

The Christian Spiritualist

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

ST. PAUL.

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

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BUSINESS men will find it for their interest to advertise in the *Christian Spiritualist* for obvious reasons:—1.

It is taken for most part by persons who preserve it; who take a pride in lending it; by not a few who bind it.

2.—The bulk of our readers belong to the class who are neither poor nor rich—the most reliable of all customers.

3.—Our paper is not crowded with advertisements. We publish but a few; and this makes them conspicuous. 4.

—Our charges are reasonable.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

WE have received from Mr. J. S. Lowe, 6, Chetwynd Road, Kentish Town, London, N.W., a long and interesting account of a sitting held at his house on Sunday evening, September 8th; but partly because he has not given us the names and addresses of the persons present,* who are referred to as having taken part in the proceedings, and, partly because of some of the peculiarities of form in which the communications were made (we refer to spherical figures drawn by the hand of the medium) we cannot insert the account. The spirits of Newton, Cranmer, the Venerable Bede, Michael Angelo, Columbus, Pope Adrian 4th, the Earl of Surrey, Camilla, Milton, Shakespeare, Mary Sarah Fullarton, and Dante (we give the names in the order in which they appear in Mr. Lowe's account), are said to have been present: in

addition to whom there were Mr. Lowe's father, his father's cousin, his mother's sister, and his own cousin. The communications appeared to come chiefly from Sir Isaac Newton. Perhaps some of our London friends and readers would call upon Mr. Lowe, who, we doubt not, would gladly show. The communications, which he tells us “he has arranged and dated, writing in pencil the questions to which the answers were given.” Mr. Lowe adds, “we use pen and ink for our spirit friends, which we find the most effective.”

The whole account is one more added to hundreds of accounts of *phenomena*, which, however truthful in themselves, could never be appreciated by the public generally, and not always by Spiritualists themselves. “Seeing is believing,” so says the proverb, and we are constantly reminded of its applicability to statements sent to ourselves and our contemporaries. The number, always large, is daily increasing of those who must have personal sight of these things ere they will or can believe. We are not defending such a state of mind, but simply reporting a fact of which we must make the best use we can. At the same time our own relations with Spiritualistic *phenomena* are altogether un-mistakeable and experimental. We know that departed spirits show themselves to mortals: we have seen them—we know that departed spirits communicate (sometimes audibly, sometimes by writing) with those whom they have left behind; we have received such communications, over and over again, and in both kinds, accompanied by tests we have applied and found not to fail—we know that the gift of healing by the laying on of hands is a power of to-day: we have healed scores by such means—finally, we know, just as surely as we know any one fact

* See our *Standing Notices*, No. 1.



of our consciousness (this fact, for example, that we are writing these very words on white paper, with black ink, and a five shilling gold pen) that Spiritualism, as such, is true; and all the Faradays, the Huxleys, the Tyndalls, and the Carpenters in the world could never dispossess our minds of that knowledge. Let such individuals expose fallacies of reasoning, mis-statements of facts, and exhibitions of improper spirit; above all, let them labor, "in season and out of season," to expose all trickery connected with the movement of modern Spiritualism, and they shall have all the aid we can render them in carrying on their righteous work. But science has not created, and will not destroy Spiritualism; science is incompetent to test it, except negatively, and had better confess that trained powers of observation, common sense, and honesty are all that are needed to discover the truth of Spiritualism. Some day our scientific teachers will come to see that even their knowledge is extremely limited, and their tests applicable only in certain directions and under certain conditions; meanwhile, we who are Spiritualists must endeavor to exist in quiet independence of the frowns or smiles of men of science, or indeed of anybody else who may in their ignorance attack us, or in their impudence fling us the cold offerings of their freezing politeness. We know what we know, and we also know what we believe; and if, as Lord Lytton somewhere says in his works, "there is nothing so sublime as a fact," why Spiritualism is among the sublime things of life, for it is indeed a *FACT* which one day every opponent will have to acknowledge and respect. "He that believeth shall not make haste;" "according to your faith be it unto you"—he who realizes the truth of these utterances will be calm, and patient, and earnest, and practical, and thoroughly honest in word and deed; while he leaves times, seasons, and consequences to Him whose creature and child he is.

† See article on "Definitions" in the *Christian Spiritualist*, Vol. I, Page 17.

ON TRUTH: DIVINE AND HUMAN.

I have already adduced* reasons for believing that assent to the same proposition does not imply that those who assent see the same truth in the proposition to which assent is given.

I have indeed asserted (and in so asserting, have, I hope, carried some conviction with me) that probably no two of us can by any possibility see the same truth in the same form of words; but that in any form of words to which we give assent, we do no more than see *our own* truth. If one man be thus unable to see in anything

the same truth that his fellow man sees, how much more must the race of men be unable to see in anything the same truth as God sees. Great national energy has been recently exerted to secure for all children an education which shall at least embrace all that is included under the title of the three R's; and yet to a Being before whom past, present, and future are a one, of what value will be the fact that 2 and 2 are 4—that 2,000 and 2,000 make 4,000? Eternity is not reached by the casting up of time, nor infinity by the casting up of finite quantities; but to One who comprehends eternity and infinity, past, present, and future (we must suppose) are a one, and before Him all space passes away into no space. Or, again, consider foreknowledge. I am wholly ignorant of what to-morrow may bring forth; I may have plans for to-morrow which constitute a general outline of the day I expect to spend; but of the filling in of that outline I scarcely waste time in conjecture; while the general outline itself may be broken up and pass away as a cloud, before the occurrence of some (to me) important and unforeseen event. How different a day must to-morrow appear to Him who foresees all things?

If we go round the whole *curriculum* of knowledge, we shall find everywhere the same broad distinction between our apprehension and **THE TRUTH**—or **THAT WHICH IS**—to Him who knows **THE TRUTH**. To insist on this distinction between the truth as we apprehend it and **THE TRUTH** as God apprehends it, may seem very simple and child-like; and yet nothing appears to me more universal than to forget all about it. If by **THE TRUTH** we mean **THAT WHICH IS**, or that which God knows to be, then, if men *cannot* see things as God sees, it follows that they can never see **THE TRUTH** just as it is. This is a clear deduction, and yet all men, wise and foolish, constantly speak of some fact (as it seems to us), or of some statement as if it was **THAT WHICH IS**—or **THE TRUTH**—instead of the fact or statement being (that which alone it can be) a fact which *appears to us* a fact; or a statement which *appears to us* a true account of **THE TRUTH**. Morning after morning the sun seems to rise in the east, and set in the west. A few hundred years ago men learned that this is an "appearance," not so near the "human fact" as the statement that the sun remains stationary in the heavens, and the earth revolves on its own axis. We owe to our philosophers this truer view. To think, however, that the Creator did not foresee that men would thus err about the motion of the earth and sun, and only after centuries of existence correct their error, were surely to think most foolishly. God must at once have intended the human error and the human correction. The nature of His Being

* See *Christian Spiritualist* for August, page 114.

and man's existence must have made this division between the first appearance to man and his after knowledge needful; and may not a similar division between that which first appears to man and the after correction man makes of first appearances, be universally a part of the Creator's design? By growth we mean passing from more error to less error. If, then, growth (this one seeming specially divine part of our nature) be intended, the first and greater error must be as much intended, as the after and lesser error. If we suppose eternal human growth is part of the design of God, then, we really suppose that man is destined to live in eternal error. Nay, more than this. Although we may be able to conjecture (after a human fashion) what THE TRUTH may be; yet the goal of truth, towards which we climb, and from which we are parted by eternal error, is not THE TRUTH, but it is the appearance of THE TRUTH to man, or (that which I must term) *Divine Human Truth*.

THAT WHICH IS, is, (and can be) in the knowledge of God alone. That which appears to us to be to-day, is our wise or foolish knowledge of the day; and that which appears to us to be to-morrow, is our wise or foolish knowledge of the morrow. If, then, we are to "grow" in all regions of knowledge, the errors we are destined to make will permeate all. Our metaphysical knowledge must thus be in error, as well as our physical, we must err about "free will," as we see that we have erred (and undoubtedly do still in a less degree) about the motion of the earth and sun. "Free will" means a power within ourselves to be and do, within certain limits, that which we like. We certainly seem to ourselves possessors of this power, and it is, therefore, equally certain that God intends we should so seem—or intends that a sense of possession of this power should be "our truth." The scientific philosophy of our day finds much fault with "free will," however, and contends that the parentage, the education, the circumstances of life over which we have no control, really determine our character, our words, our acts—appearance to the contrary notwithstanding. This philosophy maintains that human life and action may possibly be subject to "law," like all other things; and may this not be the case? May this not be THE TRUTH—as God sees it?—while the human truth in which we live, and in which we are to remain, is that man, within certain limits, is free? In keeping clear the division between THAT WHICH IS to God, and that which appears to man, does not a reconciliation dawn upon us between science and religion in the matter of free will? If we say that man will be for ever unable to see as God sees, and that among the things he thus can never see is the fact that he is a creature wholly subject to law (as God may well know him to be)

do we not reconcile the freedom of man with the absolute government of God? Do we not force on men the necessity of always acting with the same perfect independence, and the same complete sense of responsibility as that with which they act to-day, while we yet put absolutely all government in the Divine hands? When bid to act well, wisely, unselfishly, and yet leave all issues in the hand of God, based on what belief can we do as we are bid, except that belief be that we are to act *as if free*, while we yet acknowledge that God is "all and in all?" We want to fix clearly in our mind that we can never comprehend THAT WHICH IS. The words "free will" and "necessity" may be the best we can employ, but when we endeavor to arrive at absolute Truth—or endeavor to regard things from the aspect in which God sees them, we should acknowledge that no words we can use, and no thoughts we can attain, can be, now or ever, more than a creaturely effort to climb to His perceptions. Again as to evil. A very general theory is that evil has come among us in opposition to the will of God—quite against His intention. But need this be the case? Are we bound to suppose that rule over His creation can be so wrested out of the hands of God?—that His name can be in this matter so nominal? Can we not conceive that a birth throe, caused by the experience of actual evil, is so necessary for every creaturely race, that by a Being before whom past, present, and future, are a one, the appointment of this experience may simply be seen as the act of a creative Father?

