

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.

Editor and Proprietor : *Rev. F. R. YOUNG, Rose Cottage, Swindon, Wilts.*

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FIRST WORDS.

THERE are already published in England five Periodicals, devoted to the exposition and defence of what is termed modern Spiritualism :—*The Spiritual Magazine, Human Nature, the Medium, the Spiritualist, and the Spiritual News.* Their combined circulation is very small, if we take into consideration the number of persons who are known or are believed to be Spiritualists ; and not one of them is a commercial success. Under these circumstances, it is but right that the Editor and Proprietor of the *Christian Spiritualist* should give his reasons for the issue of this new candidate for public perusal and confidence, and he will endeavour to do so with all plainness, and, at the same time, with a sincere desire to say nothing that shall be unnecessarily painful.

It is an undoubted fact, account for it as we may, that a very large number of persons, of education, ability, and goodness of heart, turn away from all references to Spiritualism, from a belief, most conscientiously entertained by them, that it is unfriendly to Christianity, and dangerous to morals and our peace of mind ; that it is, in fact, a revival of the sorceries and witchcrafts of former days, and one more development of the spirit of evil and unbelief "which now worketh in the children of disobedience." Now it is not enough to say that persons sharing these opinions and feelings labour under a misapprehension of the whole thing, and, were they to examine into it, they themselves would be the

first to see how great a mistake they had made. For the most advanced Spiritualists know perfectly well that there is a large amount of evil, clearly traceable to Spiritual agency, in the phenomena of modern Spiritualism ; and that many of its more prominent speakers and writers, so far from occupying a distinctively Christian position, content themselves with patronizing Christianity when they do not assail it, while they speak of it as a something which is to be finally superseded by Spiritualism. It is also but common honesty to acknowledge that many who have dabbled in Spiritualism have been injured by it : that which was intended for their good, being, by their ignorance or carelessness, converted into an evil. Now with these facts before us, and facts they are, capable of the most abundant proof, what are *they* to say and do, who profess and call themselves Spiritualists, but who at the same time feel that their highest and first allegiance is due to the Lord Jesus Christ, as the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, and the Word made flesh Who dwelt amongst us, and Whose plenary authority, in all matters of faith and duty, they could no more think of calling in question than the authority of God Almighty Himself? They are Spiritualists, simply because they cannot help being so ; but they are Christians also, and they believe that there is perfect unity between what they understand by Spiritualism and the Christianity of Jesus Christ. They are, therefore, persuaded that they can be loyal to both, although, of course, they are not prepared to defend all and everything which

Spiritualist writers and speakers and believers may have said or written or done.

With no desire, therefore, to reproach those of our fellow believers in Spiritualism whose theological attitude differs from our own, and with every desire to honour all honest differences of opinion, *we* have one thing to do and one only, to be loyal to our Master Christ, while we show, as we believe we can do, that Spiritualism is not the enemy but the friend of Christ's religion, and that we can speak of ourselves as Christian Spiritualists, without being justly liable to the imputation of trying to mingle things which are essentially opposed to each other. This Periodical will aim, first and last and always, to be distinctively Christian, in thought and word and deed, and when it can no longer take that position it will cease to be, but never till then. That it will be a pecuniary success is more than can be hoped for, but the Editor once having put his hand to the plough will not look back, and so render himself unfit for the Kingdom of God. Through evil report and good report, and in spite of any vicissitudes through which it may have to pass, the *Christian Spiritualist* will hold on its way, commended to the blessing of God Who always rewards honest endeavour, and takes care of the consequences of His own commands.

We have said that this Periodical is pledged to uphold the plenary authority of Christ, and we mean exactly and literally what we have said. We can understand, but do not sympathise with the position which *they* occupy, who claim a right of private judgment as against Christ, and suppose Him to have no greater authority to teach and rule than Plato, Shakespeare, or other mighty men of ancient and modern times. This is not the place, nor is there the least necessity, to enter into a laboured explanation and defence of the authority of Christ; while he who having brought his whole nature into contact with Christ, still feels that Christ has no such plenary authority, will remain unconvinced by anything we might say. "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself" (1. John 5, 10 v.) Where the testimony of consciousness is wanting, no amount of external evidence will supply what that inner life fails to yield.

One word about the theological relations of the Editor and Proprietor of this Periodical. He has been connected with the Unitarian

body for more than 22 years, for 16 years of which time he has been the stated Minister of three several congregations. He is a Unitarian, in the sense that he rejects all the forms of the doctrine of the Trinity known to him, and cannot, therefore, speak of himself as a Trinitarian. But he believes in the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost; while he holds, with increasing strength, to the doctrine of Christ's pre-existence, feeling sure, not only that it is taught with great clearness in the New Testament, but that it presents a fair solution of many of the difficulties which beset the Humanitarian and the Trinitarian theories of the Person and Work of Christ. This personal explanation is offered not to provoke controversy, but that there may be no just ground for misunderstanding on this subject.

The Unitarians are in no sense or degree responsible for the appearance, contents, or continuance of this Periodical, any further than any of their number may happen to sympathise with the enterprise. The responsibility rests with the Editor and Proprietor, and with him alone. If there is to be any blame, blame him; while as for praise, he does not seek it, and he is quite sure it will come to him, first or last, should he really earn it.

These are our "First Words." Our little vessel is now sent out into the open sea, with a devout prayer that the breezes of Heaven may fill its sails, and "He who sitteth upon the flood and reigneth King for ever" may be its Pilot, and at last bring it into some haven of His own choice.

HAS THE AGE OF MIRACLES PASSED AWAY?

"When the Son of Man cometh shall He find faith on the earth," sadly exclaimed the Saviour to His disciples, after setting forth vividly to them, by many images, the ever-present power and sympathy of God in the coming generations; impressing upon them that the silence was but seeming, the watchfulness real, and that when least expected the Guardian and the Avenger should be revealed. And yet he asks,—spite of all these words of warning and unveiling, of loving suggestion and of earnest entreaty; spite of "the wonders that have been, and the signs that yet shall be,"—will not men shroud themselves in the stillness, thinking it the stillness of death, heeding not the stirring embers of the altar-fires where the live coals are yet burning,

unmindful of the soft winds breathing where they will, and wafting whispers from the Land of Life; will they not declare that the Heavens are as brass above them, and, scoffing, say, "where is the promise of His coming, for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation?"

And yet this very fact might be their answer, and their condemnation. Since the creation has man ever been left to himself; has God ever ceased to teach and guide us, and love us, and yearn over us, and reveal Himself to us in ways many and manifold? Are we not in His Presence evermore, and do we not all "live and move and have our being" in Him?

It is but the smallness of man that makes him thus unable to see God, except in certain specially observable manifestations of power, which he has called "miraculous" and "supernatural." And yet, where such manifestations do occur, the first impulse of man is to reject them as impossible. Nevertheless we are surrounded by miracles, things that are amazing, pointing to which we say, "Behold, and be astonished!" Ever are we living in the supernatural, since God is above nature, guiding nature, working through nature, with eternal harmony, and without pause or possible suspension. Law within law, order emerging from chaos, creation never ceasing, life subduing death, good overcoming evil. The inspiration which has taught us to conquer nature by obeying her conditions, to annihilate space, to span oceans and to traverse them, to build cities and to dwell in them, with order, comfort, beauty, and joy, is it not as really and truly an influence and inspiration from Him, who is the Source of all wisdom and power and all knowledge, as the inspiration which sways the Prophet and the Poet, gives vision to the Seer, and virtue to the Healer?

The gifts of inspiration vary in kind, in quality, and in intention. But good gifts are they all, and precious, coming down from the Father of Lights, rays of His glory Who is Infinite, shed upon our dimness since the creation of the world, and leading us gradually back into the Morning Land and the light of perfect day.

In this our nineteenth century there is much belief in man: small faith in God. Much bringing to remembrance the glory, the triumphs, the growth and progress of humanity: much forgetfulness of the source whence flows the stream. The natural—that which can be seen, touched, heard, felt, and measured—is much magnified. The *supernatural*—that which is invisible, intangible, "the things not seen"—is forgotten, ignored, and disbelieved. And yet they abide, eternal in the Heavens. The highest things and best of all, not only are not

seen now, but never can be seen in any world! but by spiritual perception. They are, notwithstanding, the intensest realities; in one sense they are the only real and abiding things in all the universe, inasmuch as form is ever changing, spirit only is permanent and enduring. "It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh (that is to say, the body or form,) profiteth nothing," or is of small importance. Men mock at miracles because they do not understand God, and also because they do not understand themselves who are made in the image of God. God is a Spirit, or, rather, "God is Spirit" (there is no article in the original Greek). And we too are, primarily, spirits. We possess bodies, but our spirits are our very selves. The body is but the outward form in which the spirit clothes itself. Our spiritual life is infinitely more intense, real and actual than our bodily existence. Death is but a circumstance in our being. Not recognizing this, we measure all things, God's dealings, and ourselves and our possibilities, by the standard of earth and its limitations.

In the fullest and widest sense of the miraculous, and of the perpetual presence and influence of the Supernatural, no thinking person, who believed in God, would be prepared to say that the age of miracles had passed, or could pass away.

