseen help. We are adding fresh members, which cheers us in the labour of love; we will not be left behind.—*T. H.*

**NORTH SHIELDS.** 41, Borough Road.—Mr. J. McKellar presided, and spoke on the "Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism," which had answered the momentous question of all ages positively and conclusively to tens and tens of thousands, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Mr. Davidson's guides gave an address on "The New Year," closing successfully and minutely with clairvoyant descriptions.

**NOTTINGHAM.** Morley Hall, Shakespeare Street.—Mr. Plant paid his first visit. His guides delivered two addresses of powerful argument and logic, which were listened to with much interest. Clairvoyant descriptions followed, and though not recognized in all cases, some very striking ones were. The simple unvarnished manner of describing (though perhaps a drawback existed from want of physiological knowledge) made a favourable impression. Mr. Plant, under influence and in his normal condition, during which he is clairvoyant, displays a remarkable contrast.—*J. W. B.*

**OLDHAM.**—Jan. 6th: Mr. J. S. Schutt gave two interesting lectures. Afternoon, "The deluge in the light of modern science." Evening, the chairman read John i., from which the subject, "The Word made flesh," was taken, which was treated in quite a new light to most of the audience: "Ned" made a few humorous but significant remarks at the close. The following officers have been appointed for the next half year: President, Mr. H. Eaton; first vice-president, Mr. E. Raynor; second vice-president, Mr. W. H. Wheeler; third vice-president, Mr. J. W. Britland; cor. sec., Mr. J. S. Gibson; financial sec., Mr. W. Marshall; treasurer, Mr. J. Rushworth; librarian, Mr. J. Mills.

**OLDHAM.** Mutual Improvement.—Jan. 3rd: Mr. J. Kershaw read a paper on "Causes for some things common." He dealt with the subject ably and well, having for his text-book "Nature" (God himself), substituting for the partial, cruel, vengeful deity the All-wise, perfect, loving, universal God; contending that we ought to look to Nature, and try to understand her laws, and to equal them in purity and goodness. He also dealt with the winds and flowers in the varied forms, all partaking of the ether (or the subtle fluid supposed to fill space), as is essential to their varied requirements. The usual thanks concluded a pleasant evening.—*N. S.*

**OLVENSHAW.**—A very pleasant day amongst our own mediums. In the morning Mr. Dugdale read a paper on "Religion," which was well received; after which the controls of Mr. Boardman spoke on the subject of "Faith." In the evening we were entertained by the controls of our friends—Mrs. Howard and Mr. Boardman, which seemed to give satisfaction to a very good audience.—*J. Ainsworth, Corresponding Sec., 152, Gorton Lane, West Gorton.* [Societies and speakers will please notice, my term of office having expired, all communications will in future be forwarded to the above address.—*(T. T. Page.)*]

**PENDLETON.**—Afternoon: Mrs. Green's controls gave an address, entitled "Angel Voices," and in the evening took for their subject "Immortality." Both lectures were attentively listened to by large and appreciative audiences. After the evening service a meeting was

held for the election of the officers of the society for the next three months, and to pass the balance-sheet of the society. The meeting was fairly well attended, and a large number of workers were elected. Our staff of officers now numbers 23, and with such a number we cannot fail to progress. Next week we shall issue to members who pay the 1/- subscription (the minimum fee) a pretty designed member's card, with plan of speakers for 1889. We hope to enter at least a hundred members this quarter.—*J. E.*

**RAMSBOTTOM.**—We had two good meetings with the guides of Mr. Staudish, closing with clairvoyance.—*J. L.*

**RAWTENSTALL.**—A very pleasant day with Mr. Swindlehurst. Afternoon subject, "The Old and New," taking a retrospective view of past events in the movement, speaking in flattering terms of the Lyceum, and saying we might expect good results in the future. Evening subject (from the audience), "The Sixteen Crucified Saviours; or, Christianity before Christ." A splendid discourse. It was worth going miles to hear. It is a pity these discourses are lost to the majority of the people.—*W. P.*

**SKELMANTHORPE.**—Addresses from the controls of Mrs. Wade. Afternoon subject, "Life here, and life hereafter;" and in the evening, "The Signs of the Times." Both addresses were very ably rendered, and much appreciated by large audiences.—*H. D.*

**SLAITHWAITE.**—Mr. T. Postlethwaite, of Rochdale, delivered good lectures. In the evening the guides took their own course, and spoke from "The Book of Life," which was throughout a most intelligent and instructive address. A few tests were given by psychometry.—*T. B.*

**SOUTH SHIELDS.** Cambridge Street—Sunday evening, Mr. Grice spoke on "Christian Morality," and showed that the moral teachings of Christ were far below those of the philosophers who lived prior to his time. The lecture was listened to with rapt attention.—*J. G.*

**SOWERBY BRIDGE.**—Mr. Johnson gave us an intellectual treat, dealing with three subjects submitted by the audience. The first being "Was Christ a Medium?" second, "Is the Account of the Creation in Accordance with Geology?" and "God or Spirit?" all being dealt with in a masterly manner. Mr. Sutcliffe presided.