Just as we have to admit that absolute freedom, within certain limits is *our* truth; while positive obedience to law in all we do may be THAT WHICH IS; so may we not also wisely admit that the need of expelling evil with all our might is *our* truth; while the necessity of a birth throe amid the experiences of evil may be THAT WHICH IS? So much I say as to *our* truth and The Truth; but now for one further remark before I close. If in searching for God we expect to find in Him a Father and a Guide, the above considerations should surely make us anticipate that in any search for Him we shall find Him approach us veiled, primarily, under two masks (or persons—"personæ"). 1st, The mask (or person) of The Truth—of THAT WHICH IS (as far as we can comprehend THAT WHICH IS) of the Father (essentially incomprehensible, to whom all may be law and order, and to whom temporary evil may be the dire necessity of creation—a spot of time, the basis of eternity, the mask (I say) of the Father, about whom all our knowledge is conjecture. 2nd, The mask (or person) of Divine Human Truth—of the goal (in the matter of truth) toward which man grows—the mask (or person) of the Son, our Elder Brother and Guide—the way

leading to the Father—the eye of creation—the Light of the world—the Son, whom we may know as we know each other; or, even better, because He is a fuller expression of the rounded life of God; the Son by whom free will is treated as free will, evil as evil—behind Whom, contained in Whom, through Whom we alone approach and read the Father. And the expectation that when we find God we shall find Him in these two Persons of Father and of Son, involves the yet further expectation that we shall find Him under a third more intimate and closer mask than either—that of the Holy Spirit—the power of God in our souls—the comforter, a Power which assures us that however hard the reconciliation of Father and of Son may be to men, they constitute, with this very Holy Spirit, “One God for ever.”

HORACE FIELD, B.A.

30, Thurlow Road, Hampstead, London.

[We print this article exactly as our friend has sent it to us. But we find ourselves differing so much from the latter part of it, that we must remind our readers of the few words we appended to the first article we printed from the pen of our friend in the *Christian Spiritualist* for February last. To those who may care to know what we do believe on the general subject, we may refer them to James Martineau's Lecture on the “Christian view of Moral Evil” (Whitfield, 178, Strand).—E.D. C.S.]

“DIVINE FREEDOM.”

THE following is part of a leading article on the above subject, taken from *The Inquirer*, for August 31. We re-produce it because the writer, whether consciously or not, is but conceding one of the bases upon which Spiritualism reposes.

“The Spirit of God is free to act to-day as it was of old. He may reveal Himself to the present generation as well as to the past. He who spake to Moses in the burning bush, He who called Samuel in the darkness of the night, He whose still, small voice spake to Elijah after earthquake, fire, and storm, is free to find His own ways of speaking His truth and will to men to-day. He is not bound by the words of creed, or prophet, or apostle in relation to His spiritual activity, even as He is not bound in His dealings with material things by the systems of scientific men. God is free to reveal Himself to every nation and to every age. There may be times in individual and national life when the Word of the Lord shall be precious and there shall be no open vision (1 Sam. iii. 1); but we trust there is no time or place when the Spirit will not be ready to bear witness with our spirit that we are the children of God (Rom. viii. 16).

“And if God's spirit is ever free to speak to men, who shall say that He is not free to hear men when they speak to Him? Revelation and prayer are but words, which mean God speaking to man and man to God; and the free intercourse of spirits, which (so far as man is concerned) may be stimulated and guided by Bible and creed, is to be fettered by neither. God and man are free to commune as Father and child; and neither science nor

theology has the right or the power to prescribe the terms of their intercourse, or to declare that man is unable to hear the voice of God, or that God is unable to grant the request of prayer. We rejoice that Dr. Carpenter has once more urged, with such freshness, perspicuity, and force, the grand truth that the activity of God cannot be fettered by the forms of thought which those who give expression to them are bold enough to describe as laws. We rejoice to think that God is superior to creeds and even to the records of His own revelations, as well as to scientific systems; that He is as free to reveal Himself to His children, as free to deal with them according to His will, in the present day, as He ever was of old.”

If God “is free to find His own ways of speaking His truth and will to men to-day,” why may He not “find” and use some of the methods known to be associated with Spiritualism? Not only so, but if “neither science nor theology has the right nor the power to prescribe the terms of their intercourse,” i.e., the intercourse between God and man, how dare writers in the *Inquirer*, or any other writers, speak as they so often do contemptuously of table tipping, writing mediumship, *séances*, &c., &c.? How do they know but that these are among some of the very means God Himself has chosen by which to communicate with us? To condemn Modern Spiritualism because it does not square with our *ism*, or present itself in forms agreeable to us, is not a particularly generous or logical act. But “Liberal” theologians, like “Liberal” politicians, can be quite as illiberal as other folks, when the temptation is strong and the opportunity is present.

AN AFRICAN CRITIQUE.

“I am nothing, if not critical.”—*Othello*.

“Do not give advantage to stubborn critics.”—*Troilus and Cressida*.

In the June number of *The Christian Spiritualist*, I was permitted to make a few slipshod and casual remarks on Mr. Gillingham's late pamphlets, *The Seat of the Soul*, and *Eight Days with the Spiritualists*, in a region where the *Southern Cross* is eclipsed by the greater *Northern Lights*, but why? it is left for the philosophical to determine; as it was conjectured all “Wise men came from the East,” and left the West stultified. From all “the skyey influences,” and the warmth and beauty of the climate, it might be imagined that Africa and the South were just the regions for the Spiritualist and the Poet, and that Masseys and Miltons would abound; but the fact proves just the contrary, and but a slight sprinkling, like “Breeches Bibles,” are found, and these, like angelic sojourns, but few and far between. When, therefore, anything slightly abstract—much less supernal—makes its appearance, it is glanced at but slightly, and retires, as it were, still-born—no particular interest being created, and but few speculations advanced respecting

it. Such, we believe, for the present, will be the fate of the slight, but tender and loving *brochure* now before me, *Heaven Opened, through the mediumship of "F. J. T.,"* which initials—if the authoress prove enigmatical—may safely be interpreted as FAITHFUL, JUST, and TRUE.

This is the "Second Part" of a former pamphlet bearing the same title, but which was rendered more important and influential, having the advantage of a preface to launch it on the uncertain waters of criticism by Mrs. de Morgan. Long, long ago, the "Heavens" were "opened" by Swedenborg—the grand pioneer of Celestial Scenery—and the Chart and History of "the Spirit Land," fully, and (to all knowledge to the contrary) faithfully recorded from his lofty stand-point, and elevated conceptions. Since then the Royal "Gates" have been left "Ajar," and various enterprising and spiritual novitiates have followed the footsteps of their great leader, and endeavored, like Doctor Watts, to enlighten us as to the *World to come* and its sayings and doings.

Heaven, as at present *opened*, by "F. J. T.," is a step or two higher than the first essay, and by the control of older heads, and stouter hearts, the former being the lispings and the prattling of children, and the latter the Wisdom and Experience of age, but all the supernal messages are from one family group, and form a connecting link. Now it is just this family compact and private "round robin," that will endear it the more to *Pater Familias* and heads of households. But to fusty bachelors, the cynical, doubtful, and listless, the heavens as thus displayed will be considered as too private and confidential, and the subject too close and personal for the full blaze of day, and public ventilation. To speak plainly, and to refer more immediately to the heavenly blazon before me, the voice from "Spirit Land" gracefully echoes many of the thoughts and images of the Swedish Seer, when he comes to a climax from page 25 to the close; and wherein his loving messages broach the nature of spirit influx—animals in the higher life—the trinity in man of body, soul, and spirit—the inward breath—and the doctrine of degrees. And it were well, when opinions of this complexion are said to emanate from spirit influences (as though novel, and above the common) that reference be made to the great and original mover that set the ball rolling, and to render to Cæsar the things that are due to him.

