

The Christian Spiritualist

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

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Vol. I. No. 8. AUGUST, 1871. Price 2d.

AN APPEAL TO BELIEVERS IN CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISM.

IN a circular which I sent out in October last, announcing my intention to commence the issue of this periodical, I used these words: "I do not ask for, nor will I receive any money help, to aid in defraying the expenses incident upon this undertaking." I adhere to that statement, in letter and spirit, because I am quite sure that no such publication as this can be conducted with the needed independence, so long as its conductor is in any degree pecuniarily dependent upon any of its readers. If I suffered myself to receive donations to aid me, I should be liable to attempts to put pressure upon me, or to be positively dictated to by my helpers, and my self-respect will not permit me to run such risks; besides which, I have been solemnly warned, and in set terms by my Guardian Spirit not to do so, and from that warning there lies no appeal for me.

But while I will not receive money aid, I feel myself at perfect liberty to make a suggestion, which it is the intention of this article to embody.

Many of my readers are men and women of more than average pecuniary means, and thoroughly well able to subscribe for additional copies of the

Christian Spiritualist, for gratuitous distribution among their friends. Now it is well known that many of our opponents are open-minded and good-hearted; but do not know that Spiritualism and Christianity are friendly to each other, and that no Christian man need be at all ashamed to avow himself a believer in what we understand to be Spiritualism. They do not know what we have to say, and are not likely to do so, left to themselves. Such a periodical as this needs to be brought under their notice, by persons known to them, and who would be felt to have the right to take such a step. I therefore ask, not as a personal favour to myself, but for the sake of the cause we all of us have at heart, whether some of my subscribers would be willing to order extra copies month by month, with a view to their being given away as opportunity offered. If friends will make direct applications to me, or to my publisher, 86, Fleet Street, London, they shall be supplied with copies at the following rates—carriage paid:—

25 Copies—Three Shillings.

50 Copies—Five and Sixpence.

100 Copies—Ten Shillings.

Any lesser numbers must be charged for at the ordinary publishing price.

I hope the nature of this appeal will



not be misunderstood, although if it is I cannot help it. I have one object, and one object only, that of helping a cause I know to be true, and to which I am devoting money, time, and labor, with no hope or desire to benefit thereby, except as all faithful endeavour necessarily brings its own reward.

FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG,

Editor and Proprietor of the *Christian Spiritualist*.

ONE WAY IN WHICH HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

THERE is one sense in which the aphorism "History repeats itself," is not absolutely true. The exact circumstances of any one particular time, are not precisely and literally those of any other time. Many of the events of the present century find their parallels, generally speaking, in those of the preceding one; but with just those differences which would naturally arise from varying influences and their effects. And so we say that "human nature is the same in every age," by which we mean, not that all men everywhere and always act alike, but that the fundamental characteristics of our humanity remain identically alike.

But there is a very real and important sense in which it may be truthfully affirmed that history *does* repeat itself; that is to say, certain men of to-day act, as far as principles are concerned, in pretty much the same way in which certain other men acted in the olden times; with this singular fact in addition, that the very men of to-day who blame the men of 1,800 years ago, are themselves guilty of doing the same things in spirit. Let us pass from generals to particulars.

Many of the believers and advocates of Modern Spiritualism, in their endeavours to spread its principles and facts, are continually being met by a demand on the part of their opponents for some special kind of evidence, which those opponents insist upon being produced ere they will admit our claims to belief and confidence. If we tell them of certain physical phenomena we have witnessed, and which we are constrained to attribute to spirit agency, they tell us at once that they themselves have not seen such phenomena, and, until they have, they cannot believe; and they insist upon our producing them at the word of command, and under just the conditions they themselves prescribe. If we say that we have seen, and heard, and talked with, and had written or spoken messages from departed spirits, they will answer us by saying that they have had no such experiences, and until they have they must

be excused from accepting our testimony, even though they may be prepared to concede, as a matter of courtesy, that we ourselves are sincere. If we say that we are quite aware of the opposition which modern science almost always presents to our statements, but, nevertheless, that our belief remains intact, not, of course, in every so-called Spiritual manifestation, but in Spiritual manifestation as such, our opponents retort that the condemnation of modern science should be accepted by us as a final judgment from which there lies no right of appeal, and that however sincere we may be we are self-deceived, and our testimony is not credible.

Now we affirm explicitly, and have done so over and over again, that we do not for one moment pretend to defend all and every statement which has been made by Spiritualists, or to attribute all phenomena associated with the Spiritualistic movement to Spiritual agency. On the contrary, we not merely admit, we most earnestly contend that some of the phenomena are consciously and dishonestly produced; that some are *unconsciously*, and, therefore, honestly but ignorantly produced by the operators themselves; and that some of these phenomena are of such an uncertain character that it cannot be affirmed, positively, either that they are, or are not the productions of Spiritual agents. But we add, with equal plainness and earnestness, that demands for evidence, such as we have alluded to above, are only reproductions, in principle, of the tactics of a former age, and that persons "who profess and call themselves Christians" ought to be the last in the world to be guilty of them, when they must know that the Lord Jesus Christ Himself was, in the days of His flesh, confronted with precisely the same kind of opposition, and that some of the most cherished beliefs of Christian people are not in the least degree capable of being demonstrated to be true, if unbelievers insist upon evidence which does not apply in the cases supposed. Again, let us pass from generals to particulars.

Will Christian people be kind enough to turn to the following passages of Scripture, as, if they do so, and examine them carefully, they will see that the men of Christ's day demanded that certain kinds of evidence should be produced by the Lord, ere they would admit His claim to be the Messiah, and that in every case of such claim being preferred the Lord declined to give what was asked for: 6 John, 30-31 v.—7 John, 3-4 v.—10 John, 24-25 v.—12 Matthew, 38-39 v. 13 Matthew, 54 to 58 v.—16 Matthew, 1 to 4 v. 21 Matthew, 23 to 27 v.—26 Matthew, 63 to 66 v.—27 Matthew, 39 to 43 v.

In all the Scripture references now given, and their number might be increased, the studious reader will see that men were insisting that certain evidence should be produced by Christ ere

they would assent to His claims, and they will not fail to note that that evidence was not produced. And yet, where is the believer in Jesus of Nazareth, as the Christ of God, who will *now* say that the critics and enemies of Jesus were in the right in demanding, and that He was in the wrong in not responding to their demands? But if the men of the olden time could ask for that which it was not right to demand, and Christ was therefore justified in refusing their demands, why should the men of to-day act upon the same principle and expect a different result? It is easy to say that the men of Christ's time were in the wrong, and He was in the right. *They* did not think so, although we now know how mistaken they were; and in the time to come the opponents and critics of Spiritualism to-day will, many of them, have to take their places side by side with scribes and pharisees and rulers, who mocked and derided the crucified Saviour.

Look at the inconsistency involved in the demand, not, indeed, for evidence; for no man can, or ought to believe without evidence, but for some particular kind of evidence, which cannot, perhaps, in the very nature of the case, be produced, and which does not upon any decent rule of evidence apply to the case in hand. When men say that they will not believe in the return of the departed to the earth, or in actual communications passing between the dead and the living, unless they themselves have seen in the one case and received in the other, they may be reminded that no amount of argument or logic can prove the existence of a personal God, and that there is not a child on the earth who can demonstrate that a certain man and a certain woman, supposed to be his father and mother, are really entitled to be so considered. Not only so. Only a comparatively small minority of persons in Christian countries disbelieve what is called the resurrection of Christ. The immense majority of Christian people believe in it. And yet no one of to-day saw Christ rise from the dead; nay, more, no one can prove that He actually died. The belief of a Christian in the death and resurrection of Christ is moral, not mathematical; and if people will continue to insist upon the sight by their own eyes of a spirit ere they will believe in the return of a spirit to the earth, they must, in logical fairness, give up their belief in Christ's resurrection, and say so decidedly and openly.

No, we are not fools, or blind, or dishonest. We know what we believe, and why we believe it; and all the curled lips, and sarcastic speeches, and attempts at exposing our errors shall not drive us from our position. When it has been proved that our faculties are not reliable reporters, when they act under exceptional circumstances, simply because those circumstances are exceptional; when it can be shown to us that the

testimony of men and women, acknowledged to be gifted and true, and reliable in all other matters, is to be suspected and rejected; when, in fact, those who know that they are in the right, have it proved to them that they must submit to those whom they know to be in the wrong; then modern Spiritualism will stand a chance of being exploded, and modern Spiritualists will confess themselves to be in error; but never, never till then.

MANIFESTATIONS AMONGST THE MYSTICS OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

A TIME of trouble and perplexity all over the continent of Europe was the fourteenth century. To Germany an evil time especially, and one of sore distress. Torn to pieces by rival factions, visited by a grievous pestilence, many of her cities laid under an interdict for supporting the claims of Louis of Bavaria to the empire, contrary to the decision of the Pope, who declared for his rival Frederick of Austria;—misery in every form walked abroad. For Italy, too, the days were dark and sad; there were distracting civil disorders, and rebellion; and finally a terrible schism rent the Church, the Cardinals at Rome confirming the election of Urban VI.; while by another party under French influence, Clement VII. was declared Pope at the same time. Sin abounded verily, but so also did grace abound; and that with a glory and a richness in a chosen few, exceptional in the spiritual history of the world. And upon these few righteous, the typical ten in Sodom, the salt of the earth, and its salvation from death and decay, there came an out-pouring, not alone of spiritual graces and excellencies, not alone of holiness, purity, and self-sacrifice; but besides of "spiritual gifts," and manifestations, for the sustenance of their own faith, and that of those amongst whom they laboured.

