

# 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.

Vol. 2. No. 12. DECEMBER, 1872.

Price 2d.

## SPECIAL NOTICE TO PRIVATE SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS who now receive their copies of the *Christian Spiritualist* direct from the Editor, and, therefore, through the post, and whose orders and subscriptions have run out with the present number, are requested to renew, if they should wish to do so, at the earliest possible date, that we may know whether we are to continue to send them copies as heretofore.

## HOW TO DEAL WITH SOME OPPONENTS.

WONDER is now and again expressed by some Spiritualists, that there should be so much opposition to the cause of Spiritualism shown by Christian people. But a little careful unprejudiced thought may show that the "wonder," however natural, is not well founded. We do not, and cannot see *how* men and women who hold what may be described, with perfect respect, as the ordinary orthodox notions of religion and Christianity, should believe in what is termed Modern Spiritualism; for it is the belief of all the Protestant Christian Churches that the age of miracles ceased when the last Apostle passed away from earth, and, supposing that to be true, of course the Spiritualism of to-day must be a simple mistake. Not only so. If Protestants once admit that what is called the *supernatural*, but what we prefer to call the *extraordinary*,

exhibits itself to-day, and has done so through all the ages, then the claim of the Roman Catholic Church that miracles have been, and still are wrought in connection with her communion, is not, in the abstract, an incredible claim. It should also be remembered that Spiritualists believe, because they are constantly being taught so much, that the state of the dead is not strictly and eternally a fixed one, in other words, that what we call the good are not at once and absolutely happy, or what we call the bad at once and eternally miserable; but that the states of both parties are fluid, variable, and progressive. Now all this tears up by the roots the connected ideas of heaven and hell, as they are expressed in creeds, catechisms, conversations, discourses, and religious books, so that when a mind profoundly imbued with orthodox ideas reads any of our periodicals, or comes into contact with much of our Spiritualistic phenomena, he must be shocked, and a measure of incredulity and aversion be created. Let us deal with our orthodox opponents gently as well as justly, and give them time to recover themselves. We know quite well that "two cannot walk together except they be agreed," and the soul has to make its own election; but it may take a long time, and the process may be extremely painful through which it may have to go, before it enters into the "glorious liberty of the children of God," and sees the truth as it really is, and not as some men have imagined it to be. It is a comparatively easy thing to talk about trust in God, and to recommend it to others; but he who knows anything about real soul conflict knows quite well that the hardest thing a man has to do in this world, if it is to be done thoroughly, is to say, and mean what he says, "I believe in God the Father, Almighty,

Maker of Heaven and earth." He who can make that confession, casting no side glances at his own safety, is a man to be envied; while those who have not yet arrived at that exalted condition are to be borne with, pitied, helped, and not condemned, except in measure, and with delicate care.

To-day abhorred,  
To-morrow adored,  
So round and round we run;  
And ever the right comes uppermost,  
And ever is justice done.—*Charles Mackay.*

## A SPIRITUAL "PREFACE." (Concluded from our last.)

But we are roving too long from our "Preface," which continues as follows:—

"To continue insensible of our danger from evil spirits, whether from ignorance, inattention, or the disbelief of them, is one of the sorest evils that can befall us, and is in the Church at this day a misery to be lamented with tears of blood, as it leads to a carelessness, exposes us to their subtle devices, and gives them an advantage over us every way. Nor are they an enemy lightly to be accounted of, being watchful, diligent, and full of stratagems for our ruin; and they have moreover a hold on the corrupt part of our nature, and well know how to use it, being furnished with traps of all sorts to catch the unwary, and with baits adapted to every vicious appetite and inclination; having a great part of the honors and riches of this world at their disposal, through the power and influence of those that are subject to them. And therefore it behoves us to be well furnished for this part of our spiritual warfare, and to put on the whole armour of God, seeing those we have to do with are not to be subdued with carnal weapons. . . . But we now come to speak of better spirits, and more to satisfaction. If there be legions of spirits about and near us to deceive, tempt, and annoy us, can we doubt of there being as many appointed to serve, help, and defend us, according to their several classes and offices, in this our world? The conclusion is natural, from parity of reasoning, and the law of opposites, according to which the Great Governor of the world has contrasted evil with a counterbalance of good; consequently such beneficent beings there doubtless always have been and are, in readiness to succour the fallen human race by their friendly ministrations, and to fill up the distance, in the scale of created beings, between men and angels. The darkness of the heathen world most certainly did not separate them from the care of that good God who is loving to every man, and whose mercy is over all His works; and though their condition might not admit of communion with angels but in rare instances, yet the good offices of these kindly-affectioned ministers in their respective provinces might, in a sort, be angelical to them answerably to their dispensation, and serve as the lowest step in Jacob's ladder for their communications with the Heavenly world; and by what is handed down to us by authors of credit concerning communications of this kind to eminent persons in the ancient heathen world, as Socrates and others, whether by checks and warnings, impulses, dreams, voices, or visions, we are not at liberty to doubt of an intercourse between good spirits and the well-disposed heathens of all ranks, as a dispensation not so unfrequent as many suppose; seeing that the instances of this kind among ourselves that come to public knowledge, bear no proportion in number to those that are concealed from us. This, however, we are assured of upon the best authority, that 'many shall come from the east, and from the west (in the Gentile world) and sit down with Abraham, Isaac,

and Jacob in the Kingdom of Heaven,' and that many of the children of the Kingdom (professors of the truth) 'shall be cast out' (Matthew, 8th chapter, 12th verse.)

Though we now stand in a far higher dispensation than the heathens, and are called to an innumerable company of angels, and to the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, yet we are not therefore to suppose that all intercourse with good spirits of an inferior order is now ceased among us; as many who have not yet attained to the glorious privileges of the Gospel, and the immediate guardianship of angels, may nevertheless stand indebted, under God, to the ministry of such good spirits for many important services, both in their spiritual and temporal affairs; nay, they may be to all of us in the natural world, what the good angels are in that which is purely spiritual; and by their great knowledge in the laws and powers of this mundane system, and by various impressions on our animal spirits and faculties, may contribute much to our relief, comfort, and preservation in many difficulties, distresses, and dangers; and perhaps few that take a serious review of the most remarkable occurrences of their past lives will not be led to ascribe much of assistance to the instrumentality of such invisible friends; nay, who can say that they are not constituted, subordinate agents on various occasions in conducting the scheme both of general and particular providences? There is nothing in this supposition that offers violence to reason or religion; and sure it is that we have abundant credible testimonies to wonderful discoveries made by them of a very interesting nature both to individuals and also to society, as of concealed writings and treasures, of murders, conspiracies, and other matters leading to the administration of justice both distributive and punitive (see in particular *Miscellanies* by J. Aubrey, Esq., F.R.S.), as is well known of all conversant with men and books; so that to give the lie to all such relations as credited by the learned, the wise, the good of all classes, must appear nothing less than impudence joined with infidelity.

It has been made a common objection to the credibility of many apparitions that they have been either silent, or not delivered anything worthy of such extraordinary visits; and, consequently, that such visions were no other than the effect of imagination and fancy, as not answering to any use or purpose. To which it is answered: that the use of such visits may be very important though nothing should pass in the way of conversation between the parties during the interview; as first, by convincing the spectator of the reality of such beings as spirits, and so removing doubts concerning a future state; as well as by preparing him for the return of such visits to further purpose. Secondly, by affecting the conscience with a tender sense of duty, or with remorse for past offences; and impressing the mind with awful thoughts of its own existence in a separate state. Thirdly, by giving us to know that we are the objects of regard to beings in the other world, and visible to them when we think not of it, which may serve as a means to restrain us from indecent and offensive liberties in our most retired hours, when the more weighty consideration of the Divine Omnipresence may not be attended to, and so lose its proper effect upon us."

Much more is added, with like effect, running through 30 pages, and showing the necessity of belief, and the awful consequences to those

"Who read to doubt, or read to scorn."

And when we consider that it is now more than a century since the "Preface" was given, and the writer no obscure or retired speculator or philosopher, but a prominent lecturer, holding his license and living from the Church, and placed in the stocks and cramping irons of the "Thirty-nine Articles" without a reserve—that he was bound in honor to obey if not love—he must ever be considered a valuable pioneer for

Spiritualists, from thus sweeping so boldly, in a dirty and doubtful age, the miry roads of Materialism and preparing them for more delicate and easy feet to follow; although at the risk of soiling his own pure garments, and being the scoff of the rude and unlettered, and bearing the more painful reflections of his sable brethren and unbelieving contemporaries. But whilst thus having warmly to refer to a noble and "Spiritual Preface," it is painful to make confession at the close, that at present, after long poring and reflecting on these occult matters, we still have to hang upon Hope only as a fulcrum, and to rest upon Desire as a basis, until the Fates or the Invisibles cheer us with their presence, and encourage us with their more direct dictates. But "is it sure the news is true?" and that all depends upon the nature of a globule, or the delicacy of a nerve;—the flexibility of muscle, or the softness of marrow—whether we shall be permitted to write or to listen to the Invisibles? In short that our bodies and not our minds have the mastery in results? Is there no royal and ardent road leading from close application, devotion, and affection; or must all depend upon mother's milk and father's bile, and the fleshly tissues, for success? If so, there seems an end to all Spiritual progress—under the new patent—and the music of the spheres, without the auxiliaries of physical aptitude. And all attempts therefore to coax or fascinate the cherubs into recognition or acquaintance, to draw the true inspiration from within—unless the *odd* exhalations are of the right quality and consistency from without—will seem futile and hopeless. Farewell then to the dreams of the novitiate, and the hopes of the sanguine and mournful expectant of spiritual influx, when even physical manifestations are wholly dependent on consanguinity and the victualling department—if ghostly visitors are unable to robe themselves in visible and suitable attire, unless we furnish them with looms ethereal enough to weave their gossamer suits and transparent mantle. But it is more than probable that we err altogether, not knowing the truth; and having no *Home* nor *Hardinge* at hand, and living in an atmosphere of commerce and copper mines, miss the spiritual affinity, and lose sight of the supernatural. But there are glorious and willing *Mediums* in the north, who can set us right, and give us a gratuitous *Sitting*.