**SUNDERLAND.**—The guides of Mr. Forster gave a grand lecture on "Spiritualism and Theology Compared;" after which he gave psychometric descriptions—mostly compared.

**WESTHOUGHTON.**—Miss A. Walker: the afternoon subject was suggested by a fatal accident that happened to a boy who was drowned whilst sliding on a pond. In a logical and touching manner, she showed that the dead are yet with us, and also the hollowness of the doctrine of predestination. The evening subject was, "Man and his Creator." She gave a beautiful description of the relation that exists between man and God.—*J. F.*

**TOO LATE.**—Scholes: Mr. J. Rhodes, Cavendish Rooms—next week.

### THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

LYCEUM SECRETARIES will oblige by remembering when writing their report, that it is not worth while sending such details as "Opened with hymn and invocation, musical reading, silver and golden-chain recitations, marching and calisthenics." The constant repetition of these phrases becomes wearisome, and occupies space which could be utilised to better advantage. Let your reports contain *news*, suggestions, or items of interest. Everyone knows the usual programme of the Lyceum session. We do not deem the names of songs and recitations of sufficient importance to fill our columns with them, the name of the performer being quite sufficient. We are glad to receive, and pleased to print what are sent us, and thank our numerous correspondents for their past services, and trust they will receive these hints in the friendly spirit they are given.

**BLACKBURN.**—9-30. Opened with hymn and invocation, after which Mr. Tyrrell gave a lesson on Physiology to the whole Lyceum. Attendance, 40.—*Cor. Sec.*

**BURNLEY.** Tanner Street.—Attendance good; 10 officers, 9 visitors. We continue to make good progress. A fruit lanquet was held on Saturday for the benefit of the Lyceum, and there were songs, recitations, and games. A good gathering.—*H. W.*

**GLASGOW.**—Conductor, Mr. Thomas. Fountain group—Mr. Wm. Corstorphine, teacher, addressed the little ones on "Lyceum work and progress in the spirit world." Lake group—Teacher, Mr. Anderson, spoke on the "Three Golden Rules." Shore group—Mr. Robertson, took for the lesson the subject of "John Pound, the Cobbler." Liberty group—Mr. Wilson's lesson was "Liberty group, its object and meaning." Excelsior group—Mr. G. Walrond, gave a lesson on the "Races of Mankind," illustrated with portraits of the world's inhabitants. The Lyceum re-assembled for calisthenics, &c., under the instructor, Mr. Walrond. Good attendance of scholars and adults.

**HECKMONDWICK.**—Opened as usual. Readings and chain recitations well gone through. Recitations by Miss Hoyle; marching and calisthenics; prayer by Mr. T. Crowther.—*G. H. C.*

**LANCASTER.** St. Leonardgate.—We have now been open six months, and have 103 names on the register, which we think very creditable. On Sunday there were present 58 members and 23 officers. Programme as usual. We are not able to march—the forms being fixtures, but hope to have a room of our own some day, as we, some time since, commenced a building fund. Mr. Jones (conductor) gave a few words of counsel to the members and officers for the new year, which we hope will be carried out. Recitations by Eva Prewitt, Isabella Tennant, and Mr. A. Bleasdale.—*A. B.*

**LEICESTER.**—Owing to the intense frost there was only a small attendance. The usual programme was gone through, with instruction by Mr. Ogden in Physiology to the elder scholars. We are now supplied with excellent physiological charts and a blackboard.—*C. W. Y.*

**LONDON.** 33, High Street, Peckham.—Scant attendance. Some good pieces were well recited by the following: Willie Edwards, Misses Emily Small and Nellie Swain; reading by conductor. A very happy afternoon. On Sunday, January 20th, at 3 p.m. prompt, Miss Keeves will address the children and distribute prizes for good attendance and behaviour, &c., when we shall be pleased to see many older friends.

