

The Christian Spiritualist

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

ST. PAUL.

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SUNDRY NOTICES.

1.—Mr. A. FRANKLIN, 58, Suffolk Street, Birmingham, will supply copies of this periodical to all persons who may order them of him.

2.—Booksellers, news agents, secretaries of Spiritualist Societies, or private friends who may be willing to be announced as agents for the sale of the *Christian Spiritualist*, will be pleased to send their names and addresses to “The Editor, Swindon, Wilts,” as soon as possible.

3.—In all cases in which Trade Collectors in London, or elsewhere, object to get “Spiritualist publications of any kind whatever,” if application for this journal be made *direct to the Editor*, he will supply copies, of not less than a dozen, post paid, at the rate of eighteen pence per dozen of 13. Terms: payment in advance, and no “sale or return.”

4.—The quantity of matter, in every way worthy of insertion, sent to us from time to time far exceeds our limits of publication. Our friends must, therefore, be pleased to be as patient and forbearing as possible. We issue occasional supplements, but can’t afford to make them a regular feature.

5.—Persons who send us rude letters, in some of which we are dared to insert *this* and omit *that*, may have their productions returned to them, on application to our waste paper basket.

6.—The conclusion of the article in our March number, on “Epidemic Delusions,” is unavoidably postponed to our May issue; after which time Mrs. Hacker will, we regret to say, cease to contribute to our columns. As a Roman Catholic, she feels she cannot any longer contribute to a decidedly Protestant organ. Our readers will, we are sure, reciprocate our feeling in the matter.

ROBERT DALE OWEN'S NEW WORK.*

About twelve years ago, the author of this work brought out a considerable volume, entitled “Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World,” and which has since reached a sale of twenty thousand copies, and is now in the *tenth* American edition. Mr. Owen is a son of the celebrated Robert Owen, whose “New Moral World,” Socialistic theories, and Socialistic experiments are known throughout the civilized world. We are old enough to remember both the father and the son, and we once had in our possession certain tracts written by the latter, when he was an Anti-Christian and a Materialist. No one pretended even at that period of his life to doubt his manifest ability, and equally manifest sincerity; but the hearts of many were indeed rejoiced when it was known that he had become a convert to the Christianity of Jesus Christ; while Spiritualists were naturally interested in knowing, also, that that conversion had

* The Debatable Land between this World and the Next. With Narrative Illustrations. By Robert Dale Owen. Price nine shillings. London: Trübner and Co.

been largely, if not entirely produced through Mr. Owen's enquiries into and experiences of Spiritualistic *phenomena*. Since that time our author, with great courage, labor, zeal, and consistency, has devoted himself to the study and spread of Spiritualism; and the volume before us may be looked upon as the result of sixteen years' continuous observation and reflection, on the part of a man who, in describing another (page 399) is but describing himself: "This then is no dreamer secluded in his study; shut out from the world and feeding on his own thoughts: no theorizer with a favorite system to uphold: and though a man of decided convictions, not even an enthusiast." Exactly so. Mr. Owen has been United States Minister at Naples, Military Agent of the State of Indiana, a Government Commissioner of Ordnance and Ordnance Stores, and chairman of the Government Commission charged with the duty of reporting on the condition of the recently emancipated slaves of the United States. It is, of course, quite conceivable that a man whose time and talents are largely devoted to public life, may, nevertheless, be a fanatic, and unreliable as an observer and witness of certain classes of facts; but we think no man can read this volume, and Mr. Owen's "Footfalls," without feeling that he is in contact with a philosophic mind, and a man who, while he is profoundly reverent and Christian, is quite free to think, free to differ, and free to express his difference. Of course, we do not expect the "Saturday Review," "The Athenæum," the "Echo," and other press organs, to accord to Mr. Owen, or indeed to any other public Spiritualist, even the courtesies which are due from one man to another. Press organs are got up with the one grand object of advocating the paying side, and as the Star of Spiritualism happens not yet to be in the ascendant, they dare not take sides with it, because they know if they did they would suffer by a diminished circulation, which means a more or less impoverished treasury. Let society come round to a belief in Spiritualism, or let "the powers that be"—religious and scientific—speak favorably of it, and the number of conversions to it among newspapers and periodicals would be astounding. Speaking of the Dialectical Society's "Report on Spiritualism," the "Daily News" for October 17, 1871, says:—"It may be regarded as an important contribution to the literature of a subject which, some day or other, by the very number of its followers, will demand more extended investigation." Why "some day or other?" why not now? All but fools, and the very ignorant, know why. The answer lies in three capital letters: L.S.D.

Nearly one-third of the "Debatable Land" the book contains 440 pages, including a

copious index, and a mass of notes in small type) is occupied with an "Address to the Protestant Clergy" on the "Present Attitude of the Religious World," in which Mr. Owen invites their consideration of a problem arising out of some such facts as the following: Within forty years from the beginning of the Protestant Reformation, "Protestantism conquered an empire reaching from Iceland to the Pyrenees, from Finland down to the summit of the Italian Alps." During the past 300 years, Protestantism has retrograded, not progressed; so much so indeed that there are now in Europe three Roman Catholics for one Protestant; while, as for America, should the present rate of increase there continue, in less than forty years the Roman Catholics of the United States will form a majority of the entire population. Protestantism not only makes no progress, but does not hold its own, and is, day by day, declining on the continents of Europe and America. Mr. Owen endeavors to account for these undoubted and alarming facts by showing, and, as we think, conclusively, that the dogmas of Luther and Calvin have been taught as fair expressions of the Christianity of Christ, and that an *unprogressive* theology has been substituted for a religion which, in its own nature, must obey God's law of progress, and the annals of which are full of the recitals of Spiritual *phenomena*. We do not pretend to give Mr. Owen's argument, *in extenso*, because we cannot do so within our present limits; besides which we want our readers to peruse the book for themselves.

The transition from the preface to the main body of the book is easy and natural. Mr. Owen proceeds to discourse on the communication of religious knowledge to man, treating of human infallibility; of the great facts that God's help extended to man is mediate, and conditioned by man's organization; that Inspiration is natural, although it does not involve infallibility; that Christ is the Divine and crowning Exemplar of Inspiration; and that while science should examine the subject of Spiritualism, its tests are naturally not always the best that could be applied. We are then shown some "characteristics of the *phenomena*," such, for example, as their coming usually unexpectedly, as animals perceiving them, as their universality, and as their sometimes resulting in seeming trifles. Book 3 treats of "physical manifestations," including the spirit rap, moving ponderable bodies by occult agency, direct spirit writing, and spirit touches. Book 4 supplies abundant evidence of the identity of spirits; in other words, of the actual survival of those we call our dead ones, of their continuous identity, and of their power to communicate with and reveal themselves to

their survivors on earth. Book 5 is entitled "The Crowning Proof of Immortality," and is largely occupied with matter relative to apparitions, including many of Mr. Owen's own personal experiences. Book 6 shows how "the Spiritual Gifts of the First Century appear in our own Times," not alone within the Roman Catholic communion, but also outside that pale; thus negating the enormous assumption of that Church that she is the exclusive possessor of the gifts of our Divine Lord, and that any Spiritualism outside her boundaries is more or less demoniacal and dangerous. Book 7, and last, is a most powerful and impressive appeal to "believers in the universality and continuity of natural law, the constancy of Spiritual progress, and the ultimate triumph of Christ's teachings as the religion of civilization." Mr. Owen says he specially addresses such believers, "because they will best appreciate the general tenor of the argument throughout this book."

Such of our Spiritualist friends as are the opponents of Christianity, must, while they read this book, make large allowance for its arguments, and the attitude towards Christianity which its talented author takes. But we are quite sure they will not attack him, as they have attacked some other Christian Spiritualists who happen not to occupy a position so prominent as his, and who are, therefore, considered to be "fair game for random shots." Let us hope that Spiritualists who sympathise with the "Medium," "Human Nature," the "Banner of Light," Mr. Peebles, &c., will "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" what Mr. Owen says; and if they can find a flaw in his argument, by all means let them expose it, for it is no man's interest to be in error, but all men's interest to know the truth and follow it. As for men and women who look upon their Orthodoxy as the ultimate truth of God, and upon Spiritualism as a great abomination, we do not expect them to read this book; although, were they to do so, thoughtfully and candidly, they would see that what they are pleased to term "heretics" have something to say for themselves, and that Spiritualism is no modern craze, but an ancient and venerable truth. To the readers of this Periodical, and to Spiritualists generally, we most earnestly commend the study and circulation of this noble offering upon the altar of our cause, for they may rest assured that in these pages Mr. Owen has made a priceless contribution to the literature of Spiritualism, and a solid addition to our resources of exposition and defence, which cannot be too highly estimated. Let us end by expressing our earnest hope that the day may come when Mr. Owen may feel himself at liberty to issue cheap editions of the "Footfalls," and of this volume also. There are thousands of believers in Spiritualism, and others

who are interested in it, who cannot afford to buy high-priced books; but who would gladly purchase cheap copies, if they were but put within the reach of their limited means.

THE GOVERNMENT OF GOD AND PRAYER.—PART I.