There is a short *appendix* at the close, which claims Scripture as an authority for the modern spirit revival, and perhaps is intended as extra proof and sanction for the adoption of the title "Heaven Opened," and the power in possession of the writer to treat of the Higher Life, and reveal us the future.

Above all, the magic chain of love and harmony links the reader to the little pamphlet, and whets his appetite for a longer repast—leaving him more desirous of a fuller course, and a prolonged sitting.

W. L. SAMMONS.

Cape Town, South Africa, July 19th, 1872.

THE SPIRITS ABROAD.

"Your Spirits shine through you."—*Macbeth*.

As those who wrote of Homer are said to have known more than Homer knew, so there are lady versifiers in Africa of considerable talent and taste who can talk on spiritual subjects, and even treat them metrically, without being conscious that they are *mediums*; or, even supposing that they are running with the spiritual tide, or may be classed with its most orthodox professors.

The Cape Monthly Magazine for July, 1872, under the masterly guidance of Professor Noble—perhaps unwittingly—gives place to a few stanzas headed *Spiritualism*, signed "W. G., Grahams Town;" and also to another effusion with *An Angel Near*, as a commencement. Both these articles are deeply impregnated with modern spiritual ideas; and yet it is just possible if the graceful writers were accused of being *Spiritualists*, in the usual offensive sense of the word, they might scorn the hateful term, and disclaim all association with it.

But we are half inclined to think the experiment is only a *feeler*, to find which way the wind blows, or the heart beats; and if it be received quietly without a murmur, some further progress will be made, and higher flights taken in the same direction.*

W. L. SAMMONS.

Cape Town, South Africa; July 19, 1872.

*In another part of this number we re-produce the poem entitled "Spiritualism."

NARRATIVES FROM R. DALE OWEN'S "DEBATABLE LAND."—No. 8.

A BEAUTIFUL SPIRIT MANIFESTING HERSELF (PART 2).

(Continued from Page 136.)

FIVE or six weeks after the publication of a work already referred to, in February, 1860, my publisher introduced to me a gentleman who had just returned from Ohio, and who informed me that my book had attracted much attention in that State; adding that I might add to its circulation by sending a copy to Mrs. B—, then residing in Cleveland, proprietor of a book-store and one of the editors of a paper there. "She takes a deep interest in such subjects," he said, "and is, I believe, herself a medium."

I had never heard of the lady before, but I sent a copy of the book, with a brief note asking her acceptance of it, and soon had a reply, dated February 14.

In this letter, after some business details, the writer expressed to me the great satisfaction with which she had

read the chapter in "Footfalls" entitled "The Change at Death," and added: "I am what is called a 'seeing medium.'" While reading that chapter a female spirit that I had never seen before stood by me, as if listening, and said: "I guided him in writing that; I helped to convince him of an immortal life!" Then she subjoined a personal description of the appearance—including color of hair and eyes, complexion, etc.,—which exactly corresponded to that of Violet. She added that a Cleveland merchant who came in at the time, and who is an impressionable medium (though not known, nor desiring to be known, as such), said: "You have a new spirit to visit you to-day—a lady. She says she knew a Mrs. D—, naming an English lady not then living; known to Mrs. B— (not to the merchant), by literary reputation, but never having been known to either of them personally."

Now Mrs. D— was Violet's sister. But in my reply, which was partly on business, I neither alluded to the personal description that had been sent to me, nor to what had been said of Mrs. D—. In order to make the test as complete as possible I refrained from any expression which might lead Mrs. B— to suppose that I recognised the person who had appeared to her. I merely added, to the business part of my letter, a few words to the effect that if she could obtain the spirit's name, or any further particulars tending to identify her, she would confer an obligation on me by informing me of it.

In reply I received two letters; one dated February 27, the other April 5. In these were stated: first, the baptismal name; second, that the spirit said that Mrs. D— was her sister; third, one or two further particulars as to Violet: all this, accurately according to the facts. Mrs. B— went on to say that some other details were added; but these seemed to refer to matters of so private and confidential a character that she thought it might be best to state them personally if, in returning to the West, I could pass through Cleveland. Being, however, obliged to start for Europe on business in two weeks, I asked, in reply, that she would put these on paper, which she did in a fourth letter, dated April 20. The particulars which she gave me had been obtained partly by herself, partly through the mediumship of the merchant to whom I have above referred.

When I said that the evidence in this case could never be to others what it was to me, I but faintly shadowed forth the truth. A portion of the wonders that opened upon me the reader can, indeed, appreciate. I had written a brief and purely business letter to a complete stranger, five hundred miles away, in a town which Violet had never seen, where I myself (so far as I can remember) had never been. Anything like suggestion or thought-reading or magnetic rapport was, under the circumstances, out of the question. Equally so was any knowledge, by a Cleveland editor or a Cleveland merchant, of a lady unknown to fame, who had died thousands of miles away, in another hemisphere. Yet from these distant strangers comes to me, unasked and as unexpected as a visit from Heaven, first, a personal description agreeing with that of Violet and the mention of a name which strongly indicated that she was the person who had been communicating with them; then her own name; then her relationship with Mrs. D—: all, without the slightest clue afforded by myself.

These things my readers may appreciate, and they supply wonderful proofs of identity; but when, as in Mrs. B—'s last letter, various minute particulars connected with Violet's early life and mine—particulars unknown to any living creature on this side the Great Boundary—particulars indicated only, so that the writer herself could but very partially understand their import—particulars buried, away not in the past alone, but in hearts of which they were the most sacred remembrances—when these things came forth to light under the eyes of the survivor, they were, to him, internal evidence of the continued

existence, beyond the death-change, of human memories, thoughts, affections—evidence such as cannot be transferred to any second person: such evidence as, from its very nature, can be received directly alone.

Here it may occur to the reader that, as all things, spiritual as well as material, are subject to law, there *must* have been some attraction or cause of election, determining Mrs. B— as the medium, or Cleveland as the place, whence such a communication should come to me.

No doubt. And one can see how this may have been. Mrs. B— has the olden gift, by Paul called the "discerning of spirits;" and, at the time the spirit appeared, she was reading—with approval, it seems—a chapter on the "Change at Death," into which I had thrown some of the strongest and deepest of my religious convictions. This seems to have been the attraction; for it was during the perusal of that portion of my book that Violet, for the first time, showed herself to Mrs. B—.

Is this explanation far-fetched? Is it irrational to ascribe, to so slight a cause, the spirit's unexpected visit? Yet there had come to my knowledge, a year before, a similar case, perfectly authenticated.

In October of the year 1854, my father called on Miss A—, a young lady of his acquaintance, residing near London. Her powers as a medium, though known only to a private circle of friends, are of the highest order. She has habitually discerned spirits from her earliest age, years before the modern phase of Spiritualism had come up. Various other manifestations, also of a striking kind, occur in her presence.

My father found her somewhat indisposed, reclining on a sofa, engaged in reading. She laid aside her book as he entered, and was about to rise; but he begged her to remain, adding that, as he had come hoping for opportunity of examining spiritual phenomena, he would sit down alone at a table not far from the sofa, to ascertain if he could obtain rappings. He did so; and after a time raps were heard, though Miss A— did not touch the table.

"Can you perceive," my father asked, "the presence of any spirits?"

"Yes," she replied; "I see one, that of a young lady."

"Can you tell her name?"

"No; she has never given it to me, though I have several times seen her, as I sat reading this book"—and she pointed to the volume beside her—"but perhaps we can get the name by rapping."

And, in effect, there was immediately spelled out "Grace Fletcher."

"What!" said my father; "My old friend, Grace Fletcher?"

"Who is Grace Fletcher?" the young lady asked; "I never heard the name before."

"You could not have known her, for she died thirty or forty years ago. I knew her intimately; and a more beautiful character, moral and intellectual, I never met."

"It is singular," said the young lady, "that I almost always see her spirit when I sit down to study this book; and only then."

"Pray what work is it you have been studying?" my father asked.

"Dr. Thomas Brown's Mental Philosophy;" and she handed my father the volume.

He took it, exclaiming: "How strange! What a wonderful coincidence!"

"What is there wonderful in it?"

My father then explained that, as he had always understood, Dr. Brown and Miss Fletcher were deeply attached to each other, and that their intimacy was expected to ripen into marriage. "But she died at nineteen," he added, "and I do not think poor Brown ever got over it; for he survived her three or four years only."

Grace Fletcher who, from all I have heard of her, well deserved my father's encomium, was the daughter of a talented mother, long noted in the literary circles of Edinburgh, and who died some thirteen or fourteen years since, at a very advanced age. I have ascertained through a

lady who was well acquainted with the family that between Dr. Brown and Miss Fletcher there was well known to exist, probably not a positive engagement, but certainly so strong a mutual attachment, that their friends felt confident it would be a match. She died about the year 1816, and he in 1820.

I had the above from the young lady herself; and I know that its accuracy may be strictly depended on. One of the recollections of my childhood is my father's sorrow when the unexpected news of Grace Fletcher's death reached him.

