

The Christian Spiritualist

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

ST. PAUL.

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Vol. 2. No. 8. AUGUST, 1872. Price 2d.

SPIRITUALISM: ITS OPPONENTS AND FRIENDS.

WHILE a belief in communications between mortals on the earth, and inhabitants of the spirit-world, being permitted, under certain conditions, by our Heavenly Father in the fulness of His wisdom and goodness, is gradually and surely gaining ground in the world, and among all classes of its inhabitants, it is gratifying to Spiritualists, who hold that belief with an assured certainty of its truth, to notice how weak and unsubstantial are the objections made to it by serious and professedly philosophical opponents, and to compare their writings with many works of sound sense, candid statements, and most charitable and beautiful spirit (many of which are replete with well-corroborated facts), that have been written in favor of Spiritualism, and stand forth in glorious contrast to the imbecility of the arguments used against it. As to the abuse so continually heaped upon it in newspapers, and similar periodicals, and even sometimes by private individuals, when Spiritualists are stigmatised as fools, victims of hallucination; and occasionally (to the still greater shame of their opponents), as impostors (for such a grave charge ought never to be brought against any one without very strong evidence of its truth, and *cannot* be true of a class which includes men and women of the highest honor and integrity); we only smile at the vulgar and ignorant vituperation, and fancy we see beneath it, in its violence, and continual recurrence, an uneasiness and latent fear that there may be more truth in the doctrine of Spiritualism than its opponents wish to believe;—for people do not, in general, trouble themselves to denounce what they are *convinced* has no real

foundation, and which must, therefore, before long, be annihilated. The attempt to destroy Spiritualism by burking it with ridicule and abuse is very silly, and must eventually bring shame and disgrace on those who wield such base and paltry weapons.

It is no new thing to abuse new discoveries, new inventions, new philosophies. Spiritualism in this respect but shares now, the same fate that befell fresh truths in astronomy and geology, the invention of steam-locomotion, and electric telegraphy, &c., &c. At *their* first mention they were consigned to an ignominious death; but *they* still live, and grow, and bless mankind, and shame the hasty opposition they encountered. And so will it be with Spiritualism; it will grow till its present infancy becomes strong and vigorous manhood; and *then*, when acknowledged by the majority, its present cowardly assailants will bow the knee before it in abject homage. We are content to wait its growing triumphs, and though characterised as fools, we feel that, in the matter of Spiritualism, *we* have, like Mary of Bethany, "chosen the good part," which cannot be taken away from us, "for it is God's truth."

And if God's truth—if so believed in by those who hold it, are any such persons justified in withholding their avowal of this belief, and keeping their convictions secret for fear of ridicule and obloquy, or even worldly loss? It was not so that the first Christians acted even in the face of cruel persecution, and *that* often unto death. This coward fear of acknowledging our convictions, and taking sides with the minority, is the very thing that emboldens opposition and abuse; while a modest, but frank and decided, declaration of what is believed to be the truth, with no shrinking as to

consequences, would, at least, command the respect of adversaries, if it did not disarm their satire, and very probably tend greatly to help on the cause of Spiritualism itself. No one likes to be credited with opinions he does not hold; but how he can *honestly* keep secret convictions thoroughly believed in, however unpopular, when they are of great value and importance, it is not easy to understand.

And surely, if Spiritualism be true, it is a truth of immense importance, a corroboration, and an elucidation of God's former revelations to mankind in the Scriptures, which are full, from beginning to end, of accounts of spirit manifestations; and apparently intended to be a great and powerful agent in restoring Christianity to its original purity and vitality; and enabling men to realise its glorious and stupendous truths; as, perhaps, few do in this worldly, luxurious, and materialistic age. So far from being opposed to Christianity as some imagine, it is another out-flow from God's infinite goodness, to strengthen and invigorate its influence on humanity, to lift us above the *baser* pursuits of earth, to a realization of a higher and purer state, and, at the same time, by showing us the intimate connection between our earth life and our spirit life—how our conditions in the latter will be the natural and unavoidable consequence of our conduct in the former, and that no word or deed is insignificant in God's sight, but that everything we do now, is bringing forth its appropriate fruit, either wheat or tares, to give a significance and value to our present state on earth, calculated to impart a solemn and sacred character to our whole being, and to make us feel that we have already entered on eternity, and are even now in the presence of the heavenly host, and under their inspection.