But of the continued action of what is ordinarily understood by the miraculous, there are many who doubt, and that not from want of faith in God, or from any lack of goodness and earnestness, but from several causes essentially the product of the age, and of the centuries its immediate predecessors. For the theology of our early days defined to us a miracle as an event not only out of the ordinary course of nature, but as a breach or suspension of nature's laws. Science was then in her infancy. Albeit she is still in her youth, she has grown apace, and has demonstrated clearly and unanswerably the inviolability of law. The facts she has brought to us, and which we have been bound to accept, have greatly increased our poor perceptions of the grandeur of God and the calm majesty of His steadfast rule, and shown Him to be unswayed by caprice, as He moves onwards in His might, order, and harmony. But there are some who, seeing in Him thus the Ruler, Whose laws are the expression of his changelessness, have been unable also to see in Him the Father Almighty. Their views of His greatness are honest and just, but they are very bounded. They appear unable to realise how that the Infinite must have infinite modes of expression and of revelation, and that the laws proceeding from His mighty mind and His great heart must be countless and numberless, or, perhaps, rather infinite varieties, phases, or manifestations of one grand and glorious law, power, or force.

That which appears to us a deviation from law, must be surely, seen from the stand point of God's changelessness, only the operation of another and a higher form of the great principle of universal law, one phase of which must frequently appear to interrupt, cross, and contradict another, the higher subjugating always the lower, matter continually obedient to spirit, and moulded and informed by it.

Another reason for the incredulity of the day as to the possibility of miracles occurring now in our time, arises from the materialistic and rationalistic operation of Protestantism upon the religion of Europe. The Roman Catholic Church taught ever that the powers called miraculous, the gifts of healing, inspiration, visions, and prophecy, were left by our Lord as a legacy to His Church. She taught this, as it seems to us, in accordance with the New Testament, with the Fathers of early Christianity, and with constantly recurring facts and events. The central idea of Protestantism was the individuality of the human soul, and its right of private judgment. Its tendency was to make religion and religious experience, individual and subjective. The objective side of religion was by it decided to be past and outgrown. Jacob's Ladder was drawn up again into Heaven, and the angels descended not; men's souls could yet be healed by God's influences, but their bodies could never be healed but by their own care and by the gradual increase of medical knowledge. Visions had faded, and the fountains of inspiration were dried up for ever. A living past there had been: that was admitted: but the present was dead and lifeless. A Holy Book they held indeed, but they also held that with the last of the Apostles was closed the calendar of Seers and Saints, Prophets and performers of miracles. And these are among the tendencies influencing us to-day, and making it so difficult for us to believe in present manifestations of the power, whatever it be, wherewith signs and wonders are accomplished, whose object it is to restore men's souls and bodies, bringing them back from a lost ideal into the Communion of Saints and the fellowship of God.

The strange, nameless form of etherialized physical law, by whose agency healing is effected, and subject to whose conditions visions are seen, is by some called "magnetism," and believed to be a higher form of electricity, an atmosphere finer than the denser perceptible one with which we are surrounded. This atmosphere we have in common with beings emancipated from the flesh. In it they can communicate with us, and through it they can pour upon us their influences. Some persons are peculiarly susceptible to the action of this impalpable atmosphere, and are environed with it to a far greater extent than others. To such

the Spiritual World is nearer, and communication with it easier; varying, of course, in quality with the capabilities, nature, receptive powers, and aspirations of the individual. "Some are Apostles, some Prophets. To one is given the gift of healing, to another the working of miracles, to another prophecy, to another discerning of Spirits."

With some the power is faint and feeble, with others it is strong and powerful. With some it is high and holy in its uses, and some, alas! like the false prophets of ancient time, and like Simon Magus of Apostolic days, use it for ends unholy and self-seeking. That such do in truth come into communication with the World of Spirits, equally with true and good seers or mediums, there is no question; but they have intercourse with low spheres of earthliness and selfishness. For all Spirits are not "spiritually minded." A person is not necessarily in "life and peace," because he has passed through the process we call death. We attract that which is spiritually akin to us, in our intercourse with Spirits, whether in the flesh or out of it. It is exceedingly important to remember that the ability to communicate with the invisible, the mere possession of this phase of force to which we give the vague name of magnetism, is not necessarily and in itself a holy thing. The manner of its employment alone decides its character. Consecrated to God, it is blessed and beautiful; debased and degraded it is that "witchcraft" which St. Paul denounced as one of the "works of the flesh," that is of the low and selfish principle.

If we are to believe the history, not only of the Bible but of all nations, this power, both in its good and in its evil action, has been from the beginning, and has manifested itself in both phases from time to time. There seem to have been intervals when it was less evident, and again there have been seasons when it rushed in like a flood. In the days when under the Mosaic rule the Israelites were forbidden to "seek to familiar spirits," there was evidently a "seeking to the Lord" permitted and encouraged; or, in other words, enquiry was allowed through seers and prophets who used their gifts for high and heavenly purposes. In the Gospels we read of numberless instances of the good and of the evil employment of the power by which signs and wonders are wrought. The Acts of the Apostles teems with such instances. The Epistles speak of them as facts about which there can be no doubt or question; and their writers, believing implicitly in the promises of Christ, evidently anticipated the continuance of Spiritual gifts, or the coming into conscious or unconscious contact with the unseen, in the Churches they had founded. They enjoined, most seriously and earnestly,

upon their converts the duty and importance of using them always to edification and salvation.

Now it is strange, indeed, how, in the face of these records of the past and of hope and belief in the future, traced by the hands of Apostles and Martyrs, Christian men of to-day, who devoutly receive the miracles of the Bible, can hold it as a part of their creed that the age of miracles has passed away, or can ever pass away, until the coming of Christ—whatsoever that expression may intend—and till the triumph of His kingdom. The idea of some preachers and writers, themselves men of the greatest earnestness and of high spiritual and intellectual attainments, appears to be that now that Christianity is established and prevailing, outward and sensible miracles have become unnecessary. Confirmations were they once of the supernatural origin of the religion of Christ; but they are out of place at the present hour, in a Christendom which has outgrown the need for such evidence. Miracles they argue, indeed, exist now; but they are inward and spiritual; the growth of grace in the soul, and its powerful manifestation in a life of love and holiness, being the greatest of all miracles. That such outward setting forth of the reality of supernatural influences upon the heart is an abiding testimony to God's Living Presence in our world, no Christian will deny. That this age, however, is so believing and religious as to be beyond the need of manifestations which arrest attention, which appeal to the evidence of the senses, to the merely natural and physical, it seems incredible that any man—acquainted with its character, with its avowed atheism, its rationalistic creeds, and, worse still, its practical utter indifference, its luxuries, selfishness, and materialism—can seriously maintain.

Unbelief in immortality, either latent or outspoken, prevails to an enormous extent in this land and others. If ever it was important that it should be proved to demonstration that there is something on the other side of death, surely it is so in this time of self-indulgent, philosophical incredulity. But, after all, we have not to do with what is probable and desirable. We have to deal with what exists. It is not for us to settle what is God's wisest way of educating His world: we have simply to observe and consider facts. And we maintain strenuously that He has never left either the ancient or modern Church without a witness, in the tangible perceptible shape of what we have distinguished as the miraculous, to the truth that He is a living God in the earth. After the Apostolic days, all down through the centuries, can we trace the pathway of miracles. Protestant writers have smiled scornfully at the lives and actions of the Saints; but so far as testimony can be depended on, there is as much reliable evidence for the

visions and miracles of many of these holy men and women as there is for any historical incident unhesitatingly and generally accepted by posterity.

And what is God doing now amongst us? In the midst of our Protestantism, in America and in England, there has arisen, what has seemed to some in their ignorance, a new thing in the earth, a tremendous outbreak of Spiritual phenomena. Words from the "Silent Land," communicated now by signs and sounds, now by hearing or impression, dreaming of dreams, seeing of visions, breathings of inspiration, speaking with tongues. We have given this wondrous thing, now spreading like a luminous cloud over the earth, the name of SPIRITUALISM. It interests us, it excites us, it amazes us. Will it not do more for us? Is that all its meaning and all its purpose? To arouse the indifferent, to confound the scoffer, and to convert the reverent honest sceptic, is doubtless one of its most important missions. But for us who are already Christians, has it no special teachings? Has it not come to throw light upon the venerable creeds, and life into the ancient dogmas? Has it not come to spiritualize and to vivify the Church, and to prepare it for the coming Kingdom? Has it not come to reveal hidden things, and to be a key to many mysteries, to link us with the past, and to confirm the much-questioned and half-forgotten records of antiquity?

If such be its aim and intention, let us glorify God, Who once again is visiting and refreshing His people. Let us beware how we lightly reject these present manifestations which He permits, and close our eyes upon what He is showing us of life within the veil. Let us also, such of us as have received Spiritual gifts from God, see that we use them for the glory of His name and the good of His Church, as those who must give account. Highest endowments abused and degraded become the worst of curses, and that which can raise us to Heaven is able also to sink us into hell.

"Many who walked in darkness have seen a great light." Be it our daily prayer for the spreading of the dawn till "the Sun of Righteousness shall arise," and in all the ransomed earth there shall be no night of sin and doubt and fear, any more for ever!