W. L. SAMMONS.

Cape Town, August 10, 1872.

### AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

"While they are yet speaking I will hear."—65 ISAIAH, 24 v.

THE belief in answers to prayer, however much and naturally it may be challenged by the man

of science, is part of the accepted belief of all Christians. At least it is so on Sundays. Every prayer meeting, and every prayer taking the form of petition uttered in a religious service, and every request made known to God, imply that our prayers are not merely heard but answered. But we are often in the state of mind of the early Christian Church, "when prayer was made without ceasing unto God for Peter;" and yet when the prayer was really answered, and Peter showed himself in the praying gathering, the narrative tells us that "they were astonished" (12 Acts). The following very simple narrative, sent to us by Miss Theobald, of St. Leonards, deserves to be preserved as a record of facts, and because it may be helpful in strengthening some "weak hands" or "feeble knees":—

"Did I ever tell you of a little incident that happened whilst I was staying at Mrs. Herbert Skeats', at Hendon, early in September of last year? It think it is not only a proof of the efficacy of prayer, but shows that God employs His "ministering spirits" as agents to send the answer.

My cousin was away from home with her husband, and I was keeping house for her. Teddy, the eldest boy, had a very bad attack of neuralgia, and we tried every thing we could think of, but nothing gave much relief, and his nights were, for a fortnight, passed in wakefulness, because of the pain. One night especially I had heard him, as usual, moaning to himself, but did not think of getting up to him, poor child, for I did not know what to do. At four o'clock in the morning I was suddenly and completely awakened up by a spirit voice (it came by strong impression) which said, "F—, get up directly, go and give Teddy some chamomilla." I got up instantly, and taking my medicine chest in my hand, ran up to his room, and gave him a few globules of "*Cham. 200.*" In five minutes he was sound asleep, and on waking some hours later was much better. That same day and the following I mesmerized him (or rather, I should say, the spirits mesmerized him through me), sending him fast asleep for some hours, in a day or two he was quite well.

But the most interesting part remains to be told. In the morning after I had heard the voice speaking to me, on going downstairs nurse Ford\* said, "You were sent up to Master Teddie, Miss F—, in answer to my prayer. I could not sleep, for his cries went to my heart so; I went in to him several times, but I could do no good. At last I prayed, and I asked God to have pity on the poor child, and to send him something to do him good. As I prayed I heard you open your door and come upstairs, and then he was so quiet, I knew that my prayer was answered, and that he slept."

This is simple in detail, but most certainly as the good old nurse prayed, at that instant some spirit came and woke me, with the needful, and as it is proved, the right instructions.

\* See *Christian Spiritualist*, vol. I, p. 69. She is an inmate of the aged Pilgrims Home, Camberwell.

### IN LONDON AND IN BOSTON: TWO SEANCES.

THREE *seances* have been kindly given at Mr. Burns's, for the benefit of Mr. Powell's widow, to aid in raising a sufficient sum to meet the expense of taking her and her family to the



United States, where her eldest son is in a comfortable situation, and they can thus be together. I am happy to say that the various efforts have been successful; and before this is published, they will probably be at the other side of the Atlantic.

I was present at the three, but there is not a much more difficult undertaking than to give an account of trance mediumship, unless by a shorthand-writer at the time; but a communication to myself interested me so much that I committed it to paper while still in my mind. The medium was Miss Hudson (*no relation to the photographer of marvels*), and she was spoken through to each member of the circle. When my turn came, after speaking of the glorious body of bright ones who surrounded me, she said:—"There is in particular one especial spirit who attracts my attention; she is rather short, but she has a peculiarly sweet face, with a very gentle expression." I was at once sure whom she was describing, and asked if she had not been photographed in the early part of Mr. Hudson's work, and the answer was "Yes." I then requested her to describe the veil she had worn at the time, so as to be sure of the identification. "She is veiled now, for she has kindly placed a slight covering over her face, so as to enable me to look at her, otherwise the dazzling brightness would be too much for my eyes to bear, but it is not the same veil she wore while being photographed, but I hope to be able to describe both. That which she now has on, comes down a little below the throat, and has flowers all along the edge. The one she was photographed in, was as if made of golden tissue covered with beautiful brocaded patterns, which, however, could not be seen on the picture." "But," urged I, "what was the shape of it? for that was peculiar." "It was just caught up above the head, but as nearly as I can describe it, the shape was something like a very long and very narrow sheet." "Just so. Is it my grandmamma?" "The spirit bows her head, as a sign of assent." The description was entirely accurate, and is another interesting corroboration that the higher spirits must veil their faces (like Moses, when he came down from the Mount), for they are too overpoweringly brilliant even for good spirits of a lower grade to bear to look upon them—for in this instance it is not the medium who sees, but the spirit who is speaking through her—and all these facts (thoroughly well known to experienced Spiritualists) ought to be a sufficient answer to the continual query of outsiders, with reference to the spirit photographs. "But *why* do the spirits always come veiled?" We must try in our souls, to rise, so that the veil of partition may be "rent in twain," and that nothing may be needed between us and the brightest of the invisible throng.

I do not know if your space will admit of your inserting a conversation which took place with a trance medium in Boston (Mrs. Mary Hardy) but as it also refers to the chief interest of this time, I venture to copy it for you. It was in a letter to me from Miss Ingram, and was dated October 21st. Her mamma's spirit had the control of the medium, and said: "Some time ago I spent a long morning with you, and I was looking among those things you preserve as little treasures, and I saw there the portrait of an English lady whom you value very much. . . . It is that photograph where there is a spirit standing behind her." "May I know the name of the lady?" "Georgiana Houghton. She is wishing for you to return home, and is not the only one who is feeling anxious about you. I collected magnetism so that I might go and visit her. I spent an hour and a half in her house, and I looked at every painting she has. They are wonderfully beautiful, even to our eyes, who are accustomed to spirit art. I saw her so distinctly I could tell you the dress she wore, saw all her surroundings, the ferns and the dove. The conditions of her home were so harmonious with the magnetism I had taken with me, that, as I might express it, the atmosphere was transparent. She was alone when I went there, and very soon I was drawn by an influence to observe her, in place of looking at her paintings. She was thinking of you, and thinking with so much intensity that she almost pronounced your name aloud. A lady called, and I was intrusive enough to listen to their conversation; indeed I may say that I stole it, that I might repeat it to you across the Atlantic. These two friends talked of what you call spirit art, and next of spirit photographs, and they mentioned one man by name as being a reliable photographer to get spirit photos, it was 'Hudson' they called him; and as this conversation continued, I observed another lady enter, but like myself she was from the spheres. I did not know her, but I soon discovered that she was a relative of Georgiana's. I think she is a sister, but I could not be positive, for I did not speak with her. She wears a great deal of white drapery, and a part of it descends in folds from the head." And here Mamma raised her hands to describe by action, the sweep of the head-gear. "As Miss Houghton talked, this spirit lady (as I for clearness will call her), went close up to her, knelt down before her, and laid her hands on Miss Houghton's lap, she grasped her dress between her fingers, and had Miss Houghton looked, she would have seen her dress slightly lifted up, but she was too engrossed talking with her visitor to notice 'the slight movement.' 'Then you did not find out who the spirit lady was?' 'No, not nearer than by conjecture I thought her a sister, it is the same lady as appears on one of Miss



Houghton's photographs with the white drapery. I knew her by the drapery, as it is a somewhat singular dress even with us, though we all dress as we please, still there are costumes that appear singular to us worn by many in the spheres. I wished to tell you these particulars when I came here to day, as you would feel interested to hear of your friend round by the spheres, and if you will be writing to her soon, you can let her know of my having visited her."

It must have been my dear sister Zilla whom the spirit saw here with me, and when I answer Miss Ingram's letter, I will send her one of Zilla's photographs, of which I gave the history in the June number of this periodical, so that she will be able to see how accurately her mamma has described the drapery, for Miss Ingram has herself only seen one of our spirit photographs, that of my aunt Helen.

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, W.

## NARRATIVES FROM R. DALE OWEN'S DEBATABLE LAND.—No. 10.

### AN EVENTFUL HOUR WITH LEAH FOX.

If my life were extended to the term ascribed to the antediluvian patriarchs, I should remember, to my dying day, the first time I was visited by an appearance which all the attendant circumstances concurred in proving to have been a visitor from another phase of being. It occurred eleven years ago, at the house of Mr. Samuel Underhill, in New York.

It was on the evening of Sunday, the 21st of October, 1860. The sitting was held in Mr. Underhill's dining-room, lasting from ten to eleven o'clock, p.m. The room was lighted by gas. There were two windows fronting the street; three doors: one opening on a corridor whence a staircase ascended to the next floor; another opening on a short passage leading to the kitchen; the third, the door of a pantry in which were crockery and various other articles, including a barrel of loaf sugar in one corner. Before we had any demonstrations the raps requested us to wait until the domestics had retired. There were two servant girls in the kitchen, whom Mrs. Underhill sent upstairs to bed, so that everything was profoundly still on that floor of the house. Then we fastened the inside blinds of both windows, so as to exclude all light from the street. Before commencing the session, at Mr. Underhill's request, I shut and locked the three doors above referred to, leaving the keys in the doors; so that no one, even if furnished with keys, could open them from without. I satisfied myself, by careful personal inspection of the furniture, and otherwise, that there was no one in the pantry, nor any one in the dining-room, except the three persons who, along with myself, assisted at the sitting. These persons were Mr. Daniel Underhill, Mrs. Underhill (Leah Fox), and her nephew, Charles, twelve years old. We sat down to a centre table, three feet eleven inches in diameter, of black walnut, and without table cover (I had previously looked under it; nothing to be seen there). The gas-burner was immediately over it. I sat on the east side of the table, Mr. Underhill opposite to me, Mrs. Underhill on my left hand, and Charles on the right. There was no fire in the room. The rappings commenced, gradually increasing in number and force. After a short interval they spelled: "Put out the gas." It was accordingly extinguished, and the room remained in total darkness. Then "Join hands."