Surely such considerations as these should prevent any Christian believer in Spiritualism from withholding his or her testimony to its truth by concealing that belief, either from fear of ridicule or worldly loss! Whatever people's rank or influence may be, whether they be the possessors of one talent or of ten, their individual responsibility remains the same, and they should do what they can to aid the truth, leaving the issue in His hands, who blesses every honest endeavor to do good, however humble and lowly it may be, who can bring forth unexpected fruit from many a scattered seed, and who sometimes chooseth "the foolish things of the world, to confound the wise;"—"the weak things of the world to confound the mighty—and base things of the world, and things which are despised," "and things which are not," "to bring to nought things that are."

May these considerations lead every real

believer in Spiritualism to act up to the highest convictions of his conscience.

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ON INDIVIDUALISM AND THE USE OF LANGUAGE.

AGAIN I stand before the holy temple in a search for a comprehension of the Word of God, and as I stand I feel creeping over me the temptation to trespass in among the guests, dirty booted, and clad in my own unrighteous clothes—a seeker after fame, reputation; a propounder of theories I would press on the acceptance of my readers at the point of the sword. Yet not perhaps so martial!—rather my unrighteous clothes show their presence in a lazy dullness which would speak out of my own ignorance when no word is put into my mouth by that Holy Spirit which alone inspires good words. "My Lord: with the true heart of faith and trust inform my ignorance—give me becoming robes: with humility of soul befitting the child a wanderer in his Father's garden, bleach my robes to whiteness: with Thy heart, which takes the world and all its cross and care as the God-appointed stage of life in which to be, and do, and brave, put on becoming jewels; that clothed by Thee as well as fed by Thee, I may sit down in wedding dress among Thy guests."

If we are wise and believe in the real essential government of God, we shall, I presume, regard society much as we regard a tree or a plant; we shall see in it a creation of God and study its nature and its mode of growth as a nature and a mode of growth appointed by God Himself; and as we study we shall expect just those products and those alone which God Himself determines the plant shall bear.

If we thus regard society we shall find it is just now producing one special fruit pre-eminently; and that fruit is an increasing tenderness and respect for individual opinion.

In medieval times the tyrannous belief that some men could reach a positive faith they were entitled to enforce on the minds of others, not for a social need, but for the individual good of those thus put under compulsion, rose into the terrible embodiment of the Inquisition. Very recently among ourselves on the other hand, one of the large dissenting bodies declared their contentment with differences of belief regarding them as beneficial to humanity. Instances of the increasing respect paid individual belief abound. By many of us indeed this respect is carried to the length of maintaining that the creeds we each hold are inheritances as unavoidable by us as are our bodies. A man is

indeed much more essentially that which he believes than a mere creature with a certain face and hands and arms and feet. Doubtless (I must think) the bundle of dogmas or creeds which essentially makes each man, has the most intimate relation to the body of the man—his peculiar face and hands and arms and feet. Doubtless (I must think) we thus inherit our creeds with our bodies; but of the two things, the bodies and the creeds, the creeds are the essentials. We approach a man and (however vast our "toleration") love him to the extent by which his face and his body and our knowledge of him introduce us to creeds held by him and which are comprehensible and satisfactory to us. If then we each of us respect the bundle of creeds which form the man as we respect the man himself, how do we with our creeds stand related to each other, and the whole of us to The Truth?

This question is a curious one and arises immediately out of our position. Should I believe in the Divinity of Christ and you deny His Divinity, we naturally suppose that one is right and the other is wrong. But is it not possible that both may be wrong; and that The Truth itself is something which neither of us can really express in language or comprehend if expressed? When I assert the Divinity of Christ may I not so far misdescribe the Eternal Christ, that you do not recognise His Divinity; and when you deny His Divinity may you not alike misdescribe Him; and only deny that which I should deny with you if I could see even for a moment with your eyes? If we suppose the comprehension of *That which Is*—or of The Truth—is an attribute of God, then we must at the same time confess that it is no attribute of man. If God, to whom past, present and future are as one, to whom there is no space and no time, understands *That which Is* then we must confess that we, children of earth and time, cannot understand it.