In Italy, foremost amongst these favoured ones, stands St. Catherine of Sienna, that exalted woman, so absorbed by devoted and adoring love for Christ, that he vouchsafed to her His visible presence, and brought her into entirest union with His sacred Heart. She, to whom converse with the Beatified, was a simple, literal, and frequent fact of life. She, whose genius influenced rulers and statesmen, dignitaries, civil and ecclesiastical; and who, speaking under inspiration, and with prophetic power, counselled one Pope, and revealed to him through spiritual insight, a hidden secret of his heart; and feared not to rebuke his successor for dispositions and conduct unworthy of his high and holy office; fully admitting, at the same time, the infallibility of that office, and distinguishing between its dignity, and

the individuality of the man who held it. For nevertheless from being "exalted above measure" by these abundant revelations, and varied talents, this sweet saint was so simple and humble in her home life, that she performed the meanest domestic duties, and tended with untold patience the most revolting forms of disease; occasionally being enabled to perform miracles by touch or by prayer; but more often alleviating suffering by patient nursing, and daily care.

With Germany, however, it is, that we have most concern just now; and we would glance for a few brief moments at the band there of noble souls, whose trial and whose triumph it was to have endured and vanquished, in an age so fraught with misery and sin. The mystics of that land and century,—men and women belonging to different Orders, and even in different states of life altogether, called themselves by the general title of "Friends of God." Amongst them were the learned Eckart, the "blessed Luso," and the scholarly and saintly Tauler; Henry of Nordlingen, and his dear friend Margaretha Ebuer, a nun, who used to see symbolic visions, and to whom it was revealed that Tauler was "the holiest of God's children now living on earth;" and that "the Spirit of God breathed through him as sweet music through a lute." Christina, Abbess of Engenthal, sister to Margaretha; laymen such as Nicholas of Basle, and the rich banker Rulman Merswin; several knights, a Queen, Agnes, widow of Andrew of Hungary, and Ruysbroeck, the great mystical author of the Netherlands. This name, "Friends of God," may, perhaps, to us savour of presumption; but it would seem to have been used with much simplicity and sincerity, to denote the desire for a spiritual, and not merely an outward religion; a deep yearning for a personal union with God; and a great and ardent longing for the salvation of sinners. It does not appear that every one of these "Gottesfreunde" claimed or expected any special revelation or illumination; but, that such were granted to many of them, is well attested. Frequently were they addressed by an audible voice, when engaged in prayer, or meditation, dreams, both literal and symbolic, came to them, whose fulfilment proved them no mere imagination. The power of thought-reading, and of prophecy, was possessed by some amongst them, as it was by St. Catherine, and was proved, singularly enough, in the case of the very same individual upon whom her gift had been exercised, Pope Gregory XI. Nicholas of Basle, and a friend of his, visited Rome, to make representations to that Pontiff, touching the sad condition of Christendom; and upon his declaration that he was unable to do anything, and growing angry with them, they disclosed to him, to his great surprise, some of his secret faults,

and foretold that if he did not amend, he would die within a year, which actually came to pass. Rulman Merswin, who wrote his own spiritual experiences, and those of many of his brethren, mentions amongst others, two incidents which will have much interest for Spiritualists. For the first, we quote his own words: "Now during the second and the third years, (this last was the Jubilee when all men went on pilgrimage to Rome) did God work many great and supernatural works with me a poor sinner, through great sorrow, and spiritual assaults, and withal, unspeakable temptations, of which it were a sin to write. But one which I may write is that God suffered me to be assailed with unbelief, to wit that the Devil put it into my head to ask, 'How may it be that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost may consist in one nature?' And this unbelief remained upon me for a long space; and all that time, I thought nothing else but that I must certainly burn for ever in hell; and yet I felt within myself that nevertheless my will was set to love God. And after a good while, I grew so infirm through this continual pain, that it was all I could do when Assumption Day came, to venture to go and sit down to hear a sermon. And as I put my hat before my eyes, I fell into a swoon from very weakness; but while I was thus in a trance, there appeared unto me a great stone, whereon were carved the likeness of three men's countenances. And it was as though a voice said to me, 'Now mayest thou well believe, since thou hast seen how in one stone may be three Persons, and yet it is one stone and the three Persons have the nature of one Rock.' And hereupon I came to myself, and was seized with fear, when I found myself sitting among the crowd. So I rose and walked out into the aisle, and found that my faith had been enlightened; insomuch that I never again was assailed by unbelief."

The other incident (related by Nicholas of Basle to Rulman Merswin) was that when on Good Friday, 1380, he and twelve other "Friends of God" were assembled together in obedience to warnings that had come to them in dreams, in a wood, near to a little chapel in the rock, where they had received the holy communion, after tempests and diabolical apparitions, a bright light surrounded the place, and an invisible speaker told them that impending plagues should be stayed for three years longer, on condition of their obeying the injunctions given in a letter which thereupon dropped down in their midst. The letter contained directions that the "Friends of God" should withdraw from their ordinary communications with the world; except in the case of those who desired their council;—receive the sacrament three times a week, &c.; and that after three years, they should receive further commands from God. Having declared

their readiness to obey, they were told by a voice to light a fire, and throw the letter into it. Instead of burning, it rose up in the fire, a flash of lightning met the flame, and caught up fire and letter together to heaven; and the brethren departed to their own homes. It has been commonly supposed either that this account is entirely allegorical, or else that the belief in it had its origin solely in the excited feelings of the brethren. But Spiritualists, who have no doubt of the fact of direct Spirit writing, and who have seen heavier substances than paper carried by Spirits, and falling suddenly into a circle, will probably be inclined to recognise in this history, a high, unusual, and developed, but very real manifestation from the Unseen. Spirit manifestations of all kinds and degrees, external and internal, physical phenomena and truly *Spiritual* communications, occur in the lives of those profoundly interesting men and women, who are generally spoken of as "Mystics;" a word denoting that which is "secret, closed, hidden, or symbolic." They were persons whose life in its deepest source and centre, its intensest reality, was interior; to whom contemplation and meditation were as the air they breathed;—whose most ardent desire and aspiration was for union with the Divine, believing that union in itself, and quite apart from all result, and all reward, to be the "Supreme Good," the highest bliss, the only true satisfaction and rest. In many countries, and in many religions, there have been mystics. Mysticism is the life and root of the most exalted and philosophical systems of India. Bhuddism especially, enjoining detachment from all created things, and proposing absorption in the Infinite as the consummation of all desire, is essentially mystic in its idea. So in China, was the school of Lao-tsen; and later in the world's history, the Neo-Platonic school, of which Plotinus and Porphyry were members.

But it was only in Christian Mysticism that the free will of man and his continued personality after death, being rightly understood, the idea of absorption in the Supreme, passed into that of living, loving, willing union with the Father; and the calm, grand, but strong idea of abstraction into that of "the life hid with Christ in God." Disinterested love was the grand principle of the Christian Mystic. Love of God for Himself, and not for His gifts, either temporal or spiritual; goodness because God is good, because He is infinitely glorious and lovely, not because He can give or withhold glorious and lovely things, here or hereafter, seen or unseen; not from fear of punishment, but from yearning for likeness with the Sun and Centre of all souls. The glowing words of St. Francis Xavier in his well-known hymn, fitly and beautifully express the selfless adoration of the saintly mystic,

"My God I love Thee not because
I hope for heaven thereby;"

* * * * *

"Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell."

but

"Solely because Thou art my God,
And my Eternal King."

These mystics lived completely on the supernatural plane. The "powers of the world to come" were ever on their souls. This world was to them a fleeting shadow; the other world the great reality. Already they had brought eternity into their souls; and their souls lived already in immensity, and were delivered from the bondage of the visible. Is it wonderful that in and through the serene and lofty, yet most loving atmosphere which floated round these men and women, came influences Divine, angelic voices, heavenly illuminations; and that God's spirit messengers and ministers were about their path, and about their bed? They had ascended to a region serene and still; above earth's doubt and dimness.

"He alone," said Jacob Böhmen (one of the few mystics born since the Reformation, and in Protestantism—a man of high thought, and deep and mighty love), "he alone to whom Eternity is as Time, and Time as Eternity, is freed from all strife."

ALICE HACKER.

Birmingham.

A NEW FORCE.

In the "Quarterly Journal of Science" for July is a remarkable article, contributed by Mr. William Crookes, F.R.S., entitled "Experimental Investigation of a New Force." Referring to Modern Spiritualism, Mr. Crookes says that twelve months ago he expressed his belief in the occurrence of phenomena inexplicable by known natural laws, and pointed out the desirableness of testing them by a "delicately-poised balance." Recently he has had opportunities to make the proposed inquiry by experiments with Mr. Daniel Dunglas Home, who is endowed with a powerful development of the force to be tested, which, for convenience, Mr. Crookes calls "Psychic Force," and of these experiments he gives the following account:—

"Among the remarkable phenomena which occur under Mr. Home's influence, the most striking as well as the most easily tested with scientific accuracy are (1) the alteration in the weight of bodies, and (2) the playing of tunes upon musical instruments (generally an accordion for convenience of portability), without direct human intervention, under conditions rendering contact or connexion with the keys impossible. Not until I had witnessed these facts some half-dozen times, and scrutinised them with all the critical acumen I possess, did I become convinced of their objective reality. Still, desiring to place the matter beyond the shadow of a doubt, I invited Mr. Home on several occasions to come to my own house where, in the presence of a few scientific inquirers, these phenomena could be submitted to crucial experiments. These meetings took place in the evening, in a large room lighted by gas. The apparatus prepared for the purpose of testing the movements of the accordions consisted of a cage, formed of two wooden hoops, respectively 1 foot 10 inches and 2 feet diameter, connected together by 12 narrow laths, each 1 foot 10 inches long, so as to form a drum-shaped frame, open at the top and bottom; round this fifty yards of

insulated copper wire were wound in twenty-four rounds, each being rather less than a inch from its neighbour. The height of this cage was such that it would just slip under my dining-table, but be too close to the top to allow of the hand being introduced into the interior, or to admit of a foot being pushed underneath it. In another room were two Grove's cells, wires being led from them into the dining-room for connexion if desirable with the wire surrounding the cage. The accordion was a new one, having been purchased for these experiments at Wheatstone's, in Conduit-street. Mr. Home had neither handled nor seen the instrument before the commencement of the test experiments. In another part of the room an apparatus was fitted up for experimenting on the alteration in the weight of a body. It consisted of a mahogany board, 36 inches long by 9 inches wide and 1 inch thick. At each end a strip of mahogany, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, was screwed on, forming feet. One end of the board rested on a firm table, whilst the other end was supported by a spring balance hanging from a substantial tripod stand. The balance was fitted with a self-registering index, in such a manner that it would record the maximum weight indicated by the pointer. Before Mr. Home entered the room the apparatus had been arranged in position, and he had not even had the object of some of it explained before sitting down. It may, perhaps, be worth while to add, for the purpose of anticipating some critical remarks which are likely to be made, that in the afternoon I called for Mr. Home at his apartments, and when there he suggested that as he had to change his dress, perhaps I should not object to continue our conversation in his bed room. I am, therefore, enabled to state positively that no machinery, apparatus or contrivance of any sort was secreted about his person. The investigators present on the test occasion were an eminent physicist, high in the ranks of the Royal Society, whom I will call Dr. A. B.; a well-known serjeant-at-law, whom I will call Serjeant C. D.; my brother; and my chemical assistant.