Shortly after doing so, I felt several times a cool breeze blowing on my cheek. Then was spelled: "Do not break the circle." We obeyed; and except for a second or two at a time, it remained, on my part, unbroken throughout the rest of the sitting.

After a few minutes I perceived a light, apparently of a phosphorescent character, on my left, near the floor. It was at first of a rectangular form, with the edges rounded. I judged it to be about four inches long, and two-and-a-half inches wide. It seemed like an open palm illuminated; but though the light which emanated from it showed quite distinctly its entire surface, I could distinguish no fingers. For a time it moved about near the floor; then it rose into the air and floated about the room, sometimes over our heads. After a time it changed its appearance and increased in brightness. It then resembled an opaque oval substance, about the size of a child's head, muffled up in the folds of some very white and shining material, like fine linen, only brighter. As it moved about I began to hear, at first imperfectly, afterward somewhat more distinctly, the rustling as of a silk dress, or of other light article of female apparel, giving the impression that one or more persons were moving silently about the room. Then the light passed behind Mrs. Underhill; then I saw it close to Mr. Underhill, and just opposite to me. Mr. Underhill said: "Can you not go to Mr. Owen: do try." Thereupon it moved slowly around to my left side. This time the folds appeared to have dropped; and what seemed a face (still covered, however, with a luminous veil), came bending down within five or six inches of my own face as I turned toward it. As it approached, I plainly distinguished the semi-luminous outline of an entire figure of the usual female stature. I saw very distinctly the arms moving. At the lower extremity of its right arm, as if on the palm of the hand, the figure bore what seemed a rectangular substance, about four inches by two, as nearly as I could estimate. This substance was more brightly illuminated than the rest of the figure. It may have been only the illuminated palm, but I do not think it was; it seemed more like a transparent box with phosphorescent light within it. Whatever it was, the figure raised it above its head, and then passed it slowly down, close to what seemed the face, and then over the upper part of the body, as one might pass a lantern over any object with intent to make it visible. This action it repeated several times. By aid of the illumination thus afforded, I saw more distinctly than before the general form of the face and figure, but both appeared covered with a half-transparent veil, and I could distinguish no features; nor were the outlines of the body, nor of the limbs, sharply defined. The motion of the right arm with the light was the most marked and frequent. While this was taking place, I held Mrs. Underhill's hand and Charles's. As the various phases of the phenomena succeeded each other, I remarked on what I saw, and Mr. Underhill, from the opposite side of the table, responded to my remarks, so that I am quite certain he was seated there. I expressed a wish that the figure would touch me; and Mr. Underhill said from his place: "We are very anxious that the Spirit should touch Mr. Owen if it can." Thereupon I felt what seemed a human hand laid on my head. And as I looked steadily at the figure which stood on my left side, I saw its head bent toward my left shoulder. A moment afterward I felt, and simultaneously heard, just behind the point of that shoulder, a kiss imprinted. I could not for any physical fact obtain the evidence of three senses—sight, touch, and hearing—more distinctly than in this case I did. Immediately afterward I saw this luminous body pass behind me, what seemed, by the touch, to be hands gently laid hold of both my shoulders, and turned me round to the right. I looked on that side, and the figure now stood by my right shoulder. After pausing there for a few seconds, it moved toward the window farthest from me, and we heard the sounds as if some one were attempting to open the window-blind.

Mr. Underhill, from his place, remarked that it would probably be able to effect this, for it had done so on a previous occasion. The blind was in four compartments, each of which could be opened or closed by raising or lowering a wire attached to moveable slats. The figure opened the upper, left hand quarter of the blind, so that a faint light shone in from the street lamps. I was looking at the window when this occurred.

Up to this time the appearance, gradually becoming more luminous, had been in sight, moving about the room fully five minutes. There was not the slightest footfall when it moved. My hearing is very acute; I listened for every sound, and as, in the intervals of conversation, the silence was unbroken, I could have detected the fall of the lightest footstep. From this time the light which illuminated the figure gradually faded; and soon I could no longer distinguish any form. The slight, rustling sound, unaccompanied by footsteps, still, however, continued. Suddenly we heard a noise as of the door opposite to me being unlocked, then of its being hastily opened and shut; then the rustling sound approached me on the left, and a key was laid on my left hand. Then a second door was heard to be unlocked in the same way, and I heard another key laid on the table just before me. Then a third door (that of the cupboard, by the sound), was heard to be unlocked and opened, and a key, as if pitched over our heads, was heard to drop, with a clatter, on the table. While this was going on, I commented from time to time on each occurrence, and received answers from Mr. Underhill, from his place at the table opposite to me. While we were conversing, there was a rattling of the crockery in the cupboard. Mrs. Underhill expressed her apprehensions as to some favorite china, but Mr. Underhill replied: "I will trust the spirits," and then added: "Cannot the Spirit bring something to Mr. Owen?" Almost immediately there was set down on the table, close to my left hand, some object which I touched, and it proved to be a cut-glass goblet. In setting it down, what seemed a human hand touched mine, and immediately afterward was laid several times on my shoulder. I expressed a desire that it would distinctly grasp my hand, to which Mr. Underhill responded. Instantly a small hand, or what in touch perfectly resembled one, took hold of my hand and grasped it. Then it clasped my bare wrist, gently but with a firm grasp; then my lower arm, then my upper arm; each time with a distinct grasp. I could not have distinguished the touch from that of a human hand. It was a little cooler than mine, but not disagreeably so. There was nothing chilly or clammy or otherwise unpleasant about it. There was, after this, throughout the sitting, no sound whatever of opening or closing doors. While it was touching me thus, Mr. Underhill said: "Can you fill the goblet you brought to Mr. Owen with water?" There was a rustling but no footstep; a slight noise in the pantry, and then the sound of something dropped into the goblet; but, putting my hand in, I felt no water. In so doing I broke the circle only for a moment. Then, just behind me, I heard a sound as if the glass of the clock on the mantelpiece were touched and shaken. All this time there was no word spoken except by those at the table, but, once or twice, there was a whistling sound in the air.

When, soon after, we were bidden, by the raps, to relight the gas, I found three door-keys on the table, the goblet also, and, within it, a lump of loaf-sugar. Both the room doors were closed, but on trying them, I found that neither was locked. Two of the keys on the table fitted them. The door of the pantry, which the third key fitted, stood open, and the cover of the barrel of sugar was pushed partly off. The left hand upper portion of the blind at which we had seen and heard the figure was open.

These are facts, all briefly noted down the same evening on which they happened, and written out in full the next morning. (Page 366).

## CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

THE following extracts, kindly sent us by a well-known female Spiritualist, are taken from "Morley's Life of Cornelius Agrippa," and will, we think, be read with interest by all who care to know some of the thoughts of one who was a contemporary of Paracelsus, the renowned philosopher of the 16th century:—

"My soul is not sufficient for itself; beyond it and above it lie eternal laws, subtle, not having substance or form, yet the cause of form and substance. I cannot hope to know them otherwise than as ideas; to unborn generations they will be revealed perhaps; to me they are ideas, celestial influences, working intelligences. I believe in them, and I desire to lay open my soul to their more perfect apprehension. They are not God, though God created them; they are not man, though they have by divine ordainment formed him. The more I dwell upon their qualities, the more I long for the divine, the more shall I be blessed by the reception of their rays. The more intensely I yearn Heavenward, the more shall I bring down Heaven to dwell in my soul."

"Of prophetic dreams there are four kinds: those which occur in the morning between sleeping and waking; those which relate to another person; those which include in the dream its own interpretation; and, lastly, those which are repeated, as said Joseph, 'for that the dream was doubled unto Pharaoh twice, it is because the thing is established by God; and God will shortly bring it to pass.' But with prophetic dreams there is more or less of accidental and vain matter always mixed; neither is any dream prophetic, except by the influence of the celestials with whom alone is knowledge of the future; and he who would divine by dreams, must sleep in a clean bed, in a pure chamber, that has been exorcised and sanctified; his body must be free from the vapours of gross food, and from the distorting influence of sin. Retiring so to rest, he must pray for the counsel he desires; and if his faith is sufficient, he will obtain it."

"Man is the Temple of Duty; he can attain to nothing without striving step by step upon the way to purity; subduing all those powers of the flesh that war against the soul, engaged in constant contemplation of Divine perfection, constant effort to approach it. To purify himself, he must become in all things clean; most clean of all in heart and soul. He must not exceed the necessities of the body; he must be abstinent from all that over-clouds the mind; temperate in all things; and dwell much apart from the animal crowd of men, in contemplation of celestial things, of angels and intelligences, working out the will of God. But the chief part of inward purification is repentance; as even Seneca has said in 'Phyteste' that the man who repents is almost innocent."

"Perceptions of the truth probably exist in the opinions of the ancients. As he who lives by the sword, shall, it was said, perish by the sword, so do the deaths of many answer to their lives; and so does the state of man after death. Yet do the Cabalists refuse the doctrine of Pythagoras, that souls which have become bestial, take bestial forms; they say, on the contrary, that they return to earth in human frames, and thrice have the opportunity of life thus granted to them. Sometimes the souls of the wicked reanimate their polluted corpses, as places of punishment. Such power evil spirits have. But when the body returns earth to earth, the spirit returns to God who gave it; and this spirit is the mind, the pure intelligence that was incapable of sin while in the flesh, however sinned against by passions of the soul, and gross delusions of the body. Then, if the soul has lived justly, it accompanies the mind, and soul and mind together work in the world the righteous will of God, partaking of

His power. But the souls that have done evil, parted after death from the mind, wander without intelligence; subject to all the wild distresses of unregulated passion, and by the affinity they have acquired for the grossness of corporeal matter, assimilate to themselves, and condense, as in a fog, material particles through which they become sensible again of bodily pain and discomfort. It is believed also that the souls of just Christians preach to the souls of the just Pagans, salvation in the name of Christ. Of this tenor seems to be the belief of Cornelius; he speaks of *manes*, *lares*, and *lemures*; but with those Christians who revel in gross images of vindictive torture after death, he shows no sympathy at all. He sees the sorest punishment to the base soul in its own baseness; and as to the literal interpretation of the fires of hell, he quotes with marked approbation these words of Augustine, 'It is better to be in doubt concerning secret things, than to dispute about them as uncertain. I do not doubt, for example, that we are to believe that rich man to be in the heat of suffering; and that poor Lazarus in the cool shade of joy; but what I am to understand by that infernal fire; that bosom of Abraham; that tongue of the rich; that finger of the poor; that thirst of the tormented; that drop by which it can be cooled, will scarcely be discovered by the patience of research; never by the impatience of contention.'

