

The Christian Spiritualist

"Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone—that in all things He might have the pre-eminence."

ST. PAUL.

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Vol. I. No. 11. NOVEMBER, 1871. Price 2d.

GOOD NEWS.

MISS CATHERINE FOX, the well-known medium, accompanied by Miss Ogden, a lady friend of hers, has arrived in London. Mr. C. F. Livermore, the New York Banker, whose remarkable experiences with Miss Fox as medium were recorded by Mr. Coleman in the "Spiritual Magazine" some years ago, has written to that gentleman to say that Miss Fox, being amply provided for, will not give professional *séances*; nor will she sit in the dark; but he hopes that she will do all the good she can, in a quiet way, during her stay in England, and Mr. Livermore adds, "I consider Miss Fox the greatest living medium. I have had recently most interesting communications through her from my wife (Estelle) in pure idiomatic French, and also in Spanish and Italian, whilst Miss Fox is unacquainted with any of those languages. Her character is pure and irreproachable, and as she is a sensitive of the highest order, I commend her to your tender care." This lady's presence supplies a want very much needed at the present time; and we can only express our hope that her visit to England will be as satisfactory to herself as we believe it will be to her numerous friends and well-wishers. We are informed that a short biography of Miss Fox will appear in the "Spiritual Magazine" of this date. We may also add that very interesting particulars of manifestations

through Miss Fox will be found in "Planchette, or the Despair of Science," published by Trübner and Co.

MR. PEEBLES' WORK ON JESUS.

No. 2.

IN chapter 3 of this work, Mr. Peebles compares "the moral teachings of Jesus and of the ancient philosophers," and falls into the extremely grave error of confusing the Christianity of Jesus Christ with the claims made for it by its disciples, the evidences by which it has been sought to substantiate it, the manifold expositions of it which have been given to the world by scholars and divines, and the institutions and forms which have sought with more or less effect to embody it. Now when *we* speak of Christianity, we mean the principles which Christ taught, and, still more, the spirit which inspired the whole of Christ's life and teachings. If Mr. Peebles can succeed in showing that Jesus of Nazareth taught anything, did anything, or developed any spirit contrary to the highest reason and the greatest good of man; if he can show that there was aught undivine in any one detail of the whole manifestation of the Son of God, then we will waive our claim "that in all things He might have the pre-eminence." But we know quite well that he can do no such thing. Christians, in their anxiety to honor the religion of their Master, have often ignored the teachings of all other servants of God, and supposed that heathens could be possessed by no light from the skies, and that their systems of thought and modes of living could merit nothing but utter condemnation. Now it is the glory of the religion of Jesus that it acknowledges, and gives prominence to, and includes within its own circle, all the moral



and religious truths that have ever been taught by sage or seer, while it possesses the glorious peculiarity of teaching *more* than they all. A Christian, in intelligent sympathy with his Master, will give to Socrates, and Plato, and Seneca, and Epictetus, and other mighty men of old, a full recognition of their merit, as teachers of men; but he will, nevertheless, feel that he has in his own Teacher something more than they were able to give the world, and which they themselves, now that they are students of Christianity, would be the very first to acknowledge.

Mr. Peebles appears to forget that the religion of Jesus is one thing, and that what men have made of that religion, and the errors and evils which have gathered themselves round it, are quite other things. Of what avail is it to tell us that men professing and calling themselves Christians have been unjust in their treatment of heathen literature, extravagant in their pressing upon unbelievers evidences of Christianity which will not bear the strain put upon them; that institutions bearing the Christian name have been simple caricatures of Christianity itself; and that the lives of countless thousands of professing Christians have been one vast and shameless libel upon "that holy name by which they are called." We admit all this: we contend for it: much of our labors are devoted, from week to week and from year to year, to the fearless exposure and denunciation of these wicked and inconsistent and injurious circumstances; while Christianity has a service rendered to it by all men who will strive, as best they can, to relieve it from whatever can hide its fair proportions and beneficent uses from the children of men. It is an easy task: years ago we ourselves did something of the sort: to draw sensational comparisons between Christ and Christianity on the one hand, and philosophers and philosophies on the other hand. But there are distinctions, broad and ineffaceable, between Christ and all other teachers; between Christianity and all other religions. We speak the historical fact when we affirm that Christ is the only Teacher of a world-religion who has ever lived out that religion so completely that he who asks the question, "What is Christianity?" may be presented with the single word, "CHRIST," for his answer. You cannot say that Plato and Platonism are convertible terms, or that Seneca and the teachings of Seneca are substantially the same things; but you can adopt the words of Christ Himself when you describe Him as *being* "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," and not merely pointing it out in so many words. It is this solitary, glorious peculiarity of Christ's Christianity which makes the religion itself absolutely *unique*. The Old Testament, *aye*, and portions of the New,

may, and, as we firmly believe, do contain a variable element of human infirmity, yea, and human wickedness; and professing Christians have over and over again indulged tempers, and done deeds, in the name of Christ, which are simply disgraceful when looked at from the lowest moral platform. But for all this Christ and Christianity are in no sense, in no degree, responsible. Condemn irrelevant arguments, immoral actions, an ungenerous spirit, and inconsistent lives as much as you will, and we will aid you in the holy work; but, in the name of justice, keep them separate from Him who was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners," and whose religion was not some abstruse theology, but a few broad fundamental facts and principles. That God is one, and our Father; that man is brother to man, through all times and all worlds; that sin, or voluntary wrong doing, is the highest evil; that holiness, or voluntary right-doing, is the highest good; that holiness shows itself by loving obedience to God, and service to man; and that it was illustrated perfectly by Christ, and by Christ only; that religion is piety and good works, a good heart and a good life, or being good and doing good; these are the intelligible and practical essentials of the religion of Jesus, adapting that religion to the necessities of all times and all peoples. Theologies, institutions, ceremonies, forms, sects, churches bearing the Christian name, "have their day and cease to be"; while Jesus Christ remains "the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever," unaffected by all such limitations, errors, and transiency. We know, quite as well as Mr. Peebles can tell us, that sectarian and ecclesiastical forms of Christianity have been influences for evil as well as for good, and that some things have been associated with them which are scandals so great that language confesses its inability to describe them. But what of it? Surely the precious may be separated from the vile, the innocent need not be dealt with as the guilty, and that which has been a simple perversion as though it were the pure original.

Mr. Peebles devotes Chapter 4 to the "influences of Christianity." Had he inserted the word "perverted" in the title he has given to that chapter, the title itself would have been more correct. He "confesses to a sort of serene pity for that stolidity of intellect and stupidity of perception that fails to distinguish between Christian faith, or the Christianity of the world, and the broad primal teachings of Jesus." Amen: so do we! If Mr. Peebles had thought of this while writing the whole of his book, the book would never have assumed its present form. *We* say, as *he* does, "Better conscientiously deny the existence of Jesus altogether, and live out the Christ principle of

good will to man, than to confess with the lips belief in 'Christ Jesus and Him crucified,' yet manifest a narrow, persecuting, self-satisfied zeal, becoming the Vandal races." We heartily echo another statement we find here, that "sectarian Christianity is becoming more and more a moral stench in the nostrils of all great noble souls." But why are we able thus far to agree with Mr. Peebles, but because we draw a distinction, which we think he ought always to have drawn, between Christ's Christianity, and its many miserable misrepresentations? In page 107 Mr. Peebles quotes the following words, written by the Rev. F. E. Abbott, in the "Index" of January, 1870. Mr. Abbott has been referring to what he conceives Christianity to be, and he then passes on to what he describes as "a faith diviner still." This is Mr. Abbott's description of that "diviner faith": "It is intellect daring to think, unawed by public opinion; it is conscience daring to assert a higher law, in face of a corrupted society and a conforming Church; it is will setting at nought the world's tyrannies, and putting into action the private whispers of the still small voice; it is heart resting in the universal and changeless law of eternal transcendent love." And now, having given this quotation, we ask Mr. Abbott and Mr. Peebles, jointly or severally, to point out wherein the central essential doctrines and spirit of Christ forbid the things just named, and, if they do, to show us where and how? The words of Mr. Abbott are the nervous and scholarly words of a man who might really be supposed to be describing Christianity in some of its most essential principles.

We will conclude our notice of this book in our next number, by remarking upon Mr. Peebles' objections to the terms "Christian Spiritualism" and "Christian Spiritualists," and we shall try to point out what we think those terms may be fairly taken to mean.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A SPIRITUALIST SWINDLER.