"Mr. Home sat in a low easy chair at the side of the table. Close in front under the table was the aforesaid cage, one of his legs being on each side of it. I sat close to him on his left, and another observer sat close on his right, the rest of the party being seated at convenient distances round the table. For the greater part of the evening, particularly when anything of importance was going forward, the observers on each side of Mr. Home kept their feet respectively on his feet, so as to be able to detect his least movement. The temperature of the room varied from 68 deg. to 70 deg. F. Mr. Home took the accordion between the thumb and middle finger of one hand at the opposite end to the keys. Having previously opened the bass key myself, and the cage being drawn from under the table so as just to allow the accordion to be passed in keys downwards, it was pushed back as close as Mr. Home's arm would permit, but without hiding his hand from those next to him. Very soon the accordion was seen by those on each side to be waving about in a somewhat curious manner; then sounds came from it, and finally several notes were played in succession. Whilst this was going on my assistant got under the table, and reported that the accordion was expanding and contracting; at the same time it was seen that Mr. Home's hand which held it was quite still, his other hand resting on the table. Presently the accordion was seen by those on either side of Mr. Home to move about, oscillating and going round and round the cage, and playing at the same time. Dr. A. B. now looked under the table, and said that Mr. Home's hand appeared quite still whilst the accordion was moving about emitting distinct sounds. Mr. Home still holding the accordion in the usual manner in the cage, his feet being held by those next him, and his other hand resting on the table, we heard distinct and separate notes sounded in succession, and then a simple air was played. As such a result could only have been produced by the various keys of the instrument being acted upon in harmonious succession, this was considered by those present to be a crucial experiment. But the sequel was still more striking, for Mr. Home then actually let go the accordion, removed his hand quite out of the cage, and placed it in the hand of the person next to him, the instrument then continuing to play whilst no one was touching it." Subsequently Mr. Crookes states that the accordion "floated about with no visible support inside the cage."

"Having met with such striking results in the experiments with the accordion in the cage, we turned to the balance apparatus already described. Mr. Home placed the tips of his fingers lightly on the extreme end of the mahogany board which was resting on the support, whilst Dr. A. B. and myself sat, one on each side of it, watching for any effect which might be produced. Almost immediately the pointer of the balance was seen to descend. After a few seconds it rose again. This movement was repeated several times, as if by successive waves of the Psychic Force. The end of the board was observed to oscillate slowly up and down during the time. Mr. Home now of his own accord took a small hand-bell, and a little card match-box, which happened to be near, and placed one under each hand, to satisfy us, as he said, that he was not producing the downward pressure. The very slow oscillation of the spring balance became more marked, and Dr. A. B., on watching the index, said that he saw it descend to 6½ lb. The normal weight of the board as so suspended being 3lb., the additional downward pull was, therefore 3½ lb. On looking immediately afterwards at the automatic register, we saw that the index had at one time descended as low as 9lb., showing a maximum pull of 6lb. In order to see whether it was possible to produce much effect on the spring balance by pressure at the place where Mr. Home's fingers had been, I stepped upon the table and stood on one foot at the end of the board. Dr. A. B., who was observing the index of the balance, said that the whole weight of my body (140lbs.) so applied only sunk the index 1½lb., or 2lb. when I jerked up and down. Mr. Home had been sitting in a low easy chair, and could not, therefore, had he tried his utmost, have exerted any material influence on these results. I need scarcely add that his feet as well as his hands were closely watched by all in the room."

Mr. Serjt. Cox and Mr. William Huggins, who were present during the "experiments," bear testimony to the accuracy of Mr. Crookes's description of them.

[A very clever and generous notice of the facts narrated in this article appeared in *The Spectator* for July 8, to which we most earnestly call the attention of our scientific readers.]—Ed. C.S.

VISITS TO DR. NEWTON.

MR. ARTHUR WHITTEN is an Anglo-Indian, and his "Notes of a Tour in America and Canada, in 1869"—printed at the "Englishman's Press," Calcutta, 1870—contains the following information, which will be interesting to Spiritualists:—

FRIDAY, May 14.—We drove this morning to see Dr. Newton and his patients "at home." The house is situated in a quiet street, and is approached by a flight of stone steps; leading from the entrance hall are the patients' waiting-room and secretary's office. When we arrived, at eleven o'clock, there were thirty or forty persons waiting his or her turn to come under the doctor's hands. We were conducted to the next floor above, and took our seats to watch the proceedings. The patients were brought up by the secretary, three or four at a time; when cured, a bell was rung, and others came in. Each patient was received with kindly words and gentleness of manner. With very few exceptions, they were all as perfect strangers to Dr. Newton as to us. They had come far, even from the Southern States, to be treated. There had been no communication between them beforehand; the doctor knew nothing of them or their ailments until placed before him as we saw them. In some cases, he would ask the nature of their complaints, and put leading questions as to their sufferings, manner of living, occupation, &c. But not unfrequently he would say, "You need not tell me what is the matter with you; I know very well." If the case was one of lung disease, he examined the heart and lungs; and, by means of a short tube, a magnetic current was breathed through their bodies to the point indicated by the doctor's finger, the current being diverted at will from one lung to the other. The effect was described as being like a burning fluid passing through the heart and lungs. Then they were made to raise their arms, to "squat right down"—to use the good doctor's own words—and rise again quickly. Then he would throw upon

them the magnetic current from his own body, and in the name of God command the disease to depart.

Consumption makes fearful ravages among men and women in America. During this and subsequent visits to Dr. Newton we witnessed the treatment of many persons suffering from this disease, and we remarked that almost every one of them admitted, on being interrogated, that they were in the habit of sleeping with their arms extended on the pillow above their heads; and all were strictly enjoined to discontinue a practice conducive, more than any other cause, to consumption and disease of the heart. The most interesting case we saw to-day was the treatment of a lunatic woman. We witnessed it from first to last, and can vouch that, after two treatments, she was restored to a sane and cheerful woman. She was a respectable person, about forty years of age, accompanied by her sister and grown-up daughter. Some late trouble had so preyed upon her mind that she lost her senses; she was not violent, but had to be carefully watched. Her cries and moans were most distressing. From the moment of her entrance she kept using the expression, "I want to be saved—I want to be saved," in a whining, idiotic manner; she said nothing else. Her eyes were widely expanded, the eyebrows raised, the face bearing the impress of fear, or dread of some impending danger. She had been under medical treatment; but the symptoms had become less favourable, and at length she was brought to Dr. Newton. He examined her, and found her a healthy woman, and he now used all his powerful magnetic force to calm and soothe her. After some persuasion, she was taken into the adjoining room, where hot and cold water were laid on, and her head being placed over a small reservoir, a stream of water, gradually heated up to 120 degrees, was poured upon it for a period of fifteen to twenty minutes. It was then dried, and the magnetic process was continued until she ceased talking so wildly. The treatment for the day was then over. She was to be taken home, have hot water applied three or four times to the top of her head, and be brought again on the morrow. The doctor went on with other cases as fast as they could be brought to him, and certainly there was no failure. Whether the cure was permanent we could not then, of course, determine. But, as regards the lunatic woman, we were curious to witness the result of the treatment, and, without any intimation to the doctor of our intention, we paid him another visit at about the same hour on the morning of

SATURDAY, 15.—There was the usual crowd of patients—some with paralysed arms, hands, or feet, some deaf, some suffering with tumor, catarrh, rheumatism, lung disease, cancer, and others perfect cripples. On one woman with a swollen leg, the veins black and the skin of the foot ready to burst, a cure was effected in five minutes. She was helped upstairs, being unable to walk alone. She could not bend her toes or ankle joints, and in less time than it takes to record this she was made to walk about the room and run down stairs like a young girl. Her face was radiant with delight. No medicine, no hot water or any agent whatever was applied besides the doctor's hands. The thing was done without pain, too, and instantly. So with a young girl who had a tumor on her neck, from which she had suffered for years. By a few strokes of his hand the swelling disappeared like magic, and the girl was perfectly cured. I have the names and addresses of all the persons whose cases are referred to; and as they are so remarkable, I will dot down a few others.

A young man of twenty-one years, paralytic from childhood, was conveyed to the doctor's house, and with one treatment was made to walk without limping, and to hold a chair above his head—a thing he had not done in his life before.

An unmarried lady, brought on a couch, suffering from disease of the spine, unable to walk for three years, was cured at once, and walked home.

A lame man was cured in fifteen minutes, and walked without limping, leaving his crutch and cane behind him.

A lady with heart disease, and bed-ridden for some years, was cured in one treatment, and walked away.

A lady with large tumor was brought from her bed so low that her life was despaired of, and perfectly cured.

A man, with bad scrofula all over his head and body, was cured, and the skin made perfectly clear with one treatment.

A girl, eleven years old, with loss of speech for two years, was cured at once.

A girl, with contracted leg, was cured in five minutes.