### ROBERT COLLYER (OF CHICAGO), ON "GATES AJAR."

IN St. Louis, lately, I met a gentleman I always love to meet, who told me he had been reading a book he thought I would like. I said I had heard of it, and intended to read it as soon as I could lay my hands on it. This soon came to pass; for that day he brought me his own copy, and told me to take it home; and so, in that pleasantest way a book can ever come, from the hands of a friend who loves it, and for that reason wants you to have it, the little work of which I want to speak in this article came into my possession.

And I want to speak of it because it is one of the most remarkable things I have read for a long time. The result, apparently, of a very positive and painful experience—not the fruit of what a great writer calls the clairvoyant faculty in novelists, but something a woman has to say, because this was what she first had to be. There is a marvellous reality in her story, as in the thoughts that are grouped about it; there is also a delicate intuition, rising into divination sometimes, that is full of beauty and surprise.

The author is the grand-daughter of an eminent teacher and preacher; the daughter, also, of one in the same profession; and so, by simple natural succession, she comes to her fine faculty, and was born for the pulpit, or for the office, in some form, of a teacher of religious truth. Hawthorne has said that the time will come when the woman will take the office of preacher and the man give it up; the nature of her mind fits her far better than the man for this great calling. This woman is one of those that Hawthorne thought of. She has found herself surrounded by a fine network of social and other hindrances; by troops of friends, probably, who would lament over her if she should take to the pulpit or the platform, and say it was the way to ruin. But the way that was open to Harriet Beecher, Elizabeth Browning, and Marion Evans, was open to this woman. She could not preach her sermon but she could print it; and so beautiful it is and full of interest, that everywhere men and women are reading it, weeping and laughing over it, protesting against some things in it, but still attracted by its winsome grace and simple faith and far-reaching hope and undying love, so that they have to read right on. What she wants to tell takes the form of a story. The scene is laid in a small New England town, a good stretching walk from Worcester. There she is living with her brother when

the war breaks out. He finds that he must go and stand by the flag. Just before the story opens he had been long enough in the service to earn a furlough, and had written to say that he was coming home. It was one of those bright letters the soldier boys knew how to write. I wonder, sometimes, what would be the result if we could get a great volume printed of the best of those letters written from the camp and hospital and battle-field; whether we should not get them by heart, and then put them on the bookshelf close to our Bibles. Such a letter this brother "Roy" wrote, to say he was coming home in May. Once in a lifetime we all get something like that; a piece of news that smites us as a great shaft of sunlight smites a man who has been in a dark cell until he has almost forgotten what sunlight is like. He was coming home in May! It was winter then; but May seemed to come sweeping with shining wings through the room in which she was sitting as she read. But as she was thinking there came another message, a telegram this time, containing these words: "*Shot Dead*;" and so, in a moment, out of heaven, as it seemed to her, she was plunged right into hell. No more hope, no more help—nothing but death and despair.

"The stars she whispered, blindly run,  
A web is woven across the sky,  
From out waste nature comes a cry,  
And murmurs from the dying sun."

I have been twenty years a minister, and in all that time have tried to find out just what to say to men and women when a blow falls like this; but I doubt whether to this day I know. I can sit down beside them and say "God help you," and then keep silence, and feel it is best they should lament, and find myself lamenting with them. But what I think I never shall do is to dole out texts and truisms—to say to them, as I hear them crying out at the hardness of it, that they must be resigned, and give up, and feel that it is all for the best, and that their dear ones now are far away beyond any trouble, singing among the saints and angels. Sitting down with my friends, in the first astonishment of their grief, silence seems the most sacred. I think of that great lesson in our oldest book, how certain men *sat still* seven days in the presence of such a grief, with not a word to say, and how their silence was unspeakably better than their speech. In that small New England town, for this grief there was sure to be sympathy and a yearning to help, measureless as the ocean, if they only knew how to go about it. What they did was to follow their light—and some had the light of nature, and that is always good as far as it goes; and some thought they had the light of grace, but it was not of grace, it was only of the meeting-house, and so it did no good at all. Poor old Phoebe—and we all know these Phobes—Phoebe had the light of nature; she had nursed Roy when he was a baby, and her heart was breaking for the same sorrow; but nature told Phoebe when that awful silent grief, the daughter of despair, had been with the sister long enough, to make her heart strong and go into the parlor and see about it. So she went in and said: "Now Miss Mary, this won't never do, rebellin' agin Providence and singin' your hair on the chimbley lamp! you must come in and eat your supper; the fire is burning beautifully, and the salmon is toasted to a turn." And that was just the advice the stricken woman needed! the wheels of life must turn. It was not the sister, but the brother, who was living

"Where angels gather immortality  
From life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God."

She had to live for our sakes as well as her own; and, grotesque as it seems, Phoebe was right. The one thing needful lay just then on the supper table. Her instinct was all one with what David did in a similar sorrow. He rose up, after he knew the worst, and ate bread.

By-and-by one dreadful pain began to be felt, and it is one we all feel. The contention began in her nature between the loyalty and love for the material presence, through which the soul had been shining and flaming



upon her all the days of her life, and the awful distance that overcame her, now that the soul was gone and the beauty of Roy was turned to ashes. One merciful break to the pain that God has provided for the most of us was impossible to her, because Roy fell on the battle-field, and had to be brought home. Leslie, the painter, says that being often called to take pictures of the dead, he always found that about the third day the features would assume a beauty so fascinating that he could hardly get away from the silent presence; a light that was not of the sun or the life they had lived; the shadow, as it were, of the light of heaven. It is commonly so with the dead in our homes. The infinite pity provides that the last look of those we have lost shall remain in our memory in all the sweetness and light of which the mere mortality is capable. But poor Roy was brought home when the distance between the sister and brother, in this sense, had become unutterable.

Another sad trouble was one that is also common to us all. It came when first she began to wonder about her loss. She felt sure that Roy had gone to heaven; about that she had no doubt; but then this was the trouble—heaven seemed so far away that the deep in her soul seemed all the time to be calling to the deep eternities. Heaven, as a place, had never been made attractive and domestic and bright to her; it was a great cloudy splendour and glory, toward which she felt as a child would feel, taken out of its home, away from its mother and from all the warm enfoldings of its life, and put into a great palace, among pictures by Raphael, and statues by Angelo, and vessels of gold and silver by Cellini—but with never a crib to sleep in, or any loving breast to shield it from the magnificent desolation, or any bread and milk, or anything but the four-and-twenty elders before the throne, and the harpers harping on a sea of glass. And this was the pain when she thought of Roy in heaven. If she could find him there, and heaven was such a grand place, he would not be the dear old Roy, but a great soul standing among the white angels, while she would be longing to have one good long talk to him. There was no hope she ever could have such a talk; he would be singing what the old deacon who came to comfort her calls the “Song of Moses and the Lamb;” and so it broke her heart to think about that. It was not the loss of the dear soul, but the finding of it—if that was the way she was going to find it—that struck the grief home. And little good for all this came to her from warm-hearted but rather foolish friends, who tried to help her. Such friends never help any of us by telling us that they have had just such losses and had to get over them the best way they could, and we must do the same. There never was a heathen since they built the first pyramid who couldn’t do as well as that by us; and such talk is simply heathenism—no better and no worse. Neither is there any help for most of us, at such a time, in telling us to glory in tribulation. There is a time when telling us to glory in tribulation is as if you should tell a man to glory in being in the cataracts of Niagara on a raft.

But there was coming for Roy’s sister something she had not dreamed of. Out in Kansas there was another woman, who had been called to bear a heavier burden than she was bearing; a woman of a most delicate nature, who had gone out with her husband into the wilderness to occupy a little patch of God’s great vineyard. He was a minister and the work was too much for him, as it is for so many in these new countries. He was delicate to begin with, and made no such fight for his life as a strong man makes year after year; so he died and left the wife alone, with one little child. I cannot tell, as I read the book, what real presence there is about this woman; but I shall always think of her as one who was in Lawrence when I went there, after the awful Quantrell murder, while the ruined homes were still smoking. I have been trying to recollect whether I did not see her, and whether she was not the one who was nursing another sick and helpless person, when the

murderers came to set her house on fire, but she faced round on them with unflinching eyes, and made them feel in two minutes, that they never could burn that house, and so sent them away. There was such a woman who did such a deed. I hope it was the same; but be that as it may, this person came in the black night, when death and despair had done their worst; came with a little child, a marvellous creation, and among them at last they turned darkness into day.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## OPEN COUNCIL.

“One man’s word is no man’s word;  
Justice needs that both be heard.”

### MR. HORACE FIELD’S THEORY OF MORAL EVIL.

THE following letter refers generally to some of the articles we have hitherto inserted from the pen of Mr. Horace Field, whose writings are, quite naturally, full of what he believes to be the true theory of evil. Our last article from his pen was placed in “Open Council,” for reasons which will appear in the letter we now print. To this letter an answer has been received, which we shall have great pleasure in printing, *in extenso*, in our next number. The two letters will then be before our readers, and they will be able to judge for themselves:—

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I should be very sorry indeed if any difference of opinion between us should make you think me insensible to your great kindness in writing for me, and the ability with which you maintain your position. I can assure you I feel most grateful for all the trouble you have taken for one who certainly has no claim upon you, and whom you might have set aside without even the suspicion of ill-will.