If we suppose the statement, "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was God" contains eternal truth to the apprehension of God, we may, day by day and year by year, grasp the meaning of the words a little more nearly, in so far as day by day and year by year we take a few steps on the immeasurable road which parts our wisdom from the wisdom of God. If, however, an eternal Truth dwells in these words recognised by God Himself we can never hope to attain a full comprehension of that Truth ourselves, but only to approach toward it. Few of us will, I think, deny that The Truth is known to God—or is indeed, in more accurate language, God Himself. We are, therefore, bound to confess that we ourselves can only approach toward its knowledge, just as we can only approach

toward the knowledge of God. These perceptions constitute (I believe) that power among us which enables us to-day, while holding our own opinion, to respect the opinion of others. We are beginning to perceive the identity between God Himself and The Truth and to acknowledge an equal inability in every one to do more than draw toward a knowledge of the one and the other. With the thought in our mind that what we each call "the truth" can be no more than our account of the *aspect* The Truth takes to each one of us, let us consider the effect this mode of regarding Truth has upon language.

If I utter a statement which you think is true, your thought really amounts to this, "*The form of words you utter contains a truth for me.*" On the question of individualism (a question we arrogantly term one of "toleration of opinion") this is a most important perception. Because you seem to understand what I say and give your assent to it, it by no means follows that you see the same meaning in my words that I see. All that follows is that *I have brought you a form of words which expresses to you your thoughts*: I have given you a "body" in which your thoughts may dwell and live their own life.

To point out the different meanings the same words must needfully produce to the man wholly or merely colour blind, and to him who can see plainly; to the short-sighted and the long-sighted; to him in whose mind a sense that wordly rank confers real merit still feeds its poisonous life, and him from whom the weed has been up-torn, were an endless task. The least consideration, however, shows that the words, near and far, distinct and hazy, red, blue, respectable, worthy, reverential—in fact any words we may utter—must convey different meanings to every one of us; meanings which we could only make identical by procuring the absorption—or the destruction—of one individual nature by the other. Without going further into these considerations, however, I will, instead, make one general reference to our own personal experiences, and that reference shall be to the ever-changing meaning we ourselves see in the same statements.

The quotation from the 1st chapter of St. John already given, is with me an instance to the point. I have found the meaning contained in the words "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was God," a meaning of ever-growing intensity. Constantly when I read these words and reflect upon them I see further and deeper truth in them. There must be to everyone of us sentences in which we find this nature. If then to everyone of us, the same form of words sometimes increases in power, containing new and deeper meanings; or possibly wears out,

containing fewer and shallower meanings;—if then we ourselves at different times see different meanings in the same form of words, it is absurd to assert that another person, when he says he sees a truth in any form of words we utter, really sees the precise truth that we are seeing in them. For my part I believe (as it will be perceived) that no two of us can possibly at any time understand any proposition alike; and that this inability and it alone constitutes our several separate individualities—gives me in fact my body and you yours. Without taking however, in this paper, this extreme view, if we admit that two of us *may* understand a proposition, to the terms of which we assent, exactly alike, we must also admit that we may not. Of any sentence therefore to which two persons assent, all that we can say is that the sentence contains a form of words in which each sees *his own* truth.

While we all thus behold The Truth from different aspects and can probably really never agree essentially in our comprehension of that Truth, we yet find we can constantly agree in confessing that various statements about that Truth can be used by us in common. This line of thought makes many things clear for us. It removes for ever a needless controversy on “honesty” in the profession of religious belief. If all we can confess when we assent to a particular creed or statement is that the creed or statement contains a truth for us, then our search for the Church we join is needfully a search for one whose formularies contain truths for us, and a search for this alone. The question before us is not “Do we agree in our apprehension of its formularies with the founders of the church or its present members?” It is not this question at all; but it is “Do the formularies provide us with a ‘body’ in which our own apprehension of spiritual things can find life and home?” It is this and nothing more. The same line of thought makes clear for us again in what way the human intellect may continue growing and yet use one sacred book for ever. If God is The Truth, and by human truth we mean *our* comprehension of The Truth—the appearance He has to us—we can well conceive that a particular book (a particular form of words) is so related to Him as to be in all essentials a body as eternal as The Truth which dwells in it. In such case our growth will lead us, not to reject the old form of words, but to retain them as still expressing for us the new truths to which we grow. In such case also the new truths to which we grow will be the work of the Holy Spirit in our hearts, made known to us (given a local habitation and a name) by that inner work meeting with an outward body in the sacred form of words.