A man, with dyspepsia and liver complaint of long standing, was cured with one treatment.

A boy, fifteen years of age, paralysed eight years, the left side powerless, was restored to perfect health and strength with one treatment.

A lady, with cancer on her eye for fifteen years, was perfectly cured with one treatment.

A youth, partially blind from birth, was cured in one treatment to read fine print without glasses.

When the lunatic of yesterday entered the change in her appearance was very marked; her face had brightened wonderfully, the look of despair had almost left it, she quite understood and answered many questions put to her. She was accompanied, as before, by her sister, daughter, and a young child. The treatment of yesterday was repeated—powerful magnetic shocks and the application of hot water to the crown of her head; and in half an hour she was a changed woman; the cloud had entirely passed from her face, which shone with smiles as she took her young child and hugged it with a mother's fond embrace. The sight was very affecting; she was quite cured.

After an early dinner we took the cars for New Bedford, a sea-port town fifty-five miles from Boston, where Dr. Newton was to meet all persons desiring to avail themselves of his healing power. The fact had been made known in the public journals some days previously, and when on Sunday morning we arrived at the City Hall, which had been placed at the doctor's disposal for the occasion, we found eight or nine hundred people there, collected from the surrounding country, attracted by his celebrity. The proceedings commenced with an address or lecture from the doctor, at the end of which he affirmed that he would there and then cure all persons suffering from any chronic disorder, and all so suffering were desired to stand up, while those whose ailments were of a more serious nature were to remain seated, to be afterwards treated separately as their necessities required. The usual method of sending magnetic shocks to the persons standing was then gone through, and the patients so operated upon sat down, those in our hearing declaring they were really benefitted. The doctor was on a raised platform facing his audience, and those persons present suffering from tumors, rheumatism, blindness, deafness, paralysis, and such like, were directed to come to him. They were assisted up the steps by attendants at one end of the platform, were cured by the affected parts being gently rubbed and magnetised, and then passed down at the other end. From beginning to end hundreds so passed up and were healed. We were seated in the foremost row of seats, and could see everything that passed, and that cures were effected of the most miscellaneous disorders there is no doubt whatever. I content myself by reporting one case in particular:—

A lady-like woman came to the foot of the platform, and, addressing the doctor, said her husband was very sick, too ill to walk or be brought to the hall; she had come there to witness for herself the mode of Dr. Newton's treatment, and from what she had seen she was hopeful that he would be able to benefit the invalid. From our position we could hear every word spoken. She was requested to ascend the platform, and did so; she had not told her name, nor given any minute particulars of her husband's sickness, but I subsequently learnt that she was a lady well known and respected in the town, and that many persons present were well aware of her husband's prostrate condition. The doctor took her hand, and reflecting a moment, said, "I see your husband seated in an invalid chair; he is leaning on a stick; I will send a shock to him through you; mark the time." Here he produced his watch, and mentioned the hour and minute indicated. He then continued, "As I send this shock through you to him he will feel its effects, will throw down his stick and jump up, exclaiming, 'What's that?'" The proceedings were watched with the greatest interest, and not only the lady spoken to, but others were incredulous. She was desired to go home and see if the result was not as she had been told; but still hesitating, the doctor directed her to go and bring her husband back with her. She demurred still, saying he could not walk, and was too ill to come. He smiled at her want of faith, and at length she complied

with his directions and went. In the meanwhile people still poured up the end of the platform, were treated singly, or in groups of threes and fours, and passed down, when, at the expiration of half an hour, there was a buzz among the audience, the crowd in the hall opened, and there came along its whole length a man and a woman walking easily and without effort. The wife, whom we all recognised, had brought her husband, who came with a smiling face and light step to thank the doctor for his miraculous recovery. The excitement from one end of the hall to the other was intense. The man was there, a living evidence of a wonderful power which I have endeavoured faithfully, albeit feebly and unworthily, to describe.

SUNDAY, May 23.—I was enabled during this day and yesterday to make additional inquiries concerning Spiritualism, and to witness still further the doctor's treatment and cure of numerous cases. In the room over his study are collected hundreds—mind, I am not exaggerating—hundreds of crutches and walking-sticks, that had helped many a cripple to him for treatment, and who, being cured, had left them there as being no further required. The doctor is a great enthusiast, and devotes his whole time to his work; he makes no charges to anyone; those who can pay do so according to their means."—*Banner of Light*, May 20, 1871.

THE NARRATIVE OF ELIZABETH HOBSON, WITH NOTES BY JOHN WESLEY.

[The "Notes" are in italics, enclosed in brackets].

1.—ELIZABETH HOBSON was born in Sunderland, in the year 1744. Her father dying when she was three or four years old, her uncle, Thomas Rea, a pious man, brought her up as his own daughter. She was serious from a child, and grew up in the fear of God. Yet she had deep and sharp convictions of sin till she was about sixteen years of age, when she found peace with God, and from that time the whole tenour of her behaviour was suitable for her profession.

On Wednesday, May 25, 1768, and the three following days, I talked with her at large; but it was with great difficulty I prevailed on her to speak. The substance of what she said was as follows:—

2.—From my childhood, when any of our neighbours died, whether men, women, or children, I used to see them either just when they died or a little before; and I was not frightened at all, it was so common. Indeed, many times I did not then know they were dead. I saw many of them by day, many by night. Those that came when it was dark brought light with them. I observed all little children, and many grown persons, had a bright, glorious light round them, but many had a gloomy, dismal light and a dusky cloud over them.

3.—When I told my uncle this he did not seem to be at all surprised at it. [*It appears highly probable that he was himself experimentally acquainted with these things*]. But at several times he said, "Be not afraid; only take care to fear and serve God. As long as He is on your side none will be able to hurt you." At other times he said (dropping a word now and then, but seldom answering me any questions about it), "Evil spirits very seldom appear but between eleven at night and two in the morning; but after they have appeared to a person a year, they frequently come in the daytime. Whatever spirits, good or bad, come in the day, they come at sunrise, at noon, or at sunset. [*How strange is this! But how little do we know concerning the laws of the invisible world!*]

4.—When I was between twelve and thirteen, my uncle had a lodger, who was a very wicked man. One night I was sitting in my chamber, about half-an-hour after ten, having by accident put out my candle, when he came in all over on a flame. I cried out, "William, why do you come in so to frighten me?" He said nothing, but went

away. I went after him into his room, but found he was fast asleep in bed. A day or two after he fell ill, and within the week died in raging despair.

5.—I was between fourteen and fifteen, when I went very early one morning to fetch up the kine. I had two fields to cross into a low ground, which was said to be haunted. Many persons had been frightened there, and I had myself often seen men and women (so many at times that they were out of count) go just by me and vanish away. This morning, as I came toward it, I heard a confused noise, as of many people quarrelling. But I did not mind it, and went on till I came near the gate. I then saw, on the other side, a young man dressed in purple, who said, "It is too early; go back from whence you came. The Lord be with you and bless you." And presently he was gone.

6.—When I was sixteen my uncle fell ill, and grew worse and worse for three months. One day, having been sent out on an errand, I was coming home through a lane, when I saw him in the field coming swiftly toward me. I ran to meet him, but he was gone. When I came home I found him calling for me. As soon as I came to his bedside he clasped his arms round my neck, and, bursting into tears, earnestly exhorted me to continue in the ways of God, kept his hold till he sunk down and died, and even then they could hardly unclasp his fingers. I would fain have died with him, and wished to be buried with him, dead or alive.

7.—From that time I was crying from morning to night, and praying that I might see him. I grew weaker and weaker, till one morning, about one o'clock, as I was lying, crying as usual, I heard some noise, and, rising up, saw him come to the bedside. He looked much displeased, shook his head at me, and in a minute or two went away.

8.—About a week after I took to my bed, and grew worse and worse, till in six or seven days my life was despaired of. Then, about eleven at night, my uncle came to me, looked well pleased, and sat down on the bedside. He came every night after, at the same time, and stayed till cock-crowing. I was exceeding glad, and kept my eyes fixed upon him all the time he stayed. If I wanted drink or anything, though I did not speak or stir—[*So it is plain he knew her thoughts. But this is widely different from knowing the hearts of all men.*]—he fetched it, and set it on the chair by the bedside. Indeed, I could not speak—[*Such an impression, even though she felt no fear, did the presence of a superior nature make upon her.*]—many times I strove, but could not move my tongue. Every morning when he went away he waved his hand to me, and I heard delightful music, as if many persons were singing together.

9.—In about six weeks I grew better. I was then musing one night whether I did well in desiring he might come; and I was praying that God would do His own will, when he came in and stood by the bedside. But he was not in his usual dress; he had on a white robe, which reached down to his feet. He looked quite well pleased. About one, there stood by him a person in white, taller than him, and exceeding beautiful. He came with the singing as of many voices, and continued till nearly cock-crowing. Then my uncle smiled and waved his hand toward me twice or thrice. They went away with inexpressible sweet music, and I saw him no more.

10.—In a year after this a young man courted me, and in a few months we agreed to be married. But he purposed to take another voyage first, and one evening went aboard his ship. About eleven o'clock, going out to look for my mother, I saw him standing at his mother's door, with his hands in his pockets, and he had his hat pulled over his eyes. I went to him, and reached my hand to put up his hat. But he went swiftly by me, and I saw the wall on the other part of the lane appear to part as he went through, and then immediately close after him. At ten the next morning he died.