No doubt in my periodical, as in many another, there must be considerable latitude given to different writers. But I have always given your articles the position of “leaders,” and there is a degree of responsibility attaching to the Editor for “leaders” which does not attach to him for other articles. At least so I have always considered, and one can but act upon one’s own conviction. Now I believe I understand your theory with respect to evil; but it is to me only a deepening, instead of a clearing away of the darkness. Take for example your little pamphlet (on the Contagious Diseases Act), which I have read through, word for word. If your theory be a true one, that “man is the harp and God the Harper,” in other words, if it be true that, strictly speaking, we do nothing but God does all, and that our free will is one great illusion, I don’t see how you can escape from the position that God is a murderer, a whoremonger, a drunkard, and a criminal of infinite proportions. With this terrible additional fact that while He is all along doing these things, at which we shudder, He has given us a nature which compels us, contrary to the fact, to charge ourselves with doing these things. According to your theory it is not we who do them, it is God; and to inflict upon His creatures the pain of remorse, and all the moral results of the sense of free-will is, to use a very hackneyed phrase, “to add insult to injury.” I know you will say that your theory, as you view it, is self-consistent, and that no better one is known to you. It may be so; but I would rather believe that God is something less than omnipotent and omniscient, than believe that He could, first of all, be the direct and active author of evil, and yet inflict upon His creatures the exquisitely cruel wrong of making them feel a

responsibility, which is, after all, all His own. If a man were to act towards his fellow man upon the principle you say rules God, the man would be looked upon as a monster of iniquity.

I have no theory as to the origin of evil. But there are a few things which appear to me to be among the verities. Evil is present in the world, and in my heart. The nature which God has given me compels me to feel that that evil is a something against which I must fight, and which I ought to hate. I cannot but feel that my guilty will, and not God's decree, or God's agency, is the source of the evil within myself; while to charge Him with it, in any sense or degree, would seem to me to be a blasphemy so terrible that the bare doing of it becomes an impossibility. I know not how evil came into this world; I only know it is here, and that Christ Himself, as far as we have any records of Him, has given us no theory of the origin of evil; but He has told us, by word and deed, and spirit, to fight against it as a real foe, as the foe of God; although, if God be its author, evil is not God's foe but His agent, and for the existence of which, God, not man, is responsible.

I beg you to accept this letter, not, of course, as an adequate criticism upon your views, but as an expression of my personal regard for yourself, and as pointing out how impossible it is for me to stand on your side. I know you would not wish me to seem to do so when I don't do it in reality, while you yourself have shown very clearly how no two men can look at even the same truth and see precisely the same thing. I have put your article in "Open Council," certainly from no feeling of cowardice, because if I believed as you do I would face man and God with my belief; but because I would not like to be made responsible for views which seem to me so exactly contrary to the facts of things. With grateful and kindest regards for yourself and Mr. White, believe me, my dear friend,

Yours heartily,

FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG.

P.S.—If the desire should occur to you to write any word of reply to these hasty lines, and for publication, I pray you to do so, and you shall have all the space you need.  
—F. R. Y.

## SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

LETTER NO. 9.

*To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.*

DEAR SIR,—I am happy to say that the manifestations continue to increase in wonder and interest, and I only wish that some of our wealthy Spiritualist friends would give efficient aid to this most marvellous and convincing evidence of spirit presence, by supplying Mr. Hudson with ample funds to carry out the suggestions that are so frequently broached to me, such, for instance, as taking larger photographs, and with two or more cameras at the same time, so as to obtain different views of the same spirit. I know that this is most desirable, but I also know that it would entail heavy expenses, which Mr. Hudson's present means would not admit of. It is not as if there could be always a certainty that the spirit should appear upon the first, or even the second plate, for there are frequently several before the manifestation takes place, each using its proportion of collodion and chemicals, thus seriously increasing the cost of each spirit

negative, to say nothing of Mr. Hudson's personal fatigue and anxiety.

I am thankful to say that all worry from the storm that has beat about him has passed away, for he has received strong testimony from important quarters, and sometimes when visitors have now come to him as strangers, and he has offered them every facility for test, they have assured him that such tests are totally unnecessary, for that from such and such friends they have known how triumphantly he has passed through all the ordeals that could be proposed.

On the 24th of October I had but one negative taken, for some misfortune had happened to the sensitising bath, so that the picture was seriously damaged, being all over spots and patches, which grieved me much, as it was very interesting. The spirit has on a bonnet, and a very thin veil, through which the features are clearly seen; both her white hands are extended towards me, and in one she holds a small picture. I hoped that if the manifestation were of any importance, it might be in some way repeated, and on the afternoon of the following Thursday, when I had my own sitting, to my great delight, the same spirit stands facing me, again offering me a picture (differing somewhat from the previous one), that she seems about to place in my hand, which I had been impressed to lay, palm upwards, on the table. The spirit this time is without the bonnet, but still veiled, and she seems quite unaware of any table being there, for her form rises through it, so that the two appear quite intermingled.

We tried a couple more plates, but the light had waned, so we had to leave off, and Mr. Hudson proceeded to re-develop the negative, but to our dismay, in a short time it became of various tints of orange, and seemed utterly spoiled, so that it could not possibly have been printed from. He then tried to remedy it with cyanide, and was much flurried, but I told him not to be uneasy, for that we were to make another attempt, but I could not imbue him with the same calm composure I felt myself. He, however, succeeded in clearing the upper part of the picture, so that it would seem as if we were placed on clouds, but fearing lest the cyanide should be destructive if more were used, he was obliged to leave it in a state that was still far from satisfactory.

Of course the light was now dingier than ever, but when the first plate was ready and in the slide, I told him to coat another, and put it in the bath, but if that were unsuccessful, we must leave it for that day. The first was a total failure, there being no detail whatever on the lower part of the plate, so I suggested his opening the blind on the other side, and I think

the exposure must have lasted fully five minutes, and on the plate (No. 40), to our intense gratification, was the *same spirit* seated, apparently in conversation with me, and, as in the previous one, utterly ignoring the fact of the table being there.

I went in doors, to wait while Mr. Hudson did the varnishing, and he presently made his appearance, very proud of his chemical skill, for with some other preparation he had put the first negative (No. 39) to rights, therefore there are the two, or rather the three, to bear testimony to one another, being alike, and yet various.

For the morning *séance* of October 31st, I had dear little Tommy Guppy with me, so I seated him on a small hassock upon the table, and stood behind, so that he might rest against me, and on our No. 1 appears a tall female figure in a bonnet, with flowing embroidered drapery, which I at first thought was extended towards us by her right hand, but I now see that the face of another spirit is just visible within the drapery which falls so as to touch Tommy's face. It is altogether a very pretty, graceful picture.

I wanted to vary the pictures, so for No. 2 I placed a higher stool on the table, and altered my own position, still having my arm round him, and on that is a spirit figure with a dark coloured robe, and white drapery falling from the head; the face is unveiled and clearly defined, and the hand is extended, holding something towards us, perhaps a flower—that, too, makes a pretty picture, and the twisted leg of the table is seen through the drapery.

For No. 3, he stood on a chair, with my arm encircling him—there are waves of light in the atmosphere, but the only manifestation is a pen, which has been photographed for me twice before, and the next negative is connected with it, for opposite to us are several sheets of paper or parchment, from some of which an aura appears to arise. These two latter manifestations were interpreted for me (in a trance) through Mrs. Tebb, who came to see me on the 8th of November, and they foreshadow three different works which I am to write or rather compile, in the distant future, from the amount of manuscript I have already accumulated. The middle one of the three, is to be the history and interpretations of my Spirit Drawings.

I fancied the spirit on the No. 1 of these photographs might be Mrs. Guppy's mother, as the majestic proportions reminded me of her own, so when I showed them to her on the following Thursday, I enquired whether any such impression came to her (for she could not have memory to aid her, having lost her mother

in infancy), but as it did not, she suggested placing our hands on the table, when raps immediately came, and holding the picture, I asked whether it was Mrs. Guppy's mother, "No," was the answer, but as the idea was still strong in me, I thought I might have put the question in the wrong form, so I said, "Is it Tommy's grandmother?" to which two raps came meaning *doubtful*, or, *perhaps*. Then I named aunts and other relatives, but still it was "No," till the spirits signalled for the alphabet, when they spelled, "Sarah B-e-a-c." Here Mrs. Guppy shook her head, not recognising any name belonging to her, but then "h" was added, and she exclaimed, "Oh! Sarah Beach! why that was the maiden name of Mr. Guppy's mother, who married twice." We thus understood why a doubtful response was given to my enquiry as to whether it was Tommy's grandmother, for the affirmative would have misled me, as I was thinking only of Mrs. Guppy in the question. No information came as to the spirit on the other photograph, so our little *séance* came to an end. I then went up to Mr. Guppy (who was in the billiard room with Mr. Harrison) and told him that the spirit with Tommy was Sarah Beach, and it was gratifying to see the smile of delight and surprise that came on his face as he recognised his mother's name.

This circumstance recalled a similar experience I had had, in my early mediumship, when I received a communication signed with the maiden name of the mother of my dearest friend. I had not known her in her earth life, and as she also had married a second time, she no longer bore the same name as her son, therefore she reverted to the original one.

On the 7th of November, Miss Rose Hudson was to have a sitting, but Mr. Hudson did not believe anything would come, as he had tried her with Herne, as well as by herself, but I had no doubts on the subject.

For the first she was to be alone, and I stood, as I usually do in such cases, close to the wall, about half way between the place occupied by the sitter and the camera, *facing* the north-west, so as to make a sort of line of communication from that point. On that plate the spirit (whose head is partly draped, but the face clearly defined), is turned away from Miss Hudson, and he, like herself, is looking towards me. It is a pretty, artistic picture, and I must call particular attention to the thick velvet centre of the chair-back, as it is an important item in the next photograph, for which, I had been instructed, I was to be with the sitter; I accordingly stood at the back, between her and the chair by her side, on which I had to place my hand. Two negatives were taken on which there was no spirit, and then I was impressed to mesmerise both Mr.