If such a dogmatism seems to the reader to overlie the language in the following article, as to make it appear the utterance of a man attempting to grasp the ways of God in the hollow of his hand, I would beg him to regard the decided drawing of opinion as an outline only dividing the author's figure from the spiritual air. Believing that the knowledge of absolute truth is possible to the apprehension of God alone, I do not claim that any words I utter are more than truths for me; and for the reader so far as he sees truth in them. That which I see and express to-day, constitutes my visible outline to-day; and is *me* in the same sense that my body is me. Having the faith that absoluteness resides in God alone (that He alone *is*; man being known to Him simply as an *appearance* of life), and that God therefore needfully sees a confusion of appearance with reality in all I say; while the reader needfully sees no value in it except so far as he feels there is a value for him; the reader will, I hope, behold with me in my dogmatism, only decided drawing of the outline in which God moulds my apprehension to-day, to be changed with the growth of to-morrow, as my body also changes; but none the less entitled to-day to claim distinct outline and form, as distinct as that of my body itself; the two being alike the creation of the one God. May He bless me with true and wise comprehension of Him, and endow me with a humble, lowly, creaturely spirit; make of me a mere disciple and in-breather of the Christ I adore. Amen.

We hear buzzing round us, sometimes in the words of the busy bee of science wheeling his solitary flight overhead, sometimes in the self-satisfied hum of the collected hive, the assertion that one, and only one human road to truth can be trod, and that road the highway of science. Now that which plants wings upon the man of science, and endows him with his hum—for the existence neither of wings nor a hum can we dispute—and that which gives the sting whose threatened use so constantly overawes us, is the fact that above, around, and beneath, is a realm of "law."

Law means the existence of certain sequences which similar circumstances will reproduce. The rising and setting of the sun follow a certain sequence. Day is invariably longer than night in the summer; of less length than night

in the winter; and of equal length in the spring and autumn. Science, observing these facts, couples with them the recurrence of the seasons, and many others, and the thought suddenly shines about it that if the earth were a globe revolving both round the sun and on axis of its own inclined to the plane of its motion, the phenomena of day and night, and the seasons, would occur in the sequences with which we are familiar. The *registering* of the facts thus reconciled is certainly an act of labor performed by science itself, but how far the suggested *reconciliation* is the work of science, or the result of a direct "inspiration," we need not pause to enquire. Sufficient for us is the fact that the scientific observer finds a thousand familiar phenomena would occur as they do occur, were the shape and motion of the earth the shape and motion conjectured; and thus by degrees the assumed shape and motion wins its way to a place among the registered "truths of science." On the fact of the existence of these sequences all round us depends indeed not only the existence of the busy men of science themselves; but the whole action of life. The observation that fire invariably under similar conditions converts water into steam with an unvarying expansive force, makes the invention and the subsequent construction of the steam-engine possible. The ability to arrange a day's work or a day's pleasure depends on the certainty with which we can rely on the rising of tomorrow's sun; on the hardness and fertility of the earth; on the continued capacity of slates and wood to keep out wet; of clothes to retain heat; of food to give nourishment. Little observation indeed is needed to force from us the conviction that not only does the possibility of science depend on the certainty with which we meet with events occurring in unvarying sequences; but that the very possibility of human intelligence and life (as we know it), depends on the same certainty, depends in fact on God approaching us always through creation, in the shape of *One who* submits all His action to the rule of definite laws; laws that with our first breath we move lips, hands, eyes, and feet, to discern. For the ability of carrying on our daily life, we are no more dependent on the regularity with which our meals awaits us, on the punctuality with which the railway trains run, on the certainty with which our letters will be received and answered, on general reliability on human arrangements, than we are on our power to digest the right food when we eat it, on our capacity by moving the feet to reach the train, on our ability to write, read, and understand. The possibility of daily life depends upon reliance on those around us in no greater degree than it does upon the unvarying obedience to the laws of His institu-

tion which we are assured we shall find in God Himself;—an obedience the most absolute to a yoke beneath whose burden He orders His action, and with the knowledge of whose existence He at times startles our dulness, at times charms our wakefulness. The endeavor to consider God apart from our creation, appears vain and presumptuous in the creature; if, however, we may in all humility make such an endeavor, asking ourselves whether a submission to law, which is so essentially creative of the creature, is inherent in the nature of God; or is a mere reflex from man;—whether it is a submission undergone simply out of the very abandonment of love for creation, or indeed out of some innate need in God Himself; the answer we are tempted to give, is, that the bonds to whose rigid outline God submits are tied on Him by the hands of man (by whose hands Christ our Lord was also bound); while in the creative work for which these bonds are needful, God (as He is in Himself apart from the needs of creation) gives back that which is alone the necessity of His Being, love unmeasured. Not only then does seemingly unvarying law (in whose discovery science is occupied) abound around us; but our very existence is dependent on its abundance, and its unvarying nature; so dependent, indeed, that the conjecture seems not unreasonable which describes the sole purpose of law to be *the creation of the creature*. If, however, we suppose that *the creation of the creature* is but *one* purpose among many subserved by the existence of law; then if prayer is an appointed outpouring of creaturely nature we must look for it, and the response to it, as having at once their existence and their law. Turning to that leading guide on all religious questions, the Book of Books, we find prayer given a very conspicuous place; we are there bid never to faint; but always to pray; and are told, "If ye have faith, and doubt not, * * * if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done. And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer believing, ye shall receive." If prayer be among the phenomena about us, and like them creative of the creature; and if God, for man's own sake, meets him on all sides in the form of a God who obeys law; and if this be a law of prayer, we find one requirement described as marking successful prayer a requirement so strange, that the possibility of praying with the success promised seems to elude the very grasp of our stretched-out hand. Just like the prophecies on which Macbeth shaped his future life, this law appears

"To keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope."

For the hope of praying with the succes

this law assures, demands previous belief that our prayers will certainly be granted; a belief which may be ours when we have become accustomed to the habitual presence among us of success in prayer; a success which to-day, however, we can nowhere see achieved with sufficient regularity to animate in us even faintly the needed previous belief. In such establishments as a Muller's Orphanage, a Miss McPherson's or a Van Meter's refuge, we do indeed hear of prayer which we cannot reasonably doubt to be successful: the object prayed for, whether money, a bricklayer and his labor, contributions in food or otherwise, coming constantly, if I may not say always, in response to prayer. Scattered through history (especially perhaps the history of the Roman Catholic Church—vide among recent books, Mother Margaret's life), we meet with accounts of similar response. Speaking from observation of these narratives, I think any one who can secure in himself real spiritual self-abnegation (such as devotion to an orphanage, or a refuge perhaps needfully secures) may fling himself fearlessly upon prayer as the one only means of maintaining the work of self-abnegation he has in hand. To those thus brave and self-devoted, I believe prayer for the work of devotion is sure of response,—a response which the narratives of those thus successful confirm me in thinking is preceded by a quiet assurance of success; of cases of this kind, however, which are so far from ordinary experience, I do not now treat.

Questionable then as a law of prayer must appear which promises we shall obtain that for which we pray, if only we first believe in the attainment, I yet think it to be a law which we may reasonably conclude will prove its truth to the hourly experience of the man of the future; while seeing in human success of every kind round us to-day a species of answer to prayer, observation will, I think, show that such success needs as its forerunner belief that the success is coming; and that if this belief is by no means always needfully followed by success (as it should be under the above law if the search for success were genuine prayer), we may reasonably suppose such want of success to arise from *the heart and intellect in the man which should form a one being not as yet joined in the bonds of an indissoluble union.*

And first, to show that we may well suppose the statement, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer believing, ye shall receive," will be a law of familiar truth to the man of the future, the man in whom the heart and the intellect are knit in the bonds of a union of perfect equality.

If obedience to law in the events of nature, and the occurrences of life, is not only needful to God Himself, as Love the Creator; but is

needful also to man the creature; then certainly now and for ever those events alone which are obedient to law will occur. A successful prayer therefore can only be a prayer asking for that which will be. I do not say which will be *unasked*; for the very asking may be a part of the previous needs; but which will at once be asked, and will follow the asking. Successful prayer is therefore the expression of a desire attuned to the purposes of God; it asks for that which God already foresees will be asked for, and will be given. Anyone whose heart is so Christ-like—so at one with God that he desires only that which God desires, we may well suppose will, to the extent of his creaturely capacity, pre-feel that which should be, and ask therefore only for that because that in truth is all which he desires. Some *one* coming event, and some one alone, will express on every occasion *perfect* love. If we allow any imperfection in the love of God, coming events may vary; but if the love of God be *perfect*, that love can but show itself in one special and definite outcome. The morrow therefore must always bring with it some special series of events, and none other whatever; and he who prays successfully, being at one in heart with God, must fore-feel the need of these events, and fore-feeling, ask for those of them in whose coming his nature has to bear its part. To such a man, if at first there be a doubt whether his prayers will be answered, that doubt will disappear, as day after day, hour after hour, those things occur of which he pre-felt the perfect love, and for which in that very pre-feeling he prayed. If I, walking in the Light of Christ, rightly describe him who will be the man of the future, we perceive that such a man will needfully come to believe always that he will receive that for which he prays; and will also needfully pray for that which he will receive.

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(To be concluded in our next).

A NEW YOUTHFUL MEDIUM.