The *Western Daily Press* for September 30 is responsible for the following article, with the above heading:—

Spiritualism in Missouri has received a slight check. A certain Dr. Wiley, a retired physician of St. Louis, and his wife, took to dealings with the spirits, and employed as their "medium" a certain Mr. Adolphus Julien, in whom the "mediumistic" faculties were very strongly developed. Now, it seems that Mrs. Wiley ruled Dr. Wiley; that the spirits ruled Mrs. Wiley; and that, apparently, Adolphus Julien ruled the spirits. Certain it is that Mrs. Wiley received supernatural messages from the spirits to assure her that by the 1st of September she and her spouse would be endowed with the power of working miracles, and would, amongst other things, be enabled to convert paper into gold *at par*. Now, paper is at a discount in Missouri, and the good news so elated Dr. and Mrs. Wiley that they took no thought to "try the spirits," but believed implicitly all that "our

beloved medium, Julien," had to tell them. Before long, of course, the spirits discovered that they stood in need of a small loan, and before long, again, of yet another loan, not quite so small as the first. Then came a third message, sent directly to Mrs. Wiley:—"As a further and last test of thy faith, we direct that thou shalt loan unto us the further sum of two thousand dollars." Strange to say, the message was obeyed, and in obedience to the same ghostly counsels—a bill of exchange, drawn by Dr. Wiley, and accepted by some needy spirit, was taken for the "value received;" while at the same time an undertaking was signed not to hold "our beloved medium, Julien," responsible for the moneys thus advanced. "Thy faith," said the spirits, "must not waver; and obedience will bring its reward and blessings." When, however, the 1st of September came, Dr. Wiley's faith, hitherto so steadfast, wavered terribly. He put a five dollar bill on his table, and tested his miraculous powers by ordering it to convert itself into gold *at par*. Strange to say the bill remained a greenback still; and Dr. Wiley at last discovered—what before he had not even suspected—that the spirits had got the best of him. He did not wait for his bill of exchange to mature, but at once consulted a gross and earthly spirit, one Duckworth, a St. Louis detective, who forthwith lodged Adolphus Julien in gaol. The spirits have not, as yet, offered to bail their "beloved medium" out; and it has further been discovered—without their aid—that his real name is Edward Klamroth, and that he was well known as a swindler on his own account before the spirits took him into partnership. Since Vice-Chancellor Giffard delivered judgment in the case of *Lyon versus Home*, the spirits in England have, fortunately for their "beloved mediums," ceased to dabble in such merely earthly matter as settlements, deeds, and bills of exchange. Apparently, the spirits in Missouri are behind their age.—*Morning Advertiser*.

We can imagine the pleasure with which the *Morning Advertiser* would write, and the *Western Daily Press* copy, the above article, cherishing the hope, as each did its own share of the work, that one more dangerous stab was thus being given to "that Spiritualism humbug." But it so happens that the Licensed Victuallers' organ in London, and the West of England luminary have "dug a pit and then fallen into it." The *Banner of Light*, for September 23, published at 158, Washington Street, Boston, has an editorial on this very case, equally foolish in some particulars (and that is saying a great deal) with the one quoted above. That we may not be accused of partiality, we quote this latter also:—

"BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE."

We are often amused, but seldom vexed, at the egregious blunders of newspaper reporters in the headings and tailings of their sensational articles. One of these popular impositions on the ignorant and prejudiced readers of the St. Louis Democrat, appeared on Saturday, September 2nd, under the attracting heading of Spiritualism, with sundry qualifying words to make it more attractive. Then follows a case of swindling by a notorious ex-police officer, who has figured somewhat ridiculously and largely in many other things, but never among the Spiritualists, to whom he was entirely unknown, except as an unworthy citizen of St. Louis, of very religious tendencies, having been, at one time, some sort of a chaplain. Recently he is said to have assumed a new name—D. C. Julien—and claimed to be influenced and directed by Jesus Christ, and to have a new interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, and having power to appoint a person to build a new temple at Jerusalem. He was loaded with piety and prayers and Bible, and so were his dupes; and this, of course, kept them entirely aloof from accredited Spiritualists, who were considered too infidel and impure for their holy operations. Among the few dupes this man had was a Dr. Wiley and his wife; and the wife, having some money, was induced to loan it to the worthless Julien, or rather put it in his

hands, to the amount of \$2,000 or more, for which she was to have twenty-seven dollars for one, in a few days ; but the few days run out, and so did the money, and then the bubble burst, Bible, prayers and all, and the police took charge of the said D. C. Julien, whose name was Edward Klamroth, a name never known among the Spiritualists of St. Louis, but well known among the religious opponents, and yet because these people talked and prayed about Jesus, and other spirits, whose holy influences they purported to be under at times, the reporter heads the article with Spiritualism, and screens Christianity, which is the real cause and spirit of the whole affair, and does it, evidently, because Spiritualism is unpopular, and the pack-horse for all the wild vagaries of exploded superstition."

The *Morning Advertiser* and the *Western Daily Press* must surely know that there are villains associated with some of the holiest causes known to us on this earth. Ministers of the Gospel, deacons, and Church members are now and again guilty of seductions, rapes, drunkenness, embezzlement and other "deadly sins ;" and when their sins have been found out, they should be visited with public retribution for their wrong doings. But surely their villainies are no fair argument against religion in general, or Christianity in particular. Hypocrites will be hypocrites, and the best things are oftentimes the most abused. Our argument is an extremely simple one : let us hope it may be appreciated.

Our friend Warren Chase, the corresponding Editor in the West for the *Banner of Light*, and in whose portion of that paper the above extract appears, may also be reminded that he gives no proof that "Christianity was the real cause and spirit of the whole affair." Christianity had no more to do with Edward Klamroth's roguery than Spiritualism itself has to do with mere fortune tellers and impostors, who trade upon the credulity of mankind. When will Editors of newspapers, who of all men should be able to distinguish between things which differ, be kind enough to take notice that coincidences are not necessary connections, and that in tracing effects back to their causes they should be more than usually careful not to affix blame where blame is not due. As for the celebrated case of Lyon *versus* Home, there are many persons, not themselves Spiritualists, who are quite persuaded that Mr. Home acted perfectly honorably in his dealings with Mrs. Lyon. If any professed Spiritualist should use his influence to obtain possession of "settlements, deeds, and bills of exchange," in which he has no legal or moral right, by all means let him be punished. At the same time it may not be entirely unknown to our opponents that crafty priests, crafty lawyers, and crafty people in all walks of life have, altogether apart from Spiritualism, "obtained money under false pretences," and in doing so displayed quite as much treachery as would be possible to the most notorious and clever Spiritualist. If our opponents care to fight, by all means let them do so ; but let them fight fairly, and we shall be

satisfied. We have no more doubt about the truth of Spiritualism than we have of our existence : the one is to us just as real as the other. We can, therefore, have no fear of its overthrow, while it is, at the same time, but natural for us to expect fair treatment, and to blame those who in their shocking eagerness to blast and blight, are, if not unscrupulous, at least culpably careless as to the weapons with which they carry on their warfare.

MR. McCURE ON SPIRITUALISM.

A Particular Baptist Minister, of whom we have certain indistinct memories, and who used to be an occasional visitor at our father's house in Surrey, has recently issued a twopenny pamphlet, through the publishing house of Mr. Banks, 30, Ludgate Hill, London, in which the author endeavours to show that Spiritualism is a "Satanical delusion," and that all its varied phenomena are clearly traceable to the operations of evil spirits. Mr. McCure assumes, as we think without good ground, that Spiritualistic phenomena can have no other than a Satanic source. He even charges Clairvoyance with taking its rise in the same way, although why the mere fact of a human being's Spiritual eyes being opened, and he thus being enabled to see what would be hidden from his natural eyes, is necessarily the production of Satanic agency, we cannot tell. That evil spirits may be able to induce the clairvoyant condition, may be most true ; but there is nothing in that condition itself which can justify us in attributing it to infernal agency. Our author is an evident believer in the reality of Spiritual phenomena, and does not make the mistake, which so many others do, of refusing to admit unseen agency. But, curiously enough, two or three short narratives which he gives, and which are very striking ones, do not at all bear upon their face a Satanic origin ; and we think if Mr. McCure had only been a little more careful not to confuse things which are separable, and may differ, he would not have dealt out so large a measure of wholesale condemnation. The Scriptures do undoubtedly refer to, and denounce the agencies of evil spirits, and the trickeries of magicians, and other dabblers in the unseen. But those very Scriptures are full of instances of good spirits being employed, by God Himself, to convey messages of warning, encouragement, or direction, as the case needed, to His servants ; and also of God Himself acting without the intervention of any media ; and, remembering as we do how particularly familiar Mr. McCure is with the letter of the Bible, we merely suggest to him to look at that aspect of the subject, because if he does so carefully and

without prejudice, he will see that the Bible teaches, what we have not only never denied, but always maintained, that there are evil spirits as well as good ones, good spirits as well as evil ones, and that we have to guard ourselves against the one class, and keep our hearts open to the influences of the other. We have taken the liberty of sending Mr. McCure a set of this publication up to the present time of its issue, to the perusal of which we beg to call his attention. He may not agree with us, but we think he will most assuredly be able to see that we, equally with himself, are anxious to be obedient to the teachings of Scripture, and that we have no more desire to be under a "Satanical delusion" than he himself can have. We have the firmest faith in Mr. McCure's honesty, and we can only regret that in his zeal against what he conceives to be an evil, he has not carefully "divided the word of truth" and so "separated the precious from the vile."

SPIRITUALISM & ENGLISH SOCIETY.

NO. I.