The point in this case which gives it value is, that the young seeress had never heard Miss Fletcher's name, nor had she the least idea, till my father informed her, of the connection there had existed in life between the lady whose spirit the raps announced, and the author of the book, during the perusal of which that spirit was wont to appear. As a chance coincidence we cannot reasonably regard it. Standing alone it is insufficient foundation for a theory. But the appearance of Violet to Mrs. B—, an utter stranger alike to her and to me, during the perusal of a book of mine, is an incident of the same class; and if such should be found to accumulate, they will furnish proof that a spirit may occasionally—though it be rarely—look back from its next phase of life to this, drawn down by the desire to note the effect which efforts made on earth, by a dear friend, to enlighten mankind, may, from time to time, be producing. It is a reasonable belief that benevolent spirits, in their world, continue to take interest in the improvement of ours.

I know not that, in this case, I can adduce stronger proof of identity than the above, but I have had additional tests, some of which may tend to fortify the faith of my readers. (Page 348).

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE CONTROVERSY ON PRAYER.

THE main arguments against the efficacy of prayer are very old and very obvious; and we must say that little or nothing has been added by the infidels of to day to those with which our grandfathers were familiar, and which are to us the "household words" of theological polemics. But we see that many minds are greatly disturbed by reasonings to which they have never seen the answer. It perplexes them to be asked how the efficacy of prayer is to be reconciled with the wisdom and goodness of Providence and the supremacy of law. It disturbs and shakes their faith when they read such a paper as Mr. Galton's "Statistical Inquiries into the Efficacy of Prayer," and find one who seems to speak with authority arguing that prayer must be ineffective because we do not find that kings live longer than other men or that missionary ships are safer than slavers. We trust that few are weak enough to be startled by the insolent challenge to pray by order for the inmates of a certain hospital, and see if they recover any faster than those of hospitals that are left to the aid of science. To this kind of blasphemous nonsense—first used by the author of all falsehood—our Master has given the answer, "Thou shalt not tempt (make trial of, experiment upon) the Lord thy God." But the other two arguments really seem to disturb the minds of men, and therefore deserve a reply that may help to quiet them. And we shall do our best by simply giving the answer that long ago satisfied ourselves.

First, the whole question is beyond the reach of logic. Mathematicians know that the most obvious and self-evident proposition of arithmetic remains true only so long as you deal with finite terms. Introduce into the calculation either zero or infinity, treat these as working quantities, and two and two may cease to make four. We have seen a proof to the contrary, perfectly irrefragable so far as it goes, which rests upon this fallacy. And what is true in mathematics is true in logic. The infinite

always baffles our reasonings. As parallel lines are said to meet at an infinite distance, so incompatible propositions with regard to the infinite may be logically proved. That the Creator must foreknow what is to come: that His absolute foreknowledge implies that the thing foreseen must happen, whatever we may wish: that, therefore, we have no free will, but can only act according to a predestined order: that, having no freedom of action, we can incur no moral responsibility—this is a chain of reasoning quite as cogent as that which insists that Providence will always do what is best, whether we pray or not, and therefore cannot be moved by our prayers from His predetermined course; or that all things are ruled by law, and that prayer cannot interrupt the endless chain of cause and effect. Yet every man knows that he has free will, and that if he goes wrong he is guilty of a sin he could have avoided. No logic will ever disprove his conscience and his consciousness. Will any logic ever persuade him who seriously contemplates the matter that the Almighty is so fettered by His own laws that He cannot answer prayer? And if He *can*, why should He not? Is it not possible that the prayer itself may make it best for us that it should be granted—*e.g.*, that that which, if we received it as the gift of chance, would do us harm may be good for us if we accept it as the direct gift of a Father in Heaven? Is not this more probable than that God has planted in our heart an instinct in regard to Himself which is false and deceptive—in short, has lied to us? What have statistics to do with the matter? Suppose it be true (which the statistics do not prove) that kings do not on the average live any longer for the formal prayers of their subjects, does that prove that a child's life is not spared in answer to the heartfelt, heart-breaking entreaty of the parents? Suppose it were true that missionary ships were no safer than slavers—which is not yet shown—would that prove missionary ships were never saved from storm and tempest by the earnest prayers of some on board? Observe, the question is not whether God always grants a prayer—which is the only thing that these statistical propositions tend to disprove. What is believed on the one hand and denied on the other, is that He always listens, and sometimes grants to the asker what if unasked would not have been granted. How would this affect statistics, or how can statistics prove anything in regard to it?

Mr. Galton rests chiefly, if not entirely, on statistics affecting life. People who pray and are prayed for, he says, do not live longer on an average than others. But we have good reason for thinking that this is just the direction in which prayers may be oftenest answered otherwise than by literal compliance. If there be a God and a future life, which is assumed in the controversy, death is probably oftener a blessing than not; and if man nevertheless instinctively dreads death, which no one will deny, it seems probable that our prayers for life are, above all others, frequently prayers for our own hurt. And if such prayers be not importunately and recklessly urgent—if they be accompanied by willingness to submit to the Divine will—it is consistent with our whole theory of prayer that they should be refused in the letter, even if granted in some form which can only be understood "beyond the veil." Indeed, is not the whole argument a fallacy? Have "averages" any bearing on prayer? Prayer is a personal matter between the soul of one man and the Divine Mind. Can you safely reason from averages to such a matter as this: can you form any conclusion, from dealing with "classes" and with tables, to the dealings of the Almighty with individual men and women? It is a familiar fact that there is such a thing as an average of crime, of marriage, of accidents—so many per million per annum, the number never varying under the same circumstances. It is an obvious fallacy that crime and marriage and accident are matters of necessity—that, as the number of murders must be completed, if A do not kill B, C must kill D. Yet this fallacy, absurd as it is, is logically quite as cogent as the

assumption on which the whole of Mr. Galton's reasoning is based—that the dealings of God with individual prayer must be discernible in the averages of statisticians. We may not be able exactly to show where the error lies; but in the one case, as in the other, we see that there is an error.

So, again, some writers tell us that an answer to prayer involves a miracle, whether we discern it or not—that is to say, a material effect without a material cause, an interruption of the foreordered course of events. But this is only the old *crux* of free will and necessity over again. If we believe in the personality of the Deity, His will is the highest and most sufficient of all causes. Nor is it needful that that will should act by overriding or breaking His laws. It may act through them, as does the will of man when he sows a crop or administers a drug. We do not see the mode of action any more than we see how the first impulse of motion was given to the solar system, and the rule by which every one of its members (with a doubtful exception) moves in one direction imposed upon it. But we may believe in both cases that the result proves a cause, and that the nature of the result proves a Personal Intelligence behind the material agency, just as firmly as we believe that in both cases the Personal Intelligence acts through material agencies rather than by that direct and, so to say, visible interposition which we call a miracle. If we do not believe this, it matters little whether we believe anything. A man may be religious, resigned, pious, without a knowledge of a future life, or with the dimmest notion thereof. But a man who does not believe that prayer is heard and answered is practically without religion. He may believe in a God, but it is in a God with whom he has nothing to do, with whom he cannot communicate, and who exercises no watchfulness over him, whose existence, therefore, has no influence on his mind, or heart, or life. Such a God is not the Father, but at most the Creator; not the Judge, but at most the Lawgiver; a God whose real relation with His universe is a thing of the past, and who, for all He is to us, might have ceased to be when once He had set the machine agoing. The whole gulf between religion and practical atheism lies in the question we have discussed, and that is our justification for discussing it at all in this place.—The *Standard*, August 24, 1872.

MIRACLES: THEN AND NOW.

THEN as to the miraculous part of Jesus Christ's life. There are the miracles. What are we to think of Jesus Christ's miracles? Well, they are simply questions of historical evidence. You know a great many educated men think that the miracles were no miracles at all; that they either never took place at all, or that they did not take place as they are reported to have taken place; in fact, a great many thoughtful persons in their hearts accept the moral teaching of Christ, but reject the miracles. These people probably call themselves Unitarians, or are favored by some other appropriate nickname by their friends. I confess, my brethren, I once thought that there was a great deal to be said for this view of the question, but I will not disguise from you the fact that as I have grown more mature and weighed a greater number of facts, I am far from being of opinion that this view about the miracles of Jesus Christ is the correct view, viz., that they never happened at all. Observe a distinction, which is not a very abstruse one, though it will require some attention. If you mean by a miracle some extraordinary event which happens without any adequate causes, or any causes at all, then I say I do not believe in the possibility of any miracle. But if you mean by a miracle a certain unusual occurrence which takes place without any apparent cause—that is to say, that you cannot point out the cause of it—then I say I think a belief in that kind of miracle is a very rational belief. Then, granting the possibility of

miracle in that sense, the only point will be, did such and such an alleged miracle take place, and that of course is simply a question of evidence. The evidence for some of the miracles—the Resurrection, for instance, is as good as the evidence for most other events which we accept as historical. It is difficult to imagine how it could have been much stronger, at the same time it is naturally insufficient to convince those who admit that no evidence in the world would convince them of such a fact. The same remark may be made of other miracles. The strongest evidence on certain subjects leaves certain persons where it found them—incredulous. It is, however, just worth while to observe that there has been no age in history when we do not find well-authenticated accounts of alleged miraculous or unaccounted for events having taken place. The best men of the day were unable to explain the agencies at work. These agencies were therefore naturally called miraculous. Such occurrences were not confined to Christ's time, nor to Christ.