ALICE E. HACKER.

Prestwich, near Manchester.

THE "NONCONFORMIST" ON SPIRITUALISM.

In a recent number of the *Nonconformist*, there was a review of *Noyes' History of American Socialism*, in which the reviewer remarked on the peculiar manner in which Socialistic Spiritualism

has changed the literature of America. The review contains the following remarks, which are worthy of repetition, as coming from such a source :—

"Now we conceive it is the admission of some such mysterious ground as this, of a real and prevailing ministry of the Spiritual or unseen world over the visible and natural world, in its little as well as its greater affairs, which the Spiritualists are in the first instance so desirous to elicit from us. We see nothing so unreasonable in the demand, that we should be dubbed weak minded or over credulous, if we do not at once sneer at and ridicule the beliefs of the Spiritualists, however much we may sometime deprecate and doubt the wisdom of the form and manner of the revelations. In a certain way all really devout and reverent men have believed in the ministry of spirits, of angels both good and bad. From Tauler to J. H. Newman, the belief has been common, and with souls of more sensitive or mystic temper it was no mere article of a formal creed, but a vital and operative belief, clearing the whole ground of their spiritual life. In the system of Swedenborg it was reduced to definite law, and a whole cosmogony and metaphysic based upon it. The unseen world was the only real world, and to the spiritual sense that real sphere lay open. This is only the old Biblical faith, which was revived in most effective form when Christianity was introduced into the world. But Swedenborg did not say that the best and highest manifestations of spirit life were the most outward and tangible, those which actually force reluctant belief by raps and touches and scraps of writing. On the Swedenborgian principle this would be the lowest form of appeal to the materialized and sense ridden, the spirits only condescending to such manifestation for needful attestation of themselves. This too is to be borne in mind when we say, as we have said, that Swedenborg has proved a potent generator of modern Spiritualism."

This is fair play. We ask no more.

PROTESTANT EXORCISM.

The following facts are commended to the attention of such of the clergy and laity of the Church of England as think it a pious duty to hold aloof from Spiritualism, and condemn it as an imposture, or a diabolical agency.

In Edward the Sixth's first Prayer Book, printed in Fleet Street, at the Sign of the Sun, by Edward Whitchurch, on the 4th of May, 1549, the following words occur in the Baptismal Service, the children having been signed with the cross, but not yet baptised.

"Then let the Priest, looking upon the children, say :—
I command thee, unclean Spirit, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, that thou come out and depart from these infants, whom our Lord Jesus Christ hath vouchsafed to call to His Holy Baptism, to be made members of His body and of His holy congregation. Therefore, thou cursed Spirit, remember thy sentence, remember thy judgment, remember the day to be at hand, wherein thou shalt burn in fire everlasting, prepared for thee and thy angels, and presume not hereafter to exercise any tyranny towards these infants, whom Christ hath bought with His precious blood, and by this, His Holy Baptism, calleth to be of His flock."

This extract is omitted in the Prayer Book of 1552, throughout which the word "priest" is replaced by the word "minister," and the signing with the cross is postponed to Baptism.

In Canon 72 (1604) there are these words :—

"Neither shall any Minister, not licensed as aforesaid (by the Bishop of the Diocese under his hand and seal), presume to attempt, under any pretence whatever, either

of possession, or by fasting and prayer, to cast out any devil or devils, under pain of the imputation of imposture, or cozenage, and deposition from the Ministry."

Perhaps some of our Church friends will be kind enough to explain how it is that these directions were given at one time, and are now altogether neglected and practically denied ?

WAS IT A DREAM, OR WHAT?

RELATED BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"It is a great pity, my dear, that a man of his wealth—which, after all, *is* influence—should lead such a life, and at his age, too! Oh, he *is* a bad man!"

"It is very fearful," replied the rector; "I wish I had never accepted the living. It is so difficult to know how to act; and all owing to that one parishioner."

The wind howled wickedly in the great chimney beside which the rector of — (but I promised not to divulge the name of the rector, or of the parish where what I am about to relate occurred, some forty years ago, for reasons that must also remain secret)—let it be told then that the wind howled wickedly in the great chimney; and that, after the good minister had expressed his regret, which was perfectly sincere, that he had accepted the living, the clock struck ten; and, as family prayer was over, and the servants had gone to bed, the rector and his wife agreed that it was time they also retired to rest.

It was a wild night. The roaring of the waves, as they chafed against the rocks, mingled with the howling wind; and if the wind lulled for a minute, the sea roared all the louder. The rector paused to secure the hall-door more firmly against the tempest, by trying to put up a chain which had not been moved since the door was painted, and was found fastened to the door-post by repeated coats of stout paint. They then wisely agreed (they had the happy habit of agreeing in all small matters—in domestic life great ones adjust themselves) that the door was safe as it was. While proceeding up the stairs of the old-fashioned rectory, they renewed their conversation.

"He is much worse since the death of his wife," said the lady.

"Of course, he is, my dear; his evil passions have now no check; and yet I cannot regret that the poor lady is at rest."

"But is she at rest, Hardwicke?" inquired the wife, placing her hand on the banister, and looking into her husband's face.

"I have reason to believe so, my dear. Why not?"

"They say she has been seen near the pond——"

"Martha!" interrupted the rector, "I am ashamed of you. You ought to be the first to check such idle talk. Did you see that poor girl this evening?"

"I did; but I do not know what to make of her. She is exceedingly pretty, young, and very simple—in fact, such a child that, villain though he is, I can hardly imagine a man at his time of life gaining the affections of one who is about the age of his grand-daughter."

The rector sighed and shook his head.

"At all events, I could get nothing out of her."

"No great proof of her simplicity, my dear."

"I will not say that. It was certainly a proof of obstinacy. All she declared was, that she did not like dressmaking, and would go home to her own people; her sister was cross, and she would not live with her sister."

"Do you think the report is true?"

"Indeed, my dear, I fear so. She looks like it, poor thing! Once or twice a triumphant expression came over her face, succeeded by the obstinate, dogged look which so clouds her beauty; and she repeated she would go—she would go, and no one should know where she would go!"

"Poor child!" murmured the rector. "Another victim; how will it all end?" And then, after a pause, he added, "My dear, it's a bad world."

"Very," said his wife, looking affectionately in his face; "very; and I do wonder at it—you take such pains with the people."

"God bless you, Martha, for believing in me," he replied, as he closed the door.

The next morning, when the following events became matters of serious inquiry, the rector and his wife declared they went immediately to bed, and did not hear the clock strike eleven that night; but the rector said that he did hear the clock strike twelve, and believed he again fell asleep, and was awoke immediately after by some one who stood by his bed-side, and told him to get up at once and go to the churchyard; that he fancied it was a dream, and again fell asleep; that again he was awoke, and this time distinctly saw a form passing from their bed-side—he believed the form of a woman; and he also believed that she had told him he must go immediately to the churchyard. Upon this he awoke his wife, and told her that twice he had been disturbed, either by a dream or a supernatural appearance, and directed to go to the churchyard. She replied, it was all fancy; repeated a few words of prayer, and, strangely enough, in a very short time both were again asleep; but it would seem that their sleep only lasted a few moments; both heard a step in the room; both were conscious of a “presence;” both heard the words, “Go at once to the churchyard,”—“at once to the churchyard,” and the form vanished. Both agreed that the command must be obeyed; the wife observed that the wind had abated, that, though dark, the night was calm, and that she would go with her husband; he should not go alone. That determination he stoutly resisted, but, to soothe and satisfy her, promised he would call up the sexton and take him with him. Calmed by this assurance, she prepared a dark lantern, and prevailed on him to take a stout stick in his hand. She then placed her candle on the table, and, drawing it to the bedside, opened the volume where she always sought and found strength, and prayed that he might be protected on his mysterious errand. She wondered she was not nervous, but she continued quite calm.

The rector went his way to the sexton's cottage; told him he must accompany him, and why.

Now you must understand that at that time one of the sides of the churchyard was, as now, overshadowed by noble trees, and a narrow lane running beside the church wall was terminated by an iron gate which was never fastened; the porch, and, so to say, the front of the church, was shut in by the backs of several houses that have long since been removed, but a gate led to the porch, and the churchyard was of so peculiar a shape that the body of the church intervened and prevented the windows at the back of the houses from commanding a view of the trees; the windows, in fact, overlooked the church. The rector determined to go up the narrow lane, and directed the sexton to enter at the porch gate, come softly round the church, and then meet him at the opposite side. That arrangement gave the rector the lonely part of the churchyard to traverse. The sexton was close to the houses. The rector went cautiously on; but before he got into the churchyard he thought he heard a noise, as if a spade full of clay was dug and placed on the grass. Again the same sound was repeated, he had no doubt it came from behind a particular tree; he strained his eyes, but could see nothing; yet the peculiar sound, which, though well known, it is impossible to describe, of the spade descending into stiff clay, was repeated and repeated; once there was a flash and a click, the spade had struck fire from flint. The rector waited for the sexton; he believed that some “body-snatchers” were busy with the dead, and did not like to encounter them alone. In a moment or two he came, and they crept on, one after the other, towards the particular tree. The night had become so still, that they not only heard the spade, but the movement of the digger in the grave, as he turned, and once canted a skull—the sexton knew its sound—out on the earth. Once also there was a suppressed but sharp cough, and a low wheezing, as if the man felt the labour hard. Both the rector and the sexton turned involuntarily half round, each to the other—they had heard that cough before. They advanced with still greater caution, and stood on the brink of the grave before they were perceived. Then the gravedigger paused, and whispered, “Hush! Mary, is that you?” And scrambling up the side, before he had time to repeat his question, he was seized by the watchers, and the light of the lantern, turned full upon him, revealed the features of the “bad man,” who had formed the subject of the conversation between the rector and his wife before they retired to rest. The

person thus discovered was greatly agitated, and made strong efforts to escape; but they secured him in the vestry, and while the rector was endeavouring to force him to account for his singular employment, his attention was arrested by a tap at the vestry-window. That agitated the prisoner still more; he entreated the rector not to mind it, that it was only the bough of a tree, or the flap of a bird's wing—a bird attracted by the light; the clergyman heeded him not. Leaving the sexton in charge, and locking the vestry-door, he went to the porch, and there, all smiles and blushes, stood the young girl of whom he and his wife had spoken.