IN the days of our forefathers, when the miraculous and the legendary claimed a place in their religious creed, when angels were believed to walk the earth in heavenly brightness, and demons to cower in shady places, seeking sinners to seduce, not allegorically, but actually; when saints were thought to come back to this lower world in very deed, and not in dream only, to comfort, bless, and teach; and when, for all the host of the dead in doubtful case, went up a constant tide of supplication, "Society," the valiant noble and the bright and stately lady, the youthful knight and gentle graceful maiden, the scholar and the poet, the priest and the preacher, believed in the supernatural with a sure and grave, if with a simple and unreasoning, belief; the unseen was to them as much a fact as the seen. Superstitious they might often have seemed to us, and, perhaps, have been; for "law" and "cause" had small place in their vocabulary or in their thoughts. They, however, spoke that they knew, and testified that they had seen; and if not they themselves, yet some whose testimony was to them undoubted authority. Spiritualism was then a power in Society. Not the Spiritualism exactly that we see and read of now, but a true faith in "spirit" as greater than matter, and in spiritual beings as able occasionally to subjugate it, and always able to be in communion with human spirits; able to aid them or to receive from them assistance.

Then came that sweeping deluge of literalism, of strong and mighty purpose, throbbing, notwithstanding its mistakes and its materialism, with noble purport and grand intention, called

in history the Reformation; rushing upon our island, quenching all minor lights with fierce resolve to look upon the sun alone; boasting itself too strong to need the help of spirits, however exalted; yet declaring itself too weak and human to offer for the departed the soothing balm of prayer, and denouncing the idea of purification and progress after death as "a fond thing, vainly invented." For a few generations, nevertheless, there lingered considerable clinging to the dying traditions of the past, and that not only amongst the unlearned and ignorant, but in court and castle, as well as by cottage hearth. Many of the greatest men of the time of Elizabeth and of the Stuarts put faith in apparitions and in dreams. As for the brave and unflinching Covenanters and Puritans, and the great Oliver himself, they had a Spiritualism all their own. Stern and solemn were their visions, full of warning and of woe, yet very real to them, and filled with a God-given encouragement. They had no need or desire, as they held, for the ministry or mediation of saint or angel; grace, beauty, and brightness were banished from their communings with the other world; but, instead, there was an awfulness and a grandeur which stirred their hearts like a trumpet's call, and the Most High, they believed, spake unveiled and immediately to their souls; not through His messengers, but direct, as He spake of old to Moses, face to face. Mighty men, men of renown, did these strong thoughts educate and bring forward, but not men of sweet and human, still less of divine and adorable tenderness; Israelites rather than Christians, strong arms rather than loving hearts. And for the gentle, the shrinking, the lambs of the congregation, there was no food; the spiritual sustenance was too strong for them; they lacked the sunshine, too, and the flowers. And so there must surely have been many a quiet soul pining in secret, and, perhaps, unconsciously, for a less rigid and severe interpretation of the ties that bind earth and heaven together.

The era of the Restoration was one of general heedlessness and Godlessness; there was much careless incredulity in any world but this, and there was reasoning and scholarly incredulity also—a thing not much known hitherto in England. Bright exceptions there doubtless were, great and true divines and preachers. Exceptional persons, too, believed in angels; not in abstract essences living in the far heavens, but as beings sent by God to be about our path and our bed; praising God, too, for us while we sleep, as Bishop Ken, who lived a little later in William and Mary's reign, so sweetly and simply sings in his Evening Hymn, so well known and so loved. A firm belief in angel guardians dwelt, too, in the devout mind of the holy George Herbert. It could not have, there-

fore, ever wholly died out of the creed of the Church of England, or, in consequence, have been entirely set aside by Society, and relinquished to the uneducated; but it would seem to have been held with great uncertainty, great laxity, and very little force and vividness, by the generality of people making up the world of learning, thought, and acquirement; from the date of the spreading of Reformation principles, till our own times, when the revival within the Anglican Communion of some portion of the ancient faith and the rise of Spiritualism, independently of all religious communities and sects, have each in its sphere revived and intensified the realisation of spiritual existences and agencies acting upon and within this work-a-day world.

In the days of our childhood—of ours who are now the men and women bearing the burden and heat of life's noontide—though a certain limited and moderate belief in guardian angels might have been tolerated, at least as a poetic fancy, it was considered the correct thing in Society to profess an entire disbelief in any possibility of supernatural appearances or powers. Any person venturing to confess that his personal knowledge, feelings, or experience inclined him, if not to assert, at least not to deny such possibility in these later as in more distant days, unless shielded, by distinguished name or fame, from the imputation of ignorance, credulity, and superstition, would inevitably have been regarded as a visionary, unpractical, and somewhat moon-struck individual, and a smile of suppressed scorn would have greeted his fancies and phantasms. Moreover, credence in ghosts, in tokens, foreshadowings, omens, and dreams, was proclaimed not only superstitious, as might be a belief in Popish miracles and relics, but "vulgar" besides; and who, that has the slightest acquaintance with the rigid rules of that iron despot Society, but knows all the speechless contempt, the crushing, ruthless, hopeless condemnation condensed within that one terrible word!

The mysterious was voted out of date. Everything was to be clear and hard of outline as the mid-day glare; there were to be no more vague fantastic shadows; no trembling twilights, no dim and dream-like dawns. All was to be not only possible of explanation by a recognition of higher law than that on the merely physical plane, but all was decided to be explainable, and explained, too, in a cut-and-dried matter-of-fact manner, suitable to all intellects, and ready to hand for all comers; and, if all minds and all ages were not satisfied, and persisted in cherishing hopes of the existence of a fair poetic world of vision, real, if unbeheld except by few and favored eyes, yet always about them and around, they were spoken of as silly and sentimental,

and Society went its way contentedly, having disposed comfortably and satisfactorily of all such folly. It was an incredulous epoch, material to the very core, highly "respectable," not deeming either death, or sin, or any of the grave pathetic facts of mortal existence fit for ears polite. Disagreeable topics were banished, and Society was more hollow and artificial, and far less speculative, than it has of late become. The fictitious literature of the generation portrays its tone, especially in books intended for the young. Our fathers and grandfathers revelled in fairy lore and tales of dragons and of giants; they pored in their early days over Mrs. Radcliffe's marvellous and exciting romances; but *we*, who now are the parents in our turn of the youth of England, in our juvenile days were permitted no such wondrous histories and stirring stories. Imagination in us was supposed to be created to be, not cultured, but extinguished. Goblin and fairy were forbidden to our nursery hours; and, as we grew older, books were put into our eager hands wherein we would find what at first sight appeared a genuine downright ghost story; the details were minute, our excitement was at its height, we were breathless with expectation—this time it must be true—when lo! the explanation! Once more, for the hundredth time, are we doomed to disappointment; and the spectre, which seemed to our young hopes and fancies, this once at least, too *bona-fide* to be overthrown, turns out to be a curtain, a screen, or a nightmare of the hero; a consequence of, and judgment upon, too good a supper. Vivid is my own recollection—and, I doubt not, that of many of my contemporaries—of the indignation with which these explanations were read, and the sensation of having been robbed of a hope that might have expanded into a joy and a certainty of the presence of spiritual beings upon this earth from the unrealized and unrealizable heavens.

But things to-day are not as then. Some of us have grown up with the protest in our hearts, still warm and strong, against the careful and polished explanations which irritated our infantine susceptibilities; we do not give them to our children; all fairy-land is open to them from their cradles. Nevertheless, a strong and grievous incredulity is still abroad concerning the things and the influences not seen; different in cause and in result from the scepticism of our fathers in our childish days, but more thoughtful, earnest, and intelligent by far. Next month I shall hope to say a little about the present standing of the supernatural in English Society in the year of grace 1871.

Alice E. Hacker.

Birmingham.

"WHAT IS THE GOOD OF SPIRITUALISM?"

(Concluded from our last.)

SPIRITUALISM necessarily modifies our grief very considerably when those we love pass away. We know more of where they are gone, can realize that they still watch over us, and love us still as much as ever; even though possibly they may not be able in a direct manner to communicate with us; but we know that we shall hear of them, whether we hear from them or not; and surely this is an unspeakable consolation to those who are left behind on earth. It takes away the loneliness of death, and the dread of separation, which so often cast a shadow over the departing spirit; for though we always know that the Highest of all Beings is ever with us, our hearts are human, and we naturally and rightly cling to those human beings whom we have loved with all the warmth of our hearts while on earth. To the mother, who is called upon to depart and leave behind her husband and children, how great is the blessing of knowing that she will still be able to watch over them, and care for them, as perhaps even she could not have done had she remained with them in bodily presence. And then people can say, "What is the good of Spiritualism?" If our friends are in some distant country, such as Australia, or India, we are sad if the time passes on month after month, and year after year, and brings us no word of greeting from them. And how great is our joy when at last the long looked-for news arrives, and we hear of their welfare. And surely when those we love go into that other country, that Spirit-World, it is quite as natural that we should long to hear from them, and rejoice when we do so. In either case, we know that they are safe in the Everlasting Arms of God; but this does not prevent the desire of our human hearts to know of their welfare. And though in this, as in every other thing, we have to wait patiently for the Lord's will concerning them and us, the unutterable boon is often granted, if we do thus wait patiently.