No one probably among the first hearers of

the parable of the wedding feast, saw in the parable the meaning implied in my opening words, and yet—the reader will, I think, admit—that meaning is a beautiful meaning truly residing in those words—a meaning appropriate to our day and its philosophy.

If God is the Creator of all things within and without, outer things, we may be sure, have an essential relation to inner; and however far the thoughts in my opening words may have been from the views men took of old, *we* can see that true wisdom forms the proper clothing and defence of the spirit, innocency give this clothing its whiteness, while heroism forms the sparkling jewels of its adornment. The capacity in us, members of the nineteenth century, which sees the appropriateness of these images, made alive by the Holy Spirit, finds ready in the sacred word the parable which gives to the images a local habitation.

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ON THE SOUL.

PART 2.

(Continued from Page 98).

MATTER, of itself, has no form; but the young life assimilates matter to its own form; thus the body is built from within. “In Thy book,” says David, “All my members were written, when as yet there was none of them.” The soul in embryo, now, according to the mysterious laws of its being, goes on assimilating the various elements gathered by the Mother, until it arrives at a more perfect degree of development; and when matured in the first stage of its existence, it bursts forth from the womb into a new sphere of existence, the earth-life. The first state was necessary to bring the soul into being, and clothe it with a body; but now it is come into its second stage; the soul having a perfect matured body. The mother no longer assimilates the food for the clothing of the soul, by feeding the child at the stomach; but the child now feeds itself at the mouth, that the body may grow in stature, as the soul develops. When the soul of man has become ripe in the second state of its existence, the body can no longer retain it; but like the child in the womb, when fully developed, it bursts forth; the capsule splits, and gravitates to dust; the death of the body becomes new life and birth to the developed soul. Man now becomes an Angel; destined to exist in his now still higher state of existence, and made thus to approach more to the glorious image of his Maker. Thus the Spiritual body is developed in the natural body; for “there is,” says St. Paul, “a natural body, and there is a Spiritual body.” The matter used by the soul

for its developement from its incarnation to its Angel state, was in this world countless ages before Adam was created ; and at natural death it returns in its simple elements to the earth again, to help clothe the other existences during their developement in this earth-life. This is God's method of creating angels, by a successive process of developement. Thus God makes angels out of men, to fill the glorious habitations of His Spiritual kingdom. This plan of working is by law and order ; and was His eternal purpose long before man was created. Thus natural death (Spiritual death is another thing, and has to do with the moral nature) is God's appointment, and not man's, and is not the ugly monster we take it to be. It is God's best gift to man, and the means whereby man is raised to a higher and more glorious state of existence ; and thus approaches nearer to his Creator at death than on the day on which God first created him. A man then receives his soul from his father (but not apart from God), and his body from his mother. At birth the child is cast forth upon the earth, just as the grain or seed is cast forth upon or into the earth. As soon as it begins to quicken into life, the capsule begins to perish : "when we begin to live then we begin to die," like the body of the grain when it cannot any longer, through the earth agencies, retain the germ of the newly developed life, it bursts to let it free. In like manner when the soul has been fully developed on earth, the body dies, to give birth to the developed soul within. How beautifully clear are St. Paul's words upon this point, "the seed is not quickened unless it die," thus showing that when the seed is sown it has the life principle within. But when a dead body is sown, there is no life principle in it ; because the spirit has returned to the God who gave it. Therefore Paul's words bear no analogy to the present belief of those who maintain that the natural body will rise from the grave.