11.—A few days after, John Simpson, one of our neighbours, a man that truly feared God, and one with whom I was particularly acquainted, went to sea as usual. He sailed out on a Tuesday. The Friday night following, between eleven and twelve o'clock, I heard one walking in my room, and every step sounded as if he was stepping in water. He then came to the bed side in his sea jacket, all wet, and stretched his hands over me. Three drops of water fell on my breast—[*was this real, or did he only arise such a sensation in her?*]—and felt as cold as ice. I strove

to wake his wife, who lay with me, but could not, any more than if she was dead. Afterward I heard that he was cast away that night. In less than a minute he went away. But he came to me every night for six or seven nights following between eleven and two. Before he came and when he went away I always heard sweet music. Afterwards he came both day and night—every night about twelve, with the music at his coming and going, and every day at sunrise, noon, and sunset. He came, whatever company I was in—at church, in the preaching-house, at my class—and was always just before me, changing his position as I changed mine. When I sat he sat, when I kneeled he kneeled, when I stood he stood likewise. I would fain have spoke to him, but I could not; when I tried my heart sunk within me; meantime it affected me more and more, so that I lost both my stomach, my colour, and my strength. This continued ten weeks, while I pined away, not daring to tell anyone. At last he came four or five nights without any music, and looked exceedingly sad. On the fifth night he drew the curtains of the bed violently to and fro, still looking wistfully at me, and as one quite distressed. This he did two nights. On the third, I lay down, about eleven, on the side of the bed. I quickly saw him walking up and down the room. Being resolved to speak to him, but unwilling any should hear, I rose and went up into the garret. When I opened the door I saw him walking toward me, and shrunk back, on which he stopped and stood at a distance. I said, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what is your business with me?" He answered, "Betsy, God forgive you for keeping me so long from my rest." [*Who can account for this?*] I said, "I wish I was dead." He said, "Say not so; you have more to go through before then. And yet, if you knew as much as I do, you would not care how soon you died. You may bring the children on in their learning as long as they live; they have but a short time." [*By what means could he know this?*] I said, "I will take all the care I can." He added, "Your brother has wrote for you to come to Jamaica; but if you go it will hurt your soul. You have also thoughts of altering your condition—[*So he likewise knew her thoughts*]—but if you marry him you think of it will draw you from God, and you will neither be happy here or hereafter. Keep close to God, and go on in the way wherein you have been brought up." I asked, "How do you spend your time?" He answered, "In songs of praise; but of this you will know more bye-and-bye, for where I am there you will surely be. I have lost much happiness by coming to you. [*I do not understand this.*] And I should not have stayed so long without using other means to make you speak, but the Lord would not suffer me to fright you." "Have you anything more to say?" "It draws near two, and after that I cannot stay. I shall only come to you twice more before the death of my two children. God bless you." Immediately I heard such singing as if a thousand voices joined together. He then went down stairs, and I followed him to the first landing. He smiled, and I said, "I desire you will come back." He stood still till I came to him. I asked him one or two questions, which he immediately answered, but added, "I wish you had not called me back, for now I must take something from you. [*Another instance like this we shall see by and bye. But the reason of it we cannot so much as conjecture.*]" He paused a little, and said, "I think you can best part with the hearing of your left ear." He laid his hand upon it, and in an instant it was as deaf as a stone. And it was several years before I recovered the least hearing of it. The cock crowed as he went out of the door, and then the music ceased. The elder of his children died at about three years and a half, the younger before he was five years old. He appeared before the death of each, but without speaking; after that I saw him no more.

12.—A little before Michaelmas, 1763, my brother George, who was a good young man, went to sea. The day after Michaelmas Day, about midnight, I saw him standing by my bedside, surrounded with a glorious light, and looking earnestly at me; he was wet all over. That night the ship in which he sailed split on a rock, and all the crew were drowned.

13.—On April 9, 1767, about midnight, I was laying awake, and I saw my brother John standing by my bedside. Just at that time he died in Jamaica. [*So a spirit finds no difficulty in travelling three or four thousand miles in a moment.*]

14.—By his death I became entitled to a house in Sunderland, which was left us by my grandfather, John Hobson, an exceeding wicked man, who was drowned fourteen years ago. I employed an attorney to recover it from my aunts, who kept possession of it. But, finding more difficulty than I expected, in the beginning of December I gave it up. Three or four nights after, as I rose from prayer, a little before eleven, I saw him standing at a small distance. I cried out, "Lord bless me, what brings you here?" He answered, "You have given up the house. Mr. Parker advised you so to do;—[*How often spirits are present when we do not think of it.*]—but if you do I shall have no rest. [*Why not?*] Indeed, Mr. Dunn, whom you have hitherto employed, will do nothing for you. [*Did he, then, know Mr. Dunn's thoughts?*] Go to Durham; employ an attorney there, and it will be recovered." [*Was he sure of this, or did he only conjecture?*] His voice was loud, and so hollow and deep, that every word went through me. [*What a picture! Far beyond her inventions.*] His lips did not move at all, nor his eyes, but the sound seemed to rise out of the floor. When he had done speaking he turned about and walked out of the room. [*That he might not fright her by vanishing away.*]

15.—In January, as I was sitting on the bedside, a quarter before twelve, he came in, stood before me, looked earnestly at me, then walked up and down, and stood and looked again. This he did for half an hour, and thus he came every other night—[*Surely God saw this was as much as she could bear.*]—for about three weeks. All this time he seemed angry, and sometimes his look was quite horrid and furious. [*At her not speaking. But why could he not speak first? Is this contrary to a law of the invisible world?*] One night I was sitting up in bed, crying, when he came and began to pull off the clothes. I strove to touch his hand but could not, on which he shrunk back and smiled. [*Poor ghost! Did this divert thee for a moment from the worm that never dieth?*]

16.—The next night but one, about twelve, I was again sitting up and crying, when he came and stood at the bedside. As I was looking for a handkerchief, he walked to the table, took one up, brought and dropped it upon the bed. [*So he saw her thoughts. But did he not pity her too?*] After this he came three or four nights and pulled the clothes off, throwing them on the other side of the bed.

17.—Two nights after he came as I was sitting on the bedside, and after walking to and fro, snatched the handkerchief from my neck. I fell into a swoon. When I came to myself he was standing just before me. Presently he came close to me, dropped it on the bed, and went away.

18.—Having had a long illness the year before, having taken much cold by his frequently pulling off the clothes, and being worn out by these appearances, I was now mostly confined to my bed. The next night, soon after eleven, he came again. I asked, "In God's name, why do you torment me thus? You know it is impossible for me to go to Durham now. But I have a fear that you are not happy, and beg to know whether you are or not." He answered, after a little pause, "That is a bold question for you to ask. So far as you knew me to do amiss in my lifetime, do you take care to do better." I said, "It is a shocking affair to live and die in that manner." He replied, "It is no time for reflections now; what is done cannot be undone." I said, "It must be a great happiness to die in the Lord." He said, "Hold your tongue, hold your tongue! At your peril never mention such a word before me again." [*This seems to have been peculiarly intolerable to him—the thought of what he had lost.*] I was frightened, and strove to lift up my heart to God. He gave a shriek, and sunk down three times, with a loud groan at each time. Just as he disappeared there was a large flash of fire, and I fainted away.

19.—Three days after I went to Durham and put the affair into the hands of Mr. Huggill, the attorney. The next night, about one, he came in, but on my taking up the Bible he went away. A month after he came, at eleven. I said, "Lord bless me, what has brought you here again?" He said, "Mr. Huggill—[*So he had observed him narrowly, though unseen.*]—has done nothing but written one letter. You must write or go to Durham again. It may be decided in a few days." I asked, "Why do you not go to my aunts, who keep me out of it?" He answered, "I have no power to go to them, and they cannot bear it. If I could I would go to them, were

it only to warn them—[Is not this like the concern of Dives for his five brethren?—]—or, I doubt, where I am I shall get too many to bear me company.” He added, “Take care! [Here at least he shows some remains of real affection.] There is mischief laid in Peggy’s hands—[her aunt.] She will strive to meet you coming from your class. I do not speak to hinder you from going to it, but that you may be cautious. Let someone go with you and come back with you; though whether you will escape or no I cannot tell.” I said, “She can do no more than God will let her.” He answered, “We have all too little to do with Him. Mention that word no more. As soon as this is decided meet me at Boyldon Hill—[About half a mile from the town]—between twelve and one at night.” I said, “That is a lone place for a woman to go at that time of night. I am willing to meet you at the Ballast Hills, or in the Churchyard.” He said, “That will not do. But what are you afraid of?” I answered, “I am not afraid of you—[No; not though she knew him to be a damned spirit]—but of rude men. He said, “I will set you safe, both thither and back again.” I asked, “May I not bring a minister with me?” He replied, “Are you thereabouts? I will not be seen by any but you. You have plagued me sore enough already. If you bring any with you, take what follows.”

20.—From this time he appeared every night, between eleven and two. If I put out the fire and candle, in hopes I should not see him, it did not avail; for as soon as he came all the room was light, with a dismal light, like that of flaming brimstone. But whenever I took up the Bible or kneeled down, yea, or prayed in my heart, he was gone.

21.—On Thursday, May 12th, he came about eleven, as I was sitting by the fire. I asked, “In God’s name, what do you want?” He said, “You must either write or go to Durham. I cannot stay from you till this is decided. [Why not? Who can tell?] And I cannot stay where I am. [And where canst thou stay with any comfort? Dost not thou carry with thee thine own hell?] When he went away I fell into a violent passion of crying, seeing no end to my trouble. In this agony I continued till after one, and then fell into a fit. About two I came to myself, and saw at the bedside one in a white robe, which reached down to his feet. I cried, “In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.” He said, “The Lord is with you. I am come to comfort you. What cause have you to complain and murmur thus? Why do you mourn thus for your friends? Pray for them, and leave them to God. Arise and pray.” I said, “I can pray none.” He said, “But God will help you; only keep close to God. You are backward likewise in praying with others, and afraid to receive the Lord’s Supper. Break through that backwardness and that fear. The Lord bless you and be ever with you.” As he went away I heard many voices singing “Hallelujah!” with such melody as I never heard before. All my trouble was gone, and I wanted nothing but to fly away with them.

22.—Saturday, 28. About twelve my grandfather stood at the bedside. I said, “In God’s name, what do you want?” He said, “You do not make an end of this thing; get it decided as soon as possible. My coming is as uneasy to me as it can be to you.” Before he came there was a strong smell of burning, and the room was full of smoke, which got into my eyes, and almost blinded me for some time after.