Spiritualism removes the confusion there is in the minds of the majority of persons, including even very Christian people, about the actual fact of death. This confusion appears generally to be quite as great in the pulpit as it can possibly be in the pew. Some people believe that both body and spirit are laid in the grave at death; there to sleep till the Judgment Day, when the Archangel will blow his trumpet, and all will come forth to stand before Christ, and receive from Him their sentence either for Heaven or for Hell. Others believe that at death, spirit and body are separated; the body sleeping in the grave, while the spirit lives in a kind of shadowy existence till the Judgment Day, when

the body will rise and join the spirit once more, and both will go to their appointed place. But those who teach and believe these things, appear entirely to forget the undoubted fact, which is beyond all dispute, that our bodies, when laid in the grave, decay, and by the wonderful chemistry of God are transformed into all sorts of other things, grass and other plants, and thus again into the bodies of other men and animals. So that before many years are over, the substance which constitutes our bodies is transformed utterly. At the resurrection, therefore, there must be many different claimants to a single body. Then, too, it has been proved by science, that each particle of our bodies is changed in seven years; so that during a long earth-life we must have numerous different bodies. Which of these must we claim at the resurrection? Now Spiritualism does away with all this confusion and utter nonsense. It shows us that the spirit is the man himself; that the body is the house, or garment of the spirit; that when what we call death comes, he casts off this garment, and emerges from it, having no longer any need for it; that he is separated from it for ever, and it is no longer of the slightest value either to him or his friends; except as *they* may look upon it with affection, as having once belonged to him who has departed from it, and as having been the vehicle through which he has been accustomed to communicate with them. Spiritualism delivers us absolutely from the confusion and mental suffering often arising from the idea that there are only two places in the next world, Heaven and Hell. Some there are, whom we know to be so good and holy that we can feel no doubt that if *any* human being is fit for Heaven, *they* certainly must be; but the great majority we feel to be "too bad for Heaven, too good for Hell." Many good Christians have suffered terrible mental torture, which has sometimes resulted (and no wonder) in the overthrow of their reason altogether, from anxiety as to the fate of their friends or themselves, whom they have felt to be just in the condition above named. But Spiritualism teaches us that there are endless shades of difference in the states of those in the Spirit World; that exactly as a man sows, so will he reap; that just what he has formed himself to be here, so will he be there at first; that each goes to the place and state just fitted for him. If on earth we have lived to the flesh—if we have materialized our spirits by caring only for the things seen and material—if we have only cultivated the earthly side of our nature, and set aside all thought or care about the "things not seen," and paid no attention to the higher side of our nature, we shall find ourselves when in the other world in a blind and miserable condition groping about in darkness. If, on the contrary,

our hearts have been set above all on the "things unseen and eternal," we shall be prepared to enter upon the blessed life and employments of the world to come. One objection frequently put to the writer has been, "But you have the Bible, God's own Word, what more do you want?" Now Spiritualism is in no way opposed to Christianity; it is simply a part of it, naturally joining on to it. We think all Christian Spiritualists will agree in saying that their faith makes the Bible a much more real and living Book to them; that instead of looking upon the miracles and wonderful accounts there recorded as things all belonging to the time of long ago, and separated by a great gulf from the time in which we now live, we see the same eternal laws working now as then; we can believe in miracle and prophecy and inspiration now, as much as in the time of David, and Isaiah, and Paul; we can believe in Christ's living and acting power over this world now, as much as when, in the days of His flesh, He walked over the fields of Galilee and through the streets of Jerusalem. We can believe in His power exerted now, to open the blind eyes, to unstop the deaf ears, to make the lame walk, as much as in the time when His bodily presence was on our earth. We no longer regret, as we used sometimes to do, that we did not live in those times, so that we might have heard with our own ears His holy voice, and seen with our own eyes His kind and loving face; for to some of us the glorious privilege has even been granted of hearing His voice speaking to us out of the Heavens now, and we realize that He is ever living, and ever working for our good; and our love and reverence go out to Him as they never did before. But we must not shut our eyes and ears, and refuse to see and hear other Words of God besides that contained in one Book, however precious that Book may be and is. The truths of Spiritualism are as much Words of God to us as those contained in the Bible.

These remarks have hitherto been addressed to those "who profess and call themselves Christians;" but there are many, and unhappily an increasing number, who are outside the pale of Christianity, and, indeed, of any religion at all. Some of these are material in their nature, and cannot satisfy themselves even that there is any life beyond this.

The erroneous and simply stupid teaching so often heard in our Churches has to answer for this in a great measure; but whatever be the cause or causes, such is the state of mind of a great number. To many such, Spiritualism has come as a new and precious revelation from God; a true word of God, proving to them beyond any dispute, by the very material evidence which their materialized minds can alone grasp, the fact that there *is* another life; that if a man

die he *shall* live again; that he lives as a conscious and individual being; that the mere accident of death has no power to change his heart and mind. If Spiritualists do not live a better life than others; if they are as much worried by the petty vexations of this life as those who do not grasp the great and blessed truths which Spiritualism teaches, the only answer is that they cannot be true Spiritualists, and do not live up to the bright light that is given to them.

These are some of the answers to be given to the question "What is the good of Spiritualism?"

S. R. WREFORD.

Rose Cottage, Swindon, Wilts.

CONCERNING FAITHFUL ABRAHAM.

"TOWARDS the rising of the sun," and over an ocean known to the generations of the past as "the Great Sea," and further still, by some thirty miles from its eastern shores, stands "a City," once famed for its magnificence, its wisdom, and its wealth, where monarchs reigned whose wealth to us seems fabulous; vast riches in gold, and gems, and pearls, and silver, and brass, and iron, and all those precious things of such value to the denizens of this our earth. All these were, in number and in weight, unreckoned and unknown; while around this city's triple walls stretched out the landscape far and wide, the hill and dale of a summer land covered with flocks and herds and fields of corn, and where the vine, the olive, and the fig, and every tree that's pleasant to the sight and good for food, spread out their branches over the surface of this Paradise on earth. And here a mighty people dwelt—the origin of whom this little tale shall tell; because, indeed, it seems so strange, for thus the Spirit speaks:—

Far back in the reckoning of human time there lived a man, then a stranger in the land, who, with his people, dwelt in tents, surrounded by their cattle and their stores, moving about from place to place as necessity and his flocks—for he was rich in flocks and herds—required. Yet this land was then inhabited by a people who were far advanced in many of the social arts, who dwelt in their cities, and had their kings and men of war, and fixed places of abode. Not so, however, with the Wanderer, who, although rich in many things, did not possess enough of this fair garden of the earth, even for a place to bury his dead; yet from his honorable dealings with the people, the possessors of this land, they offered to give him a field in which was a cave, to possess it without money and without price, wherein to lay his departed wife; but this he would not accept; but, thanking them for their generous offer, paid for the field, and the cave that was therein, weighing out to them, "four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant," and then having the field, and all the borders thereof made sure to him, as his only possession for a burial place in this land, in which he had sojourned now for many years. And yet the whole of this land was, at some future day, to belong to the generations of his children, yet unborn, for his wife had none. Strange indeed! But there is yet something in the history of this man which is stranger still. He believed that his descendants would inherit this beautiful land, and reason asks how he came to think

this? Well, listen to what the Spirits say. When young he used to dream dreams, and see visions, and hear voices speaking to him; he was what we should now call a visionary. Oh! how should we have smiled with our good common sense, if we had been his brother, or his sister, or his kinsman. However, this continued, and thus it was that, in after years (through believing this), he left his home and became a wanderer in this strange land; for he believed that a voice said to him, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, into a land that I will shew thee; and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great." Tempting words these, 'tis true, the offer to be made great; it is indeed a great temptation! who would not like to be made great? But who for a moment could imagine that a dream, or a vision, or the idea of having heard a voice speaking to him, would have caused him to leave the land of his birth, and the homestead of his fathers, and his kindred, and wander into a strange land? Yet, so it was! and not only did he believe in the mysterious Spirit voice; but he persuaded others to believe it also, and accompany him. He had a beautiful wife, who was so fair to look upon that he feared that his life might be taken (when among strangers) for the sake of possessing her. What more terrible thought could stand in the way of man's determination than such a thought as this? Yet, stronger than even this was the dream, the vision, and the voice of the Spirit within. He left, as his mysterious monitor had bidden him, his country, and his kindred, and his father's house, and went into the far country, the strange land, that the Spirit had pointed out to him, and who had promised to accompany him, to be with him, and support him in the way, if only, at certain places in his journey he would perform some little ceremony to act as a medium between the wanderer and his Guide! Thus he should take a few of the rough stones of the land, and place them together in a heap, and light a fire thereon. Or, having laid the fuel, and placed upon it certain flesh of beasts and birds, wait for the Spirit hand to add the fire. How strange all this seems! Yet, strange as this may seem to us, this man believed in all, and believing, he obeyed. Only let us try to realize the scene, however poor our attempt may be. As they commenced their journey, with flocks of sheep and goats, and lowing herds, and beasts of burden carrying their tents and household stuff, and all the substance that they had gathered, and the souls that they had gotten in their native land, all related to this man of dreams, among whom was a deceased brother's only son; with men servants, and maid servants, born in his father's house, a picturesque group. And then, we may imagine a stately camel, with its trappings, bearing the beautiful wife of this destined wanderer. And then the man himself, setting the company in order, and directing their course, guided by the Spirit to the spot, when the day's journey ends, and where the tents are pitched, and the evening repast prepared. And then, the mysterious pile of stones being raised, and the fuel and the offering placed, in answer to the wanderer's cry, "The Spirit speaks." And thus they journey through this promised land, until they reach its boundary in the south, where, because of a threatened famine in the country through which they had passed, the Spirit bids them still to press forward, and enter one of the kingdoms of the south, where plenty, wealth, and splendour reign; and where the monarch is enraptured with the beauty of the wanderer's wife, whom he takes from the man to make her his own, having been told that she was his sister. But here the Spirit interferes, and so plagues the king, that, sending for the wanderer, he said, "What is this that thou hast done unto me? Surely she is thy wife! Why did'st thou tell me that she was thy sister? Take her and go thy way!" Thus the power of the Spirit was greater than the power of one of the then mighty monarchs of the earth, and all his princes, and all the people of the land. How marvellous is the power of these hidden beings! How strange? True, 'tis but an Eastern Tale that happened long ago, reaching us in these more matter of fact, scientific, and material days, through so many of the winding passages of time, that it seems but as the echo—"long ago." And yet we may ask, what length of time crushes out the "hidden ways," and "order" of eternity?