**MACCLESFIELD.**—Morning: Recitations, marching and calisthenics were gone through, but not so well as might have been expected. An interesting discussion took place with regard to the poor of London and other large cities. A suggestion was thrown out that we contribute

each week towards the homes of the poor. No doubt something definite will be arranged next week. Afternoon, marching and calisthenics were performed much better than in the morning. We afterwards divided into groups. Attendance not up to the mark all day.—*W. P.*

**MANCHESTER.** Downing Street.—10 a.m.: The usual programme was gone through. There was a decided improvement in the calisthenics, which was noticed by several visitors. Recitations by Miss Maslen and Miss B. Jones, reading by Mr. Hart, also an address by Mr. Hart. Mrs. Hall was controlled and addressed the Lyceum in a very appropriate manner. Invocation and benediction by Mr. Hart. Afternoon devoted to singing and musical readings.—*W. W. H.*

**MANCHESTER.** Psychological Hall.—January 1: tea party. We spent a pleasant day with the children, ample justice having been done to the good things provided. A portion of our Lyceum programme was gone through, highly pleasing many friends. The entertainment then commenced, being almost entirely contributed by the members. The following took part: Misses F. Dean and R. Crutchley, Masters E. W. and T. Ashworth, E. and A. Wallis, H. Crutchley, J. Tynan, and Jos. Emmett; sketches were also given by Messrs. H. Boyden, A. Stanistreet, John Emmett, J. Burgess, C. Banham, and A. Warburton, also song by Mr. T. Taylor; all acquitted themselves in an admirable manner. We had additional offers, but time would not permit. The entertainment over, the hall was thrown open for the children to amuse themselves in the most suitable manner, which they did to our entire satisfaction. Mr. Smith, our organist and earnest co-worker, was present, which made our entertainment complete. January 6: programme as usual, gone through very satisfactorily.—*J. H. H.*

**MIDDLESBROUGH.**—Programme as usual, verse committed to memory, marching and calisthenics gone through very well; solo, Miss A. E. Brown. A very harmonious session. Attendance, 42 children, and 16 adults.—*W. S.*

**OLDHAM.**—New Year's day: a Lyceum tea party was held, when 155 sat down to tea. After tea the evening was spent in play. Jan. 6: 10 a.m. Present, officers 20, scholars 51, visitors 6; conductor, Mr. W. H. Wheeler; marching and calisthenics, recitations by Misses McIntevy, L. Calvarly, and Master H. Paine. 2 p.m.: present, officers 28, scholars 62, recitation by Miss H. Gould.—*J. S.*

**OPENSHAW.**—Jan. 6th: Morning, conductor, Mr. J. Binns. Invocation, Mr. J. Dugdale. Recitations and readings by Mesdames Cox and Garbett, and Assistant Conductor Miss Morris; Messrs. Dugdale, Binns, Matthew Garbett, and C. Stewart, with marching and calisthenics. Classes: Mr. Binns, "Childhood of the World"; Mr. Dugdale, "Greetings from the other Side," by his spirit guide Starlight. Mr. Smith and Miss Bromley, "Astronomy"; Miss Morris, "Physiology"; Miss Chesterton, "Botany"; Mr. T. Stewart, "Music"; Liberty group, essay by Miss Wild on "Vegetarianism," much enjoyed. Attendance, morning, 25; afternoon, 70.—*R. R.* [Please write one side of the paper only.]

**RAWTENSTALL.**—Attendance, scholars, 25; officers, 4; visitors, 2. The usual exercises gone through. Recitation by Miss E. Horsfield; reading by W. Entwistle; also a short and interesting address on "The Lyceum Work" from Mr. Swindlehurst, of Preston.—*J. O.*

**SALFORD.** 48, Albion Street.—For some time we have felt the want of a Lyceum in this district, consequently we made a determined and successful effort to start one. Six weeks ago the Lyceum was commenced with 27 members, and has increased week by week to about 70 members. January 6th the attendances were—morning 39, afternoon 61. In the morning the usual marching, &c., was gone through, and recitations were well rendered by Mr. Clegg and Miss Kate Cowburn. Mr. Pearson addressed the children on "Is God a Spirit?" Mr. Moorey's controls also gave a few words of advice. In the afternoon the usual programme was gone through, after which the assistant conductor, Mr. Clegg, informed the children of the passing on of one of their number, George William Blake. Miss Barrow's controls closed with prayer. Great credit is due to the leader, Mr. Ellison, for his extraordinary patience and perseverance in the training of the children. The marching exercises, &c., are gone through with great precision and order. Now this grand start has been made, we hope those who have taken the work in hand will be steadfast and true, and that they will be blessed and assisted by higher and more divine influences from above.—*J. H. Blake.*

**SOUTH SHIELDS.**—Present—7 officers and 35 children. Usual programme. The conductor made a few remarks. Recitations by B. Lowery, Annie Hunter, Mary Berkshire, F. Pinkney, Sarah Whitehead. Marching and calisthenics were well performed. Closed by conductor.