Hudson and the empty chair, and the next result was most marvellous. The velvet portion of the chair-back has become perfectly transparent, and the face of the *same* spirit (with the head drapery cast off), peeps laughingly through it, almost framed by the carved wood-work which partly conceals the left cheek, and the whole figure, of which the attitude is wonderfully expressive, is seen through the chair, very slightly veiling it. The expression of Miss Hudson's face is as of astonishment that a spirit can be at play, but I, on the contrary, look amused, and as if it were quite a natural thing; and really, if we *could* have seen the spirit, I dare say that is much as we should have felt. We were all in great glee over the negative, which makes a very pretty picture, as well as being such an astonishing evidence of spirit power. I have since learned from Miss Hudson that the spirit is her cousin Harry Graham, a youth of eighteen, who died about three years ago. They sent the photograph to his father (a non-Spiritualist), and he, as well as his daughter and daughter-in-law, immediately recognised the portrait.

I was to wait for my own sitting (No. 41), until after Mr. Hudson had dined, and for it I had received very particular spirit-directions. I was to take my seat by the table, then half rise, and turn as if to greet an entering visitor. I think there were again two negatives taken, on which there was only myself, and I was once more impressed to mesmerise Mr. Hudson, and then we had the greatest wonder of all. My face is pressed against the spirit, whose veil falls partly over me, so that I am *within* it, and we seem locked in a mutual embrace. The feeling that comes upon me when I look at it, is as if a loved relative whom I thought was dead, had suddenly appeared before me, upon whose breast I would fain weep out my joy at so unexpected a return.

One peculiar effect is that of a strong light on the top of my head, the part that in all my other photographs has been in shadow, and it must be thus illuminated by the radiance emanating from the spirit form.

Mr. Shorter met me there by appointment on the 14th, and there was a spirit on two of the negatives, but I cannot describe them to a certainty, as I have not yet received the proofs, but I think they are both good likenesses of himself, and on the second picture, not far from the ground, is the manifestation of a pen, similar to those I have mentioned in my own photographs.

As this may be read by many who have not seen my earlier letters, I may as well repeat what I have already said, namely, that any of these photographs may be obtained from Mr. Hudson by enclosing thirteen pence in stamps, or should

any one prefer applying to me, I could do the same, as I generally take several copies of those that are interesting.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, W., Nov. 16th, 1872.

## OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

No. 24.

"And lead us not into temptation, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL." 6 Matthew, 13 v.

1. "Deliver us from evil," or, more correctly, "from the evil one." The Greek word is *ponrou*, for the several meanings of which see Schrevelius' Lexicon. But as "the evil one" is an object to be prayed against only because of the evil associated with him, and flowing out from him, the prayer of the text as it occurs in the common version may be taken just as it stands.

2. Christianity is a revelation from God, of Himself and of man, to man and through man. But revelation though it be, it has its silences as well as its expressions; and one of its silences respects moral evil. Christianity says nothing, absolutely nothing, about the time when evil first began to be, why it was ever allowed to exist, why it has been suffered to spread itself over so vast a space, and why it continues to be in spite of One Who is All holy. In this, as in many other respects, Christianity is a *unique* religion. But the text, "Deliver us from evil," is a prayer to God for deliverance from evil, and a prayer offered by man at the instigation of One Who was himself perfect Man, and who "knew what was in man."

3. Christianity recognizes the existence of moral evil, that is to say, of something apart from and independent of mere suffering, mere imperfection, and mere questionable good. The evil deprecated by the text is sin, which is voluntary wrong doing.

4. Christianity recognizes that moral evil is felt by man to be, what it really is, an influence in opposition to God, and injurious to ourselves.

5. Christianity recognizes man's desire for, and belief in deliverance from moral evil.

6. Christianity teaches that God will deliver us from moral evil, and, therefore, that He is, and must of necessity be opposed to it, that it is not His creature, His agent, or His friend.

7. Christianity teaches us to pray for the deliverance from evil of others, as well as ourselves.

8. Christianity leaves it to God to decide what is evil, together with the time and the manner of deliverance.

9. This prayer is a prayer against ourselves. It implies effort on our part; while, rightly viewed, it should inspire effort; and the prayer, as it seems to us, is a pledge of its own success, for it is addressed to One Who is the universal Father, and is put into the mouths of those who are everyone of them His children.

FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG.

(Preached at Yeovil, Trowbridge, Aberdare, and Swindon).

P.S.—The report of the Lord's Prayer, as it occurs in the Common Version of St. Matthew's Gospel, ends with these words, "For Thine is the Kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen." The report of the same Prayer given by St. Luke, omits these words. And they should be omitted. They are wanting in most of the best authorities. Dr. Tregelles accounts for their insertion by the supposition that being familiarly known in a particular connection, they were, perhaps, noted in the margin of some copy, and this became incorporated by the next transcriber; or that a transcriber's own familiarity with the words might have led to his inserting them. See Hammond's "Outlines of Textual Criticism" (Macmillan and Co.) We may

just add that the last time we preached this sermon it was at Swindon on August 4, 1870, when we were most powerfully influenced by Spirit agency, and our notes entirely worked for us, to such an extent that at the conclusion of the sermon we were altogether oblivious of what we had said.—ED. C.S.

## POETRY.

### A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS TIDE.

It was the calm and silent night !  
 Seven hundred years and fifty-three  
 Had Rome been growing up to might,  
 And now was queen of land and sea !  
 No sound was heard of clashing wars,  
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain ;  
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars  
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign,  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago !

'Twas in the calm and silent night !  
 The Senator of haughty Rome  
 Impatient urged his chariot's flight,  
 From lordly revel rolling home.  
 Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell  
 His breast with thoughts of boundless sway ;  
 What recked the Roman what befell  
 A paltry province far away,  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago ?

Within that province far away  
 Went plodding home a weary boor ;  
 A streak of light before him lay,  
 Fallen through a half-shut stable-door  
 Across his path. He paused, for naught  
 Told what was going on within ;  
 How keen the stars, his only thought ;  
 The air how calm, and cold, and thin,  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago !

O strange indifference ! low and high  
 Drowsed over common joys and cares ;  
 The earth was still, but knew not why ;  
 The world was listening—unawares !  
 How calm a moment may precede  
 One that shall thrill the world for ever !  
 To that still moment none would heed,  
 Man's doom was linked, no more to sever,  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago !

It is the calm and solemn night !  
 A thousand bells ring out, and throw  
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite  
 The darkness, charmed and holy now !  
 The night that erst no shame had worn,  
 To it a happy name is given ;  
 For in that stable lay, new-born,  
 The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago !

ALFRED DOMETT.

*The Harp and the Cross.*

### THE GLEANER.

Mr. D. D. Home is in Paris, and is reported to be very ill.

Mr. Lawder, 32, Westmoreland Street, Dublin, wants some medium to visit the Irish metropolis.

The entire charge of Miss Florence Cook's Spirit Circle, and the admission of visitors to it, have been placed in the hands of the Editor of the *Spiritualist*.

M. Constant, who recently visited England, is now in Smyrna; and we believe intends to write a book on Spiritualism for readers in Asia Minor, and the East.

The first number of the third volume of the *Spiritualist*, gives that periodical in a far more readable and usable form; as it is now folded to make 16 pages, instead of eight.

An association for investigators of Spiritualism has been formed at Darlington, and a prospectus has been issued. Mr. David Richmond, 18, Chapel St., Darlington, is the secretary.

There is a Hampshire Ghost Story in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Article number six of the *Contemporary Review* is entitled "Miracles and Fact," by the Rev. F. W. Fowle.

An Australian paper called the *Mount Alexander Mail*, dated, "Castlemaine, August 27, 1872," has a leading article on "Spiritualism," which is reproduced in the *Spiritualist* of Nov. 15.

In future, our Birmingham agent for the sale of the *Christian Spiritualist*, will be "Mr. James Guest, 52, Bull Street," from whom back, and, of course, current numbers can be obtained.

The controversy on Spirit Photographs is gradually becoming somewhat warm; a sign, as we think, that it is on the verge of a crisis, and the sooner that crisis arrives, the better for all parties concerned.

Our correspondent, Mr. H. A. Nourse, whose series of articles on "Gates of Pearl," lacks the conclusion, writes to tell us he is still unable to finish his work; but hopes to be able to do so for our January number.

Dr. Sexton is announced to deliver two lectures on Spiritualism in the Gymnasium, Old Ramsden Street, Huddersfield; on Sunday, Dec. 1, on "The Philosophy of Trance," and "Unconscious Cerebration."

There is an article in the November number of *Frazer's Magazine*, by Mr. M. D. Conway, of South Place Chapel, Finsbury, on *Demonology*, which is sure to be worth reading; for Mr. Conway could not write a dull page if he were paid to do it.

On Sunday evening, Nov. 3, Mr. Charles Bradlaugh (familiarily known as "Iconoclast") lectured at the New Hall of Science, Old St., City Road, London, on "Life, Immortality, and Spiritualism." In the discussion which followed the lecture, Mr. James Burns took part.

Messrs. Herne and Williams have been in the Netherlands, and a report of their proceedings by A. J. Riko, 71, Molenstraat, The Hague, appears in the *MEDIUM*. These notorious mediums have also been at Llanelly, South Wales. The *South Wales Press* reported them.

Among Macmillan and Co.'s book announcements, there are the following:—*The Scientific Bases of Faith*, by J. J. Murphy; the *Mystery of Matter and other Essays*, by the Rev. J. A. Picton; and *A Handbook of Moral Philosophy*, by Dr. Calderwood of the Edinburgh University.

We cordially recommend Miss Godfrey, of 161, Hampstead Road, London, as a medical clairvoyant. Of course we don't pretend to say that she, any more than most mediums, is infallible; but we believe her to be entirely honest; and we know, from personal experience, that her mediumistic power is of a high order.

Such of our readers as may be willing to supply information as to the life, opinions, and history up to the present time, of Joanna Southcott, and her followers, would greatly oblige by communicating with us at as early a date as may be convenient. We are just now particularly interested in this subject.

We have a strong impression that Spiritualists should watch very narrowly, although in a perfectly generous spirit, the proceedings occurring at the meetings of the Jumpers, at Chelsea, accounts of whom have appeared from time to time in the *Daily Telegraph*. Who knows but that these very proceedings are only "Spiritualism in a mist?"