as though the "majesty that rules"—"the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity"—had not "His secret paths," through which He walks in this vale of time, "paths that no fowl knoweth," and which "the vulture's eye hath not seen"—"the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it." Are not these "His paths?" This book of Eastern Tales tells us so. Yet, we must not leave the history of this wanderer; where is he? He has returned, he has again passed through the land, to one of the places where he pitched his tent at the beginning of his journey, where he had piled up the heap of stones, and called on the Spirit to protect him in his wanderings. And now he calls upon him again, and while waiting for the coming voice—listening, for (to him it seems as if it travelled from afar), listening as we listen to sweet music, borne to us upon the gentle evening air, or, as we wait for the footsteps of those we love, who have promised to meet us, so listened this wanderer. May we not think and listen too? May not our spirits try to look back, and see this wandering man, and his beautiful wife, with their kindred and their cattle, and their flocks, and their tents, all surrounding this "little pile," listening for the voice of their friend in a strange land? Are we not all as this wanderer? May not we raise this little heap? Ah, how little we are called upon to do! Only to raise this altar of dust, and listen till the Spirit speaks! Can we not paint this picture (with all the glory of its Eastern beauty) in our minds? and then almost wish that we had been one of the listening forms waiting until, amid the wild grandeur of this evening scene, "the voice of the angel came?" This land of which we speak is afar away; but the angel is ever near.

HENRY ANDERSON NOURSE.

55, North Road, Wolverhampton.

(To be continued.)

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

No. I.

The judgment of De Quincey, that Shelley had insulted the religious feelings of his countrymen in a degree which they could never forgive, may afford us an illustration of the comparatively small value of contemporary criticism. Our judgment of contemporaries is often marred by an imperfect knowledge of their character, or a false estimate as to their aims. Posterity, however, pays little regard to the personalities of those who contend for its favor; but amid the hubbub of contending views enquires calmly, "What have they done?" Thus posterity, wise with the collected wisdom of years, seldom errs in its rewards, and he who has deserved fairly, though long silenced by the discordant voices of his contemporaries, must come forth finally to receive his crown.

Shelley's popularity with lovers of poetry at the present day, is a sufficient testimony to the fact that his transcendent genius has far overbalanced the incidental addition of religious opinions, as ill-founded as they were unpopular. It may be expected that I should here record my utter abhorrence of the opinions which he held, and of the influence which they might be supposed to exercise on the minds of his readers. This, however, I must refuse to do, expressing instead my opinion of the utter inaccuracy of the judgment which has hung over him so long. Shelley has claimed the admiration of posterity

as a poet. As a poet, only can he be judged. Beauty is the objective form of truth, and when poetry departs from the truth, then it ceases to be beautiful, and loses its influence as poetry. This fact is distinctly visible in Shelley; when he has left "the vision," he has lost "the faculty divine" also, and what he has written stands there—to reveal his character, but not to obscure his fame.

The light which Shelley's writings throw upon his character shows him to be possessed of a subtle religious spirit, altogether too wide and universal to be bounded by creeds; and too beautifully ideal to regard with complacency the material clothing of his idea. Hence we find him condemning the existing forms of religion as useless, nay dangerous; and looking back with veneration towards the old Greek polytheism, made beautiful by the hues of his own imagination. But his spirit was too strong to dwell wholly on the past, or to spend itself fruitlessly striving to re-animate the dead. With strong wings it broke its merely temporary surroundings, and bore him to a region where all was infinitely calm—infinitely great and beautiful. In his spiritual intimations he could not be deceived. His spirit was made for the perception of eternal verities, and, in a greater degree than any of his contemporaries, he became the possessor of a deep spiritual knowledge and experience.

The great poets of the last generation shared in common a certain *intuitive* Spiritualism, which it would be difficult to describe; and we observe, in nearly all, a distinct recognition of spiritual power and agency, not in its material, but in its transcendental form. Indeed all great poets, from blind old Homer downwards, have united the vocation of prophet and of poet, and have eminently become the *revealers*. Thus we have begun to say that the poet must be a seer, and read for us the great "open secret" of nature—unriddle for us the sphinx-problem which has destroyed us for so many generations.

In the writings of Shelley, this spiritual intuition is carried to its highest idealized results; and he revels, absolutely revels, in the beauty and the grandeur of his spiritual conceptions.

AARON WATSON,

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AN IMPRESSIVE ADDRESS BY ROBERT DALE OWEN AT THE GRAVE OF HIS WIFE.

[From the New Harmony Register, Sept. 1.]
HER funeral was early on Sunday morning last, the weather being most beautiful, and the

ceremonies were conducted at the grave. They were opened by Mr. Owen himself. He said:

"I think it is a commendable custom that, as to funeral ceremonies, the wishes of the departed on that subject should, as far as possible, be carried out, when these wishes were known. During Mrs. Owen's illness, she said nothing in regard to her funeral; but, some two or three months ago, it chanced, as men say—though there is no such thing as chance—but it happened that my wife and I had a conversation on funerals. She said she would not wish to have any bell tolled at her funeral, especially if there was any sickness near. She thought sick persons sometimes suffered by hearing it, and she did not wish her death to be the occasion of gloom or suffering of any kind. Music, she said, she thought fitting—music, serious and appropriate, indeed, but also hopeful and encouraging, with nothing of the desponding and sepulchral about it, for gloom seemed to her most inappropriate. 'And what about a funeral sermon?' I asked. 'No,' she replied, 'not an ordinary funeral sermon, for these usually contain unmeaning and often unmerited praise; but I should like,' she added, 'that some one who has the same ideas of death that I have, would express them at the grave.'

"All this was said incidentally, and I think without the least idea in her mind that I might soon have to recall it; for she was in perfect health at the time, and I, being more than ten years her senior, expected to go before her; but it was otherwise ordered.

"Then I sought to fulfill her wishes. I requested that the bell should not be tolled, there being at the time a lady—a dear friend of hers—seriously ill at my house. 'Then I selected, as suitable for music on such an occasion as this, a poem by Mrs. Stowe, entitled 'The Other World,' and I had a few copies printed for distribution here."

They were distributed accordingly, and Mr. Owen resumed:

"Some friends have kindly volunteered to aid us. They will now sing a portion of that ode. Afterward I shall endeavor to say a few words on the subject of death. Then we will sing the remaining portion of Mrs. Stowe's beautiful verses. And afterward, if my esteemed friends, the Rev. Mr. Mitchell and the Rev. Mr. Erwin—one or both—desire to speak, I am quite sure you will hear them with great pleasure."

The singing was conducted by Mrs. Bella Golden, Mrs. Charles A. Parke, Miss Louisa Duclos, and Mr. John D. Jones, several other persons joining in. Then Mr. Owen said:

"No article of belief, moral or religious, seems to me as important as the assurance of immortality. You remember the text: 'If there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ

not risen; and if Christ be not risen, then your faith is vain.'

"Few deny this; but comparatively few feel any absolute certainty about it. Even the most earnest and devout Christians sometimes admit how wavering faith often is."

Mr. Owen then related conversations which he had had on the subject, at one time, with a well known Presbyterian clergyman of New York; at another time with the Episcopal Bishop. The former—a wealthy man—declared to Mr. Owen, who had been saying to him that he (Mr. Owen) did not believe more firmly in the existence of the visible world than he did in that of the invisible—that he (the clergyman) would give half what he is worth in the world to be able to say the same thing. The latter stated to Mr. Owen that, assisting at the death-bed of an aged clergyman—a perfect exemplar, throughout a long life of usefulness, in faith and conduct—and the conversation turning on the evidences of a future state, the dying man exclaimed: "Ah, Bishop, the proof, the proof? If we only had it!" Then Mr. Owen resumed:

"I did not believe—and here I speak also for her whose departure from among us we mourn to-day—I do not believe more firmly in these trees that spread their shade over us in this hill on which we stand, in those sepulchral monuments which we see round us here—than I do that human life, once granted, perishes never more. A death change there is, often terrible to witness, leaving us behind desolate and forsaken for a few years on earth, but no death. We never go down to the grave. We cannot be confined within the tomb. It is a cast-off garment—sacred, indeed, as are sacred all mementoes which memory connects with those we have loved and lost—but yet it is only a cast-off garment, encoffined, to which are paid the rites of sepulchre.