“What do you want at this unreasonable hour?” inquired the clergyman. She hung her head; and then, after a coy sort of pause, answered, “Sure, an' indeed your reverence knows, for HE told me he could not marry me by daylight because of the talking, but that if I came alone at one o'clock this night, coming by the back and waiting, he would meet me, and have your reverence ready, and keep his word faithfully, and make me his wife; and, sure, here is your reverence, and I heard his voice in the vestry.”

The “bad man,” when confronted with the poor betrayed girl, fiercely denied that he knew her, or had ever appointed the meeting; her agony was piteous; she reminded him of the circumstance which led to her destruction, showed the brooch he had given her, and the earrings she was not to wear until he “made her a lady,” and frantically demanded how she was “to meet her mother?”

The scene, the clergyman often declared, was the most painful he had ever witnessed. He showed the girl the grave, and did not hesitate to say for what purpose he believed it had been dug, and to tell her how grateful she ought to feel to the Almighty, that two lives had been preserved by the interposition of a POWER, especially delegated to save her and her unborn child, and, it might be, to give a hoary-headed sinner time to repent his meditated crime; but the “hoary-headed sinner,” when his first terror and confusion subsided, dared the rector to prove anything against him. He was just where he was before; perhaps he intended to shoot his old hound and bury her in “consecrated ground;” perhaps he chose to dig in the churchyard, because he could not sleep; perhaps he, too, “had a dream,” and dreamt of the gold which every one knew was “concealed in all the churchyards,” “Nothing could be proved against him—who would believe the oath of a whining wench?” All this time the poor weeping girl endeavoured to plead her cause, and entreated the clergyman to see “justice done her,” but it was in vain; the old villain made as if he had never known her, and abandoned her as he had others to disgrace and desertion.

The clergyman felt more than common interest in the life he had unquestionably been made the means of preserving; and his wife in after time, when speaking of the girl, said her “care of the poor creature had not been thrown away.” As to the man, his career of crime was terminated by insanity; but the circumstance is remembered to this day in the town, which I must not name, and frequently alluded to by some as one of the unquestioned proofs of spirit influence in mundane matters; by others, as a “very remarkable dream.”

A GIFT WITHDRAWN.

ON Saturday afternoon, October 1st, 1870, I was sitting with my hand upon the Indicator, together with the hand of Miss Sarah Ridout Wreford, when a message, purporting to come from a very dear departed friend of both of us, was spelt out. The following is the latter part of the message, which I give *verbatim et literatim*, leaving my readers to judge it as they please:

“And now for a real surprise. This is the

first of October. From this date, your healing power will leave you for ever. It was granted to you, through Dr. Newton, as a reward for him; but especially as a trial of your own faith. The ends contemplated have been fully answered, and the power ceases. It only remains for your will to say, 'Behold, the servant of the Lord, be it according to Thy word.' Publish this part of the message in your new Periodical. It will be sneered at, but never mind; for 'greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world.' Celestials always pity all sneerers. Enough for this time. I must go."

When I first became conscious, by actual experiment, of the possession of healing power, I made it a matter of very earnest and definite prayer to God that I might not be lifted up by its possession, nor depressed should He be pleased to withdraw it from me, and that in my every use of it my eye might be kept "single," and my heart have no anxieties about consequences. That prayer was answered to the full, and I now resign the power delegated to me for the past two years without a solitary regret, and with a quiet consciousness that while I had it I used it righteously.

F. R. YOUNG.

"I BELIEVE IN—THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS."

ON Wednesday, November 30, 1870, the parish church of Broad Blunsdon, near Swindon, Wiltshire, having undergone a thorough restoration, was re-opened; when a sermon was preached by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. The right reverend prelate, in the course of a very earnest and appropriate discourse, is reported by the *North Wills Herald* of December 3 to have expressed himself in the following significant manner; and, considering how cautious, even to timidity, are the utterances of the episcopal mind, we (believers in modern Spiritualism) may well be thankful for what Dr. Ellicott has here actually said:

The third and highest reason, said his Lordship, why all christian people were careful to observe these festivals (it happened to be St. Andrew's day) was that they thereby declared their belief in the fundamental doctrine of the communion of saints. What, however, was the nature of that communion? He knew it had been asked by theologians whether there was any reality in the communion of saints. No doubt it was a question of the deepest interest, and one which ought to be answered. First of all had they not reason to think that there may be some communion at any rate as far as sympathy and aspiration go? The fact was there had been too long a Sadducean tone with regard to opinions on the subject of those who had gone before; but we were gradually altering our sentiments on this subject. By degrees, no doubt, we were feeling our way to better truths. When some dear one is taken from us, is it not a most sustaining thought in our trouble and sorrow that a bond of blessed sympathy is established with the holy and faithful and true that are now in paradise? How blessed it was to

declare that they, worshipping in these lower regions, are bound up in mystic sympathy with the holy that are gone before. The right rev. prelate then asked whether there was communion in prayer. He said he was sure there was in praise, and quoted the hymn the congregation had just sung in support of the assertion, and as to the question whether there could be communion in prayer such a fact could hardly be doubted when they took into consideration some of those mystic intimations they found in the last books of the New Testament. One prayer there certainly was that was known to them, and which was also known to those who had gone beyond the veil. He need not say it was that prayer in which they besought the Redeemer to hasten His coming and His kingdom. There were a few mystic prayers in the book of Revelation, of how supplication is ever ascending from those who have borne the name of their Master and died for His sake. There were voices even now rising from beneath the altar crying "how long, how long," and surely such was the deepest and truest prayer of us here below. Every time they said "Thy kingdom come," they were uniting with the church in Paradise—the praying and waiting church. Might they look further? Here they were brought to the last and most difficult part of the question. The great question was—Is there any further sympathy? May there be any further connection, or to put the question in a simple way, can we pray for them? Can they pray for us? No doubt this question was a most difficult one, and fortunately in all respects a most unpractical one. Perhaps it would be better to limit the question in this way. What would seem to be the wish of the Church of England upon this point? He alluded to it, because it might be one of the questions brought before them, inasmuch as it had formed the subject of recent debates. They might hear more of it, and it might be well for them, as far as they could, to form their judgment. What, then, would seem to be the judgment of the Church of England? The judgment of the Church of England was that which had ever marked her. It was the judgment of wisdom—wisdom coupled with moderation. She never intrudes into those things that lie beyond, and which eye has not seen. Then, again, one of their prayers was a public prayer in which they claimed communion with those who were gone before, praying that they might attain to a better resurrection, but there the Church wisely stopped. No doubt in the early Church there was a habit of praying for those who were gone before, but in terms which, it was right to say, were singularly crude. The prayers of the second and third centuries were for a better resurrection—that those who had departed in the fear of the Lord might pass from stage to stage in His heavenly kingdom. But since then these simple prayers became dangerously modified, and all could remember the manner in which these doctrines became perverted most dangerously. Such being the case, he would recommend them to turn their eyes from such things as those they could never fathom in thought, and rest simply satisfied with the statements of the Holy Scripture. They had that day joined in praise and prayer, and it was indeed a blessed thing to find that their poor voices might at times be mingled with those of saints, and of angels, and of archangels of God. But there they would do wise to stop. In using those words he did not seek to modify what had already been laid down by the Church of England. His simple counsel was, to those who wished to go further into the question, be content to stop where the Church of England has been content to stop, and to pass no decided opinion on the subject. Let them in these things strive more and more to be true and loyal children of the Church of England. Days of trial were perhaps coming upon them, not only with respect to doctrines such as these, but in many ways—times in which the future will be sifted and tried, and it ought to be the prayer of every earnest man that they should be enabled to follow the blessed line marked out for them in their Book of Common Prayer, by which they would find rest for their souls. In that book, rightly interpreted in regard to its doctrines, there was much to satisfy every earnest and truth-seeking heart. But there was a veil beyond which it was imprudent and dangerous to pass. Let them, therefore, in speaking of the subject of the commemoration of saints, be satisfied with the general outline he had placed before them, and let them pray God that they may more and more follow their example, that at the end of this fitful life they might be united with saints and

martyrs, the confessors, the holy, the faithful and true, and be permitted to form a portion of that great company—that company of all nations and kindreds, who stand round the Lamb and offer to Him homage and adoration.