Indeed there was a time when no important event in history seemed to pass without signs and wonders; miraculous powers were attributed to most great men; and many a reformer was also a thaumaturge. And that is a simple bit of history which people don't like to be told, and so the clergy as a rule don't tell them. It is supposed that when godless men, puffed up with the pride of learning, talk in this way, they want, by claiming evidence for disputed miracles, to throw discredit upon the Christian miracles. They may or may not. If that is their object, I think they fail. All I am concerned with now is the remarkable fact, that—if evidence, and close historical evidence, is worth anything—unaccountable things have happened in all ages of the world. You may explain away a vast number of cases, but you will find a residuum left that you cannot explain away. And if I wanted any proof of this, I should simply say the superstition about the miraculous, if superstition it be, is as rampant as ever amongst us. The scientific world itself has not escaped the taint. It is all very well for some writers to insist that a belief in the miraculous is growing extinct—that no one now believes this or that odd occurrence to be possible; that all such fancies are out of date, or can be easily explained. Facts are unfortunately against such assertions. Of course, when anything which cannot be at once explained is said to have happened yesterday, the very same people who are abjectly credulous about what happened 1,800 years ago, are as abjectly incredulous about what is said to have happened yesterday, although the evidence for yesterday's event is twice as good as any evidence for events 1,800 years ago can possibly be.

In some circles the very rumor that Spiritualism is to be scientifically investigated raises a hoot of indignation throughout vast Philistine communities who pride themselves on commonsense. Yet there has never been an age—this age least of any—when we have not heard a great deal about the supernatural—when things have not happened which nobody could explain; nor can it be maintained that the sort of explanations which the scientific world has hitherto offered us are at all adequate to account for the *phenomena* of Spiritualism. The explanations which have been put forward sufficiently prove the amount of imposture that is associated with the word 'Spiritualist'; but then we knew all that before. We wanted the scientific men to explain the residuum which puzzles most people who have paid any attention to the subject; but they prefer to discourse beside the mark to people who are already satisfied that the whole thing is imposture. We will not say 'They are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark'; they are rather like shy horses; they refuse to approach the hand that is stretched out to them, for fear of being caught.

I am propounding no theory about Spiritualism. I hardly know what it means, or why it is called Spiritualism. I merely affirm that occurrences which cannot be confounded with conjuring tricks—seeing that conjuror and men of science are alike challenged to investigat

them—seem to me occur, and they certainly seem to me still to await some adequate explanation. I will commit myself to no theory. I have none. I merely aspire to be honest enough to admit what I believe—that a class of phenomena are daily occurring in our midst which have not been explained; and perhaps I may be allowed to indulge in the vague hope that many hundreds of thousands who are so far of my opinion throughout the civilised world, are neither horn fools nor confirmed lunatics, although I regret to say that some who are believers are impostors as well.

But whatever truth or untruth there may be in these opinions, one thing is tolerably evident to my mind, and it is this—that if you accept the Christian miracles you cannot reject all others. You must know that the keenest intellects of the day tell us that the evidence for many of the mediæval miracles is just as strong as the evidence upon which we receive the Christian miracles, and in many cases far stronger; therefore if you do receive the Christian miracles, you may be led a little further than you like, and have to accept the miraculous in other ages as well. On the other hand, it is open for you to reject the miracles, all miracles whatever, as *a priori* impossibilities in any sense. Personally, as to many questions in and out of the Bible connected with the miraculous, I prefer to hold my mind in a state of suspense; for in these days thought is so rapid and many-sided, that a man is unwise who pretends to make up his mind about everything upon which he is called to give an opinion. When I know very little about a thing, I say I know very little about it; and when I am in doubt about things which are being fiercely discussed upon other platforms, I say I am in doubt about them; and when I know nothing at all about them, I say so.

Of course this makes my teaching, such as it is, very unsatisfactory to those who want to know all about everything. There are numbers of clergymen in every sect and party who can supply that information, but I do not profess to be one of them. There are, perhaps, few who really prefer “the malady of thought” to “the deep slumber of a decided opinion.” Yet I will cast in my lot with these.—*Thoughts for the Times*, by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. (London: H. S. King & Co.)

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

BY JANE SCARBOROUGH.

The blue wreaths of the Indian Summer haze were lying in darker and lighter folds over the softly undulating valleys and green and sloping hills of Kentucky, one soft sunny day in October, 1869. Through the wide-open door of my little white-washed shanty of a school-house, gleamed a brighter picture of hill and valley, sky and water, field and wood, than was ever put on canvas. But instead of making me patient with the dusky and heterogeneous mass before me,—I cannot say children, for some of them were thirty years old,—the outside peace and beauty called so loudly to my over-wearied nerves as to make me irritable.

The week had been long and warm. The school had had a fit of being dull and restless. The old white horse that brought the Northern letters from the nearest post-town to our little settlement, was alarmingly tardy. The last lessons of the last hour of the last day of the week, were dragging their slow length along. The class in “b-a-t, bat; c-a-t, cat;” were sweating over their lesson, and making their teacher do the same. I was near the door, and, I fear, was looking out over the hills, when suddenly the sharp tone of my own voice frightened me, and I turned around quickly and looked at the little soul I had frightened even more. He was one of the smallest children, and certainly the dullest. A hundred times in that very line, I had told him that “c-a-t,” did not spell “sat!” And so, that afternoon, I was irritated when I felt, rather than heard, the customary mistake.

Startled by my own voice, I turned from the glance outside, and stood transfixed—by the gingham apron the little fellow had on! The same,—yes, it was the same plaid,—blue and brown, with a thread of black! Faded, worn, dirty; yet I could not be in the least mistaken! My knees trembled and my heart stood still.

Yes; dressed in an apron just like that, my poor, dear Harry stood in the sunny gateway on our New England hills, that July morning; the last time he ever said, “Good-bye mamma!” For, the next time I saw him it was he who was going on a long journey, and, dressed in his new Sunday suit, instead of his dear, homely, gingham apron, he could not even say good-bye to mamma. Ah, me!

And yet I had been impatient, cruel, toward this poor, benighted, bewildered soul;—this poor child whose only apron I had just discovered was like the one I last saw Harry in!

But it was not the thought of the sin that smote me most forcibly then; but the thought: How came God to do that? Was it He who arranged all these trivial things so? What made that old colored woman, in buying the only yard of gingham she had had in six months, take that kind? And what influence had held my eyes blind to its likeness, through all the days of its brightness and newness, to flash it on me in that impatient hour? Had God seen the lesson I should need, and prepared it? Had He seen, that in those days it would be necessary for those needy, neglected ones to be clothed, for me, in something of the spiritual presence of the boy who, years before, went to be taught of the angels? And had He braided the links of that “electric chain” which should thrill to the heart of the very hour of all my life most powerful to reprove and teach me? Was that gingham apron a special providence in my soul’s training?

An hour after, out on the little hills which rejoiced on every side, I thanked Him “who by His strength setteth fast the mountains, being girded with power,” that the training of my poor soul was not too inconsiderable a matter for Him to take time and thought to devise for it the most secret, subtle, piercing, personal providence.—*Christian Union*.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

WHEN the time came for Moses to die, the Lord called Gabriel to him, and said: “Go and bring the soul of my servant Moses to Paradise.”

The angel Gabriel answered, in astonishment: “Lord, Lord, how can I venture to give death to that man, the like of whom all generations of men have not seen?”

Then the Most High called to him Michael, and said: “Go and bring the soul of my servant Moses to Paradise.”

The angel Michael answered in fear: “Lord, Lord, I was his instructor in heavenly lore! How can I bear death to my pupil?”

Then the Most High called to him Sammael, and said: “Go and bring the soul of my servant Moses to Paradise.”

The angel Sammael flushed red with joy. He clothed himself in anger and grasped his sword, and rushed down upon the holy one. But he found him writing the incommunicable name of God, and he saw his face shine with divine light. Then he stood irresolute, and his sword sank with the point to earth.

“What seekest thou?” asked Moses.

“I am sent to give thee death,” answered the trembling angel. “All mortals must submit to that.”

“But not I,” said Moses—“at least from thee. I, consecrated from my mother’s womb, the discloser of divine mysteries, the mouthpiece of God—I will not surrender my soul into thy hand.”

Then Sammael flew away.

But a voice fell from heaven: “Moses, Moses, thine hour is come!”

"My Lord," answered Moses, "give not my soul into the hands of the Angel of Death."

Then the Bath kol, the heavenly voice, fell again: "Be comforted. I myself will take thy soul, and I myself will bury thee."