"She believed, as I believed, that the one life succeeds the other without interval, save a brief transition slumber, it may be of a few hours only. Neither of us could believe in the old idea—almost discarded in modern times—expressed in such lines as these:

'That man when laid in lonesome grave
Shall sleep in death's dark gloom,
Till th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.'

"Such is not Christ's doctrine. 'To-day'—he said to the repentant thief on the cross—'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.'

"Again, I believe, as she did, in the meeting and recognition of friends in heaven. While we mourn here below, there are joyful reunions above. Also, that the next world is one of many mansions, to be occupied by those who are fitted to enter therein, and this because they are fitted, not by any earning of heaven, for which of us is faultless enough for that? Yet

there are the prepared and the unprepared; and that determines our lot in the next world.

"I agreed with her also in the belief that there are in heaven duties, avocations, enjoyments even, as various as are those on earth, but far higher and nobler in scope and purpose.

"Finally, I believe as she believed—and is so beautifully expressed throughout the ode we have been singing—in guardian care by the inhabitants of heaven exercised toward those of earth.

"As to the virtues and the good deeds of her who has left us, if nearly forty years' life and conversation in our village suffice not in witness, any word from me would be worse than worthless.

"Better to imitate her example than to speak her praise. Well has a great poet and thinker reminded us:

'He mourns the dead who lives as they desire.'

SUPPOSED EFFECTS OF SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCES UPON THE SEERS.

THERE is one assertion, however, that Coleridge used to adhere to about ghosts, in which we think he very probably was wrong. He did not admit that, in the great majority of cases, any real conviction of the supernatural existed in the mind of the spectator. He had no sort of idea of a man seeing a ghost over-night, believing that it *was* a ghost, and then coming down to breakfast next morning in his usual health, or with no more than a slight headache. If the supernatural character of the apparition had been for one moment believed, then he held that the effects upon the seer had been always most terrible—convulsion, idiocy, madness, or even death on the spot. This doctrine he supported by the narrative of the American student who resolved to convert a "Tom Pains" companion by appearing as a ghost before him. The story is well known. He extracted the ball from the pistol which his friend used to keep at the head of his bed, and then made his appearance in the dead of night. He was recognised at once, and, refusing to be joked and bantered off the spot, he was threatened with a ball through the body if he were not gone before the expiration of three minutes. The three minutes went by, and the pistol was fired; when, with a scream at the immobility of the figure, the incredulous man became convulsed, and afterwards died. This story, or many similar stories, cannot be regarded as enough to demonstrate Coleridge's proposition that the very instant a ghost is believed to be a ghost, human nature collapses before it. The degrees of susceptibility to terror in different brains are notoriously wide apart; and we have all probably known one or more men in the circle of our own acquaintance whose presence of mind would, we feel, have been equal to such a shock as this. Had the man in question possessed a little more stamina, enough to tide him over the first shock of surprise (and that is by no means an

inconceivable amount), he would have gone on observing, even though he had still remained under the impression that he was in the presence of the supernatural, until the *ignotum* would have become familiar and would have lost its terrific character. It is hard to believe that men possessing, even in a rudimentary degree, the type of mind of a Goethe or Scott, or of a Nelson or Byron, would have fallen prostrate as hopelessly as the American student did. The Duke of Wellington was once in danger at sea, when, just before bedtime, the captain came to his cabin, and announced that in a very few minutes all would be over. "Very well," said the Duke, "then I shall not take off my boots." The habit of mind that can receive such a shock in such a way would be assuredly equal to receiving any shock whatever without the risk of convulsion or idiocy. *Impavidum ferient ruinae*. And such a habit of mind may and does coexist with powers of intellect far below the level of a Duke of Wellington. To go further, the collapse in the American story followed not only upon a belief in the supernatural character of the apparition, but upon that belief being superinduced in the most violent and disturbing manner. The man had wound himself up to the point of resolving to shoot his friend, and that of itself involved no mean degree of excitement. The reaction, after perpetrating that particular act upon that particular person, the latter still continuing to hold his ground unmoved, represented something a good deal in excess of a simple conviction that an apparition seen by the eye is supernatural. One further remark may yet be added—namely, that if this certainty to collapse on believing a spectral object to be supernatural is really a characteristic of humanity, it has come to be so within quite modern times. To say nothing of antiquity, it is certain that throughout the whole of mediæval Europe the belief in the reality of spiritual visitations was so common that, though they never failed to inspire awe and terror in some degree, yet there were at any moment a large number of persons living at the same time who had as little doubt of their having beheld the supernatural as they had of their own existence. Luther, at any rate, lived to tell the tale, on more than one occasion, with no apparent diminution of health and spirits.—*Saturday Review*, Sept. 16, 1871.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

HEAVEN is a field for higher duties and nobler work than earth. It is painful to hear descriptions of the future made up of singing psalms, playing harps, and keeping Sabbaths, as though these spiritual enjoyments, which begin and end solely with ourselves, could represent the length and breadth of the Heavenly life! Why, you have no right to pass even a week on earth in this way, much less a whole eternity above! It is probable, indeed, that Christian love will always show itself by making melody in the heart unto the Lord, but its noblest work must ever be the doing of good service to the wayward, suffering children of God. No more in heaven than on earth will the truly blessed ones remain content in their everlasting habitations, and let the world groan unheeded beneath its weight of sorrow and sin. There, as

here, they must find as great joy in what they freely give, as in what they freely receive; there, as here, they must delight in teaching those below them, no less than in learning from those above; there, as here, they must rejoice in each new step in holiness, not simply because it brings them nearer God, but also because it enables them to lift up the lower spirits still. Were it not so, we should shrink from Heaven as we do from a monastery's cell. If to lay aside the body is to lay aside all power to comfort the sorrowing, strengthen the weak, reclaim the erring, and save the lost, then no one who is filled with the true spirit of Christ will wish to be taken from the world. Heaven would be no Heaven if all generous care for others were lacking; we should grow sick at heart in remembering the wide-spread misery which still existed, and should pray the good Father to send us out on an errand of mercy to the world. And are not the holy ones who have passed on, all ministering spirits sent forth to minister unto those who have not yet claimed their inheritance in the Heavens? If you believe the Bible, you know that this is no idle fancy, but the true angelic life. That Book tells you that God gives His angels charge over His children who still remain on earth; that He sends them with Divine strength to those who are tempted in the desert; that He bids them carry Heavenly comfort to those whose Gethsemane is a garden of agony; that He places them by the grave to say to all mourning hearts, "He whom you seek is not here; he has arisen." From beginning to end it speaks of them as chiefly engaged, not in their own spiritual culture or enjoyment, but in doing His will on earth as in Heaven; and, therefore, we are right in regarding the Spirit World as a field for higher duties and nobler work.—*Letter and Spirit*, by Richard Metcalf. Published by E. T. Whitfield, 178, Strand.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

DEAR SIR,—I have enclosed you one or two clippings, which may perhaps be interesting.

You probably were unaware that your Magazine reached this far-off place (Duluth is situated at the most western extremity of Lake Superior), but such is the case, and it is read by several who are as yet but very young in the knowledge of Spiritualism; but they are evidently led to think deeply over it through your instrumentality. I hope you will continue dispensing your truths, and that they will be as eagerly and earnestly looked into as they are here.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,

CHARLES A. EVERITT.

Box, 219, Duluth, Minnesota, U.S., Sept. 22, 1871.

[We are very much obliged for our unknown friend's letter and "clippings," two of which he will see we have used.—ED. C.S.]

SUPPOSED SPIRIT MESSAGES FROM E. N. DENNYS.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

SIR,—The questions raised by my friend, A. C. Swinton, in his letter which appears in the current number of your journal,* are too important to be degraded by introducing the personal element which would necessarily be, if in replying I touched upon the *identity* of the communicator. I shall, therefore, reduce the communication to its propositions, and endeavor (in your next issue) to shew their rationality.

Yours truly,

C. W. PEARCE.

6, Cambridge Road, the Junction, Kilburn, N.W.

* See *Christian Spiritualist* for October, page 155.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me once more to revert to the suggestion for an extended exhibition of spirit drawings, as I find there are many persons who look upon it as a very desirable step, and I have, therefore, endeavored to gain all the information I could as to the method by which it may be accomplished.

Mr. McNair, who has acted as manager and secretary for my exhibition, and has had much experience in similar arrangements, would be willing to undertake the working details, and he tells me that the usual plan is for a sum to be guaranteed sufficient to meet the expenses, say by subscribers of £5 each; then there must be one gentleman who will undertake the duty of treasurer, and at least three or five who will finally form themselves into a hanging committee, and perhaps for that purpose, some artists may kindly volunteer who already have experience in that line.

It will also be requisite to know if the pictures will be forthcoming, and whether the numerous artist mediums will kindly do their utmost to ensure a successful result by contributing their works for the purpose. I shall be happy to send perhaps a dozen of mine, or more if they should be wished for, and I have also six or seven drawings by other mediums, which I shall have much pleasure in lending, and perhaps other Spiritualists may be able to do the same, even if not artists themselves.