We extract from *Human Nature* for March some particulars of a new painting medium, Charles Swan, the nephew of Mr. Thomas Wilson, ironmonger, Market-square, Aylesbury, who gives the following account of his development:—

"The mediumship of my nephew commenced about six years ago, in the following accidental manner. He was suffering very much from toothache, and, having just read something of Spiritualism and healing mediumship, I said, in sport, to my wife, that I would try my healing powers on the boy. I accordingly placed one hand on his head, and with the other commenced stroking down his face on the side where the aching tooth was located. In a few minutes he dropped off to sleep, and I laid him on the sofa. In a short time I perceived his hand moving about in an extraordinary manner; but, having read Barkas's 'Outlines of Spiritualism,' given me by a

relative from Newcastle-on-Tyne, I had made myself acquainted with some of the phases of mediumship—that of writing amongst the rest. I accordingly put a pencil into the boy's hands, and immediately there was rapidly written, 'Let the boy alone; he is all right.--Mary.' I asked the lad what he meant, when he replied through the pencil, 'It is not the boy who is writing, but I, your sister, dead now about twenty-two years!' After he had lain on the sofa about two hours, his hand again wrote, giving me instructions how to awake him. I did so, and the first question the boy asked was, 'Where is that lady who has been laying hold of my hand?' I desired to know what he meant; and he described the form, features, and every particular of outline, height, and size of my deceased sister, as accurately as I could have done myself. The toothache had also vanished. Since that time he describes the particular controlling spirit who influences his hand as standing by his side, and placing one hand upon his. Though entranced, he knows that his hand moves about, but he cannot tell afterwards whether he has been writing, drawing, or painting. After discovering his mediumship, I got a few friends to assist me from time to time in sitting at the table. One of these friends, Mr. Parker, has continued to sit with us very regularly from the first down to the present time. In this way nearly all the various phases of mediumship have been produced—table moving, rapping, seeing spirits in the trance, and so on."

In April last the boy commenced painting, and since then he has produced upwards of fifty works, some of which are found to be copies of Turner's paintings in the National Gallery. The article gives full particulars of the manifestations, including a list of paintings. The controlling spirits are thus described:—

"A short time ago I asked my spirit-sister if the painters who influenced the boy would sign their names, when the list now handed to you was given. Vandyck produced a sketch opposite each name, indicating the class of subjects treated by each particular artist: thus, fruits by Prento; hands and other parts of the body, by Vandyck; the waterfall, by Ruysdael; a landscape, by Turner; a negro's head, by Simpson; a moonlight scene, by De Credi; portrait, by Worthing; the beadle, by Hogarth. It is a very curious list, and if the signatures are fac-similes, then it is one of the most remarkable tests I have heard of in Spiritualism."

These signatures and sketches, with a number of those of other spirits, have been reproduced by lithography and accompany the letterpress. The boy writes as well as paints, and the spirits through him frame and hang pictures. The following letter from Mr. Wilson is copied from the article under review:—

"Aylesbury, February 20, 1872.

"My aid is not absolutely necessary in putting Charley in the trance state, but I have no recollection of his ever coming out of it without my assistance. If I put him to his easel or writing table at the time I am directed, he would go into the trance state in about twenty or twenty-five minutes; but as I always either lock the door and put the key in my pocket, or wait until I hear him bolt it on the inside, to save time and also go by the spirit's orders, I generally put my hands on his head, and he goes off then in about a minute, but I am always wanted to awake him. I do so just the same as a mesmeriser takes a patient out of that state, touching his eyes and making transverse passes. The longest trance Charley has ever had was twenty hours. In all probability the spirits could take him out, but so far, they never have done so without my aid. Did I tell you that my brother John framed and hung up all the pictures? He is altering them to-day—very busy hammering and knocking about. Dr. Gall has finished his long lecture, about fifty pages of foolscap closely written. Dr. Hare and Sir Isaac Newton have also answered a lot of questions. I expect the painters will go on again to-morrow. A fresh one was introduced by Sir C. Eastlake last night, but we do not know his name at present. Charley describes him as a tall, gentlemanly person. He fancies him to be a painter. You might say that I will very willingly show my collection of Spiritual pictures, writing, &c., to anybody visiting this neighborhood. The boy is aged fourteen—never received an hour's instruction in painting, &c.

"In a postscript, written at seven o'clock in the evening,

Mr. Wilson states that the boy had just awoken. During his sleep the pictures in the parlour had all been taken down and re-arranged to greater advantage."

Other phases of mediumship possessed by the boy are thus described:—

"The spirits have also manifested remarkable healing powers through the medium. Mr. Wilson thus alludes to this phase:—'About two years ago I had for the second time a severe attack of gout, and remembering the terrible pain, the confinement, the bother, and the expense of doctors, I really did not know what to do, for I was wanted in every direction. I had no one to do the business then required but myself, and almost in despair I called upon my constant and unwearied friend, my spirit-sister, Mary, to bring something or somebody to assist me. Immediately I was directed to put the boy to sleep, and my spirit-brother William's well-known hand wrote, 'Take off your stocking, and put your foot on the boy's knee.' Directly I did so, my great toe was turned, twisted, and manipulated upon in such a way as, if any other person would have done it, in all probability I should have fainted (bearing in mind that in the first attack I had to sleep with my feet in handboxes, afraid to let the sheet touch them). After this twisting about had continued for some time, the boy's right hand was held out opened, and the fingers carefully turned up, as though anticipating that the hand would receive something into it. I watched it carefully, but could, of course, see nothing further. The hand was then brought carefully to my toe, emptied on it, and rubbed very briskly for some time, when a strong lather was produced—an oily feeling, and a decidedly strong aromatic odour arose very perceptible to the sense of smelling; and, best of all, in the morning (this treatment had been tried on me in the night) my gout was gone, and I felt in every way as well as ever I had been in my life—without pill, dose, or powder, or anything else, not excepting a doctor's bill. I have since, on several occasions, when anything ails my wife (or myself, which is very seldom), applied to the spirits—my brother William in particular—and have always received advice and assistance of very great value."

We cannot conclude our notice of this remarkable case of mediumship without one more small extract from the remarks of the editor of *Human Nature*, who visited the boy medium, and saw him entranced:—

"The works are done in quick time. The large copy of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, 4 feet by 2 feet 4 inches (half the size of the original in Turner's collection), was done between the 14th and 24th December last, and eight other smaller ones were done in the same time. Turner said he painted them to use the paint on his brushes after working on the large picture.

"The mediumship of Charles Swan, when compared with that of David Duguid, presents many dissimilarities. In Charles's case it is highly abnormal, as the organism of the medium seems to be used almost automatically without any independent intellectual effort on his part, and he does not speak in the trance, but acts like a machine. In the case of David there is an apparent exaltation of the faculties of the medium, and an approximation to normal action. He speaks in the trance, his face indicates various emotions, and the process of control is understood to exercise an educational influence on him as a medium."

THE MORNING OF EASTER SUNDAY.

Our Lord's resurrection is related by the four Evangelists, each in a manner somewhat variant from the others, because each selects the facts according to his own special purpose. But put them all together, and we have an unbroken series, and a consistent and perfect whole. Let the reader follow the events in their lucid order, and he will have the entire scene before him.

The Saviour expired about three o'clock on Friday afternoon. With the cry, "It is finished!" his head dropped, and the form that walked through Palestine, radiant with majesty, hangs a corpse upon the tree. The darkness had continued for three hours—not total darkness, but a lurid gloom paled on the faces of men, as if the sun also hung as a corpse in the sky. At three o'clock there

was an earthquake; not the violent shock which that word often implies, for the walls of Jerusalem were not thrown down; but the earth had tremors and shiverings as if nature also were expiring. These had passed away before nightfall, and the terror which had possessed men's minds had perhaps passed away too. The next day was the paschal Sabbath, and according to Jewish notions it would be profaned by the spectacle of a dead body; therefore the corpse must be buried on Friday evening. The soldiers are preparing to do just what in ordinary cases was always done with the bodies of malefactors—heap them together in a pit dug for the purpose, perhaps with scoffs and execrations. Imagine what this would be to the sensibilities of the two Marys, bleeding already beyond endurance as they watched the scene on Calvary. At this moment a man ventures to do what, under the circumstances, required a high degree of moral courage. Some one is seen about dusk knocking at the palace of Pilate—not a poor and obscure man, who had nothing at stake, but a rich Jew, and a member of the highest Jewish council; and Pilate must have been surprised when Joseph of Arimathea came into his hall and begged for the body of one of the crucified malefactors—thus showing, even at that hour of peril and darkness, and before the storm of passions had spent its rage, that he sympathised with him and his cause. Pilate writes an order for the delivery of the body, and Joseph goes with it and takes the body out of the keeping of the brutal soldiers, and wraps it in clean linen cloth.

Jerusalem, says Josephus, was surrounded with gardens owned by the wealthier residents of the city, and sometimes beautifully shaded and ornamented. It so happened that the garden of Joseph was not far from the place of crucifixion, and in it was a sepulchre just hewn out of lime-stone rock, such being the composition of the rocks about the city. Joseph and Nicodemus, both of them secret disciples of Jesus, and both members of the Jewish Sanhedrim, laid the body in this sepulchre. The two Marys, Magdalene and the mother of James, had followed into the garden and were sitting at a little distance over opposite the mouth of the tomb, as it was deposited in the clean recess, and there left lying upon the bier. The door is closed, and a great stone rolled against it. Night comes down upon the great tragedy, and what a night to those disciples who had seen their fondest hopes that day sink down in blood!