That our Spiritualist readers may interpret these words in a generous spirit, they must bear in mind that Dr. Ellicott has not *avowed* himself, in any formal and public manner, a believer in modern Spiritualism, and is therefore to be judged by his own standard, not by ours.

WHAT IS A SCIENTIFIC THEOLOGY?

“It is a theology which, unwarpd by any preconceived theories, undaunted by any extraneous dread, makes *truth* its single object. So much, surely, is involved in the very notion of science,—hardly less than this, in any conception which it is possible to form of theology at all. And yet, what more striking contrast can there be than between the majestic march of scientific discovery, and the alternate ebb and flow of theological belief; between the irresistible appeal which the fundamental truths of the one make to the reason, and the shew of braggart authority with which the creeds of the other seek to coerce the conscience; between the calm investigation which heralds and accompanies the triumphs of the one, and the eager struggles of controversy which obscure the victories of the other; between the joy with which the philosopher welcomes a fresh opportunity of insight into scientific truth, and the fear and distrust which the theologian feels when a new principle is forced upon his acceptance? A clergyman finds, after turning his back again and again upon unwelcome evidence, that the Bible is not what he has thought it to be from the day at which he first opened it for himself: he bows his head in speechless sorrow; the very sunlight is darkened to his eyes; the foundations of the world reel beneath his feet. A chemist gathers up indications of fact which less watchful eyes would have passed by; pursues for months a patient track of investigation; arrives at last at the certainty of a law which corrects many ancient misconceptions; and, if he be a devout man, blesses God with his whole heart that he has been chosen to reveal this mystery of creation. Where, then, the root of this difference? The man of science seeks Truth for herself alone; he is practically convinced, even though he may not be able to express his conviction, that the search for truth is a purely intellectual process; he knows that the moral considerations involved in it are of a simply corrective kind,—standing guard, as it were, against unauthorized intrusion, and securing for his mental powers free scope and fair play. There is a kind of error to which he is still liable under the influence of foregone conclusions; he may observe facts incorrectly, or make inferences from insufficient premisses; but he has not in his mind the least vestige of a conviction that there can be any better, safer, more advantageous end of his investigation than Truth; and his deepest desire is to know the thing that is in God's universe. But in what shape does Truth present herself to the theologian, as theology is now studied in England? Not as that fair and glorious Presence imagined by the old Hebrew sage,—who

was with God ‘as one brought up with Him’ who was ‘daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him,’ and who could therefore cry to the sons of men, ‘Whoso findeth me, findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord,’—but a stern goddess, demanding of the votaries whom an unhappy restlessness of speculation has driven to her feet, the renunciation of old friendships, the abandonment of a happy place and work in the church, the substitution for unquestioning faith of a new belief ever perplexed with fear of change, and, worse than all, a pilgrimage from the calm sunshine of God's love into a region only doubtfully illumined by His presence,—a region where the gleams from the place of eternal wrath fitfully glare and pass. And so men ask themselves, not what is true, but what is safe; not what approves itself to their own reason, but what good men agree to believe; they exorcise Doubt, the mother and nurse of Truth, as if she were the evil one seeking possession of their souls, and implore orthodoxy, the creature of their own wayward imagination, to lead them to the presence of God.”—From “*Duties and Hopes*,” a Sermon by Charles Beard, B.A., published by E. T. Whitfield, 178 Strand, London.

GOD AND MAN DRAWING NIGH TO EACH OTHER.

“God is a spirit; man has a spirit; both, *Now*; both, *Here*; and shall they never meet? shall they remain without exchange of looks? shall nothing break the seal of eternal silence? is there really love between them, and thought, and purpose, and yet all recognition dumb? Why tell us of God's Omniscience, if it only sleeps around us like dead space, or at most lies watching, like a sentinel of the universe, not free to stir? Who could ever pray to this motionless Immensity? who weeps his griefs to rest on a Pity so secret and reserved? Surely if He is a Living Mind, he not merely remains over from a Divine Past, to appear again in a Divine Future, but moves through the immediate hours, and awakens a thousand sanctities to-day. Urged by such questionings as these, men of meditative piety have thirsted for conscious communion with the all-Holy; communion *both ways*; appeal and response; a crossing line of light from eye to eye; a quiet walk with God, where all the dust of life turns, at his approach, into the green meadow, and its flat pools into the gliding waters. They have retired *within* to meet him; have believed that all is not ours that it is ours to feel; that there is Grace of His mingling with the inner fibres of our nature, and flinging in, across the constant warp of our personality, flying tints of deeper beauty, and hints of a pattern more divine. And all have agreed, that, in order to reach this Holy Spirit, and through its vivifying touch be ‘born again,’ the one thing needful is a stripping off of self, an abandonment of personal desire and will, a return to simplicity, and a docile listening to the whispers spontaneous from God. They find all sin to be arising up of self; all return to holiness and peace arising down from self, a free surrender of the soul—that asks nothing, possesses nothing, that relaxes every rigid strain, and is pliant to go

whither the highest Will may lead. Nature, of her own foolishness, ever goes astray in her quest of divine things; wandering away in flights of labouring Reason to find her God; panting with over-plied resolve to do her work; scheming rules, and artifices, and bonds of union for forming her individuals into a Church. Reverse all this, and fall back on the centre of the Spirit, instead of pressing out in all *radii* of your own. Let intellect droop her ambitious wing, and come home; there, in the inmost room of conscience, God seeks you all the while. Lash your wearied strength no more; sit low and weak upon the ground, with loving readiness hitherward or thitherward, and you shall be taken through your work with a sevenfold strength that has no effort in it. Leave yourself awhile in utter solitude, shut out all thoughts of other men, yield up whatever intervenes, though it be the thinnest film, between your soul and God; and in this absolute loneliness, the germ of a holy society will of itself appear; a temper of sympathy and mercy, trustful and gentle, suffuses itself through the whole mind; though you have seen no one, you have met all; and are girt for any errand of service that love may find. So, then, if there be twenty or a thousand in this case, their wills would flow together of their own accord, and find themselves in brotherhood without a plan at all."—*Martineau's Studies of Christianity*, page 407.

THE HOPE OF THE AGE.

"Hero Worship," if you will,—yes, friends; but, first of all, by being ourselves of heroic mind. A whole world of Heroes; a world not of flunkies, where no Hero King can reign: this is what we aim at!—*Carlyle's Past and Present*, Page 97.

"The world wants men of *large and comprehensive charity*; men whose great aim is to do good to all, men who are willing that others should enjoy the rights of manhood and the liberty of thought they claim for themselves, good Samaritans to whom the plea of suffering is sufficient, and who wait not to hear the Shibboleth of party ere they recognise the voice of brotherhood.

"The world wants men of *self-reliance*; men who look up indeed in reverent dependence and thankfulness to the Great Source of wisdom and strength, but who go forth to do their own part manfully, not with whining and despairing cry that they can do nothing, and begging of every one to help them; men who act on the principle that they can only expect God's help as supplemental to their own, men who feel they have the power, if they choose to exert it, of accomplishing success;—men, in fact, who cannot bear the degradation of being paupers in God's universe, but who are resolved whatsoever their hand findeth to do, to do it with their might.

"The world wants *earnest men*;—not easy, self-indulgent followers of fashion and appetite, but men of heart, men of war to do good battle with evil, men who, in reference to wrong doing, are resolved (however painful the task) not to bring peace; but a sword—unflinching men, whose motto is 'persevere unto death.'

"The world wants *men of principle*, men who have power to form a judgment of their own;—

who, after due consideration, having arrived at conviction, have faith in their conviction in the face of popular opposition, as well as in the chamber of retired thought; men who have faith in truth, and can bide its time; men who, while they desire to live in good fellowship with all, will swerve not from duty for any; men who, though interest invites and affection pleads, say 'No, I will maintain my integrity so long as I live.'

"The world wants, finally, *men of faith*;—not those who despair of, or despise, every enterprise of human good, saying 'it is useless; evils have existed, and, do what you may, they will exist,'—but men who believe in God, in the supremacy of His government, and in the reality of His wisdom, power, and goodness, men who have confidence in truth, that it is mighty and will prevail, who have confidence, finally, in man, and believe him capable of progress in whatever is just, and true, and holy, and good.'

"These, these are the men the world now needs. These are the men the world will yet have. These are the prophets of God,—the bearers of the sacred cross,—the heirs of the crown of glory! These are they who shall yet sing the psalm of redeemed humanity! Who desires not in fervent aspiration, and prayer, and work, to be associated with the sacred band?"—*Temperance Advocates' Circular*: No. 1.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM DR. J. R. NEWTON.

To the Editor of the "*Christian Spiritualist*."

23, Harrison Avenue, Boston, Oct. 24, 1870.

To the Rev. F. R. Young.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Yours of 4th instant is to hand. I am always pleased to hear from you. You say that I should have stayed longer in England. I fully agree with you, and would have done so, but I had news from my family that my daughter was very sick with hemorrhage of the lungs, and would barely live for me to get there. I arrived to see her alive, but past all hope of recovery. This, with the loss of a son after I left home, depressed me in spirit, and, possibly, affected my power to heal, and caused me to go home sooner than I would.