The more I have heard on the subject during the four months that my gallery has been open, the more convinced I am that a very interesting collection may be made, and I would still urge its being held annually, when we may hope that Spiritualists from all parts of the world will unite in contributing to it. Some persons may question the utility of Spiritual art, or indeed art of any kind, whether poetry, painting, or music, spiritual or unspiritual, but we need in this world something more than mere food and

clothing, and drawing is one method by which our invisible friends have illustrated many new thoughts. I remember that Mr. Varley, in the latter end of 1863, put some question with reference to comets (while he and I were sitting alone), and through my hand a pencil drawing was executed, which I did not at all comprehend, but he said he did, and that it answered his question.

A suggestion was made by a writer in the *Medium*, that works of art, not executed mediumistically, should also be admitted to the same exhibition, but I think it ought to be confined *exclusively* to spirit drawings or paintings, there being plenty of other galleries for this-world artists.

May I ask such of your readers as are willing to co-operate in this undertaking, to send a few lines to R. F. McNair, Esq., Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, either as contributors of pictures, and how many, or as guarantors to the extent of £5 (which will not be required until 1872), and, perhaps in the course of the next month, some idea may be formed as to whether there is any probability of the plan being brought to an issue, not forgetting the necessity for working volunteers as committee, &c?

Believe me, yours sincerely,

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, W., October 12th, 1871.

POETRY.

THE MEETING PLACE.

BY DR. BONAR.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."
—Isaiah xxxv., 10.

Where the faded flower shall freshen—

Freshen never more to fade;

Where the shaded sky shall brighten—

Brighten never more to shade;

Where the sun-blaze never scorches,

Where the star-beams cease to chill;

Where no tempest stirs the echoes

Of the wood, or wave, or hill;

Where the morn shall wake in gladness,

And the noon the joy prolong;

Where the daylight dies in fragrance,

'Mid the burst of holy song—

Brother, we shall meet and rest

'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where no shadow shall bewilder;

Where life's vain parade is o'er;

Where the sleep of sin is broken,

And the dreamer dreams no more;

Where no bond is ever severed,

Partings, claspings, sob, and moan,

Midnight waking, twilight weeping,

Heavy noontide—all are done;

Where the child has found its mother;

Where the mother finds the child;

Where dear families are gathered,

That were scattered on the wild—

Brother, we shall meet and rest

'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where a blasted world shall brighten,

Underneath a bluer sphere,

And a softer, gentler sunshine
 Shed its healing splendour here ;
 Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,
 Putting on their robe of green,
 And a purer, fairer Eden
 Be where only wastes have been ;
 Where a King, in kingly glory
 Such as earth has never known,
 Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
 Claim and wear the holy crown—
 Brother, we shall meet and rest
 'Mid the holy and the blest.

THE SISTERS.

[Many beautiful tributes have been paid to the memory of Alice and Phoebe Cary, but none more delicate and tender than the following from the pen of our frequent correspondent, "BEATRICE," which we take from the Cape Ann (Mass.) Advertiser.]

Through all the shining summer there has been
 Shed through our air
 A breath of spicery, such as white sails win
 From islands fair.
 A sense of something bright, and sweet and strange,
 Has with us dwelt,
 But words cannot well fitting speak the change
 That scarce is felt.
 When a sealed letter from a friend we hold,
 An idle scroll
 Seems that to us which by his hand unrolled
 Speaks soul to soul.
 We catch faint fragrance floating from the page—
 The rest, unknown ;
 He the sweet shaping of the embassage
 Makes all his own.
 Since our fair singer went across the sea,
 With unseen guides,
 The music of her voice has seemed to be
 Breathed o'er its tides.
 We deemed for the sad sister soul bereft,
 She would transmute
 Some message into things she loved and left,
 The flowers and dews.
 We watched the softly pure cloud tissues float
 In deep blue air,
 Striving to read their tracery, and note
 Some token there.
 We must have missed their meaning but for her—
 Dove 'mongst our birds :
 Surely those lines of gold and crimson were
 Most joyful words.
 For such swift journeying she herself addressed
 To that far shore,
 Lingering only till fond hands had pressed
 Hers o'er and o'er.
 Learning the world's deep sorrow for its loss,
 Love's mortal fruit,
 Which into joy the suns that shine across
 Those waves transmute.
 Perchance while life yet hung 'twixt silver sands
 And swelling flood
 A shadowy presence from the immortal bands
 Beside her stood.
 "Wilt thou, sweet soul, arise and come with me?"
 Softly he said,
 "One in the golden palace mourns for thee,
 Uncomforted.
 No harpings by the rapture-flowing river
 Her notice claim,
 Of earthly hills and woods she dreams for ever
 And calls thy name.
 Thine and the new name of a form of brightness
 That sought her side,
 Who came from earth in robes of infant whiteness
 Men said—he died.

They talk together of thick forest shadows
 And mistletoe,
 Through which he walked unto the golden meadows
 So long ago."
 New songs make glad the city of our King,
 Now both are there,
 Two of the whitest doves, whose murmuring
 E'er filled our air.
 But woe for us who miss besides our singer
 The open door,
 Whence we might watch descending angels bring her
 The gifts they bore.
 For while above, dwelt one so kindly spirit,
 And one below,
 We knew one pearly gate ajar, and near it
 Would dare to go.

La Crosse Republican (Wisconsin), Sept. 16, 1871.

OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

No. 11.

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is charity."—1 Cor. 13c., 13v.

1. The Church at Corinth was distinguished by the number, variety, and splendour of its "spiritual," or miraculously endowed, "gifts." Those who desire to read the thoughts of a truly great man upon the subject of these gifts should consult the Rev. F. W. Robertson's "Expository Lectures on the Corinthians," page 220.

2. The Apostle, in speaking of these gifts, pronounces them to be good, and says that they are proper objects for cultivation, suggesting to our minds that although "gifts are not graces" yet gifts are good in themselves, and should not, therefore, be despised, or neglected.

3. But gifts are temporary, whereas faith, hope, and love, are permanent. These graces are greater than gifts ; while considered in themselves, *love is the greatest of the three*. (See 3 Colossians, 14v. ; 1 Timothy, 1c., 5v. ; 1 Peter, 4c., 8v. ; 1 John, 4c., 7, 8v.)

4. This love or charity, is *not* to be confounded with mere *alms-giving*—instinctive good will—love of the sexes—good doing—or, in relation to matters of opinion, mere toleration. Some of its chief features are sketched by the Apostle in the 4, 5, 6, 7, verses of this chapter, in which it would appear that Christian love shows itself in patient forbearance—kindly service—contentment—modesty—humility—courtesy—unselfishness—self-control—kindly judging—joy in goodness—and persistency of good deeds and good feelings.

5. Now the Apostle says that this grace of charity, or love, is "*greater*" than either faith or hope, a doctrine, by the way, which the Christian Church has been extremely slow in learning, and the A. B. C. of which it is only now mastering. *Why* is love the greatest in this fair Trinity? There are many reasons, among which take these : it is a virtue in itself, it is necessarily practical, it alone gives moral value to any action, it alone will ensure constant effort for the good of others, it links us with all the good of every age, clime, and party, it brings us into the nearest unity with God of which created beings are capable, it alone enables us to interpret the soul in nature, the ways of Providence, and God's revelations in the Scriptures ; it clothes us with the highest and most permanent of all kinds of power, it *is*, in itself, happiness ; and, lastly, it never fails. As long as man is man, and God is God, and love is love, so long will love be the eternal good.

6. From what the Apostle teaches about "gifts and graces," we may learn the superiority of *being* good, to *having* good. Not what a man *has*, but what a man *is*, decides his true moral condition and value. Without love he is "nothing." Only think of it : a MAN to be NOTHING ! We may also learn wherein the Apostle places the essence of Christianity, and the foundation upon which he builds the Christian character. Faith and hope are more permanent and greater than gifts, however good, but greater than all gifts, and greater than even faith and hope, is love, for God is greater than all, and God Himself is Love.

F. R. YOUNG.

(Preached at Swindon).

BOOKS, &c., RECEIVED.

A COMPENDIUM OF THE DOCTRINES OF SPIRITUAL CHRISTIANITY, collected from the writings of Swedenborg. By A. J. Le Cras, author of "The Philosophy of a Divine Revelation," &c., &c. No price given. London: F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row.

ECCE MESSIAS; or the Hebrew Messianic Hope and the Christian Reality. By Edward Higginson, author of the "Spirit of the Bible," &c. Price, ten shillings and sixpence. London: Williams and Norgate, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

SWEDENBORG, THE PHILOSOPHER AND THEOLOGIAN. Two lectures by R. R. Rodgers, minister of the New Jerusalem Church, Birmingham. Second Edition: 15th thousand. Price, twopence. London: Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row.

BANNER OF LIGHT, for September 9, 16, 23, 30; and October 7 and 14.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW for October. Price, six shillings. Contains an article of 53 pages on "Spiritualism and its recent Converts." London: John Murray.

THE ALPHA. A Revelation but no Mystery. By Edward N. Dennys. Fourth Edition. No price given. London: J. Burns, 15, Southampton Row.

THE PROPHETIC NEWS for October. Price, one penny. London: G. J. Stevenson, 54, Paternoster Row.