The triumph of the Jewish Council seems complete. The man is out of the way whose rebukes had stung them to the quick, and who was undermining their authority, while the populace were flocking after him in crowds. But he predicted that he should rise again the third day. "What if his disciples should steal away the body, declare the prediction fulfilled, and so trouble us again!" Under this apprehension they petition Pilate for a guard; and sixteen Roman soldiers are placed about the sepulchre, four watching at a time, while the rest are reclining about, thus relieving each other through the four watches of the night.

Saturday passes away, and none but the few disciples think of the tragic events of yesterday. The execution of state criminals of the lowest sort is soon to be forgotten. But the stricken disciples meet on that gloomy Sabbath for mutual condolence, and on Sabbath (Saturday) evening the women agree together on a last mournful duty. The body has not been embalmed. It only lies in its winding-sheet and on its bier. They get their spices ready, and agree to meet together at the tomb about sunrise, the next (that is Sunday) morning, for this office of love. How many there were who had made this appointment we do not know. The names of the two Marys and Salome are given, and Mark mentions "other women." But before the hour appointed a scene took place at the tomb they little dreamed of. Let the reader note here the exact order of events, and he will see how the four Evangelists look into each other with exquisite harmony.

Saturday night has passed into the third watch. That is, it is between twelve and three o'clock; and the four Roman soldiers sit watching at the door of the tomb, two on each side, while the other twelve are reclining and sleeping about. Suddenly the earth jars beneath them, shock after shock; they wake up, and in the darkness of the third watch there comes a blaze of light that fills the garden, and glares down the avenues of trees, and makes the smallest objects visible. In the midst of it a man

appears whom they dare not challenge, for his face darts radiances which affect them like strokes of lightning, and his raiment shines, not by reflected light, but with a dazzling whiteness like that of snow in the sunbeams. He touches the stone, and it rolls from the sepulchre, whose door flies open, and then he seems to sit down upon the stone, as if assuming to be the guard of the place. Of course it is not long before the drowsy soldiers are wide awake, and rushing in terror from the garden.

All this has taken place before break of day. Meanwhile Mary Magdalene has started for the place of appointment. Her thoughts run on the events of Friday afternoon, and that corpse in Joseph's tomb, whose pale features have been before her all night long. She does not wait for the sunrise, or for the other women, but starts in the dim twilight and walks on. But as she comes to the garden limit she sees what fills her with alarm. The tomb door is wide open. Somebody has been here during the night. She sees not the angel, for he has disappeared from the stone, and is watching at the bier, inside. She only sees the open door, and her thought is, "The Jews have robbed the tomb, to vent their last rage upon the body;" and she runs back to the city and tells Peter and John.

Those two disciples immediately repair to the place, Mary Magdalene following timidly and more slowly after them. John outruns the sturdy Peter and comes up first, and looks down into the sepulchre to see if the body be indeed gone. Peter comes up, and with characteristic boldness rushes past John down into the recess, and finds that it is even so. The body is gone. The woman's apprehensions are right, and the Jews doubtless have stolen it; and with this impression they both return to the city.

But Mary Magdalene, who had followed back again, lingers fondly at the door of the tomb after the other two have departed; sitting there and weeping over this new and unexpected sorrow. At length she ventures to the door and looks in to see the bier which had held its precious load, when, lo! two men in white clothing appear, one at the head and the other at the foot of the bier. One of them is the self-same angel that terrified the guard, but now inside the tomb instead of outside, and another appears with him. "Why weepest thou?" he says to Mary. "Because," she replies, "they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." And turning to go, she sees Jesus himself standing before her. But it is yet dusk, and her eyes are bent downward and blinded with tears, and she does not recognise him. He speaks: "Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" She supposes from these words that he is the gardener, whose questions imply that she is an intruder upon his ground. "Tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him out of your way." Jesus now speaks in the old, familiar tones, and says, "Mary." She looks up, opens her eyes in amazement, sobs out, "My dear Master!" and clings convulsively to those feet which she had washed and wiped with her hair.

While this is taking place, the other women are on the road with their spices and balm. The appointed hour arrives when they were to be at the sepulchre. The shadows of the night have fled, and the first shaft of sunlight is shooting across the hills. As the other women come up, they are consulting how they shall get into the tomb, when they see that it is already open, and they pass on and enter in, supposing that some other of their company had got there before them, and found means of entrance. So they descend into the recess. They have hardly time to look for the body, when several beings in shining garments are seen hovering about the spot where the Lord had lain. The spiritual sight of the women is not touched precisely alike, or opened to the same extent in all. One of them sees one angel at the right of the bier. Others see two, one at the head and the other at the foot: each sees according to her state of perception, and each enough for the message she is to receive. That message is, "He is not here, he is risen. Go, tell the news to his disciples." The women bow down, and hide their faces till they have recovered from their throbbing emotions and their holy surprise, and then emerge from the sepulchre and run to seek the disciples with the joyful tidings. But scarcely have they got beyond the garden gate, when Jesus himself appears before them, not as to Mary, in the dusk of morning, but now in the broad light of day. He meets

them with his "All hail!" and they fall down and cling around his feet, and tremble and worship.

Such were the events of what has been appropriately called "the great morning." Their order of succession is lucid enough.

1. The descent of the angel, who opens the tomb, disperses the guard, and then retires within the sepulchre.

2. The approach of Mary in the dusk, who sees only the open tomb, and runs back to tell Peter and John.

3. The visit of those two disciples to the place, who see nothing and return.

4. The appearance of the two angels to Mary, who had come back again, followed by the first appearance of the Lord Jesus.

5. The coming up of the other women at the appointed hour, who go into the tomb, where one sees one angel and another two.

6. Their departure, and their meeting Jesus by the way.

All the difficulties, or seeming discrepancies, in the four narratives, have grown out of the most absurd assumption that the angels appeared in bodies like ours, and to the mortal senses. The variations are just what they would be to the variant perceptions of the half-opened spiritual vision. John and Peter saw nothing, some of the women saw nothing, and doubtless none of them saw all. We do not imagine that the divine messengers had been absent from any part of that scene of sorrow and dismay on Friday afternoon, as they certainly were not absent from Gethsemane the night before. True, the Roman soldiers might not know it till the gleaming terrors dispersed them; and the women saw but one or two among the divine powers that engirded and guarded to its sure accomplishment the central fact in the world's history, and heralded the victory of the Son of God over death and the grave.—*Athanasia, or Foregleams of Immortality, by Edmund H. Sears.*

NARRATIVES FROM R. DALE OWEN'S

"DEBATABLE LAND."

No. 2.

A REPENTANT HOUSEKEEPER.

There is a young lady, Miss V—, well and favorably known to me, frank and cultivated, a member of one of the old New York families. A few years since she was spending a week or two with her aunt, mistress of a spacious, and hospitable old mansion on the Hudson River. This mansion, like some of the ancient chateaux of Europe, has long had its haunted chamber. Little was said about this, but the room was not used, except on pressing occasions. During Miss V—'s residence there, visitors accumulated to overflowing; and the aunt, with an apology to her niece asked her if she minded giving up her room for a day or two to the newcomers and running the risk of a visit from a ghost. Miss V— replied that she was not afraid of visitors from another world: so the arrangement was made.

The young lady went to sleep quietly and without fear. Awaking about midnight, she saw, moving about the room, an elderly woman in neat, somewhat old-fashioned dress, apparently an upper-servant: but the face was unknown to her. At first she was not afraid, supposing it to be someone employed in the house who had come on some errand or other: but a moment's thought reminded her that she had locked the door before retiring. This startled her, and her alarm increased when the figure approached the bed, bent toward her and seemed to make an earnest but unavailing effort to speak. Greatly frightened, she drew the bed-clothes over her face; and when, after a little, she looked up again, the figure had vanished. She sprang to the door of her room and found it still locked on the inside. "Can there be such things as ghosts?" she thought, as she returned to bed, "that was a reality, if sight could be trusted." In that conviction, after a restless hour or two, she fell asleep; but next morning, in the bright light of day, it did not seem to her quite so certain; and after a few months it faded, as with young people such things will—to a dim belief.

Then, however, a circumstance occurred which renewed a faith, not again to be shaken, in the reality of her midnight visitor. Accepting the invitation of an intimate and highly valued friend to spend some days with her, she found that her hostess, in a quiet way, had been making experiments in Spiritualism, and had obtained sundry communications. Miss V—, curious on a subject of which she had heard much and seen very little, joined her friend during several sittings.

On one of these occasions an (alleged) spirit announced itself as Sarah Clarke, a name unknown to both ladies. The communication was to the effect that she had been, many years before, housekeeper in the family of Miss V—'s aunt; that she had endeavored, unsuccessfully, to communicate directly with Miss V—, when that young lady visited the old mansion; that her object was to confess a criminal act of which she had been guilty, and to ask her old mistress's pardon for it. A restless desire to do so (she added) had caused her to haunt the room she occupied when on earth. She then proceeded to say that she had been tempted to steal and hide away several small pieces of family plate, including a silver sugar bowl and a few other articles which she enumerated; and that she would be very thankful if Miss V— would tell her aunt this and express her (Sarah's) great sorrow for what she had done, and her hope for pardon.