The *Weekly Despatch* recommends the *Medium* as containing "mystery and horrors enough to make a French soldier's hair stand on end." A tolerably STIFF reference. The *Weekly Despatch* has always been in favor of the sensational; and its present proprietor does not seem to be able to forget the kind of food he provided in the *London Journal*, when that periodical was in his hands.

The purchasers of *Human Nature* for November, 1872, price sixpence, obtain a certificate, on the production of which they are entitled to the *London Dialectical Society's Report on Spiritualism* at half price, 7s. 6d. *Human Nature* and the *Report* can be sent to any address, post free, on the receipt of 8s. 9d., by Mr. James Burns, 15, Southampton Row, London.

It has been suggested that as there is a large number of Spiritualists in Brixton and its neighborhood, a local society should be formed there. Why could not the editor of the *Spiritualist*, who lives within ten minutes walk of Brixton Church, take the initiative? His address is Wilmin Villa, Chaucer Road, Dulwich Road, London.

A correspondent of the *Medium* suggests that Spiritualists should adopt some sign, like the Masonic brotherhood, by which to recognize each other when travelling, and thus be able to sustain and encourage each other. We think the movement is altogether too young for the adoption of the signs and symbols of secret societies; although we ourselves happen to belong to the Odd-Fellows.

Subscription cards, in aid of the building fund of the East London Spiritualists' Free Lecture Hall, are now ready, and may be obtained, post free, upon application to Mr. S. Goss, 23, Trafalgar Square, Stepney, London.

We are very glad to hear that our able and influential fellow-worker, Mr. Benjamin Coleman, of Norwood, who has been suffering from ill-health for some time, is now mending. Mr. Coleman can ill be spared from active work in the Spiritualist movement.

Dr. Sexton, one of the most able and popular leaders of the Secularist party, and who has recently avowed himself a convert to Spiritualism, is, we believe, preparing a work on the relations of Spiritualism to free thought. Anything Dr. Sexton may have to say on this, or indeed on any other subject, within the limits of his own experience or study, will be sure to be readable and useful. We have known him for now fully 20 years.

Dr. Hugh M'Leod, who was a very prominent member of the Spiritualist movement a few years ago, has recently been delivering a course of lectures on Spiritualism in the Free Masons Hall, Newgate St., Newcastle-on-Tyne. The lectures are illustrated by diagrams. Mr. Thomas Wood, secretary of the Newcastle Association of Spiritualists, 4, Leazes Court, Newcastle-on-Tyne, says in a letter to the *Spiritualist*, "We who have heard Mrs. Hardinge Brittain and others, decidedly give the preference to Dr. M'Leod." Of course this is a matter of opinion; but both parties are really able exponents of the Spiritual Philosophy.

We shall issue with our next number, free of charge, a title page and table of contents for Vol. 2 of the *Christian Spiritualist*; which volume ends with the present number. Some improvements, suggested by the experiences of the past two years, will be made in our next volume; but our old key-note—CHRIST—will be struck as firmly as ever. We may add that any bookseller, whose London agent by the way is not W. H. Smith and Son, ought to be able to supply this periodical, regularly and punctually. Where there is any difficulty, a communication of the fact should be made at once to our publisher, Mr. Arnold, 86, Fleet St., London, or, if preferred, to the Editor, Swindon, Wilts. Either would attend to the matter without delay.

Mr. W. Towns, a respectable tradesman of 32, Lloyd's Row, Clerkenwell, and 14, Theobald's Road, Holborn, an interesting history of whose experiences as a medium may be found in the *Spiritualist* of March 15, 1871, is again vouched for in the *Spiritual Magazine* for November, under the well-known signature of T.S., who adds

to the extracts he makes from the *Spiritualist* another fact, personally related to himself by Mr. Towns. T.S. hopes to give some further experiences of Mr. Towns in an early number. The same number contains a very interesting article, by E. P., entitled a *Case of Spiritual Obsession*, or being possessed by bad Spirits. We wish E.P. would but give her name and address in full.

A letter in the *Spiritualist* of Nov. 15, signed "A.F.," speaks of the "jealousies of Mediums." Jealous of what or of whom? To be jealous of what is strictly a Divine gift, to be humbly and gratefully received and carefully used, does seem to be a most extraordinary state of mind. If it be a fact, as this correspondent states, that mediums are perhaps "most susceptible of jealousy, far more so than any other persons," we can only say that the fact is an extremely disgraceful one. We recommend all such jealous people to put to themselves the question which St. Paul put in his day (1 Cor. 4c., 7v.), "Who maketh thee to differ from another, and what hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory as if thou didst not receive it?"

In *Human Nature* for November, there is an article entitled *Spirit Photography*, from which we make the following extract:—"We have seen a great number of other successful portraits of spirits which have been recognised in the most satisfactory manner, but the sitters have been in many cases persons in private life, and who have not energy or public spirit to push them to the front with their testimony. Others have been persons in such social positions that they dared not give publicity to the fact that they were interested in Spiritualism or had sat for a spirit photograph. A praiseworthy exception to this too general practice amongst those who could really lend some influence to the movement is communicated in the following letter:—"21, Green Street, Grosvenor Square, W.; October 20th, 1872. DEAR MR. BURNS,—I asked my friend Mrs. Hughes if she would be willing publicly to add her testimony regarding the genuineness of Mr. Hudson's spirit photographs. I have much pleasure in sending you her answer:—'I shall be most happy to lend what small weight my name may have to support that worthy and honest man, Mr. Hudson. One of the spirit photographs I have was taken on a glass I brought myself, and had previously marked. I also always went into his dark room on the several occasions I was there and followed the whole process, from the cleaning of the plate—never losing sight of it—till the spirit forms were developed on it. I can, therefore, affirm that there was no imposition in the production of the spirit images on my photograph—it was all honest and above board, and thinking it so, I am ready to declare it to be so to the world.—Yours affectionately, GEORGINA HUGHES, 13, Grosvenor Square.' I need scarcely add that Mrs. Hughes authorises you to publish her testimony in favor of Mr. Hudson if you think it will be useful to the cause of truth and justice.—Yours very truly, LISSETTE MAKDOUGALL GREGORY."

The blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odour, and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example, that roll away from him and go beyond his ken on their mission.

Generosity during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death; one proceeds from genuine liberality and benevolence, the other from pride or fear.—*Horace Mann*.

There is but one door to come into the world, thousand to go forth. Death has his choice of ways to let out life; and while we are busily watching at one door, he comes in at another.—*Adams*.

The state cannot destroy and create a religion. Moses and not Pharaoh created the religion of the Father; Christ and not Tiberius that of the Son; Luther and not Charles V. that of the Spirit.—*Emilio Castelar*.



Spirit is now a very fashionable word ; to act with spirit, to speak with spirit, means only to act rashly and speak indiscreetly. An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions ; he is neither hot nor timid.—*Chesterfield.*

By friendship you mean the greatest love, the greatest usefulness, and the most open communication, and the noblest sufferings, and the severest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds, of which brave men and women are capable.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Always avoid the company in which you are willing to tell a coarse jest, because for you it is a demoralizing company. Grossness is never humorous, profanity is never admirable ; and if your manner and speech once begin to ravel out upon that edge, all their manliness and charm are in danger.—*G. W. Curtis.*

Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament ; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it, the fountain of loveliness ; and drink it in, simply and earnestly, with your eyes ; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

There are two things, each of which he will seldom fail to discover who seeks for them in earnest—the one, the knowledge of what he ought to do ; and the other, a plausible pretext for doing what he likes. The latter of these the carnally-minded might find in any set of precepts that could have been framed ; the former the spiritually-minded will not fail to obtain in the Gospel.—*Whately.*

THE FIRST TEACHERS OF CHRISTIANITY.—Nothing can be more false and more delusive than to imagine that the first teachers of the Christian religion were men whose harmony of opinion and action was complete, who entertained one view only of the Gospel, and who had neither difference, nor debate, nor quarrel. They were not unconscious mouth-pieces of a supernatural inspiration, automata of some uncontrollable enthusiasm, unanimous machines, but were men of like passions with ourselves, men with characters, impulses, affections, fears, dislikes—were human in the mistakes they made, and in the truths which they embraced and enunciated. It is sheer superstition to treat them as more than men, as other than men, however highly we may value their labors, and reverence the spirit which generally guided their thoughts, their actions, and their words. If we make them unreal and transcendental personages, we do them a great injustice, and ourselves a certain mischief, because all free inquiry into their motives and feelings is suspected as a challenge of their authority, and every other form of commentary becomes mere verbiage shed around a foregone conclusion. They are not stars fixed round the great central Light, and differing only in glory and goodness from Him who is the centre of their system. But they have what light they possess from reflection, and feel themselves immeasurably distant from the Power which illuminates them.—*Paul of Tarsus.*

## Advertisements.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Urgent necessity.—These preparations afford the best and cheapest means of removing all ordinary surgical and medical maladies, in this country and the colonies. In the latter, the Ointment and Pills are invaluable, for none but the careless would be without an antidote to the accidental injuries and the many ailments to which the settler must be more or less exposed when at a distance from all professional help. Sprains, cuts, burns, skin diseases, ulcers, abscesses, and varicose veins are readily cured by Holloway's Ointment.—The Pills too furnish a perfect pharmacopoeia for subduing all internal derangements of the viscera from simple irritation of the stomach to confirmed liver disease or the more disastrous dysentery,

## TO INQUIRERS.

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

Howitt's "History of the Supernatural."

De Morgan's "From Matter to Spirit."

Sergeant's "Planchette."

Brevior's "Two Worlds."

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

Owen's "Debateable Land between this World and the Next."

Massey's "Concerning Spiritualism."

Alexander's (P.P.) "Spiritualism : A Narrative with a Discussion."

Phelps's "Gates Ajar."

Gillingham's "Seat of the Soul."

Gillingham's "Eight Days with the Spiritualists."

Carpenter's "Tracts on Spiritualism."

Fudge Edmonds' "Spiritual Tracts."

\*Home's "Incidents in my Life."

\*Ballou's "Modern Spiritual Manifestations."

\*\*"Confessions of a Truth Seeker."