I wish to make myself understood to you of my belief of Jesus and His teachings. I do not think we differ widely. I believe that he was endowed with power from the Father as none other ever was, that love in and through Him was God manifest in the flesh, for "God is love," that his life and teachings are higher than other mortals can ever attain on earth, but that we can inspire and try to be and do like him. I also believe he may be a Saviour to any and all who will follow and live his teachings. So far as mankind become better and holier through his example so far is Jesus their Saviour, and no farther.

I do not believe in his miraculous conception,

as it is not in accordance with my reason, neither can I believe in his vicarious atonement for the sins of others. I do believe in living a practical Christian life, and in eternal progress, and that as man is an emanation from the Divine Father even so not a human soul can ever be lost.

I have your prospectus for a new Spiritual paper, or Periodical. I am glad to see it, and hope you will be well sustained in the good work, and that you will be a bold expounder in spirit as well as in letter. You may expect persecution, for their fathers did so before them, and they have ever persecuted every good man and good work. So fear not.

I hope, good brother, you will not relax your efforts to heal the sick by the laying on of hands. You will find that the more you do in this, the more power you will have. [Another article in this number will show that Mr. Young's healing power has been withdrawn.] I wish you to get a book called "Mental Cure," by W. F. Evans, lately re-published in England. It contains the principles of Spiritualism and the cure of disease as I practise far better than I can explain myself.

Give my love to all your dear family. Dear brother, but for you I would never have made my last visit to England, which I believe will be productive of more good than any effort of my life. My reception in England and the continued kindness from all with whom I came in contact were far more than I could have expected, and I shall ever bless England and the people. May God and the good Angels ever bless you and yours. Very sincerely your friend,
J. R. NEWTON, M.D.

[I purposely abstain from any comment upon this letter from my good friend, Dr. Newton, because, although we differ so widely on matters theological, it is only right that his own words should be left to make their fair impression. The letter itself is now printed as a proof that the friendship formed in May, 1868, continues undiminished, and that my refusal to join in public demonstrations in England made in honor of Dr. Newton, proceeded from no lack of sympathy with him. As for its proceeding from any remnant of cowardice, those who know me best will laugh at so absurd an idea.—F. R. YOUNG.]

To the Editor of the "Christian Spiritualist."

On the 2nd of December, 1870, being papa's birthday and that of my nephew Charlie Warren, I held a *séance*, at which were present Mrs. Guppy, Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Tebb, Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, Mrs. Pearson, Miss Neyland, and myself. Mrs. Everitt had been to see my drawings on Wednesday, because my Spirit friends require that those who are to be present at a *séance* at

my house should have been harmonised into the atmosphere by a previous visit, but they allowed her to represent her husband (the two being one), he being just then much engaged.

Before the light was extinguished, the table was quite lifted from the ground, and gently floated backwards and forwards, as if in greeting, but was quietly lowered as we commenced the Lord's Prayer, to which they, as usual, responded at the conclusion. Miss Neyland saw mamma, my brother Clarence, and my nephew near me, and when I asked who had touched my hand, she said, "The young girl," meaning Mrs. Ramsay's daughter Môttee, who had been grating the pearl ring (her own emblem) on my finger. She also saw General Ramsay by the side of Mrs. Ramsay, and other Spirit friends near the different guests.

By the alphabet, I was desired to wish for any thing I liked, but they said they would not be able to bring me my nephew's turquoise pin, sunk in the Carnatic, so I asked for something from the sea. In a short time Mrs. Guppy said she had been touched by a wet hand, requesting me to feel the back of her hand, which was quite wet; we then heard the fall of something small on the table, and then a shell (five inches by four) was placed in my hand, and we were permitted to light the candle to examine it, and we found that what we had heard drop was a small shell. Miss Neyland said it had been brought by my nephew, who had been drowned.

At intervals in the evening, we all saw Spirit lights, like small stars.

We heard our invisible friends busily occupied with the pencils and sheets of paper, and there were presently unmistakable sounds that they were drawing. By raps they then spelled out, "We will finish afterwards," and let us have a light to see what was done. On the lower part was a slight sketch of me, with my hands uplifted in prayer (the attitude in which they had represented me in a direct drawing they had done for me at Mrs. Guppy's about two years and a half ago), two winged Spirits, in profile, were floating above me, one of whom had the hands pointing upwards, but the other was bending down towards me, with the hand just above my head; and while we were all eagerly looking at the drawing, Mrs. Tebb told me that in the second figure she recognised the face of the Spirit whom she had seen with me in the vision she had had ten days before, and whose touch had so transfigured me that it had startled her.* There was some red colour used in the drawing, besides the lead pencil, which said colour the invisible artists themselves provided.

* In a letter from Mrs. Tebb, dated November 24th, she said, "Last night I had a distinct vision of you sitting at the table in your drawing-room, with a company of your Spirit friends about you; you seemed to be writing—."

We put out the light, when they again began to work, and we sang the Evening Hymn, for which I had previously had directions. When next we were allowed to see the drawing, a third figure (in full face) had been added above the others, and the drawing had been all more worked upon. I asked if they would, in the course of the evening, give some interpretation of its meaning, to which they consented. There were now sounds as if pieces of paper were being gently torn, and we had the message, "Put the drawing away." They had torn a triangular piece from each of the four corners, which pieces (not quite equal in size) they had distributed severally to Mrs. Guppy, Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Tebb, and myself, who were seated together, signifying thereby that we each possessed a portion of the direct drawing mediumship.

We next heard some writing, and it was a message from papa to Mrs. Ramsay, but it was written in separate letters downwards, forming two columns, "My dear madam, I love you; God bless you." Another hand was now at work, and it was curious in the dark to note the difference of sound, characteristic of the various productions; those we now heard were evidently long, bold strokes, and the result was a very rough outline of a rock, a vessel, and waves; a companion sketch was then done of a rock, the waves, and below *them*, the word Charley! By the alphabet we were then told to "Go, refresh." So we adjourned to the next room, but before our return Mr. Everitt suggested that for Mrs. Everitt's manifestations it might be needed to make some re-arrangement of the sitters, which was done according to the directions he received after we were again seated.

By the alphabet we were told to "Read Ezekiel, 8th chapter, 3rd verse: 'And he put forth the form of an hand, and took me by a lock of mine head; and the Spirit lifted me up between the earth and the heaven, and brought me in the visions of God to Jerusalem to the door of the inner gate that looketh towards the north.'" We were then directed to Ezekiel, 11th chapter, 1st verse: "Moreover the Spirit lifted me up, and brought me to the east gate of the Lord's house, which looketh eastward; and

... Another passed his hand over your head, and looked at you very lovingly, and then you raised your head, having felt the pressure; and in a moment your face looked white and shining, like those of the Spirits, and the change in you frightened me so much that I roused myself, and almost immediately the clock struck the half-hour past eleven. . . . I have thought of you all the morning with some solicitude."

At the time mentioned, I was engaged as she said, with papers and writing, and was able to corroborate many of the details mentioned, having likewise noticed the time that I had felt the signals of different Spirit friends; also that it must have been St. John whose touch had changed the expression of my countenance, for I had felt his sign more strongly than usual, and he had impressed me that it was with reference to my forthcoming *séance*.

behold at the door of the gate five-and-twenty men; among whom I saw Jaazaniah the son of Azur, and Pilatiah the son of Benaiah, princes of the people." And finally to Acts, 2nd chapter, first four verses: "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rustling mighty wind, and it filled the house where they were sitting. And then appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

The verses from Ezekiel gave the promised interpretation of the drawing, which is yet more significant from Mrs. Tebb's previous vision, and my corroboration of it, which prove that the Spirit who with his tender hand is leading me upwards to the New Jerusalem is St. John, who in the Apocalypse was permitted to describe it.

We received an injunction to "Pray," and Mr. Everitt was selected to offer up a petition for us, which he did with much fervour.

We then sang another hymn. Delicious wafts of perfume were brought. The tubes were lifted about, and efforts were made to speak, but the whispers were too faint for us to distinguish words. Mrs. Ramsay felt her Spirit friends busy among the things in her pocket, some of which were taken out, and her spectacles were removed from the case, but with great care, so as not to disturb the triangular piece of paper, which she had laid there. After a time, the spectacles were restored to their place, but the manifestation had reference to a similar occurrence, when General Ramsay (who now did it) had, shortly after his entrance into the Spirit world, treated in somewhat the same way the spectacles of Mrs. Ramsay's cousin, who within the last two or three weeks has likewise passed away. Mrs. Ramsay's handkerchief, knotted up, was brought back to her, and Mrs. Guppy exclaimed that they had brought her something which, although not alive, felt almost like a little mouse, it was so soft and tender, but Mrs. Ramsay thought it was her glove, which had been taken from her; and when we had the light, we found it was so, and that they had so knotted and twisted it that they had formed it into the likeness of a little black rabbit, the ears being made of the finger-tips, with the two buttons for eyes, and there was a glimpse of two little feet. Mrs. Guppy regretted that she should have to give it up, for she says the Spirits never bring anything for her; but Mrs. Ramsay told her that of course she *must* keep it, as it had been given to her. Mrs. Ramsay's handkerchief had been tied so as to form a well-proportioned figure of the Cross.