23.—Wednesday, June 21. About sunset I was coming upstairs at Mrs. Knott’s, and I saw him coming towards me out of the opposite room. He went close by me on the stair head. Before I saw him I smelt a strong smell of burning, and so did Miss Hosmer. It got into my throat, and almost stifled me. I sat down and fainted away.

24.—On Friday, July 3, I was sitting at dinner, when I thought I heard one come along the passage. I looked about and saw my aunt, Margaret Scot, of Newcastle, standing at my back. On Saturday I had a letter informing me that she died on that day.

Thus far ELIZABETH HOBSON. On Sunday, July 10 (says John Wesley) I received the following letter from a friend, to whom I had recommended her:—

Sunderland, 6th July, 1868.

I wrote you word before, that Elizabeth Hobson was put into possession of the house. The same night her old visitant, who had not troubled her for some time, came

again and said, “You must meet me at Boyldon Hill on Thursday night, a little before twelve. You will see many appearances, who will call you to come to them; but do not stir, neither give them any answer. A quarter after twelve I shall come and call you, but still do not answer or stir. She said, “It is a hardship upon me for you to desire me to meet you there. Why cannot you take your leave now?” He answered, “It is for your good that I desire it. I can take my leave of you now, but if I do I must take something from you which you would not like to part with.” She said, “May not a few friends come with me?” He said, “They may, but they must not be present when I come.”

That night twelve of us met at Mrs. Dawson’s, and spent some time in prayer. God was with us of a truth. Then six of us went with her to the place, leaving the rest to pray for us. We came thither a little before twelve, and then stood at a little distance from her. It being a fine night, we kept her in sight, and spent the time in prayer. She stood there till a few minutes past one. When we saw her move we went to meet her. She said, “Thank God, it is all over and done. I found everything as he had told me. I saw many appearances, who called me to them, but I did not answer or stir. Then he came and called me at a distance, but I took no notice. Soon after he came up to me and said, ‘You are come well fortified.’” He then gave her the reasons why he required her to meet him at that place, and why he could take his leave there, and not in the house, without taking something from her. But withal he charged her to tell this to no one, adding, “If you disclose this to any creature I shall be under the necessity of troubling you as long as you live. If you do not, I shall never trouble you or see you any more, either in time or eternity.” He then bade her farewell, waved his hand, and disappeared.

John Wesley has been branded as superstitious. By whom? By those whose knowledge is limited. John Wesley was ahead of his generation. This is proved by his advocacy of Electricity, his Primitive Physic, his perception of the power of spirits. The extensive conferences with thousands of persons in all parts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and America; gave him opportunities for gathering knowledge from men, equal to those whose inexperience and want of knowledge lead them to pass judgment with all the ease of a child who asserts that which the teacher knows is false. The hankering after Church forms and mannerism by the present leaders of the Methodists, instead of after the Spiritual gifts named by St. Paul and given by Christ as a legacy to Christians, is producing the fruits of formalism by a diminution of members.

JOHN JONES.

Enmore Park, Norwood Junction.

WHAT IS A SPIRIT?

WHAT is a spirit? is answered by the question, What is a man? The answer may take another phase, and be—a being possessed of life, of intellect to observe, to consider, and act with and up to the powers he is possessed of: intellectual, ethereal, and physical.

Human life is of itself an unseparated force, possessed of form; and by assimilating to itself visible material substances, crusts itself, as it were, with and in those substances which, to us, are bone, flesh, blood, hair, &c., and become visible as one body having many members or divisions called brain, legs, arms, &c., and it is susceptible to atmospheric changes. If by accident a leg is cut off, the life form, without the crustation, still exists and feels the power of the atmospheric changes. A slight change in the life-essence would, as in snow-flakes, change the crystalline form, and produce the wing or the fin, though the brain might remain the same and thus engage in duties man cannot, with his present form, attempt.

Science is perceiving that the real, the elementary forces

of nature, are *invisible* to the eye, as invisible as the air we breathe; therefore it is no incredible fact that life, having by the involuntary nerves and powers used up the physical seen forces created by eating and drinking, should throw them off, and the body so thrown off be called dead, but the life, the spirit still continue a living intelligence—an individualised, unseen force; amalgamating with itself the more refined elements of nature around which we may call soul, and in that condition *think on, act on*, possessed of memory, mind and will—a so-called disembodied spirit, capable of producing, when he wills, the varied phenomena called spiritual; nay more, that while the spirit is in the flesh, it is creating, from the elements which it has assimilated to itself, the ethereal substance and form it has to live in and use when it has to leave the flesh body. Let us for want of a better symbol, refer to the caterpillar and butterfly.

Light can pass through glass, though air cannot. Electricity and magnetism can pass through walls and floors, though light cannot: it therefore seems not an incredible thing, that a human being should exist, think, and act in the finer and more ethereal elements around us; possessed of brains to think and a body to act; and in that condition produce effects as wonderful as light, as electricity, as magnetism, as air; and also in that condition, either pass through glass or stone walls, depending entirely on the powers of the ethereal elements the human spirit has assimilated to itself. This range of evidence has been taken for the sake of atheists and deists who glibly assert that intelligent spirits cannot have an existence. Christians, Mahomedans, Brahmans, and others, acknowledge the existence of spirits, and of the great spirit, God. "God is a spirit." They acknowledge that around Him, and in his dominions, are ethereal intelligent beings, thinking and acting as need arises. Therefore, as light is a substance and travels with speed, so may spirit; and as electricity, though a substance, can circle the world, a distance of 24,000 miles, in less than a second of time, so may an individualised spirit.

That spirits exist, is a fact based not only on past historical narratives, ecclesiastical and secular; but also on the knowledge of thousands of persons in domestic life, and in all grades of religious and irreligious society. Unfortunately, the "Reformation," in its effort to abate—to destroy the scandal of men selling Divine pardons at so much per sin, by means of Saint A, Saint B, and the mother of our Lord's brothers; proclaimed to the people God *alone* in action on earth for good, and taught this in our schools and colleges, the only other person in action being the devil.

That method abated the scandal, but unfortunately in a generation or two, it shut out, through the press and the pulpit, all knowledge in Protestant families of spiritual beings acting for, with and around us; and all spirits seen were put down to hallucination, to disordered stomachs; and the theological dilemmas produced by the assertion that God in person did all, does all, led to the rampant materialism which has prevailed.

Let our population know, that the Deity has His ethereal, intelligent agents in action around earth, acting mentally and physically, sometimes in us, on us, and around us; and that, as easily as electricity or magnetism can enter and leave us, yet, operating and co-operating under laws as rigidly binding on them, as we are bound in our semi-ethereal bodies of flesh; and at once many theological difficulties would be solved, special providences understood, ministering angels become a felt reality, heavenly or ethereal hosts a reality, ethereal music (chord and discord) a reality, spirit-power phenomena by and communion with good and evil spirits a reality. Our faith and hope in being by-and-by an ethereal being, become a certainty, and that we shall again see and embrace our loved ones, a certainty. Here in the flesh, "we see as through a glass (our eyes) darkly, but then face to face"—spirit to spirit.

JOHN JONES.

Enmore Park, Norwood Junction.

P.S.—The *lawfulness* of communing with spiritual human beings, while we are forming and educating for the same kind of existence, is proved in the *Christian Spiritualist* for July, Page 101.

ALHUDAD.

"These three; but the greatest of these is love."
(1 Cor., 13 c., 13 v.)

AND the word of the Lord came unto Alhudad and said unto him: Alhudad, inasmuch as thy petitions are come up before me, I grant unto thee thy request,—

The strength of the mighty shall be thine,
The wisdom of the wise is given unto thee,
The craftiness of the subtle is before thee.

And Alhudad rose, and behold, it was day. So throughout that land there was not a man who could stand before Alhudad. And all the people said, behold his might! see ye his wisdom! who can understand his ways? and they bowed their head as he passed and did him homage. Where-soever Alhudad went, there they stood before him, and no man turned until he went his way. Surely in all the earth there was not found one who could compare with Alhudad!

Yet his soul within him was bitter, and behold, his meat was as poison. For no man followed him—no man said, "I will betake me unto Alhudad." No man washed his hands save his hired servant; and no man bowed himself upon his neck to weep. Alone in his own heart, and alone in his soul, dwelt Alhudad! In his bitterness he cursed his kind and said—

Because I am wise they hate me,
Because I am strong they envy me,
Because I am subtle they are ashamed,
And I, only I, have sense to know these things.

Then he strode into the desert, and when the stars looked on him, he lifted up his face and said, "Would I had never asked of Him wisdom and strength and craftiness."

The kind angel of God's patience touched him, and while he slept the angel said "Come"—and no man can say that angel nay.

Then Alhudad entered a town, and lo, the women came at even to fetch water from the wells, and Alhudad stood amongst them while they saw him not. And as they stood beside the water, one said, "My child is sick and I know not where to go." And the other women answered her, "Surely thou knowest of Saladim; he will give thee help." And another woman said, "My servant drives the herds and does them harm, and wherewith can I mend the matter?" Then they answered her, "Saladim." And yet another said, "My husband treats me ill and I have none to aid." Still they sang, "Saladim." And so it was where'er the angel led him—in mart, in council place, in street or palace, midst the children or the aged—all who wanted help, or aid, or council, cried, "Saladim."

Then said Alhudad, "Here is a greater than I. I will ask him why the Lord has given wisdom and strength and craft, in greater measure unto him." And when Alhudad came, behold, in a small hut, there sat a man whose gentle face was fair as any woman's. No power

had he beside the form of him who came to question him. No wisdom gave he forth in learned speech. And as to craft ! the very child who played before the door could use his words ! Then said Alhudad, "This man has no power, no gifts from heaven came unto him ; why should the people stand about his feet, and all the land send up his name with gratitude and tears."