The next time Miss V— visited her aunt, she asked her if she had ever known a person named Sarah Clarke.

"Certainly," she replied, "she was housekeeper in our family some thirty or forty years since."

"What sort of person was she?"

"A good, careful, tidy woman."

"Did you lose any silver articles while she was with you, aunt?"

The lady reflected. "Yes, I believe we did; a sugar basin and a few other things disappeared in a mysterious way. Why do you ask?"

"Did you ever suspect Sarah of taking them?"

"No: of course she had access to them; but we considered her far too trustworthy to be guilty of theft."

Then Miss V— related the message she and her friend had received; and, on comparing notes, it was found that the list of articles, as given by Sarah to the two ladies, corresponded with the things actually lost, so far as the aunt could recollect. What that lady thought of her niece's story I know not, all she said was that, if Sarah had taken the things, she most freely forgave it.

The remarkable point in this story remains to be told. From that time forth, the haunted chamber was free from all disturbance. Sarah Clarke never again appeared to any of its occupants.—Page 226.

"LIFE LECTURES" BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALPHA."*

WE have here the work of a man who manifestly endeavors to speak the truth with sincerity. In a day when almost every individual has his pet prejudice, would veil this, or give prominence to that, it is refreshing to meet with a man whose vision is wide enough to include goodness under any form which it may assume, and whose soul is so far unfettered that it allows him to say what his conscience suggests. Mr. Edward Dennys is spiritual, charitable, earnest; that is to say he is a Christian, but he is by no means orthodox as orthodoxy goes at present. He is a free-thinker, open and avowed, but he is by no means a dry negationist, or a philosophical unbeliever, as so many in the ranks of free-thought are to-day. The author of "Life Lectures" belongs to no sect for which there is any name at the present time, but he is one of the members of that spiritual fraternity of advanced and earnest souls which seems to be gathering itself slowly but surely from amongst all sects alike. Being not a priest, but a philanthropist, his "Life Lectures" include social questions as well as purely religious topics. What can come more closely to the point than the following criticism of our system?—"Instead of doing justice, we dole out alms. Instead of preventing crime we punish it."

* 466 pages, 8vo, price 3s. 6d. London: James Burns, 15, Southampton Row, W.C.

Instead of educating all the children, the most destitute have to pick up their education—and thus qualify for the hulks and the penitentiaries—in the street.” But Mr. Dennys is not only a critic; he is also a suggestor. He makes a very forcible comparison between the candid open-souled enquirer and the querulous spirit which is ever prompting the question, “Who will shew us any good?” Mr. Dennys does see good and does see truth: he allows, too, that therein does not lie the difficulty; the faculties of seeing and knowing are not uncommon gifts. “To know our duty is easy enough. To do it is the difficulty.” On self-love and self-sacrifice, on liberty and license, on adversity and evil, on atheism and theology, on sin and ignorance, on negative goodness and active charity, Mr. Dennys’s remarks are worth having. He goes down to the roots of things and shews us what might be—if it were not for ourselves. It is impossible in a review to do justice to a book like this. It includes deep thoughts on so many subjects that we cannot find space to cite them, or so to shew how comprehensive is the work.

In a very interesting chapter entitled “Self-trust,” we have the relation of man’s self-help and individuality to the divine influence well elucidated. “Self-trust,” says the author, “is as much needed in the affairs of eternity, as in the affairs of time; but that is just what we are short of. We strive to do our religion by deputy.” It is for this reason, we are told, the churches presumptuously undertaking to do the spiritual work for us, “that atheism is ubiquitous, and almost omnipotent among us; that it writes our books and newspapers and reviews; that it ministers in our churches and chapels; that it makes and administers our laws.” Who can deny these startling asseverations? If any one feeling this is made sad thereby, he may find comforting hopes as well as severe denunciations in the volume before us. “Life Lectures” are the work of a matured and gentle mind, and one possessed of sufficient power to keep truth close to it and not to follow the “sounding brass and tinkling cymbals” that usurp the place that should be filled by the sweet voices of sincerity and truth and charity.

GATES OF PEARL.

(Continued from page 38.)

ABOVE the howling storm now sweeping through the vale, a faint ray of light was seen in the far off windows of the East; and as the crescent moon paints on the evening mist her silver light, or as she traces her pathway upon the dark bosom of the great deep sea, so came this ray of light from the heavens, and rested upon the wanderer’s evening sacrifice. And then (ah, ’tis but a dream; who will believe it otherwise than as one of the old wife’s fables told long ago? Yet as even fables please, so let us try to tell it), each rough stone of this humble pile appeared as a gem; and the material of the building, if so it may be called, was changed into all manner of precious stones. There was the jasper, and the sapphire, and the emerald, and the topaz, the jacinth, and the amethyst, set in the purest gold; and within the walls were many mansions seen, and pathways, and streets of gold like unto transparent glass; and in the midst a shrine of light, as of countless diamonds piled flashing in the noon-day sun; while in the city walls were “Gates of Pearl.” A vision this, indeed; or else a dream. But what if the vision was but a type of things to come? What if the dream came true? Would it be less a vision or a dream? Oh no; it would

still be a vision, or a dream. But if realized, who shall smile at those who believe that spirits talk with man? But see; a brilliant flame surrounds the altar of this man of dreams; and in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, all is consumed; all disappears, save the faint light that first was seen; and this remains in height and breadth, about the “measure of a man,” as if formed of a thin cloud, resting upon the earth; yet unmoved by the night breeze, although it waved the heavy foliage of the cedars that crested the summit of the hills. And now the Chieftain ceased to gaze upon this mysterious light, and turned with anxious look towards the face of her, who was indeed so fair and beautiful to look upon; now fairer and more beautiful still. Her fair hand had rested on his arm, and caused him to look round upon her face. Her soft blue eyes, half-hidden by their long silken lash, when the spirit was at rest within, now deep as the violet and with lustrous look, seemed fixed upon the vision, as motionless it stood in the chosen place where the angel and the man were soon to meet. Again she pressed the Chieftain’s arm, as if unconscious that he had turned, and was gazing on the now more than earthly beauty of her face. Was it her spirit that he saw—the angel woman that dwelt within, shown in the pure light of the spirit’s look; for the Messenger of Peace had come, and rested his loving eyes upon both? Yet still, the man, though conscious of his presence, raised not his eyes; for the dazzling brightness now was more than human sight could bear. It was as the sun shining in his strength; the eyes of man’s spirit could only look on this; while under the influence of this look, each seemed passing into another state, through the veil that hangs between Eternity and ourselves, but for a moment felt as “a horror of great darkness,” a waking in the grave, down deeper still, as in the black caverns of the earth, where human thought is but as death; yet are the ministering spirits of Him who sees in the darkness, and in the shadow of death, still present with us there. And when all earthly things have passed away, and our last thought sleeps, this is death; this is the grave from which we are raised; the state from which the spirit wakes as from a dream. How shall we describe the first thought, the waking from this state, unless we say ’tis as the human waking thought in the bright mornings of our earthly days; the state between deep sleep and life and consciousness again? In the first moment all is silent as the grave; perhaps the sense of hearing is the chief power employed; at least we listen until some familiar sound is heard, and then long rays of silver light are seen streaming through the windows of our human home, telling us of another earthly day

Is there another 'sleep deeper than this, and a waking far brighter still? Surely if this thought is but a dream, we must be "of all men the most miserable!" Shall we not rather believe, and say, "beneath the surface of the earth, or in the great deep sea, no spirit rests; but when its tenement returns to the earth as it was, the tenant passes into a brighter Land." Let us listen, as the wanderer did, to the spirit that speaks within; while we will try and tell what the angel said.

HENRY ANDERSON NOURSE.

Birmingham.

(*To be continued*).

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

DEAR SIR,—It may be rather early to announce the new fact while in its embryonic state, but *being a fact*, you will be glad to learn that a spirit photograph has really been obtained here in London, and I trust that all the details may be interesting to you and your readers.

I went on Thursday last, March 7th, to Mrs. Guppy's, and in the course of the afternoon Mr. Guppy shewed me three photographs, and told me that the spirit who usually converses audibly with them, had given particular instructions as to the needful arrangements to be made, which they had carried out at the photographic studio of Mr. Hudson (whose name you will probably remember as the individual who was playing billiards with Mr. Guppy on the evening when Mrs. Guppy was conveyed by the spirits to the *séance* of Messrs. Herne and Williams), which is very near their own residence, and those photographs were the result of their first trial. Mrs. Guppy was in a kind of extemporised dark cabinet, behind Mr. Guppy, who, while sitting in readiness to be photographed (of course in the full light of day), felt a wreath of flowers lightly placed upon his head, and so the portrait was taken, while a large veiled figure is seen standing behind him. I believe they were artificial flowers which Mr. Hudson had in his room for the use of any sitter who might wish for such an ornament. In the other two photographs there are also gleaming white figures to be seen behind Mr. Guppy, but not very defined.