Directions were then given that Mrs. Guppy and Miss Neyland should leave the circle, and

take seats on opposite sides of the fire-place ; and the *moment* they were seated, the light was extinguished by the Spirits. We enquired if they were comfortable, but no answer was returned, for in that same instant they were both entranced. In a short time, without having heard any sound of footsteps, I felt Mrs. Guppy place her arm round me, and, influenced by my nephew, utter the words, "Dearest auntie, I am here ; I am not drowned." After a little more conversation, she was in the same way led to Mrs. Ramsay, under the General's influence, then to Mrs. Pearson by her mother, also to Mr. Everitt ; then to Mrs. Tebb, who had a communication from an uncle, lately deceased, and for whom a message had been given in this room through herself, by his son's Spirit, which message he never received, as it had been returned to her through the post-office from America ; but he said he could now read the message where it had been given. Mrs. Everitt was told by some Spirit friend of her's that she had not followed some directions that had been given her, but that she ought always to heed the advice from the unseen world. She could not at first remember what was alluded to, but afterwards she did. Mrs. Guppy then returned to her place, and Miss Neyland was heard speaking to seven Spirits whom she saw, but she did not say much, and we did not like to question her, as her trance seemed so deep. I now felt something being passed over my head into my hands, and I immediately recognised it for papa's picture, which he had brought to me from its place on the wall, as if to intimate that he wished in person to return thanks for our having kept his birthday.

Just then Mrs. Guppy awoke, and was surprised at Miss Neyland's being entranced, and still more so that she had been so herself. "But where are my boots?" she exclaimed, for they were gone from off her feet, which accounted for the noiselessness of her movements.

Mrs. Everitt was now in a trance, and John Watt, who is the controlling Spirit of her circle, now made his voice heard through the tube, which he carried to the ceiling, saying, "he could not stay long, having had much difficulty in entering, because the power here was so great ; but that he hoped on some future occasion, with the same circle, to hold a longer conversation with us, and that he might be able to bring a friend through whose agency we might have a completely new manifestation." I therefore invited Mr. and Mrs. Everitt to join my circle on New Year's Eve, when I purpose holding a *séance* to commemorate the completion of eleven years of my mediumship ; and John Watt, after a few courteous words to each, took his leave. We lighted the candle, and shortly afterwards one of Mrs. Guppy's boots fell with much clatter, apparently from the ceiling, in the corner of the

room near the door, where no one was sitting, and while we were still talking about it the other fell down just behind her.

Mrs. Everitt still continued entranced, and commenced mesmerising Mrs. Tebb, who had been suffering so severely from tooth-ache that she had feared it would be impossible for her to come. She then came towards Mrs. Ramsay, but in passing gave me a warm shake of the hand, so I imagined she was under the influence of a friend of mine. She mesmerised Mrs. Ramsay's foot, which was in great pain, for some time, and Mrs. Ramsay asked if she knew who was controlling her, and Mr. Everitt suggested that she should be asked to remember when she came to the normal state who had influenced her. She then returned to her place at the table, seeking paper and pencils, which I gave her, when she wrote, "Warm water bath every four hours, with gentle rubbing.—Mesmer."

When she came to herself Mr. Everitt asked whom she had seen influencing her, and she said it was the same doctor she had sometimes seen before ; rather a fair man, of middle height. He had never hitherto given his name, but he is an old friend of mine, as I have, in my own mediumistic work, twice drawn his Spirit Flower, and that always links a Spirit strongly to me.

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, W.,
Dec. 5th, 1870.

TWO EVENINGS WITH MRS. EVERITT.

To the Editor of the "Christian Spiritualist."

EVENING I.

During a recent visit to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pearce, of 6, Cambridge Road, the Junction, Kilburn, I had the pleasure of an introduction to the well-known medium, Mrs. Everitt, of 26, Penton Street, Pentonville, who, with Mr. Everitt, was visiting Mr. Swinton, next door neighbour to Mrs. Pearce. Two evenings in succession we sat *en séance*, and so deeply interesting were the events of both evenings that I am sure it will be gratifying to many of your readers to receive a short account of them. A written one must, of necessity, fall far short of the reality, as it is somewhat difficult to recall all the small details that are needed to complete the interest. But as my own memory is assisted by some notes given to me by Mr. Swinton and Mr. Pearce, I hope to be able to give a truthful, clear, and correct narrative.

The first evening, Saturday, October 29th, we assembled at Mr. Swinton's. There were eleven present : Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, Mr. Swinton, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Pearce, Mrs. Shaw, Miss Elmer, myself, and three gentlemen visitors who were enquirers into the subject of Spiritualism.

At about half-past nine in the evening we commenced our sitting. We were first arranged in our proper places by the directions of our spirit friends, given by raps in answer to Mr. Everitt's questions thereon. We were then directed to four different portions of Scripture, three from Ezekiel and one from the Acts, all most singularly appropriate to the occasion, as calling attention to different instances of Spirit power or mediumship. A prayer was then offered by Mr. C. H. Pearce, after which the song, "Pilgrims of Night," was sung by all present.

Very soon, a Spirit friend of Mr. and Mrs. Everitt's announced himself, named John Halls Bitten. I believe he was a carpenter by trade, whilst on earth; at any rate he always announces his presence by going through the different processes of such a business. It seemed to our listening ears as if we were in a carpenter's shop, as, in compliance with our requests, the sounds of hammering, sawing, filing, &c., &c., were given. When he was asked to saw against a nail, I can testify to the effect it had upon myself! Every tooth was set *on edge*, and I think the effect was universal from the shudder that passed round the circle. We were directed to put out the lights. No sooner was this done than Mrs. Shaw, who is a seer, described a bright female Spirit, in blue robes, who was recognised as "Anne Blower," one of Mrs. Everitt's guardian spirits, who often comes, scattering delicious perfume. As usual, she did so this evening. All kinds of strong perfume were showered over us, accompanied with a refreshing breeze. Raps upon, and movements of the table (which was large and very massive), were given during the whole evening. Bright, glorious lights were shown, visible to all present, sometimes floating about, then starting rocket-like as from the centre of the table, and again waving time to the singing which the Spirits desired us to continue, as it gave them power. At last the peculiar sound, as of horses' hoofs, announced the approach of "John Watt." A tube, formed of paper, was suddenly raised by invisible agency, and John Watt's voice, in a clear whisper, said, "Well, you've been greatly desiring my presence, what do you want with me?"

F. F. T.: "Tell us of your Spirit Home, John?"

John: "That is needless, for you already know."

F. F. T.: "How do you know?"

John Watt: "I can see you have had much experience. You have been taught much."

F. F. T.: "In what way?"

John: "By writing and impressional mediumship."

F. F. T.: "True. But tell me if I distinguish

correctly between my own thoughts and Spirit impression?"

John: "Yes."

F. F. T.: "Do you see any Spirits near me?"

John: "Yes, clearly; you are surrounded by a bright light, and a bright female form is over you."

F. F. T.: "Any other?"

John: "Yes, three little ones. One *very* little, in her nurse's arms. They are closely related to you (evidently a portion of our group, who are always described to us in our home circle as coming in this way). The *very little* one referred to, passed away about three months ago, aged four days, and is always brought to us in her sister's arms, as described by John. See 'Heaven Opened,' page 40. Early in the evening, whilst singing was going on, a little child's voice was heard. Little Florence Pearce had come to speak to her parents. John now turned to Mr. Pearce, told him his little Florence was by him, and also his sister Clara. After conversing with him a little, John suddenly addressed Mr. Swinton thus:—"Well, how is my *silent* friend?"

"Very well, thank you. Do you see whether I have made any progress in my medium powers? I am not conscious of it."

John: "Yes, spiritually you have made progress, and you will know it soon. It is seen here in our Spirit World."

John was told that one gentleman present was the Editor of a newspaper, and had opened his columns to the subject of Spiritualism.

John: "I am glad to hear it. Its needs moral courage thus to face the world."

F. F. T.: "Candour and honesty, too, you mean?"

John: "I said *courage*." Then turning, apparently (for of course we could only judge by the direction of the voice) towards this gentleman, he said, "Go on and be true. You will progress. I see you are but a beginner."

Several times during the evening, John had remarked upon the hindrance to the Spirit power; partly through a slight indisposition on the part of the medium, and also from the heaviness of the atmosphere. For these reasons he did not stay very long, but bidding us a courteous farewell, and promising to visit us again on the following evening, he threw down the tube, and left about twelve o'clock. For the last hour Mrs. Everitt had been deeply entranced, but now awoke, feeling refreshed and strengthened.

F. J. THEOBALD,

Hendon, near London.

(Evening II. in February Number).

OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

No. 1.

"WILL ye also go away?"—"Lord to whom shall we go?"
—VI. JOHN, 67-68 v.

1. After Jesus had delivered, in the synagogue at Capernaum, the sermon recorded in this chapter, many of His disciples (not the twelve) "went back," mentally and bodily, "and walked no more with Him." Christ put the question to the twelve, "Do ye also desire to go away?" (see Carpenter's Harmony). Peter, speaking, as usual, in the name of the little band, as well as in his own name, answers at once, "Lord to whom shall we go, &c." Our subject is "CHRISTIAN DISCIPLESHIP TESTED."