Then spake the angel in that tender speech, which all men, when they hear, know whence it comes, "Know thou, Alhudad, that this man is one who, midst the darkness of thy mortal world, had light to see his God ; who, midst the weakness of the flesh, had power to say, "His will be done ;" and, leaving all the gifts of God's own giving to His own choice, took what the Father gave ; and, inasmuch as he asked neither strength nor wisdom, craft nor speech, the Father stooped, and, holding forth his hand, gave him the gift which has the power of all !—the greatest gift of God—men call it LOVE !

HANNAH HUNT.

Quarry Street, Guildford, Surrey.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

SIR,—A friend having read the paper on healing power, inserted in your *Christian Spiritualist* for April, thus writes to me :

"The substance of the article is open to objection. I do not quite agree with the assertion that mesmerism is *entirely* from the mesmeriser, and spirit healing through the medium. If all discoveries proceed from the Spiritual world, and if mesmerism is the great life force as you say ; that is, the soul of the world receiving its vitality from the Holy Spirit, surely the life force given out by the mesmeriser must have its origin in the Spirit world. I believe it is only a question of *more or less*. Could you get a little more distinct Spirit-teaching on this part of the subject?"

I have already received many messages upon this subject ; but, in compliance with this request, was glad again to seek the aid of my Spirit guides ; and accordingly, in reply to my friend's question, I received (by the Spirit writing) the following message :—"It is true that all magnetism is derived from the great life force of the universe, or 'World-soul' (as by it *matter* is permeated ; matter being in fact only *condensed materialised spirit*.) Thus the magnetism given forth by the mesmerist, must be of the *same nature* as that coming from the healing medium ; but with this great difference. The healing medium is the channel for an influence which is given forth by the spirit or spirits. The mesmeriser works for the most part by his own will. In the first case, the influence, as coming more

directly from the Spiritual sphere, is of a higher, purer, and more ethereal quality than that given out by the *mesmeriser* ; in whose healing power is mingled a much larger proportion of his own earthly magnetism. In both cases perfect harmony is required to produce effect. In the case of the healing medium, the magnetism of the spirits, the medium, and the patient, must all be in accordance. In the case of the mesmerist, it is also requisite that there should be no magnetic repulsion between him and the patient. But it will easily be seen what are the conditions needful for each process, and these conditions fulfilled, how much more powerful must be that magnetism in which the Spiritual preponderates, than the magnetism which is given forth for the most part by the will of the mesmeriser."

As this may interest some of your readers, especially as taken in connexion with the article referred to, I now beg to forward it to you.

F. J. THEOBALD.

Hendon, near London.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

DEAR SIR,—A most interesting case of spirit-healing came under my notice recently in the way of business. A poor man came into my office, without introduction, to consult me on a business matter, which I need not relate, but which led me to ask a little into his history.

About four years ago he was severely afflicted with rheumatism, of so severe a character as for a long time to prevent him walking, and for the greater part of three years, at intervals, he was bent nearly double. He could only walk with his back at a right angle, which brought his chin level with his knees. In this state he was admitted into the London Hospital, but after a short time dismissed as incurable. Two or three other hospitals refused him admission as his case was incurable, and he would keep others out. For five or six weeks he was then admitted an out-patient of Bartholomew's Hospital, but grew worse ; his pain and weakness becoming so serious that he could scarcely crawl to and fro for medical attention.

The last time he went to the hospital he was groping his way home with his face close to his knees, in intense pain, which forced tears from his eyes, and at last compelled him to stop. Suddenly the pain left him : not a trace was there, and slowly and cautiously the poor old man rose up straight, which he had not done for more than a year previously. No one was near him, although he felt as if some one had stroked his back and stroked off the pain. This happened a year ago, and he now walks upright and has strengthened ever since.

I was some time getting all these facts out of him, for I was a perfect stranger and his cure so marvellous, he thought I should not believe him.

After expressing my great interest in it, I said, "Well, now tell me honestly what do you think cured you?"

He replied, "No one but the good God himself could have done it."

I added, "Or one of those ministering spirits sent forth from Him?"

I have made many enquiries and now leave these facts to speak for themselves.

MORELL THEOBALD.

Hendon, June 25, 1871.

[Mr. Theobald authorises us to say that he will give the name and address of the person above referred to to any person wishful to have them.]

—ED. C.S.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

MY DEAR SIR,—In the numerous séances held in London, I know of none presenting the same phenomena as those which are held at Mr. Stokes's, 29, Kingsdown Road, Upper Holloway. I have not seen a notice of them in your valuable paper. I send you this, thinking the particulars may interest your readers.

Mrs. Whiting and I, with a friend, called upon Mr. Stokes the other evening, and found they were about having a séance. He kindly invited us to remain, but added, "I shall be pleased if the spirits will allow you to join us." Before the sitting we had some very pleasing sacred music and singing, very nicely led by Mrs. Mannion (Mr. Stokes's eldest daughter), which I find is their system before commencing a séance. We were then asked to go into the séance room. Miss Stokes, the medium, took her chair at the table, the Bible was opened, and the spirits were asked what chapter they preferred. They told us the first chapter of Ezekiel. After the reading, the spirit requested the light to be put out, and a hymn sung. The singing of hymns appears to be valuable to them, as it harmonises the circle, for during the singing each person in the circle was touched by spirit hands, which sent a thrill through us, but the touch is so gentle and affectionate that whoever is touched feels an amount of happiness which cannot be realised by those who have not experienced it. I cannot describe it. The hand is like a human hand, but smoother and softer. You feel the four fingers distinctly. This is said to be the hand of Mr. Stokes's deceased wife, the mother of the medium. She said she could not do much because the present Mrs. Stokes was absent; so we broke up for half an hour until she returned. As soon as she arrived we sat again, and the power was greatly increased. Immediately we sat a letter was written by the spirit, stating that in consequence of the present Mrs. Stokes being away she could not write, but she was glad to see us all. This was written so small that it would be very difficult for anyone to write so small in the light, to say nothing of darkness. Each person in the circle was allowed to ask for the spirit hand of one or two friends in the spirit world. One asked for the hand of a beloved child, and felt the tiny fingers again placed in her hand. Another desired a mother might say by her gentle touch that death had not caused her love to die. A gentleman requested his sister to place her

hand in his, and then that an old friend might grasp his hand, and instantly these requests were granted. Another, remembering a deceased friend used to give a peculiar shake of the hand, expressed a desire to receive the same again, and instantly his hand was shaken with the well-known grasp of hearty recognition. After each had been satisfied, proving the difference between an aged mother's hand and a babe's tiny fingers, a sister's soothing touch, and the grasp of an old friend, the tube was taken up by the spirit, and a tune was beaten on the heads of the circle. A friend requested that he might be struck with the tube on his back, and another said, "If you are a spirit doing this, hit me hard on the head," and we then heard blows, and he stated the moment he put his head down to escape another hit he received one on the side of the head unprotected, showing clearly that the spirit could see although we could not see each other. Many saw white luminous lights floating over the table like clouds, and one lady saw what appeared at a considerable distance a large orchestra filled with bright stars. Repeatedly during the evening the table was raised from the floor, and at the conclusion it was raised above our heads and carried out of the circle, and when the light came we found it on the floor with its legs upwards.

Before concluding, I may say that for many years I have studied electricity, and I am now making experiments in connection with Spiritualism, but I am anxious to know more about these spirit hands which I am satisfied are real. The opponents of Spiritualism are constantly saying, "The spirits give us nothing new." Perhaps, sir, you may have some sincere scientific readers who are investigating these subjects like myself. I shall be glad if they can give me some light upon the matter. Are the spirit hands formed by the spirits? Is anyone acquainted with the chemistry by which they are formed? or is the magnetic emanation of the circle used for that purpose by some law in magnetism known to the magnetists or electricians of the day? or are such hands parts of the body of the similitude of which we shall have when we enter the spirit world? I should like to know more about the power used in raising the table while all hands are joined and on the top of it. And if some optician can give me information respecting the laws employed to enable spirits to see in extreme darkness I shall esteem it a favor.

I think before new phenomena are enquired for it will be well to know something more about such as are already presented to us.

My letter is longer than I anticipated, but if you have space in your next issue, perhaps the particulars may interest some of your readers.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours obediently,

H. G. WHITING.

224, Kentish Town Road, London, N.W.,

July 6, 1871.

P.S.—I append the names and addresses of most of the parties present; but some I am not able to give, they having left London, and the addresses not known to Mr. Stokes:—Mr. and Mrs. G. Dawson, Dereham Terrace, Norwich; Mr. E. D. and Miss Rogers, Old Palace, Norwich; Mr. and Mrs. Mannion, 403, Liverpool Street, London.

H. G. W.

THE LATE DR. DAUN, OF EDINBURGH.

In our obituary of to-day is recorded the death of Dr. Daun, one of those men of sterling worth who help to leave the world better than they found it.

The Doctor spent many years of his life in the army as a medical officer; he went through the whole of the Peninsular war, and was present at the famous battle of Waterloo. He served in two regiments, and was twice on duty in India.

The prime of his life, spent in British and foreign travel, gathered to itself a store of knowledge and observation of mankind, that enriched and adorned a happy old age.

A student of nature and of natural science, and a profound worshipper of its Divine Author, a reverent and humble spirit became the fixed habit of his mind.

His theological views were the result of careful and devout study, and his highest aim was to follow the precepts and example of Him who has so fully revealed to us the Father. Firm in the avowal and maintenance of his own opinions, he respected all who conscientiously differed from him, and could discern and appreciate the far deeper principles that underlie all honest conviction. His chosen friends were of a highly cultured class, and many a veteran in science and speculative philosophy will miss his enthusiastic interest in the most important topics of the day. Confined to his room, and almost to his bed for the last twelve months of his life, he evinced a practical piety—which those who had the privilege of intercourse with him during that interesting period, cannot easily forget.

If there was one quality that distinguished Dr. Daun above others, it was a supreme regard for truth and integrity. The poet must have had such a character in view when he wrote, "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

The day after the 56th anniversary of Waterloo, this aged friend was laid to rest in the Dean's Cemetery, Edinburgh.—*Unitarian Herald*, 23rd June, 1871.