Mr. Guppy then suggested that as it was such a fine afternoon, we might as well go over to Mr. Hudson's, and make the experiment with me as the sitter. Mrs. Guppy was not very well, and therefore feared the attempt would be useless, but my spirit friends urged it, so Mr. Guppy and I started immediately, to get everything ready, leaving Mrs. Guppy to follow us, and she arrived at the very moment that she was wanted. While Mr. Hudson was in his dark room preparing the plate, she told me that after

I had come away, she had had a message from the spirit to the effect that Mamma would try to manifest herself, and to place her hand on my shoulder. Of course, as soon as Mr. Hudson began to develop his negative, we questioned eagerly as to whether there was anything to be seen, and hearing that there was, went in to feast our own eyes as soon as we could be admitted without risk of damaging it by letting in the light; and behind me there is a veiled figure with the hand advanced almost to my shoulder; there is also, behind the hand, a glimpse of a face belonging to another spirit, but being out of focus, it is not very distinguishable, although I do recognise it.

A second plate was then prepared, and there, within a brilliant light, appear two figures, as far as the bust, but the very brightness of the light has probably prevented them from being defined, so that it has only been by dint of studying with a powerful magnifying glass that I have been able to identify them as Papa and Mamma, thus united, as it were, in one medallion. The form of the light, which is somewhat of an oval, reminded me of the first experiences of the gifted medium, Dr. Willis, that I heard him relate on the occasion of his public reception at the Spiritual Institution, Southampton Row. He then told us that one night, when going into his own room, he had seen a bright, egg-shaped light, which gradually increased in size, and then seemed to open, when within it he saw his mother, as far down as the waist; she then spoke to him, giving him some family details of which he knew nothing, but afterwards ascertained the truth of them from his grandmother, and he was thus convinced of the reality of a spirit world.

We asked Mr. Hudson to prepare another plate, but while he was doing it, we heard raps, and received a negative in answer to our desire for another spirit photograph, and notwithstanding my pleading, we were told that there would not be another, but I still wished to try, and asked if I was wilful in making the attempt, to which the answer was a brisk *yes*. But the plate had been got ready, and I was very anxious for the appearance of one of my two little baby sisters, whose birthday it was, and I felt the dear little hands playing about my head, and just as Mr. Hudson was focussing me, I felt the tortoise-shell dagger (brought to me from Naples by Mrs. Guppy) withdrawn from my head, and as he again covered the lens after taking the negative, the dagger was dropped into my lap. On our questioning Mr. Hudson as to the result, he said, "There is no spirit; but in the air, above the head, I see a cross." I then explained to him what it was, and as he had not noticed it, I gave it to him to look at when we joined him in his sanctum.

You may imagine how anxious I was to receive the proofs, which came to me on Saturday night; and I hope to enclose you one of each, so that you may possess the first English specimens. They are not very successful as far as my portrait is concerned, for it was so late in the day, that the lights and shadows are unsoftened by half-tints; but I consider that they each have a great value for their spiritual significance: the first, for the clearly-defined *hand*, the symbol of *Power*, thus implying that this phase of manifestation will do a great work for Spiritualism. In the second, the complete for union of the true husband and wife exemplifies the happiness to be attained by those who have led unsullied lives; while the third contains a test for the sceptical, the dagger being, as it were, self-sustained in the air, although, from the background being black (by the directions of the spirits), the dark tortoise-shell is not very visible, except for the bright gleams of light on the three balls and on the hilt-guard.

Probably some of your readers may also wish for them, in which case I have no doubt that Mr. Hudson will be happy to forward any that may be selected, on the receipt of thirteen pence in postage stamps; his address is Palmer Terrace, Holloway Road, N.

March 14th, Midnight.—I am just returned from Holloway, after another attempt. Whilst Mr. Hudson was taking the first negative, I felt the signal by which my dear nephew Charlie Warren (who was lost in the "Carnatic") makes his presence known, and some little distance above my head appears his hand, quite perfect, with a glimpse of the wrist-band; the thumb is bent across the palm, as if pointing to the ring on his little finger, which had been Papa's diamond ring, which we had had re-set for Charlie after Papa's death.

Mrs. Guppy and I sat alternately, but unfortunately a mischance occurred in each of her sittings. In the first, the dazzling light of the spirit form passing in front of her seemed almost to blind her, so that, with a startled exclamation, she put her hand up to her eyes, and that start must have disturbed the influence, for there was nothing besides herself on the plate, and I had to mesmerise the eyes for a short time to relieve the pain.

On the last there was a tall figure, clad in long white garments, and, to our great delight, we both instantly recognised Mamma; but that negative, too, was unfortunate, for, by some accident, it all floated off the plate, and was lost; but in the evening Mrs. Guppy handed her album to Mr. Hudson to look through, and he pointed out Mamma's portrait as that of the spirit form he had seen on the negative.

There is something near me on the second plate; but I must wait until after it is printed

to ascertain what it is. While the third was being done, I felt something on my head for a moment, and then a young rabbit (from Mr. Hudson's rabbit hutch) was placed in my lap, where it did not remain very still, so that I dare say it will only look like a white mass, but there is a spirit form behind, and I think the few seconds that the rabbit was on my head were sufficient to define its portrait quite clearly, but of that I cannot be sure until I receive the proofs.

I may as well here add a few words with reference to the proposed exhibition of spirit drawings, which will certainly not take place *this* year, as I learn from Mr. McNair that only five persons have come forward as guarantors of the expenses, and only one as a contributor of pictures, but perhaps in a few months a more enterprising spirit may awaken, so that the thought may be carried out next year, when I hope that those who have now volunteered may be equally willing to give their help. I have one cause for satisfaction on the subject, for we English have been accused of being more lethargic in our spiritual work than our transatlantic friends; however, in this instance, the English only have hitherto been responsive, but I feel that the time *will* come when we shall have an exhibition containing the works of mediums of all nations, and I also look forward to having a goodly array of spirit photographs.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

GEORGINA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, London, W., March 11, 1872.

[Copies of the photographs, to which this letter refers, have been received by us. They do certainly illustrate, in a striking manner, Miss Houghton's narrative; and we should strongly advise persons interested in the subject to put themselves in communication with Mr. Hudson, the photographer, or Miss Houghton, or, better still, *both*.]—Ed. C.S.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

DEAR SIR,—The following paragraphs are condensed from an address given through J. J. Morse (trance-medium) at a private séance held since the one described in the *Christian Spiritualist* for February.* It professes to be from his guide *Tien-Sien-Tie*.

Yours truly,

EDWARD T. BENNETT.

The Holmes, Betchworth,

3 mo., 14, 1872.

It is all important that we should understand the mystery of ourselves: who we are; and why we exist. The stone of the alchemist is still to be discovered; and will yet be found in the hand of every individual man. The touchstone of knowledge turns all into gold.

The physical theory that life is a compound of matter, and the result of organism, is absurd on the face of it. There is a power within the organism which works it. The intelligent principle in man works the physical organism. It is by means of the organism, that the man himself, comes into relations with the physical sphere. But the physical organism has other purposes, besides those which relate to the fulfilment of its duties in reference to the present life.

If the man continues to live after the death of the body, it is necessary that he should be the same individual; else where would be the good of the experiences and lessons he learnt in bodily life. It is necessary that there should be a rational state of existence, and an intelligent appreciation of existence. It is still necessary that there should be some means by which the real man should come into relations with his surrounding conditions. Hence the necessity for a spiritual body.

The elaboration of this spiritual body is a function of the physical organism. This is the most important of its other purposes to which we alluded.

The most refined process which is ordinarily recognised as going on in the physical organism is the elaboration of nervous force. But is it really so? No. We have often asserted that matter, is continually refining and subliming itself. Every atom may be said to be struggling upwards, and to be glowing with the eternal divinity within it. Atoms of matter in the body are continually refining and subliming themselves. The nervous forces are but the pointings towards Spiritual realities. A still further refinement is going on, resulting in an elaboration of what we must call the essences of matter; and which essences are deposited or precipitated in a form which appears as a silver lining within the mortal frame. This silver lining begins to be deposited before birth, and proceeds all through life, until a perfect image is formed from head to heel. This is the Spiritual body.

As old age comes on, the vital energies retreat more and more from the external. The aged do not lose intellectual power. The loss is only apparent. The life withdraws inward. Then when the physical body can no longer hold the spiritual, death takes place. The body yields up the departing spiritual form. In the spasms of death there is no pain. That is, in normal death. But how few die naturally and normally! The spiritual body passes away from the dying body. Were our spiritual eyes now opened, we should see the atoms of the spiritual body falling into harmony according to their elective affinity—head and features arranging themselves into an organism, analogous to the physical. The man is the same individual as he was before. Were it not so, the lessons of his past life would be valueless.

Actual defects and malformations of the physical body are not reproduced in the spiritual; because they are the result of external causes not of internal life, whereas the spiritual body is the result of principles acting upon essences.

The new organism is substantial, is material. Therefore it must have a world to exist in. This necessitates the existence of an interior state of being—not interior in position—but interior in principles. This state of being does exist, and is what we call the spiritual world. Where is it found? How is it formed?