**WESTHOUGHTON.**—10 a.m.: Invocation by J. Pilkington. Attendance, 19. We had three new members. The children formed for marching and calisthenics, which was very interesting. Reading from our books—"Star Readers." Closed with hymn.—*W. C.*

### PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

**BRIGHOUSE.** Town Hall.—Mr. E. W. Wallis, 2-30 and 6-30.

**GLASGOW.**—Sunday, 13th January, morning. Annual meeting for the election of officers for 1889, and the audit of accounts. All members requested to attend.

**HETTON.**—Meetings will be held Jan. 13th at Mr. Wm. Newton's, Esington Lane; Jan. 20th, at Mr. Wm. Griffith's, 27, Collingwood Street, Hetton Downs; Jan. 27th, at Mr. Geo. Colling's, South Hetton; Feb. 3rd, at Mrs. Richardson's, Hetton; at 6 p.m. each Sunday.

**LEICESTER.**—Mrs. Barnes, of Nottingham, at Silver St., at 3 p.m. At the Co-operative Hall, at 6-30., on Sunday, Jan. 13th.

**LEICESTER.** Temperance Hall.—Pastor C. King will (by desire) deliver a series of Sunday afternoon lectures; Jan. 6: at 3 sharp, subject, "What are the Teachings of Spiritualism?" Questions will be answered at the close.

**LONDON.** 18, Baker Street, W.—Jan. 13th, 7 p.m.: Mr. E. W. Walker will deliver a trance address, followed by clairvoyant descriptions.

**LONDON.** 309, Essex Road, Islington.—The re-opening of this hall was postponed through the London Federation of spiritualists' meeting at Goswell Road, and will take place on Sunday, Feb. 3rd, with a public tea at 5-30 p.m. Tickets 1s. A public meeting and address at 7 p.m. Medium, Mr. W. Walker.—*J. W.*

LONDON. Peckham: Winchester Hall.—Sunday, Jan. 20: Miss Kceves will distribute the prizes to the Lyceum children at 3 p.m. All friends are welcomed to this gathering. The anniversary services will be held on Sunday, Jan. 27th, at 11, 3, and 6-30 p.m. A number of well known speakers and mediums will assist.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION.—A special meeting of the council will be held at 24, Harcourt Street, Marylebone Road, for the purpose of seeing what steps can be taken in order to strengthen the cause of spiritualism in Marylebone and neighbourhood. We hope all local spiritualists will attend and help. Time of meeting 7 p.m.—*J. Vitch, sec., 44, Coleman Road, Peckham, S.E.*

MANCHESTER. Collyhurst Road.—Saturday, January 19th, we shall hold a social tea party and entertainment, and shall be happy to see as many friends present as possible. Admission: adults 6d., children 3d.; after tea, 3d. Tea at 6 o'clock prompt.—*J. H. H.*

NORTH-EASTERN FEDERATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.—A grand concert, in aid of the funds of the above, will be held in the Cordwainers' Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Tuesday, January 15th, at 7-30. Admission 6d.

SHEFFIELD. Central Board Schools.—Sunday, Jan. 20th, afternoon, 2-30; evening, 6-30. Wednesday, Jan. 23rd, at 8 p.m., Mr. Wm. V. Wyldes.—*A. Anson, Sec.*

WEST PELTON. Co-operative Hall.—Jan. 6th, at 2 and 5-30, Mr. John Hopcroft.

Mr. Hopcroft will be in the Newcastle district during January, and letters should be sent for him to c/o Mr. W. H. Robinson, 18, Book Market, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WESTHOUGHTON.—Lyceum tea party and entertainment on January 19th. Tickets, 8d., 6d., 4d.—*W. Coop, Sec.*

YORKSHIRE FEDERATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.—The next monthly meeting will be held at Scott's Dining Rooms, East Parade, Bradford, on Sunday, Jan. 13th, at 10-30. In the afternoon a conference will be held at the rooms of the St. James's Lyceum to pass the new rules. A cordial invitation is given to all societies to send delegates. Tea will be provided for visitors at a reasonable charge. We hope to see our Yorkshire friends co-operate with the federations in other districts ere long. Unity is strength.—*W. M.*

## PASSING EVENTS.

By E. W. WALLIS.