Wilkinson's "Spirit Drawings."

"Hints on the Evidences of Spiritualism," by M.P.

Dialectical Society's "Report on Spiritualism."

The above works can be obtained of, or through Mr. James Burns, Publisher, 15, Southampton Row, London. Mr. Burns, however, writes to tell us that the items in the above list marked with a star (\*), are "out of print." We are very sorry to hear such bad news, but hope that persistent search after them may, at length, be the occasion of "out of print" being exchanged for "second edition now ready." There are none in the above list that should cease to be published. The Editor of this periodical does not, of course, pledge himself to every single statement made in any one of these books ; but he does consider them to be worthy of perusal, and most of them invaluable aids to those who do really wish to know what Spiritualists have to say for themselves, and the grounds upon which their belief reposes. If it be said that this list gives the names of those works only which are on the side of Spiritualism, omitting those which are against it, we have only to say that the public are better informed of what our opponents have to say than what we ourselves have to advance in reply. It is a comparatively easy task to get a man to read what is thought to be an exposure of Spiritualism ; but it is not so easy to get what we have to say read, and read with candour.

## 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.

## Advertisements.

*Price 6d., or in Cloth 9d., Post Free.*

**H** EAVEN OPENED; Part 2, being further descriptions of and advanced teachings from the Spirit Land, through the Mediumship of F. J. T., with an appendix containing Scripture Proofs of Spiritualism.—J. BURNS, 15, Southampton Row, W.C.; E. W. ALLEN, 11, Ave Maria Lane, E.C.; Also Part I., price 6d., cloth, 9d.

**M** RS. JAMES DODDS, Certificated Ladies' Nurse, 15, Dagmar Terrace, Hamilton Road, Lower Norwood, London. References as to character, &c., may be made to the Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*, who will gladly speak for Mrs. DODDS.

**D** R. J. R. NEWTON, Practical Physician for Chronic Diseases, No. 35, Harrison Avenue (one door north of Beach Street), Boston, Mass. Dr. J. R. NEWTON is successful in curing Asthma, effects of Sunstroke, Softening of the Brain, Jaundice, Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Nervous Debility, Diabetes, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Weak Eyes, Falling of the Womb and all kinds of Sexual Weakness, Weak Spines, Ulcers, Loss of Voice, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Hemorrhoids, Felons, and all kinds of Lameness and Weakness of Limbs.

*Now Ready.*

## A NEW VOLUME OF POEMS,

**"AN INVALID'S CASKET,"** price Two Shillings and Sixpence, by J. H. POWELL (Author of "Life Incidents and Poetic Pictures," &c.), Contents:—Life Pictures, a Poem in three cantos; The Two Poets; The Martyr Patriot; Life's Pilgrim; The Sceptic; The Monitor; The Work of Change; Niagara; Five Faces; Invocations—I, II, III, IV; Pictures of Home; A Plea for Woman; Life's Logic; An American Scene in August; The Light of Love; A Hymn; The Answering Voice; The Bigot's Blow; The Lady of Fashion; Religion—I, II; A New Year's Ode; Farewell Old Year; Pilgrimage; Let us be Men; In Memoriam; Epitaph; Giants and Dwarfs; Waiting; Spirit Power; Angels; Life; Dead by Lightning; Fading Light; During Sickness; Honey and Gall; Valediction to England; Dawning Eras; Behind the Veil; The Sceptre.

"AN INVALID'S CASKET" is the result of nearly seven years' poetic musings, the majority being composed in America.

Intending Subscribers will confer a favor by forwarding their Names, Addresses, and Subscriptions at once to Mrs. J. H. POWELL, 179, Copenhagen Street, Caledonian Road, London, N.

## Advertisements.

THE LAST DISCOVERY IN  
MAGNETISM.

**THE PATENT MAGNETIC "AMYNTERION" APPLIANCES:**—Belts, Lung Invigorators, Chest and Throat Protectors, Spine Bands, Friction Gloves, Wristlets, Necklets, Knee Caps, Corsets, &c., &c., for the cure of Nervous Diseases.

They are extremely light; they give no shocks; require no acids; need not be worn next to the body, and retain their power for years. As Appliances they are most comfortable in wearing; nobody suffering pain should be without one. Their powerful magnets are covered with an elastic material, and arranged scientifically within the appliance which pour a continuous current of the Odic and Therapeutic Force into the system, so valuable in Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, &c. The following, with a list of prices, shows the diseases they are effective in curing:—

**PATENT MAGNETIC "AMYNTERION" APPLIANCES.**

**MAGNETIC AMYNTERION BELTS.**—These Appliances are serviceable in Intestinal Disorders, Nervous and General Debility, Lumbago, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Affections, Colic and Spasmodic tendency, Dropsy, Female Irregularities, &c., &c.—Price, from 20s. to 45s., according to measurement.

**CHEST PROTECTORS AND LUNG INVIGORATORS.**—Specially applicable for Bronchitis, Loss of Voice, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs, Weakness and Palpitation of the Heart, Consumptive Habit, Pains in the Chest, Asthma, &c., &c.—Price, Children's, 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d. each; Adults, 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s.

**THROAT PROTECTORS.**—Designed for Throat and Bronchial affections, as Mumps, Bronchitis, Cramp, Enlarged Tonsils, Bronchocele, Gout, &c.—Price, Children's, 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d.; Adult, 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d.

**SPINE BANDS.**—To be applied down the Spinal Column, the great centre of nerve power. Invaluable in cases of Spinal Curvature, Weakness, or Irritation, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Affections, General or Partial Paralysis, Hysteria or Epileptic tendency, &c.—Children's, 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d.; Adult, 12s. 6d., 15s., 18s., 25s.

**ANKLETS.**—For Rheumatism or Stiffness of Joints, &c., 7s. each.

**WRISTLETS.**—For Rheumatic Pains and Weak Wrists, also for general use by Pianists, Cricketers, Rowers, Writers, and others.—4s. each.

**KNEE CAPS.**—For Rheumatism, White Swelling, Stiffness of Joints, &c.—7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. each.

**FRICTION GLOVES.**—These Appliances are indispensable to all who would retain a vigorous circulation. No bath-room should be without a pair. Gentle downward friction applied for ten or fifteen minutes will generally remove local pains. A Glove may also be used as an ordinary Pad, by turning it inside out, and placing the flannel side on the part affected.—8s., 10s. 6d. pair.

Testimonial from Dr. SWETE.

71, Gaisford Street, London, W.

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in recommending to the Medical Profession and the public, the Magnetic "Amynterion" as a most important curative power, especially in nervous complaints, and only requires a fair trial to prove its power over the nervous system.

BENJAMIN SWETE, M.R.C.S.

Mr. Hy. G. Whiting, Magneto-Electric Machine Depôt, 224, Kentish Town Road.

P.O.O. made payable to HENRY G. WHITING, Wholesale and Export Magneto-Electric Machine Warehouse, 224, Kentish Town Road, London; Cheques Cross, "The National Bank."

**AGENTS WANTED.**

Trade supplied. Country and Shipping Orders executed without delay.

Now Ready, in crown 8vo., price 7s. 6d., cloth.

**GLITTER AND GOLD. A**  
Tale by HORACE FIELD, B.A., Author of "A Home for the Homeless," "Heroism," "Jesus Christ the Saviour of the World," &c.

London: Longmans, Green, and Co., Paternoster Row.

*Opinions of the Press:—*

"It is difficult to speak too highly of this novel. The characters are powerfully drawn, and altogether different to the ordinary creations of romance. They are quite natural, and go through the work of everyday life as men and women, and not as heroes and heroines of fiction. \* \* The incidents are of a common character, but are made as attractive as the most sensational episodes by the vigorous way in which they are related. \* \* \* The work is, therefore, of a deeply religious character; but in its method of treatment, and the healthy thoughts that adorn every page, it is quite distinct, as we have before intimated, from the ordinary religious novel. \* \* The language is chaste, the construction of the plot excellent, and the purpose worthy of all praise. Such a novel should make its author's name a household word, for it is quite unconventional and admirably written.—*Public Opinion.*

"A really graphic tale of domestic life, originally and pleasantly written in a religious spirit. The author has, no doubt, some peculiar opinions; but his singular humour, his evident honesty, and unhackneyed style, make the book alike remarkable and fascinating.—*John Bull.*

A more extraordinary book it has rarely been our lot to encounter \* \* \* bad men, mad men, lovely sinners and lovely saints—this jumble of extraordinary purposes and personages seethe, and hum and bubble before the reader's eye like the witch's cauldron, with Mr. Horace Field perpetually stirring the broth. No thoughtful reader could bestow his time and attention on this book without ample recognition of Mr. Field's fidelity to life, and the subtle undercurrent of dry humour with which he depicts the scenes he has chosen.—*Daily News.*

"The reader of this novel, besides the interest springing from the bustling incidents, the terse and lively dialogue, and the diversified character of a clever fiction, will find a strong moral purpose and certain religious lessons pervading the whole. We warmly recommend it to our readers.—*Dundee Advertiser.*

"His (the hero's) ardent mind is presently absorbed in mystic visions of spiritual perfectibility, aided by the congenial sympathy of Grace Thornton, an invalid girl long unable to leave her couch, yet inspired by her enthusiastic piety with thoughts and sentiments of great originality and persuasive force.—*Illustrated London News.*

"The book is full of a very delicate spirituality."—*Church Opinion.*

"This is rather a clever work of fiction in more senses than one."—*The Church Herald.*

"Nor, indeed, can it be said that any where in the volume there is a lack of sensation, for the spiriting away of Handyside to a lunatic asylum with false certificates, the tragic death of Truman, and two or three other such incidents disclose the secret that the author knows pretty well he cannot keep up the book's interest upon 'Spiritual courtship' alone. But, after all, this latter, or nothing, is the be-all-and-end-all of 'Glitter and Gold.'—*The Illustrated Review.*

Printed for the Proprietor (FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG), at the North Wilts Steam Printing Works, Swindon; and published by FREDERICK ARNOLD, "Hornet's Nest," 86, Fleet Street, London.—DECEMBER, 1872.