Then Moses went home, and knocked at the door. His wife, Zipporah, opened; and when she saw him, pale and trembling, she enquired the reason.

Moses answered: "Give God the praise. My hour of death is come."

"What! must a man who has spoken with God die like ordinary mortals?"

"He must. Even the angels Gabriel, Michael and Israfiel must die. God alone is eternal, and dies not."

Zipporah wept and swooned away.

When she recovered her senses, Moses asked: "Where are my children?"

"They are put to bed, and are asleep."

"Wake them up. I must bid them farewell."

Zipporah went to the children's bed and cried: "Arise, poor orphans! Arise and bid your father farewell! for this is his last day in this world, and the first in the world beyond."

The children awoke in terror, and cried: "Alas! who will pity us when we are fatherless; who will stand protector on our threshold?"

Moses was so moved that he wept. Then God saith to him: "What mean these tears? Fearest thou death, or dost thou part reluctantly with this world?"

"I fear not death, nor do I part reluctantly with this world; but I lament these children, who have lost their grandfather Jethro and their uncle Aaron, and who must now lose their father."

"In whom then did thy mother confide, when she cast thee in the bulrush-ark into the water?"

"In thee, O Lord."

"Who gave thee power before Pharaoh? Who strengthened thee with thy staff to divide the sea?"

"Thou, O Lord."

"Who led thee through the wilderness, and gave thee bread from heaven, and opened to thee the rock of flint?"

"Thou, O Lord."

"Then, canst thou not trust thy orphans to me, who am a father to the fatherless? But go, take thy staff, and extend it once more over the sea, and thou shalt have a sign to strengthen thy wavering faith."

Moses obeyed. He took the rod of God in his hand, and he went down to the sea-beach, and he lifted the rod over the water. Then the sea divided, and he saw in the midst a black rock. And he went forward into the sea, till he reached the rock; and then a voice said to him: "Smite with thy staff!" And he smote, and the rock clave asunder, and he saw at its foundations a little cavity, and in the cavity was a worm with a green leaf in its mouth. The worm lifted up its voice and cried thrice: "Praised be God, who doth not forget me, though I, a little worm, lie in loneliness here! Praised be God, who hath nourished and cherished even me!"

When the worm was silent, God said to Moses: "Thou seest that I do not fail to consider and provide for a little worm in a rock of which men know not, far in the depths of the sea. And shall I forget thy children, who know me?"

Moses returned with shame to his home, comforted his wife and children, and went alone to the mountain where he was to die.

And when he had gone up the mountain he met three men who were digging a grave. And he asked them: "For whom do you dig this grave?"

They answered: "For a man who God will call to be with him in Paradise."

Moses asked permission to lend a hand to dig the grave of such a holy man. When it was completed, Moses asked: "Have you taken the measure of the deceased?"

"No; we have quite forgotten to do so. But he was

of thy size. Lie down in it, and God will reward thee, when we see if it be likely to suit."

Moses did so.

The three men were the three angels, Michael, Gabriel, and Sagsagel. The angel Michael had begun the grave, the angel Gabriel had spread the white napkin for the head, the angel Sagsagel that for the feet.

Then the angel Michael stood on one side of Moses, the angel Gabriel on the other side, and the angel Sagsagel at the feet, and the Majesty of God appeared above his head.

And the Lord said to Moses: "Close thine eyelids." He obeyed.

Then the Lord said: "Press thy hand upon thy heart." And he did so.

Then God said: "Place thy feet in order." He did so.

Then the Lord God addressed the spirit of Moses, and said: "Holy soul, my daughter! For a hundred and twenty years hast thou inhabited this undefiled body of dust. But now thine hour is come. Come forth and mount to Paradise!"

But the soul answered, trembling and with pain: "In this pure and undefiled body have I spent so many years that I have learnt to love it, and I have not the courage to desert it."

"My daughter, come forth! I will place thee in the highest heaven, beneath the Cherubim and Seraphim who bear up my eternal throne."

Yet the soul doubted and quaked.

Then God bent over the face of Moses and kissed him. And the soul leaped up in joy, and went with the kiss of God to Paradise.

Then a sad cloud draped the heavens, and the winds wailed: "Who lives now on earth to fight against sin and error?"

And a voice answered: "Such a prophet never arose before."

And the earth lamented: "I have lost the holy one!"

And Israel lamented: "We have lost the shepherd!"

And the angels sang: "He is come in peace to the arms of God!"—*From S. Baring-Gould's "Old Testament Legends."*

POETRY.

SPIRITUALISM.

We parted, my love and I,
And he sailed over the sea;
He was coming back to me
When the winter had passed by.

But he nevermore came back;
The winter passed away;
While I waited day by day—
Came a letter edged with black.

It told me that he was dead,
Then my heart stood still with woe,
And the world was but a show,
And I cared not what was said,

And I only wished to die.
For how could I live alone,
Now my light of life had gone?
What part in the world had I?

I sit alone in the shade
When the sun dips over the hill,
And the trees are mute and still;
Then I watch the daylight fade,

And I wonder if it be
That he whose soul had grown
To be a part of my own
Still watches over me.

Some think that the spirits stay
In the place they loved the most,
And that an unseen host
Is about us night and day.

There is no stir in the air,
Yet I felt a breath on my brow;
Love, are you near me now,—
Did you touch a curl of my hair?

I felt it move on my cheek,
Although I had never stirred;
And it *was* a sigh I heard,—
Did you try and could not speak?

If I knew that you were here
I could better bear my pain,
Though you never came again
I should know that you were near.

Living still, and still as true
Since, where lies your mortal shell,
Living memories as well
Were not left to perish too.

Ah! if you are near me now,
Move the curl upon my cheek,—
If you cannot, may not speak,
Breathe again upon my brow.

No sign answers—not a breath!
Must I wait until the gate
Opens on my future fate?
Is it life? or is it death?

Doth it open into light?
Or is it blind and blank—a wall,
Shutting in, and ending all,
With an everlasting night?

He who formed us would not give
So much hope to longing souls—
So much love that nought controls,
If He meant it not to live.

What a silence in the room!
And the air hath grown so cold,
It doth creep round and enfold
Like two arms from out the gloom.

I can feel my hair doth move,
And upon my brow and eyes
Comes a breath of faintest sighs—
Though art here, my love! my love!

Graham's Town.

W. G.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

SIR,—I am desired by Miss Katie Fox to state that, as her physical energies are unequal to the many demands on her made by Spiritualists and non-Spiritualists, she is determined to free herself from importunities, and yet do what she can, by devoting portions of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday every week, during the months of October, November, and December, to giving opportunities for witnessing evidences of spirit-power, at rooms she intends specially to take for that purpose.

Miss Fox has an income of her own, but, to cover the extra expenses that will be incurred in carrying out the foregoing arrangement, at my suggestion she has decided to charge a *fee*, so as to secure the selection to those whose interest in spirit-life is pocket deep.

ENMORE JONES.

Enmore Park, S.E., September 18, 1872.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

SIR,—As any really well authenticated incident may be interesting to your readers, I

venture to send you the following, which occurred under the mediumship of Mr. D. D. Home. My grandmother, who was very ill in bed, and not likely to live, could not be present at our *séances*; so I, with Mr. Home, went up to her room, and sat by her bed; when immediately the raps commenced, and spelt out, "that her time was not yet come, she would get well again, for her mission was not fulfilled." This prediction came from her husband, who had passed away many years ago.

The spirit of my grandfather then entered Mr. Home; he knelt by the bedside, and poured forth the most beautiful prayer, in the same style and language that he used when on earth; so much so that my grandmother could not help saying, many times, with tears of joy, "Praise the Lord;" she also felt him distinctly by her; the bedstead was moved some distance, and the towel-rail as well, about two feet, no one near it. In accordance with the message given, my grandmother did get well, and continues so to the present day, and able to testify to these and similar things that have occurred, both in the presence of Mr. Home and of Miss Katie Fox.

If this short narrative be useful to you, I am quite willing to give more.

ALICE JONES,

Enmore Park, South Norwood, London, S.E.

[Mr. Enmore Jones has kindly sent us the following supplementary information, with reference to the above: "The narrative sent was written by one of my daughters. The incidents took place in my house. The year was the spring of 1870. The date my daughter neglected to put down in her diary. I remember hearing the account at the time."]
—ED. C.S.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

DEAR SIR,—It is a source of great pleasure to me to find that spirit photography is gradually on the increase, not only in England, but in other countries, and I have just added to my own collection half a dozen specimens, which have been copied by Mr. Hudson from some taken (I believe) in Austria, which are quite of a different character from those received through his mediumship, shewing that in this, as well as in every other phase of spiritual phenomena, the class of manifestations are infinitely various. In these, about on a level with the head of the sitter, is a small cluster of clouds (varying in size), within the centre of which is the spirit semblance. On each of three of the photographs, is a clearly defined head, as large as that of the sitter, but the other three have what seem to be small pictures surrounded by the cloudy mass; seen through a good magnifying glass, one of those pictures is found to be a representation of The Holy Family. They are very peculiar, and have a certain interest of their own, which has made them popular with Mr. Hudson's visitors.