LANCASTER.—We are pleased to note the growth of the movement in this town. The Lyceum is making good progress. The committee thank *The Two Worlds* for inserting reports, &c., during the past year. We exist to serve our friends in the cause, and are pleased to know they appreciate our services. We wish them abounding success.

NORTHAMPTON.—The report shows progress and energy. We congratulate our friends on their success. Unity and loving labour always win.

PENDLETON.—We are pleased to notice the vigour being displayed by the society here. The members' card with list of speakers is a good idea, which has been already adopted at Burnley, Nelson, Colne, and Keighley (Assembly Rooms), and is found very serviceable.

SALFORD (Lyceum).—The capital start made at Albion Street indicates the growth of the cause, and the need there is for providing suitable instruction for the young. The friends may well be proud, and feel encouraged to persevere in such good work.

We regret to notice that Mr. Walker is booked to be at Baker Street and also at Notting Hill Gate, London, on Sunday evening. Mr. Bush is also down for Cowms and Milton Rooms, Bradford.

Mr. Tomlin, of Marylebone, London, writes: "Not having received any response to my notice with reference to the carrying on the work of spiritualism at the rooms in Harcourt Street, I beg to say the same will be closed after Sunday next, January 13th. [We trust friends will rally round and form a society and carry on the work. The burden should not be allowed to fall on the shoulders of one man. We hope to see flourishing societies in London, ere long, with a membership of 100 each. We have just received a notice that the Federation will take steps to aid the work in Marylebone. This is only one instance of the good that may be done by unity.]

Our contemporary *Light* has our thanks for some kindly jottings on the census of societies recently published in these columns, and says it shows "a record of work which may serve to open the eyes of some of our readers to what they now know nothing of, viz., the power of Spiritualism in the provinces." "Nearly eighty societies sent in their returns, and from a rough calculation it appears that these bodies of Spiritualists attract—taking their audiences at the highest returns—not very far from 9,000 people to their evening services. Half the societies make special provision for the training of the young in the way in which the Spiritualists believe they should go." "Twenty-eight societies, not counting a large number of London bodies, sent in no return. But, imperfect as it is, the table of statistics, for which our thanks are due to our contemporary, is an interesting and impressive record."

CLAIRAUDIENCE.—Spiritualistic Phenomena Related in the *Christian Herald* of January 2, 1889.—"A strange story (it says) in connection with John Fletcher, of Madeley, has just been revived. . . . Parson Fletcher had got his sermon all ready, but as he went up the pulpit stairs he heard a voice saying to him, 'Preach about Nebuchadnezzar and the burning fiery furnace,' and the Almighty gave him power." Note.—There is nothing about this story at all strange. It is a decided instance of clairaudience, or the voice of a spirit, which John Fletcher heard. Had the same story emanated through a spiritualistic medium, Messrs. Baxter, Talmage, Spurgeon, and Co. would have ascribed this same phenomenal fact to the agency of the devil; whereas, occurring through a gospel preacher, it was "Almighty power." This makes all the difference.

Mr. G. Blake, of No. 56, Holland Street, Pendleton, writes: "It is with sincere regret that I record the passing away of my loving son, George William Blake, on the 31st of December, aged 14 years. He had only a week's illness, which the doctor attributed to diphtheria. He was patient and loving to those around him, as though an angel was speaking through him, passing away like falling asleep in a sunny dream. Many angels, including his brother and sister, hovered around ready to receive him in the summer land. But for the benefit spiritualism has afforded us, it would have been most difficult for us to overcome this parting; but as it is, we know he lives and loves us, and has only gone a step in advance. We intended having a spiritualist funeral, but the sudden sickness of my daughter (Miss Blake) prevented it. The mortal remains were quietly interred on Thursday, January 3rd. Miss Blake is better but not yet out of danger. I trust she may soon recover, to afford us, through her mediumship, that comfort and consolation we so much need at this time." [Our friends have our deep sympathy in this their hour of trial. We join in the hope that Miss Blake may be speedily restored to continue her useful services to the cause.]