Refined particles of matter are continually being thrown off in immense quantities from the physical earth. The processes which we call life, in all its forms, higher and lower, result in the conversion of matter, from its gross physical form, into its refined spiritual form. Matter, and, indeed, every element—oxygen, hydrogen—may be said to have its material and its spiritual side. From the sphere of physical life, the material side only is perceived; but those who have passed over to the spiritual side and who are living on the spiritual plane, perceive the spiritual side, and realise it as a higher condition. The tendency of the refined matter, that has been thrown off from the physical earth through long ages, and which process is now going on, is to form itself into a zone, which surrounds the earth, and is in reality part of it. This is the spiritual world which man enters at the death of the body. Life and all that makes life glorious ultimates itself there again into form. There, as well as here, the world is of necessity denser or more gross than its inhabitants.

There are several methods by which humanity may find this out for itself, and become satisfied of its truth. In

the first place, every man possesses an immortal spirit, and therefore a direct knowledge is possible. Secondly, the spiritual beings existing in the interior condition have but to bring about the old conjunction between themselves and the physical world, in order to be able to manifest their presence and power, to the physical organs of those still living on the material plane: that is, to produce "spiritual manifestations."

If it be asked, is it *desirable* that the mortal should now see into immortality, and that the powers of man's interior nature should even now come into active play—we must answer—Yes and No. It is desirable only for true men and true women. But where are they to be found? The exercise of the normal faculties of the spirit in the mass of mankind would lead to the most disastrous consequences and would be productive of a fearful amount of idiocy and insanity. But still we look forward to the time, when men will be so raised above their present state and condition, that they will be able to realise that they walk hand in hand with angels.

In thus endeavoring to tell you of things which may seem new, and which you may not be able to accept, we ask you to bear with them, and claim your indulgence for our imperfections and obscurities. We as well as you, are children studying the mysteries of creation, and oft-times feel high overwhelmed with a sense of the majesty of being.

[The above sitting was held at Croydon, on the 14th of February, 1872, at the house of one of Mr. Bennett's friends, who, equally will himself, is an altogether reliable witness.—Ed. C. S.]

NOTE.—The phrase "Spiritual world" as here used, is evidently not meant to be understood in its extended signification, but as referring to that sphere in the infinite progress which mankind enters when physical life is over.—E.T.B.

* Page 2 of Supplement.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

DEAR SIR,—Of the rapid spread of Spiritualism, there can be no doubt: only those who, with wilful blindness, shut their eyes to facts, will cast even the semblance of a doubt. It appears to me that a few words on one aspect of the subject, would, just now, be opportune, from the pages of the *Christian Spiritualist*.

As much in the interest of the Christian religion as of Spiritualism, it would be well to point out to all the numerous investigators into Spiritual phenomena that Spiritualism, *per se*, is not religion, although it will doubtless result in building up one of religion's most valued and impregnable buttresses (man's immortality), and will remove many of the false teachings handed down to us from the dark ages, and so carefully conserved even now by our theological teachers, until thinking men begin even to loathe church teaching.

If Spiritualism is what it professes to be, communion with spirits who have passed beyond the river; it must first establish the fact of the soul's immortality, which all our theological systems have failed to do *completely*, so as to satisfy all minds: surely this alone were worth its ministry! But if this communion be continued and established, there are many problems and mysteries which have distressed and darkened our Christian faith, which will surely have some light thrown upon them from the *spirits'* vantage ground.

In this sense only, that of teaching Spiritual-

ism must influence very materially (or say rather very *spiritually*) our religious life. And surely we need not fear for our holy religion the brightest exhibition to it of truth's holy light? Christ has, anticipating, yea, promising this influx, left us plain directions for testing the accuracy of spirit teachings.

Much of Spiritualism now has nothing whatever to do with religious life (except so far as incidentally proving the immortality of good and bad); and, naturally, many who seek such spirit communion, having no interest in our holy religion, draw around them spirits like themselves. Unfortunately these are the very people who most loudly clamour and claim for Spiritualism that it is the only true revelation, and constitute it their sole religious life.

Because of such claims, many earnest Christian people, recognising at once the fallacy of such assumptions, withdraw from investigating its golden helping paths; hence it becomes all who accept the Christian faith, together with this precious Spiritual influx, to distinctly claim for each its proper stand point. This will place the church in a proper attitude in which to welcome Spiritualism as an outpouring of new life so sorely needed, and we may perhaps hint one of the first truths Spiritualism has taught us, if philosophy has not, viz., that God in all his workings or relationships with us works *mediately*, and if the church is to receive His Holy Spirit it must look for its outpouring not in a meaningless abstract form, for which it has long blindly groped, but through the agency of *ministering spirits* so often read about, but seldom recognised; and when the church is ready to hear and to receive those teachings of which Christ said, "Ye cannot bear them now," these spirits will surely have something to teach. The churches seem to have lost sight of this promised teaching, and fail, therefore, to recognise in Spiritualism its natural advent.

MORELL THEOBALD.

Hendon, near London, March 15, 1871.

OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

No. 16.

"For every man shall bear his own burden," 6 Gal., 5v.

1. There is no real contradiction between the statements in the 2nd verse, and the text. There are two ideas, and two words to express them. We shall reach the text more thoroughly by beginning at the beginning of the chapter. In verse 1 the Apostle supposes a certain case, the duty of Christian people consequent on that case, the manner in which the duty is to be performed, and the reason of its performance. The caution of verse 3 is addressed to those who are proud of their goodness, and manifest it in hard forms. In verse 4 St. Paul flings such persons back upon themselves; and tells them, if they are to have any rejoicing, that it should arise rather from whatever may be best in themselves, than in their own fancied superiority over others; for, as he goes on to say, "every man must bear his own burden" or, more correctly, "for each man shall bear his own load" (the Greek word

in verse 2 is *Bare*: that in the text is; *Phortion*). The text says, in other words, that each human being is individually responsible to God.

2. Christianity is, eminently, a 'social' religion; but it cultivates, with a direct and intense power, the sense of personality, and so unites, by taking the great truth in each, the teachings of Goethe on the one hand, and Robert Owen on the other; the great German making almost nothing of institutions, and almost everything of man—the great Scotchman making almost nothing of man, and almost everything of institutions.

3. There is such a thing as the personality of simple existence, of our own powers, of our experiences, of our duties, of our rights, of our joys and sorrows. And this element of personality will continue for ever. We shall always be ourselves, not anyone else.

4. This fact of personality is always gradually realized, and there are times when its realization is extremely hard; but there is no time when it is not needful. For, if we realized it, as we might and ought to do, we should learn to be charitable without being indifferent; personally faithful, to a larger extent than we now often are; have a deeper sense of God's knowledge, to Whom the personalities of every human being are all, and always known; while we should remember that if, oftentimes, as far as others are concerned, they cannot decide for us, but we must decide for ourselves, yet that our responsibility to God remains intact, even when we have no responsibility to our fellow creatures.

F. R. YOUNG.

(Preached at Swindon).

POETRY.

THE CRUCIFIED CHRIST.

"For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."—1 Cor, 2 c., 2 v.

'Twas the day when God's Anointed
Died for us the death appointed,
Bleeding on the dreadful cross;
Day of darkness, day of terror,
Deadly fruit of ancient error,
Nature's fall, and Eden's loss!

Haste, prepare the bitter chalice!
Gentle hate and Jewish malice
Lift the royal victim high,—
Like the serpent, wonder-gifted,
Which the Prophet once uplifted,—
For a sinful world to die!

Conscious of the dead unholy,
Nature's pulses beat more slowly,
And the sun his light denied;
Darkness wrapped the sacred city,
And the earth with fear and pity
Trembled when the Just One died.

It is finished, Man of sorrows!
From Thy cross our nature borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.
While exalted there we view Thee,
Mighty Sufferer, draw us to Thee,
Sufferer victorious!

Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted!
May that sacred symbol be,
Eminent amid the ages,
Guide of heroes and of sages,
May it guide us still to Thee!

Still to Thee whose love unbounded
Sorrow's deep for us hath sounded,
Perfected by conflicts sore.
Glory to Thy cross for ever!
Star that points our high endeavor
Whither Thou hast gone before.

FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE, D.D.

OUR RISEN MASTER.

"That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection."—3 Philippians, 10 v.

Thou art our Master! Thou of God the Son,
Of man the friend;
By Thee alone the victory is won:
Our souls defend!

Thou art the Master! let us love Thy word:
Thy spirit give!
Let us obey Thee as our risen Lord,
Obey, and live.

Thou art our Master! with Thy cross, Thy crown,
Thou crucified!
Now from Thy starry throne look gently down,
With us abide!

Thou art our Master! through the narrow way
Thou once didst tread,
Lead Thy disciples upward to the day!
Thou living Head!

Thou art our Master! at Thy feet we cast
Our burdens now.
The yoke of Love we take; O, bind us fast!
To Thee we bow.

Thou art our Master! through our earthly home
No guide but Thee!
And when Thy kingdom unto us shall come,
Our servant be!*

S. D. ROBBINS.

* 12 Luke, 37 v.

THE GLEANER.

A volume of reprints of papers which have appeared in a local paper, entitled "Phases of Bradford Life," by James Burnley (Simpkin and Marshall) contains an article entitled "Amongst the Saints and Spirits."