I will now continue my account of those taken by him, and I am happy to say that the tide has now turned in his favor, and I expect that when London is again full, his studio will be as closely besieged as it was when first the

rumor of the new manifestation drew both Spiritualists and non-Spiritualists to the Holloway Road to judge of it for themselves; but no one has had such opportunities of proving its truth as myself, for in all my weekly visits, Mr. Hudson has given me free access to every shelf and corner in his dark room, so there have been no secrets from my sharp eyes and busy fingers, which has enabled me to speak so positively as to the truth of the results thus produced under my own inspection. He told me the other day of a fresh test that had been applied to his work, and I afterwards heard from some one else the name of the gentleman. The negative had been duly sensitised and placed in the slide, when the intending sitter asked Mr. Hudson if he had any objection to his making that a test experiment. "Not the slightest," was of course the reply. "Then oblige me by developing that plate." This was immediately done, and the result was a simple film without form or mark on it of any description. The same gentleman tried every other test he could think of, not for his own satisfaction, for he already had sufficient proofs of Mr. Hudson's honesty in the work, but that he might be able to say to others that he had tested the manifestation in every possible way.

On the 22nd of August, a lady friend met me there, who was desirous of obtaining a special portrait. She, therefore, brought with her a knitted hood, that had been her friend's work, and I hung it on the back of the chair that I placed by her side.

Mr. Hudson had been very fully occupied all the morning, and was consequently much fatigued, so that he feared there would not be any manifestation, but we were much pleased, as the negative developed, to see a spirit form seated opposite her, *not* on the chair placed by her side, but on an invisible seat. It was not the friend for whom she had wished, but the features, which are of a masculine type, are handsome and well defined; the mouth and lower part of the face are hidden by the woollen hood, but although that is *opaque* to the spirit, the rest of the chair-back is *transparent*, for the drapery about his head is seen through it. It is evident that the spirits only see those material objects which are in rapport with themselves, either as belonging to a friend or through the influence of a medium, and although this fact may have been acknowledged by us before, it is now *proved* by photography. In February, 1870, at one of my own Friday afternoon sittings with Mrs. Tebb, the spirit of Sir Peter Lely was conversing with me through her, and I asked him whether he could do direct drawing, but he exclaimed—"Direct drawing!—it is very strange—I never heard of it in my time—I wonder how the spirits can see the paper and pencils." I pointed to where I had placed them under the table, and requested him to try, with my help, to see them. He thanked me, and said, "Now I see the pencils—but it is harder to see what you call white—I shall see it presently." He did afterwards succeed in seeing both, and in our weekly meetings gradually developed some portion of direct power, to be, as we then understood, brought into full use at some future time. On another similar occasion, in the December of the same year, Mrs. Tebb had a vision of the taking of spirit photographs, in which Sir Peter Lely superintended the manipulator, and I believe that the two spirits whom she then saw must have been the operators in the negative taken of my double by direct power, that I alluded to in my July letter.

I spent the evening of August 25th at Mrs. Tebb's, and after I had mesmerised Mr. Tebb, who was just recovering from a severe illness, we were seated quite quietly, and I observed that she seemed to be seeing something, so I enquired what it was, and she said, "They were shewing me that the first appearance of the spirit is in the form of an egg." We were then again silent, and she passed into deep trance, and presently said, "It is suggested that to the bath already prepared for use shall be added—as an experiment only—the half of the shell of

the last egg laid by the Dove;* this may be added seven minutes before the time when the bath is likely to be needed. It may be divided into three portions, and after the bath has been used, they should be removed, and kept from the light until they are again needed: they must be divided from the point, so that a portion of the end of the egg may be retained in each piece. It will be well for the mediums connected with this photographic work, to partake rather freely of eggs as an article of food, and previous to the photographic *séances*, the chief operator should bind a fold of linen about this part of the head (placing her hands across the forehead) to the back, which has been dipped in water in which eggs have previously been boiled." I asked if it should be put on wet. "Wet and cool, but not cold, there should be no salt, or other substance in the water, and it should not have been used more than seven hours previously, for the first operation. It will be well also to use the water rather freely for the hands during the processes of manipulation connected with the photographic work.

It will be well for all those who can be interested in the success of the experimental work now going on, to unite in prayer at a given time, for the successful issue of the work which should be in progress at that time; needed help may thus be brought to those engaged in this work, and distance need be no impediment to useful service on the part of those interested. Yes—this was an answer to your thought." "I was thinking whether that ought to be about half-past one on Thursday." "It is right." (May I ask those who will be willing to comply with this suggestion, to make a change in the time, for the change of light at this season of the year will necessitate earlier operations, so that my Thursday appointment with Mr. Hudson will for the future be at half-past eleven).

"This is sufficient for the time, but information of a more interior nature, consequently more spiritual, will be given as the work progresses. The direction already given in respect to placing the sitter is of great importance, greater even than was conceived by the intelligence concerned in the communication. It is the A of this work, and is of the very greatest importance. It is the key in fact to successful spirit photography; this condition must be observed under all circumstances."

I copied out and sent to Mr. Hudson, the advice given for his benefit, but when I went there on the 29th of August, he was engaged for some time with four sitters, and afterwards had to dine, so that it was very late, and the light had become hazy before we began our experiments, he having the handkerchief wetted with egg-water bound round his brows. I had enclosed the Dove's egg-shell in a fold of net, with a long piece of white sewing silk attached, so as to be able to drop it into the bath and take it out. On the first two plates there was nothing but myself, with the light so bad that there was no detail on the lower part of the plates, so I suggested withdrawing the blind from the window facing me, which is always kept closed, as giving a kind of double light, but in this emergency it was best to do so, although I expected it would produce a great glare on my face. The picture is a wonderful one, although somewhat of a photographic failure. Far from being overlighted, my face is as dark as if it were night; on the upper part of the picture on the left is what may be described as an egg-shaped cloud, slightly compressed towards the centre, so as to produce something not unlike a figure of eight, and from that centre pour down three dark rays just over my head, which I am told were orange coloured, as a symbol of power bestowed. Behind me is a very faintly defined spirit form, but the most extraordinary circumstance of all is that just below the point of my right shoulder is placed an ornament, as if attached by a band round my arm.

* The Dove here alluded to, was brought to me by the spirits on Whit-Sunday *séance* of 1868, and I gave the account of it in the *Christian Spiritualist* for March, 1871.

There is an inner circle of white, with a dark centre spot, and I am told that that is a large opal, within which is set a ruby, and the outer circle is formed of different colored gems radiating from the opal. The full meaning of this jewel will be given at some future time, but I am told that although invisible to mortal eyes, it is always clasped round my arm as the badge of my calling.

A gentleman met me there on the 5th of September, who had several negatives taken, on only one of which was an indistinctly visible spirit, but on two others were manifestations of a different class, which I consider quite as interesting. For the first of these, I was impressed to mesmerise the vacant space by his side, and also himself slightly. On that plate a light passes perpendicularly from top to bottom, and there is another in a horizontal direction, just below his knees, forming a kind of cross. On the other were four horizontal ascending rays of light across his legs, like the steps of a ladder; they are not quite straight, being rather broader (and whiter) at the middle than at the ends.

He requested that when I had received the proofs, I would let him know if any impression should come to me, and about the one which I designate his No. 2, I had to write: "The broad lower light represents the light which is now all about your path, through which indeed you are now walking even while upon earth, and the light that proceeds directly down upon yourself, signifies that it has been given as a healing blessing from above. Of course it is needless for me to add that that blessing is the knowledge of the truth of spirit communion. I am also to call your attention to the fact that the pillar of light is in front of you, and that thus, like the Israelites of old, the light of the Lord is to be your guide, even in the brightened pathway you have to tread."

All those who have been to Mr. Hudson's studio know how seriously his back-ground screen was damaged by the violent physical manifestations which, in the commencement of the work, took place in the presence of some of his sitters. He did his best to repair the fractures, but ugly places were left, which injured the appearance of the photographs, and needed a good deal of remedying on the points. Indeed they gave rise to some of the aspersions against Mr. Hudson, for as the same character of damage could be found in two or more places, the outsiders thought they were repetitions of the same flaw, instead of different ones, therefore they used their pens to attack him when their eyes might have suggested to them that the gift of a new screen would be a suitable expiation for the mistake into which they had fallen. The new back-ground has, however, been furnished to him, and on Thursday last, September 12th, he had got it up in readiness for my sitting to be the first with it. He thought it was probably much too light, but that it would be better to have it so for the trial, and then to have it darkened if desirable, in which he was wise, for in these earlier stages of spirit photography, much of the work must be experimental, so as to ascertain what conditions are really the best; the screen is to be two shades darker.