SPIRITUALISM AND ITS OPPONENTS.—A challenge is hereby given to any bishop, clergyman, minister, preacher, or other person (presumably qualified) to publicly study, investigate, and debate this subject on biblical or scientific grounds, in any cathedral, church, chapel, theatre, hall, or schoolroom, in any city or town in Great Britain. The proceeds (less expenses) to be given to some public charity, decided by committee appointed to arrange the proceedings. "This thing is not done in a corner." Replies may be addressed to Bevan Harris, Newcastle-on-Tyne, or 128, Rye Lane, Peckham, London.

Mr. J. H. Fash, of Glasgow, congratulates *The Two Worlds* on its success, and says, "Spiritualism seems to be undergoing a change. Ignorance is no longer looked upon as an excellency in a medium, and people are beginning to learn that bad associates either in society or the séance room, deteriorate the messages and phenomena, and that tobacco smoking and whisky drinking are not the best habits for mediums to form, notwithstanding that convincing tests and good phenomena have sometimes come through such. Also that the exercise of mediumship occupies time and consumes vital force in the same manner as labour in the field, the workshop, or at the desk, and according to its quality is entitled to remuneration."

LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' FEDERATION.—We were pleased to meet many old and true workers for the cause on Sunday last at Goswell Hall, as also to make acquaintance with many new ones. We wish them all success in their self-sacrificing efforts to promote unity. An abstract of one of the lectures delivered by Mr. Wallis's inspirers will appear in our next issue, if possible.

Mr. A. D. Wilson, of 3, Battinson Road, Halifax, writes in behalf of his co-worker, Mr. F. Hepworth, of Leeds, who, he says, "has had for over twelve months to battle against severe adversity and penury. He has a delicate wife and two young children, and the means of subsistence has been barely eked out by sundry little jobs procured here and there in addition to the small remuneration he gets for creditable platform duty. Without the slightest prompting from him I resolved to get up a New Year's gift for him in the shape of welcome £ s. d. I canvassed and got in several donations, ranging from 2s. 6d. downwards—got a good collection for him at Mr. Macdonald's meeting last Monday—likewise a collection at Mr. Johnson's meeting at the S. B. Lyceum yesterday—making altogether £2 12s. Of course I shall be glad to receive more for the same object. A musical and literary entertainment for Mr. Hepworth's benefit will be given in Winding Road Church, Halifax, probably on Jan. 19th. Several good artistes will give their services, but the chief feature will be Mr. Hepworth himself, who is an excellent character singer, and will contribute largely to the programme." [We sincerely sympathise with Mr. Hepworth and his good wife, and are heartily glad Mr. Wilson has undertaken this brotherly work. Mr. Hepworth is a good medium and worthy worker, and deserves support. We will make a collection at our Friday evening's séance in his behalf, and shall be happy to receive contributions for his benefit.]

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?—A valued correspondent sends the following: "Three or four years ago, an old spiritualist died at Rochdale. His friends secured the attendance of Mr. William Johnson, of Hyde, to officiate at the funeral. The Rev. Thomas Carter, Unitarian minister, was at the cemetery in the ordinary course of his duty on the day of the interment, and conducted the usual service in the mortuary chapel appointed for the dissenters. After the set form of service, he delivered a short *extempore* address, so much in unison with spiritualistic teaching that it was deemed unnecessary to attempt to improve upon what he had said. On Sunday last, at Mr. Carter's chapel, there was the usual monthly musical service, which was ably rendered by the choir—one of the best in the town—Mr. Carter giving, as a reading—in lieu of an address—'A dream of the blessed ones who walk in white,' by J. Page Hopps, the last few lines of which are as follows: 'And I was glad to see that as often as one who had on the garment of gloom left off sinning, and began to be good and true, and tried to live a beautiful and holy life, the white robe grew upon him, until he, too, walked in white; and then I heard another song, and music sweet and clear; and as I tried to hear the words they sang, I suddenly awoke, and found the brook chattering and bubbling over the pebbles at my feet, and the birds were singing in sweet concert over my head, and the place where I had been lying was no longer shaded by the broad arms of the trees, for the sun streamed up the little brook and drove away the shades, and afar off I heard the little children at their play. But I blessed God for my dream, and I felt that after all heaven may be nearer to us than we can see, and that even here, if we are God's dear children, we do walk in white before his blessed face.' If the tree be known by its fruit, surely there is little difference between ministers like the Rev. Page Hopps, T. Carter, and spiritualists."

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