2. These disciples "went back and walked no more with Him," because Jesus had disappointed them. Christ had fed a multitude in the desert of Bethsaida. Immediately the multitude jumped to the conclusion that He was the Prophet that was coming into the world, and wished, without delay, to force Him into the acceptance of kingly power. Christ knew that all that was wrong. At once, therefore, He sent away His disciples to Capernaum, dismissed the multitude, and then retired unto a mountain apart to pray. At night time He came to His disciples, walking upon the water, and after joining them went to Capernaum. There the disciples who deserted Him asked Him for a sign, to confirm their belief in Him as the Messiah. He *was* the Messiah, but not after their idea. He *could not*, therefore, give them the sign they sought after. Disappointed and vexed, they left Him. But not merely were they disappointed. Picking out of Christ's address some of its more difficult words, and neglecting His simpler teachings, of which there was so much, they said, "This is harsh doctrine: who can listen to it!"

3. They left Him, and he made no effort to retain them, although apostacy is always made a matter of reproach to the cause from which it proceeds, although it has a tendency to breed despondency in the minds of those who do remain, and although apostates are of all people the hardest to gain back.

4. *Why* did He make no such effort? One reason was their own state of mind. Another reason was His knowledge that He could do without them.

5. But while He made no effort to retain the *multitude* of His disciples, He did appeal to "the twelve," because, while they were at that moment in danger from the apostacy of others, they were, nevertheless, more susceptible to His influence (44 verse), and He would by such a question as He put to them arouse them to a sense of their own position and help them to realise their own states of mind. We know how they responded. They could not go with those who had gone back; they could not go back to their own old lives; and as for going to the Scribes and Pharisees, why that was out of the question. Christ alone remained to them.

6. Apostacy is possible now, and remembering the fact that man, whether he like it or not, *must "go" to somebody*, the question remains, "to whom?"

7. "Lord to whom shall we go," when others fall away from Thee—when we are tempted—when we are tried—when we are joyful—when we would know what is the object of life—when the great problems of sin, forgiveness, God's moral character, and the issues of "the life that now is" start up before us, and demand to be solved? "To whom shall we go," also, for an answer to the question, "What is Christianity," but to Him who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life?"

8. The text, and the whole narrative of which it forms a part, teach the honesty of Christ. The text itself, too, teaches that Christ is the Christian's only trust, and his only bond of union with his fellow Christians.

9. Do we desire to "go away!" If we do, "to whom shall we go?" It is a very easy thing to cavil and object, but until man has found something superior to Christianity, it is his wisdom to hold by it.

F. R. YOUNG.

(Preached at Trowbridge, Yeovil, and Swindon.)

POETRY.

HYMN.

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit
My humble prayer ascends. O Father! hear it,
Upsoaring on the wings of fear and meekness,—
Forgive its weakness.

I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
The trembling sacrifice I pour before Thee;
What can I offer in Thy presence holy,
But sin and folly?

For in thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our truest;
Thoughts of a hurrying hour, our lips repeat them,
Our hearts forget them.

We see Thy hand,—it leads us, it supports us;
We hear Thy voice,—it counsels and it courts us;
And then we turn away,—and still Thy kindness
Pardons our blindness.

And still Thy rain descends, Thy sun is glowing,
Fruits ripen round, flowers are beneath us blowing,
And, as if man were some deserving creature,
Joy covers nature.

O how long-suffering, Lord! but Thou delightest
To win with love the wandering,—Thou invitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

Who can resist Thy gentle call, appealing
To every generous thought, and grateful feeling?
That voice paternal, whispering, watching ever?
My bosom?—Never!

Father and Saviour! plant within that bosom
These seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;
Where every flower that creeps through death's dark
portal

Becomes immortal.

Matins and Vespers.

SPIRIT.

Thou wand'rest, O my brother, in the dark;
And of the weary lot that prisons thee
Complainest ever: and thou reasonest
Of life and death, and of that farther bourne
Whence, we are told, no traveller returns.
"Returns not!" thou complainest, and the tears
Bedew thy cheeks, and thou repeatest still—
"I may not reach them, and they ne'er return!"
I know not what thou askest of the grave:
I, too, am wrapt in darkness, and I know
This only,—that it waits for me, as thee.
Yet listen, O my brother! I will sing
A deep-voic'd song, a dreaming poet sang.

I.

"Beyond the bounds where the remotest star
Sheds its faint radiance on the rounded earth
For ever wheeling on its destin'd course:
Beyond the space where the last fading beam
Of the all-piercing sun, extends and dies,
Lost in the bosom of immensity:
Far as extends the essence of the All
Through spaces unconceived, and bosoming
Fair worlds, that shining through the azure depths
Appear to us in likeness of a star;
So far the space is peopled, intermix'd
With Angels bright and fair—God's messengers
From world to world;—and the freed essences
Of spirits glorified, or suffering
From the sad taints of earth, where once they dwelt.

II.

But not alone through yonder star-gem'd heavens
They walk in splendour! The broad-bosomed earth
Is hallow'd by thy footsteps! Did we know
The angel presences that hover near,
We too, like those of old, as poets tell,
Might stand on tiptoe as the gods went by.

III.

Quick as a thought may travel to that star,
The fairest and the brightest of the gems
That diadem the night; so quick they soar
Through the all-bosoming immensity;
Or stooping from the splendour of their flight
They pass unseen among the sons of men.

IV.

Not in the watches of the night alone,
When sleep has given the weary body rest,
And wrapt the soul away to heavenly bowers!
Not in the moments of deep thought alone
When the worn soul, won by some influence
To a sad sweetness, longs to mount the skies
And tread the mansions where the Angels tread!
Oh! not then only! but the weary times
When thought grows sick, and expectation faints,
And the dim glory fades for which we longed.
Nay, when our toils are crowned with victory
New won by wearied thought, and patient hours,
And the warm faith that should our struggle end
In passionate endeavour, we have won
Strength, and a purer life. Then and all times
Are Angels with us; and the life we lead
Is but a passage to a higher life
Where we shall see and know them, where they dwell."
Thus sang he, O my brother! and the hope
That now stirs in thee, crimsoning all thy cheek,
Went pulsing through my heart; and then I pray'd
That all the darkness might be rolled away,
And I might gaze upon the Visible God.

AARON WATSON.

80, Bury Street, Salford, Manchester.

TO INQUIRERS.

Persons who desire to inform themselves of the fundamental principles and evidences of Modern Spiritualism, are recommended to read, first of all, the following works:—

Howitt's "History of the Supernatural."

"From Matter to Spirit."

Epes Sergeant's "Planchette; or, the Despair of Science."

Brevior's "Two Worlds."

Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundary of the Other World."

Home's "Incidents in my Life."

Phelps's "Gates Ajar."

Ballou's "Glimpses of the Supernatural."

"Confessions of a Truth Seeker."

Wilkinson's "Spirit Drawings."

All these works may be obtained from Mr. James Burns, 15, Southampton Row, Bloomsbury, London. The Editor of this Periodical does not, of course, pledge himself to every single statement made in any one of these books; but he still considers them to be worthy of perusal, and invaluable aids to those who do really wish to know what Spiritualists have to say for themselves, and the grounds upon which their belief reposes.

STANDING NOTICES.

1. When correspondents send Articles relating to sittings, entrancements, or Spiritual phenomena of any kind, they must, in the communication, give dates, names of places, names of persons, and residences, in full, *and for publication*. Unless they do so, their communications will not be inserted. It is due to the public, who, from whatever cause or causes, are more or less sceptical about Spiritualism, that they should be furnished with details which they can trace and verify; and if Spiritualists are not willing to submit their statements to that ordeal, they will please not to send them to the *Christian Spiritualist*.

2. The names and addresses of contributors must be sent to the Editor, *for publication*. The rule by which anonymous contributions will be excluded will be absolutely obeyed; indeed all communications, of whatever kind, which are of an anonymous nature, will be at once consigned to the waste-paper basket.

3. The Editor will not undertake to return any rejected MSS., or to answer letters unless the return postage be enclosed.

4. A copy of the *Christian Spiritualist* will be sent by the Editor to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, for 12 months, on pre-payment of 2s. 6d. in stamps. Where any difficulty is experienced in obtaining it, it is hoped that the Editor, Rose Cottage, Swindon, will be written to at once.

5. Contributors will please to write as briefly as is consistent with explicitness, write on one side of the paper only, and number each page consecutively.

6. Books, pamphlets, tracts, &c., sent for Review will be noticed, or returned to the Publisher.

7. Readers who may know of persons who would be likely to be interested in the circulation of this periodical, would very much oblige the Editor by sending him lists of names and addresses, when the parties indicated will be communicated with.

8. The Editor will be glad to receive newspaper cuttings, extracts from books and periodicals, and any useful matter bearing upon the general subject of Spiritualism. Friends sending such information will be pleased to append names and dates, as the case may be.

9. In the event of any article in the pages of this Periodical having no name and address appended to it, it is to be understood that the Editor is responsible for its contents as well as its appearance.

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