We neither of us expected any manifestation on the first plate, but as the developer was poured upon it, we both saw what appeared like a tall spirit figure flash out upon it, but as the process went on, all sight of it vanished entirely, and if we had not *both* seen it, we should have thought the other had been misled by imagination. When we took it out into the light, a very faint outline was perceptible, so he re-developed and intensified to the utmost, making the negative very dense, and what we took for a spirit form looks to me like a garment suspended upon some kind of head-dress. I had again immersed the Dove's egg-shell in the bath, and I have been told to write at the back of the photograph, "The consecrating manifestation with the new back-ground."

I had the pleasure of being present yesterday evening at a conversazione held at Mr. Dornbusch's house, in commemoration of the second anniversary of the Dalston

Association of Enquirers into Spiritualism, which I enjoyed very much, and am glad to find that they are doing so much to help others to a knowledge of that which vivifies their own lives. Their members have increased very much in number since the establishment of this society, although many of the earlier ones have dropped off, and one can well understand how such should be the case, as the home *séances* take the place of outside seeking, while the association still works on like a nursing mother to those who have not yet attained conviction.

I heard two anecdotes which bear on the subject of my letter. Mr. Burns mentioned that a father and mother had come to him in joy and gladness, bringing with them a photograph taken by Mr. Hudson of their daughter in the spirit world. Another gentleman told me of some friends of his who had gone from Victoria Park to Mr. Hudson's, and during their absence a spirit communication had been given at home, stating who was the spirit who was then being photographed, so that they were greeted with the intelligence upon their return and the message was correct in every particular.

Believe me, dear sir, yours sincerely

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, W., September 17th, 1872.

OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

No. 22.

"And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you: but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." 6 Matthew, 12, 14, 15 v.

1. It would be difficult to find a more searching prayer than this, in the entire range of Scripture. It is a prayer to a Father, for forgiveness of voluntary wrong doing; and the blessing is to be asked on certain grounds.

2. Moral transgressions are here likened to "debts." Now, strictly speaking, debts are not necessarily criminal; while they ordinarily involve the mutual consent of debtor and creditor; and are, as a rule, limited in their influence, and capable of being transferred and made the responsibilities of others. They may also be cancelled by actual forgiveness.

3. The prayer of the text is the prayer of a moral being, conscious of sin, and seeking forgiveness; which must not be confounded with moral confusion, or moral indifference, or the remission of all suffering consequent upon the transgression of God's law, or entire re-instatement in the position we may have occupied before the transgression.

4. What is sin? Viewed in its spiritual results, it is alienation from a Personal God, Who is holy and benevolent, but Who is at the same time the Father of the sinner. Hence sin must produce a certain attitude of mind in God towards us, and in us towards Him. Forgiveness is reconciliation—on the part of God to man, and of man to God—preceded and accompanied on the part of man by man's repentance, and by the sinner's willingness to deal with those who have offended against him even as he desires that God may deal with him.

5. The Christian doctrine of forgiveness pre-supposes in us a real willingness to forgive others, which may be stimulated by the thought of our own need of that blessing. If any man have wronged us, we should never needlessly talk about the wrong; we should always ask about our own share in the offender's evil; we should try, most scrupulously, not to dwell upon the wrong, when the doing so can merely give us an unhealthy pleasure; we should also resolutely put down all pride which might hinder reconciliation; we should think well of the offender, as far as we can possibly do so without violating truth and right; and, if we forgive, we must do so from the heart, and not with the lip only.

6. God's forgiveness of us, and our forgiveness of one another, are equally needful for our own peace and

strength. There is a side of our nature which seeks, and rightly so, for punishment; but punishment and forgiveness are not necessarily antagonistic. "Behold the goodness and severity of God."

FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG,

(Preached at Swindon).

THE GLEANER.

The conclusion of "Gates of Pearl" must be held over to our next issue.

Miss Lottie Fowler proposes returning to America sometime during the month of October.

Mr. Enmore Jones has contributed an article to the *Spiritualist* on manifestations through Miss Katie Fox's mediumship, and promises more for the next number.

The *Spiritual Magazine* contains two articles by Mr. Howitt, one of which, "On some *séances* with Mr. Home some years ago," we hope to reproduce in our next number.

Dr. Stowell, of Church St., Brighton, speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Wallace's *séances*. He advises all who desire to know the truth to secure Mr. Wallace's "manly, intelligent, and reasonable services."

The subject of Spiritualism was not brought up publicly at the recent meeting of the British Association at Brighton, but a tract objecting to Spiritualism on theological grounds, published by E. W. Cole, Edgcombe Street, Stonehouse, was widely distributed among the members. The author is Mr. Henry Innes.

The Paris correspondent of the *Écho*, of August 28, is responsible for publishing a statement given him by M. de Lavedan, the Prefect of the Department of the Vienne, who says that M. Thiers had informed him that he is a Spiritualist, and that he is occupied with a work the object of which is to confound materialism in the name of science and good sense.

We are now prepared to say that we are willing to give week day lectures on Spiritualism, not only in the West of England (as announced last month) but also in London, or indeed any other place short of Land's End or John O'Groat's house. Subjects and terms, on application to the Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*.

The *Medium* for Sept. 6 is a double number, as it contains a full account of the meetings of the National Jubilee Conference of Progressive Spiritualists, held at Darlington, on July 30 and 31. We ourselves should certainly have been present but for the fact that the Anniversary Services of our Church took place at the end of the same week.

Mr. Gerald Massey has issued his prospectus of lectures and readings for the ensuing season. He also announces a supplementary course of four lectures, on subjects connected with Spiritualism. The *Medium* says it is more than probable that Mr. Massey will deliver another course of lectures in London during the winter, as a farewell previous to his departure to America. Mr. Burns will forward a copy of Mr. Massey's prospectus, with terms, on application.

After the 15th of October the *Spiritualist* will be published fortnightly, namely, on the 1st and 15th of every month, instead of once a month as at present. Subscriptions to partially meet the expenses of the more frequent publication of the *Spiritualist* are announced to the extent of nearly £70, and N. F. Daw, Esq., 2, Portman Chambers, Portman Square, is the treasurer of the fund. We heartily wish it success.

Mr. J. H. Powell, author of "*An Invalid's Casket*," and well known as one of the earliest workers in the cause of Spiritualism, has passed away, after an extremely painful illness, and which has left his family unprovided for. The address of the widow, who, it will be remembered, is a healing medium, is 179, Copenhagen Street, Caledonian Road, London; and we sincerely hope that she may obtain whatever assistance can be

rendered to her, and especially that her husband's little volume of poems may find a speedy and exhaustive sale.

Our constant study of Spiritualist periodicals serves to make us feel, more and more, the desirability, yea, the actual duty of all reporters of Spiritualistic phenomena making their reports to contain the names and addresses of the persons named therein, the names of places, and the dates, to aid the public in the natural desire to verify what is stated. In the *Medium* for August 23, page 328, there is a letter, signed C, giving an account of a public *séance*, on Thursday evening, Aug. 8, at 61, Lamb's Conduit St., when the writer took with him "two very great sceptics, a highly intelligent literary gentleman and his wife." Ought not the public to know who those persons were, that they might be appealed to for their evidence?

The controversy respecting Spirit Photographs has not abated. The current number of the *Spiritual Magazine* and the *Spiritualist* for September 15, are in decided opposition to each other on this subject; and for what they say we refer our readers to their respective pages. Of course, if there are any so called Spirit Photographs which are demonstrably spurious, those who vend them should be exposed, and, if possible, prosecuted; but the principal question, as it seems to us, is really confined to one, namely, has a Spirit Photograph been really produced? If it has, the fact and all the circumstances of the fact should be made known, far and wide, and the information given in such a form as to enable the general public, and especially sceptics, to realize so momentous a fact.

RECEIVED, with thanks: The *Rochdale Observer*, for August 24. The *Spalding Free Press*, for August 27. The *Surrey Comet*, for August 24 and 31. The *Liberal Christian*, and the *Christian Leader*, weekly. The *Birmingham Pulpit*, weekly. The *Band of Faith Messenger*, for August. The *Cape Monthly Magazine*, for July (Cape Town, J. C. Juta). *God's voice in the Flood, in the Potato Disease, &c., &c.* (Manchester, John Heywood). *Thoughts for the Times*, by Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A.; price, seven shillings and sixpence. London: H. S. King, and Co. *The Laodicean Spirit Rebuked*, a sermon by J. O. Squier. Dover: J. T. Friend, "Express" Office. *The Place of Mind in Nature and Intuition in Man*, by James Martineau. Price: one shilling. London: Williams and Norgate, 14, Henrietta Street, W.C. *Science and Faith*, a sermon by George Beaumont. Price, one shilling. London: Williams and Norgate. *Jesus Christ and Modern Social Life*. By John Clifford, M.A., L.L.B. Price, threepence. London: Marlborough, and Co., Ave Maria Lane, E.C.

UNWISE BLAME.—It is with men as with trees: if you lop off their finest branches, into which they were pouring their young life-juice, the wounds will be healed over with some rough boss, some odd excrescence; and what might have been a grand tree, expanding into liberal shade, is but a whimsical, misshapen trunk.—George Eliot.

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STANDING NOTICES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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