[It is due to the memory of this excellent man to add to the above notice the fact that he was an avowed believer in Spiritualism, and a regular subscriber to this periodical.—Ed. C.S.]

POETRY.

ALONE.

A woman, "God forgotten,"
Walketh her lonely way;
"Her loved are dead,"
The Preacher said,
"Let her weep on and pray."
"Once to her side there gathered
Husband and children blest;
Once the warm flame,
As it went and came,
Gladdened her gentle breast."
"God hath smitten"—still the Preacher;
"Healed me," her tones reply,
"And when night winds blow,
All safe from the snow,
In my heart do the children lie."
"Once" yet again the Preacher;
"Forever" her calm eyes say,
"And God's love shall be
As man's mockery,
When He gives and takes away."

SARAH A. BENNETT.

The Holmes, Betchworth.

THE SECRET OF THE SPIRIT LAND.

Alone I sat whilst evening came
And mellowed into night,
Read of His wondrous deeds in Nain,
And prayed for greater light.
Then, as aside I looked, I saw
The little cot where slept
In Death's embrace my little one,
My darling lost, and wept.

Oh why in Bethany or Nain
And not in English homes
Walked those blest feet, nor yet again
Come to astound the tombs?

And as I yearned, lo! through my tears,
I see a spirit-light;
And then an angel form appears,
And golden grows the night.

Soft as a lute upon the lake,
So distant, yet so near,
Came then a voice which gently brake
On my enraptured ear.

"Grieve not dear father, not for me
As though I were no more;
Thy fondly loved one, happily,
Hath found the spirit shore.

"The secret too of Nain is here,
And of Geneseret,
Why wine, not water, did appear,
And laws, as seen, upset.

"No subtle power of chemist's lore
Nor proud Philosophy
Will ere desery the spirit power
In its simplicity.

"A deeper law than science knows
Lies near, yea, very near;
Commingles with all spirit life,
And lo! it draweth near.

"For fain this spirit power would live
And visit your dark earth:
But childlike faith must welcome give
To bring it to the birth.

"Again the Pentecost would come
New spirit gifts to blend,
Fulfil and glorify the pledge
The Comforter to send."

Then as a dove which yearns for home
When plucked the olive leaf
Silent she left me all alone,
But larger my belief.

"The angels of the Lord encamp"
Around the loved ones still;
And as we clear our spirit sight
To greet them—come they will.

Hendon.

M. T.

OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

No. 8.

"And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds; but the wind passeth, and cleanseth them."—Job 37 c. 21 v.

1. The translation of the authorized version of the Book of Job is exceedingly defective and erroneous, and a discredit to the English Bible. A better translation of the text would be: "And now men see not the bright light which is on the clouds; but the wind passeth, and cleareth them away."

2. In the Scriptures, "clouds" are frequently used, as in the present case, as symbols of mysteries. Hence it is said of God: "Clouds and darkness are round about Him."

3. There are two kinds of mysteries; mysteries real, and mysteries assumed. Mysteries *real* are such as have facts attached to them. A blade of grass is a fact: the life and growth of that blade are mysteries. The ecclesiastical doctrine of the Trinity is an illustration of *assumed* mysteries. Prove to us that that doctrine is a fact, and we shall not reject it, simply because it is a mystery.

4. Too much has been made of mysteries, forgetting that it is with revealed things, and not with secret ones, that we have to do. (Deuteronomy 29 c. 29 v.)

5. Mysteries, too, are relative. What is a mystery to a child, may not be so to a man; what to a man, not to an angel; what to an angel, not to Christ; what to Christ, not to God. Certain things may, also, be mysteries to the same individual, at one time of his life, which are not so at another time of that life.

6. But still there are mysteries, and he who would successfully escape from them must, first of all, escape from himself, for man is, and must for ever be to himself, the greatest of all mysteries. There are mysteries in the Bible—in the nature of God—in the nature of Christ—in the nature of man—in the world of nature—in moral evil, as a permitted fact—in the fact that great privileges, of a civil and religious kind, are at present limited to certain countries and peoples—in the sufferings of animals—in the fact of death—and in the life beyond death.

7. Why are there any mysteries? Is it because God is jealous of His creatures, and afraid to let them know too much? No, God is not only the source of light, but the light-giving God, who gives as much light as man can bear to receive. Indeed if there were no "bright light on the clouds," the clouds themselves could not be seen. It is by what we actually know, that we see the vast realms of the unknown.

8. There is a "bright light on the clouds," in other words, there are good and sufficient reasons to account for the existence of the mysteries which are above us, and which surround us. Man's powers of knowing and bearing are finite. Man's existence here is limited. Man's powers have been injured by sin. Knowledge itself is, after all, not the supreme good: charity, or love, is greater than knowledge, faith, or hope. It is the natural tendency of mystery to excite a desire, and to prepare, for the acquirement of knowledge. Much can be known only by experience, which very often makes *that* to be plain which, unexperienced, was mysterious. Were there no mysteries, there would be no intelligent reverence for God, and for the things unknown; so that in this sense the old adage happens to be true that, "ignorance is the mother of devotion." Add to these facts another: to know many things, we must first of all, *be* what we would know. (5 Matthew 8 v.; Acts 20 c. 35 v.)

9. There are clouds, or mysteries, but there is a bright light upon these clouds; in other words, the darkness is not unrelieved. A clearing time, too, is coming both to the sinner and to the saint. Enough of God's justice, and truth, and mercy, are known now to give us a quiet confidence in Him, and an assurance that "what we know not now we shall know hereafter," and that behind what are now clouds to us, there shines the bright light of His goodness.

10. Let us learn to submit to the inevitable. Christ said to His disciples, and still says to us, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." He "spoke the word unto them, as they were able to bear it." So does God deal with us now. In this present state, and with our finite powers, we *cannot* know all things. Let us take that as an axiom. At the same time, let us not neglect the acquirement of all possible knowledge. Because we cannot know all things, it does not follow that we can know nothing. There are clouds, but it is not all cloud. Let us also, for ever remember that Christ is God's "bright light on the clouds." He can, and will teach us all that it is really needful for us to know, to enable us to fulfil the great end of our existence, which is "To do the will of Him that sent us, and to finish His work."

F. R. YOUNG.

(Preached at Newbury, Yeovil, and Swindon).

BOOKS, &c., RECEIVED.

HOW TO LIVE ON SIXPENCE A DAY. By T. L. Nichols, M.D. Price, Sixpence. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer.

AN ADDRESS TO THE "BANNER OF LIGHT" (Boston, Mass. U.S.) By D. Richmond. No price given. Dartington: D. Richmond, 13, Chapel Street.

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN ANTICIPATION OF AN APPROACHING END OF THE WORLD. Fifth Baillie Prize Essay. By Sara S. Hennell. Price, One Shilling. London: Trubner and Co.

CALVINISM: An address delivered at St. Andrew's, March 17, 1871, by J. A. Froude, M.A., Rector of the University. Price, Half-a-Crown. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

O PARAKLETOS; OR, THE HOLY GHOST AND THE NEW COVENANT SPIRITUAL MINISTRY OF ANGELS. By the

Rev. R. B. Eldridge. No price given. New Bedford, Massachusetts: Anthony and Sons, 67, Union Street.

CHRIST'S HEALING TOUCH, AND OTHER SERMONS. By Alexander Mackennal, B.A., Surbiton Park Church, Surrey. Price, Six Shillings. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS, a Pastoral for the Times. By James Baldwin Brown, B.A., Brixton. Price, One Shilling. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

SEVEN WEEKS WITH THE SPIRITS; Showing the Danger of the Practice of Spiritism. By Clara Field. Price, Sixpence. London: Jarrold and Sons, 12, Paternoster Row.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEMO, Kentish Town.—Letter and drawing received; but "Nemo" is referred to Nos. 1 and 2 of our standing notices.

A SINCERE FRIEND, London.—Possibly you are "A Sincere Friend;" but you would have given at least one proof of it by not sending us an anonymous letter, to do which is both rude and cowardly.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Depression of Spirits, Debility:—Some defect in digestion is generally the cause of mental depression. On rectifying the disordered stomach the long list of gloomy thoughts retires, and is succeeded by more hopeful and more happy feelings. Holloway's Pills have been renowned far and wide for effecting this desirable change without inconveniencing the morbidly sensitive or most delicate organism. They remove all obstructions, regulate all secretions, and correct depraved humours by purifying the blood and invigorating the stomach. Their medicinal virtues reach, relieve, and stimulate every organ and gland in the body whereby the entire system is renovated. No medicine ever before discovered acts so beneficially upon the blood and circulation as Holloway's celebrated Pills.

Advertisements.

HEAVEN OPENED; or, Messages from our Little Ones in their Spirit Home to their brothers and sisters on earth. By F. J. THEOBALD. Given through her spirit-writing mediumship.

In neat cloth, 1s.; in enamel wrapper, 6d. Post free for an extra penny.

London: James Burns, 15, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

EXHIBITION OF SPIRIT DRAWINGS.

MISS HOUGHTON,

20, Delamere Crescent, Westbourne Square, London, W has taken the

NEW BRITISH GALLERY,

39, Old Bond Street,

for an Exhibition of her Spirit Drawings in Water Colors.

See the *Spiritual Magazine* and *Christian Spiritualist* for JUNE.

Admission, One Shilling: Subscriber's Ticket (not transferable) half a guinea: Subscriber and friend, one guinea.

CATALOGUES—ONE SHILLING

Advertisements.

PAMPHLETS AND TRACTS
ON SPIRITUALISM, &c.(Reprinted from the *Spiritual Magazine*).

Throwing of Stones and other Substances by Spirits. By William Howitt. 1s.

Also the following, price 6d. each :—

1—An Essay upon the Ghost-Belief of Shakespeare. By Alfred Roffe.

2—The Prophets of the Cevennes. By William Howitt.

3—Remarks on the Character of Swedenborg's Translation of Genesis as given and explained in the "Arcana Celestia."

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