The "Contemporary Review" for March contains an article on "Science and Immortality," by the Rev. T. W. Fowle.

On March 15, No. I of the "Lambeth Review," price half-a-crown, was issued, with an article on "Prayer for the Departed."

The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster's Paper on the *Dæmon of Socrates*, read before the Royal Institution, on Jan. 26, has been published by Messrs. Longman. Price eighteen-pence.

The "Athenæum," No. 2,314, has a long, insulting, flippant, and shameful article on Demonology, in which it pretends to review Mr. Home's new volume of "Incidents in my Life," Sergeant Cox's "Spiritualism Answered by Science," and a reprint of Professor Sinclair's "Satan's Invisible World Discovered," the last-named being a curious old book published in Edinburgh 200 years ago. When the literary press will do us the justice to argue with us, we shall be glad to hear anything it may have to say.

Mrs. Mary S. Gove Nichols, a well-known Spiritualist, and the authoress of "Vital Law," "Despotism," &c., announces "A Novel of American Life," called "Jerry." The price is three shillings and six-pence, and the publishers are Sampson Low and Co.

In No. 21 of the "Christian Age," price one penny, weekly (published at 59, Old Bailey), there is the beginning of a series of Lectures on Satan, by the Rev. Thaddeus M'Rae. We also note the commencement in the February No. of the "Preacher's Lantern," of the first of a series of lectures on the "Scriptural Idea of the Devil," by the Rev. Paxton Hood, of Brighton.

We received on March 6, from our good Spiritualist friend, Mr. W. L. Sammons, of Cape Town, a copy of the "Cape Argus" for Feb. 3 and certain enclosures, for all of which we beg to thank him, and shall always be very glad to hear from him.

The "Spiritual Magazine," for March, reviews Mr. Dale Owen's *Debatable Land*, in an article of eleven pages. It also contains a paper, *in extenso*, by Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, on Miracles. The paper was read before the London Dialectical Society; but an extract only from it was given in that society's report on Spiritualism. The number, also, contains a powerful and inspiring lecture against Eternal Torments, by Mr. Page Hopps.

Mr. William Crookes, F.R.S., has published a reply to the *Quarterly Review*, and other critics, under the title of "Psychic Force and Modern Spiritualism." The pamphlet is published by Longmans, Green, and Co.

Mr. Page Hopps, in his "Truthseeker," for March, noticing Sergeant Cox's "Spiritualism Answered by Science," says, very pertinently: "This is the kind of book that will make people Spiritualists against their will; for the facts once being admitted, these attempts to account for them are manifestly inadequate and lame"—Page 67.

Our hearty thanks are due, and hereby paid, to our venerable friend, Dr. J. R. Newton, of America, whose letter from Boston, dated Feb. 22, we gratefully acknowledge. We are also indebted to him for copies of the *Banner of Light*, from time to time. Just now that journal is knee-deep in a controversy respecting Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, the *Banner* evidently taking her side. The number for Feb. 10, ventilates the question of Thomas Paine being the author of the Letters of Junius, and the Declaration of Independence. The same number says that 4,000 copies of Owen's *Debatable Land* were sold in the first 40 days of its publication.

Mr. J. M. Peebles was in Troy, New York, during the months of February and March.

The *Banner of Light*, for Feb. 17, page 4, column 5, gives an outline of a lecture, delivered in Boston, by Professor Denton, on "Did Jesus rise from the Dead," in which that gentleman takes the position that Jesus did not die, but was in a death-trance; that he was discovered by Joseph, who secreted Him in his house, and clothed Him in the raiment of his gardener; that He afterwards met His disciples in Jerusalem, whom He left secretly, returning to the house of Joseph, where He was taken sick and died, being subsequently secretly buried by Joseph, who afterwards kept his own counsel." The theory is so utterly absurd we can't answer it.

Roberts Brothers, of Boston, have just issued a volume on the "Infinite and the Finite," by Professor Parsons, of Cambridge University. Mr. Parsons, while accepting the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, believes it to be contrary to the Divine order, and productive of mischief.

There is an article in the "Congregationalist," for March, on the "Sin of Necromancy," founded on 18 Deuteronomy, 9 to 15 and 19 v. It is signed "Edward White," who is, we suppose, the very able and respected Congregationalist minister of St. Paul's Road, Kentish Town, and a believer in the Destructionist theory. We shall send a copy of this number to Mr. White, and, accompanying it, copies of this periodical for February and March, 1871, in which that gentleman will find our answers to his criticisms.

The subject of Spiritualism has been recently publicly discussed at Croydon, Mr. Burns, of the Progressive Library, being present on the opening night. The local press has given full reports.

The "Medium" is reprinting a series of articles, from the "Banner of Light," on "Mediums and Mediumship," by T. R. Hazard.

The "Globe," of March 13, speaking of Mr. Duguid's Trance Paintings, describes them as so much "clever conjuring." Why not start a committee of investigation, and if the "conjuring" can be proved, prosecute Mr. Duguid for obtaining money under false pretences? It is a cowardly thing to make charges of dishonesty, and leave them unsubstantiated.

Mr. John Jones, Emmore Park, has donated a balance of £5 to the Spiritual Institution, "for which he is sincerely thanked." See "Medium," for March 8. The same number has an account of a "Séance with Gerald Massey," signed "Catherine Berry."

"The Bells," a drama now being played at the Lyceum Theatre, in London, is altogether Spiritualistic. It is adapted from a French tale—"The Polish Jew"—by M.M. Erkmann-Chatelain, and is published for a shilling by Tinsley Brothers.

We have duly received, and acknowledged with our best thanks, a prize in the subscription sale of pictures, by Mr. D. Duguid, Trance Painter, of Glasgow. It is a Rhine scene, and said to have been painted under direction of Ruysdael, a Dutch artist of the 17th century, whose Stag-Hunt in the Royal Dresden Gallery is generally reputed to be his masterpiece.

At the Secular Institute, Manchester, on Sunday, March 17, Mr. Slater delivered a lecture on "A Future Life," developing the negative side of the question, and making some smart but erroneous remarks about Spiritualism and its literature. A discussion followed, in which Mr. Aaron Watson (one of the contributors to this journal) Mr. Atkins, and Mr. Davies took the affirmative side. One peculiarity of the proceedings was that the lecturer did not stay to reply to objections, but left the Chairman (Mr. Heys) to do that work for him.

The "Spiritualist," of March 15, has a long article on the chief theories adverse to Spiritualism, advanced by several scientific men who have written on the subject without first obtaining practical knowledge thereof. The same number has, also, some letters on the "Efficacy of Prayer," an article on which, by Mr. Varley, appeared in the previous number. As a last item we may add that Mr. Guppy contributes a letter on what he calls "Psychic Force Cartes de Visite," on which a letter by Miss Houghton will be found in the present number of this journal.

Mrs. Powell, of 179, Copenhagen Street, Caledonian Road, London, receives patients for magnetic treatment, Mrs. Tebb, of 20, Rochester Road, Camden Road, testifies to benefit received from Mrs. Powell's treatment.

The Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist* made Owen's "Debatable Land" (a notice of which appears in this number) the subject of his sermon at the Free Christian Church, New Swindon, on Sunday evening, 24th ultimo. A report of the sermon appears in the *North Wilts Herald* for 30th ultimo.

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.; or F. J. T., Mr. C. W. Pearce, 6, Cambridge Road, Kilburn, London. Also Part I., price 6d., cloth, 9d.

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References as to character, &c., may be made to the Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*, who will gladly speak for Mrs. Dodds.

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Spectator.

"We find much that is beautiful in the author's thoughts . . . a great depth of true religious life, a considerable acuteness in connecting scientific truths of to-day with the religious truths of revelation, and a quaint humour at times which is really both happy and original."

Contemporary Review.

"What we most value in this work is—the unwavering honesty, the devout simplicity, the rejoicing strength, and the rapt yet self-restraining faith, which, leading the author to most generous hopes for the race, yet directs to noble efforts, and even to a half-stoical indifference to ordinary ideas of comfort and well-being."

Inquirer.

"There is in the book a fertility of illustration, an amplitude of exposition, and a healthy tenderness of expression from first to last."

Dundee Advertiser.

"The book is exceedingly suggestive, humane, broad, and catholic, clear amid its profundities of speculation, and often highly poetical in language."

HEROISM:

OR, GOD OUR FATHER, OMNIPOTENT,
OMNISCIENT, OMNIPRESENT;

Showing that Mankind consists of good Men and bad, journeying to the spiritual homes of their delight; also showing how God's love is justified in the creation of both, and gives them, while both are but Creatures, the feeling that they are Creators, self-existent and independent.—Price, 4s. 6d.

Spectator.

"A remarkable little book. One of the very few religious works which appear in any year that are wholly and in every fibre instinct with the unconventional personal faith of the author."

Truthseeker.

"This is an amazingly curious book, full of quaint, out-of-the-way thought, the beginning and end of which is that—

'Things are not what they seem.'

Inquirer.

"The book is well written, sententious, and steeped in original thought."

Poetess.

"Mr. Field is an old Calvinist in a new coat."

Glasgow Citizen.

"On the contrary, he is a Calvinist with a new heart."

STANDING NOTICES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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