SPIRITUALISM AND ANIMAL MAGNETISM. By Professor G. G. Zerffi. No price given. London: Hardwicke, 192, Piccadilly.

THE CHURCH REVIEW, for October 7. Price, twopence. London: 13, Burleigh Street, W.C.

CAN WE BELIEVE IN MIRACLES? By George Warington, author of "The Week of Creation," &c. No price given. London: Christian Knowledge Society, 77, Great Queen Street, W.C.

THE FOUR GREAT EVILS OF THE DAY. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. No price given. London: Burns, Oates, and Co., 63, Paternoster Row.

PERSECUTION.—In our controversies with Roman Catholics we are apt to assume that Protestantism is, necessarily, tolerant and humane. Hallam says, "At the end of the sixteenth century the simple proposition that men for holding heterodox opinions in religion ought not to be burnt alive, or otherwise put to death, was in itself little else than a sort of heterodoxy." He adds that "the Protestant Churches were as far from acknowledging its truth as that of Rome."

NO MATTER HOW GOD HAS WORKED.—Mr. Froude, the English historian, eloquently says, alluding to the Darwinian theory of the descent of man: "It may be true—I, for one, care not if it be—that the descent of our mortal bodies may be traced through an ascending series to some glutinous jelly, formed on the rocks of the primeval ocean. It is nothing to me how the Maker of me has been pleased to construct the organised substance which I call my body. It is mine, but not me. The intellectual spirit, being an essence, we believe to be an imperishable something engendered in us from a higher source."

The *South London Press* has devoted considerable space, for the past four or five weeks, to reports of, and criticisms upon, the "Ghost" stone throwing at Peckham, near London. Our correspondent, Mr. John Jones, of Enmore Park, Norwood Junction, has contributed some letters, which greatly help in the study of the phenomena. There is also an article in *The Spiritualist*, of October 15, on "Stone Throwing," by Mr. Coleman,

which should be read carefully. We would have transferred it to our own columns, but for the fact of our space being all pre-engaged.

A SERIOUS OBJECTION.—Moses Stuart, the great Andover divine, in his day the foremost in biblical learning, and venerated as an authority by his orthodox brethren, had the candour to confess that some of his brethren found it difficult to accept the doctrine of unending woe. He represents such an one as raising this question:—"Can heaven itself be a place of happiness for them, while they are conscious that a husband or a wife, a son or a daughter, a brother or a sister, is plunged into a lake of fire from which there is no escape? 'It is impossible,' they own, 'to overcome such sympathies as these.' It would be unnatural and monstrous to suppress them." Think of Moses Stuart putting into form such an objection as this to his own doctrine! He could not himself answer the objection. Can that be any part of the Gospel which gives rise to so terrible a question?

A NEW YORK PAPER says: "Mr. Beattie, now an engineer on the Montgomery Branch Railroad, says that, as he was once driving the engine of the Cincinnati Express train No. 8 up the mountain, it seemed to him as he rounded the rocks just before entering the great cut at Otisville, that some one said to him as plain as words could speak it, 'Shut off.' He looked around to see if his fireman had spoken to him, but as that individual was leaning with his head out of the cab, it was evident he had not. Mr. Beattie prepared to dismiss it, when a second time, as plainly and distinctly as before, he heard the warning voice. 'Shut off.' Without further delay he at once pushed the throttle-valve clear in, and shut the steam entirely off. Of course, as the train was going up a rising-ground it at once slackened its speed, not a moment too soon, for around the rocks was the rear end of a freight-train toiling up the grade. As it was, the two trains struck each other, but so slightly as to cause no damage, and but little delay."—*Chicago Tribune*, September 16, 1871.

PROFESSOR RUTHERFORD, M.D., in his introductory lecture on the opening of the Medical School in connection with King's College Hospital, on Monday, October 2, is reported by the *Standard* of the following day to have said:—"With regard to Spiritualism, they had doubtless been informed by a noble lord and by some other persons that a certain Mr. Home was able to defy the law of gravitation to an extent which was, to say the least, very remarkable. They had been told that he had it in his power to fly through the air by a mere effort of his will. The number of those who professed this marvellous power of will seemed to be very limited, and it was very fortunate for cab proprietors and railway shareholders that the number was likely to be small. As yet Mr. Home and his disciples did not seem to be disposed to make a public exhibition of their wonderful powers. Probably they continued to ride in omnibuses, cabs, and railway carriages, and found it safer to trust to such modes of conveyance rather than to their newly-discovered method of aerial flight." If Dr. Rutherford prefers this mode of attack, we can only say, "there is no accounting for tastes," and that in this free country even Dr. Rutherford must be allowed to cut his very mild jokes. They will please him, and cannot injure us.

CHRIST AS A GUEST.—We often indulge the wish that we could have lived in the days of Christ, have seen Him and listened to Him, and we are vain enough to think we should have been meek and lowly disciples and received His teachings with willing hearts. But human nature is the same now as then, and we really have no reason to believe that we would have been any better than the Jews. It is to be feared that were Christ now on earth He would meet with but a cold reception from many who claim Him as their friend. Are our homes such as He would enjoy? Should we really wish Him a member of our households? Did you ever try to imagine Jesus Christ a guest in your house, as He used to be in the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus? Did you ever think of Him as entering your doorway with a pleasant word of greeting, taking your proffered seat, and gathering the happy group of little ones, who know and love Him dearly, about Him; placing the youngest on His knee, and folding His arms around them all? Did you ever

think of Him as sitting down at your table and partaking of your fare, interesting Himself in all the little pursuits that rightly demand your attention, and sweetly drawing your mind, through them, up to the hand that overrules even the most trifling concerns? Would you like to have Jesus thus make one of your number at all times? Would it be exactly agreeable to have Him by your side some morning when your affairs had been particularly entangled, when your servants had been especially provoking, or your business plans thwarted? Would you be willing to go on with your accustomed conversation in the home circle, giving religion only the place it usually occupies? Would it be such conversation as Jesus would join in with pleasure? Would you like to have Jesus Christ stand by your side all day in your place of business, noting your thoughts as well as your words while you are dealing with others? Are you willing He should know precisely how much of His money you spend for His cause, and how much goes to idle adornings, which He has bid you to avoid? Would you like to ask your Lord to go with you to the social party and make one of the throng of merry-makers? Are you quite sure it would be congenial to His taste and feelings? O remember that Christ is there with you, whether you realize it or not. In the house and by the way, He is always at your right hand; and how should this thought cause us to order our daily lives that He may not "be grieved in the house of His friends." Every morning in our closets we may obtain this realization of His presence, and O what a help it will be to us in the day's temptations and trials. "Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—*N. W. C. Advocate.*

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS FOR INDIGESTION, STOMACH, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS.—Persons suffering from any derangement of the liver, stomach or the organs of digestion, should have recourse to Holloway's Pills, as there is no medicine known that acts on these particular complaints with such certain success. They strengthen the tone of the stomach, increase the appetite, purify the blood, and correct depraved secretions. In bowel complaints they remove their primary cause, and soon restore the patient to sound health. Nervous or sick headaches and depression of spirits may be speedily relieved by a course of these Pills. They are composed of rare balsams, without the admixture of a grain of mercury, or any noxious substance, and are as safe as they are efficacious.

Advertisements.

HEAVEN OPENED; or, MESSAGES from the BEREAVED for our LITTLE ONES IN GLORY. Through the mediumship of F. J. T. With observations by Mrs. De Morgan. In neat cloth, 1s. In enamel wrapper, 6d. London: J. BURNS, 15, Southampton-row, Bloomsbury, W.C.

Foolscap 8vo., cloth. Published at 3s., now offered at 2s.; post free, 2s. 3d.

THE MENTAL CURE: Illustrating the Influence of the Mind on the Body, both in Health and Disease, and the Psychological Method of Treatment, by Rev. W. F. EVANS, author of "The Celestial Dawn," "The Happy Islands," "The New Age and its Messenger," &c., &c., &c.

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Glasgow: James M'Geachy, 89, Union-street.

Advertisements.

304 pp., 8vo, cloth gilt, price 5s., post free.

ALYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE. Thomas L. Harris.
Glasgow: John Thomson, 39, John-street.

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EMANUEL SWEDENBORG: HIS LIFE & WRITINGS. By WILLIAM WHITE. Wherein the History, the Doctrines, and the other-world Experiences of the great Swede are concisely and faithfully set forth: Also the singular Origin and Condition of the Swedenborgian Sect. The Volume is illustrated with Four Steel Engravings, by Mr. C. H. JEENS—I. Jesper Svedberg, Bishop of Skara. II. Emanuel Swedenborg, aged 46. III. Swedenborg's House, Stockholm. IV. Swedenborg, aged 80.

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London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM in England, by BENJAMIN COLEMAN, recently published in the *Spiritualist*, reprinted in pamphlet form, on toned paper, with colored wrapper. The discussion is also included in the pamphlet. Copies may be had at one shilling each, of Mr. E. W. ALLEN, 11, Ave Maria-lane, E.C., and are of especial value for presentation to those who are uninformed on the subject of Spiritualism.

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Printed for the Proprietor (FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG) at the North Wilts Steam Printing Works, Swindon; and published by FREDERICK ARNOLD, 86, Fleet Street, London.—NOVEMBER, 1871.