In conclusion, I would add that the soul of man is made perfect in the image of its Creator ; and it retains that perfect identity, notwithstanding physical defects of the body. The soul, when begotten, is the ante-type of the parent, and bears in its developement more or less the impress of the father's likeness. The etherial spirit sent forth from the loins of the father at its incarnation, ever remains intact, in spite of any accident that may happen to the body ; the amputation of a natural limb does not annihilate the Spiritual. Those born deficient and deformed in their limbs, have a perfect ante-type within ; inasmuch as the offspring of such are perfect. Those who have been born without eyes and arms have perfect offspring ; as well as those who have suffered amputation. The soul that God made perfect, remains

perfect. A mother a short time since brought me her daughter, born deficient of the forearm. This is but one out of a number of cases ; it was caused by fright arising out of an accident ; the mother being seized by the forearm at the moment, just where her daughter was born deficient. Another child was born deficient of the hand. This was caused through the fright of the mother, and occurred thus. A child's hand was caught in the door of a railway carriage ; and the wrist only was seen by the mother, who was sitting opposite ; the hand being outside the door, appeared to be cut off at the wrist. The child with which the mother was then pregnant, was born deficient of the hand at the wrist. Now in each case the mother's pregnancy had reached the three months stage or even more. It is well known by physiologists that a child at this stage has perfect physical limbs ; though not fully developed. Thus the Spiritual ante-type that came from the father perfect, is being clothed with matter ; the ante-type not being from the mother, she only clothes it, and developes it into being. Thus at the moment of fright, where the hand appeared to be severed by the door, a change in the mother's system took place ; and there was at once a decomposition of the material hand in the womb ; or any other limb, as the case or defect may be. But the decomposition of the hand by the mysterious power of the mother's mind acting at that point of junction, cannot annihilate or decompose the Spiritual part ; which originates from God, through the father. Thus then, "the seat of the soul" is all over the body, and gives identity to the body ; which identity is the image and impress of the Creator's. We are, then, "the offspring of God," bearing more or less of His true likeness. Thus we are taught to say, "Our Father ;" and the mighty influence the Father wields over us is love ; and we can only see Him, and recognize Him through our finite selves. Thus the Father of fathers is like unto a father. "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." "If your son ask bread will He give him a stone? If he ask for a fish will He give him a serpent?" Nay. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing. Yet not one falleth to the ground without your Heavenly Father's notice." "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." "The fowls of the air, they sow not ; neither do they reap ; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them ; how much more will He feed you," His children. "Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin ; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is not ; how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith." The power of

the Gospel is love; the power of Christ is love; the power of God is love. But do we not too often forget our relation to our Heavenly Father? A poor woman once came to my house with her son. When she spoke to him, he replied, "Yes Ma'am." The mother buried her face in her hands, and burst into tears. I asked why this was. She replied, "This is my son. Many years ago, when a child, I placed him in the union, being in distress; and since that time I have not seen him; but have now taken him out to live with me, and he does not know me. When I speak to him he says, 'Yes Ma'am.' O! if he would but call me 'Mother;' O! if he could but recognise me, and feel what relation I am to him; but he does not know me." Again her cheeks streamed with tears, as she bent over him and caressed him. What pen could describe the love of that mother's heart, as she yearned over her son? The poor boy seemed at a loss to understand all this, which made his mother's feelings all the more acute. O the love of that mother's heart! God is not less loving. Look on this picture; the Son of God in tears, as he overlooks Jerusalem. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing; but thou wouldst not!" Were there ever words more tender and loving than these? But to the world they are "Yes Ma'am." We have failed to understand their meaning; and thus this mighty power of His love has failed to transform the souls of many of our race. Love! See it in Gethsemane as it flowed forth in drops of blood, because a sin-stricken world refused to be wooed by it. O that we knew more fully our true relation to God when we pray "Our Father;" and more of our true selves; that we might know how to live under His smile, and dwell in His presence!

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GATES OF PEARL.

(Continued from page 84).

AND the Chieftain talked with his beautiful wife that day, describing the vision and what the Angel said that of a surety a son should be born unto him, and that he should be the father of a great people. And the fair woman said, "Truly a son may be born unto thee my lord, but not of me; peradventure thou has mistaken thine Angel Friend; yet thus it may be. If thou take mine handmaiden ('tis the custom of the land), it may be that I shall obtain a son by her, and then it will indeed be thy son, and because it will be thine, it shall be mine. Thou mayest do this, for thus the Angel means that his promises

shall be fulfilled." And the Chieftain listened to the voice of her who was so fair and beautiful to look upon, to her who had ever been willing to sacrifice for him even all that the true woman holds so dear; but only offered to be sacrificed for what to her was dearer still, the life of the man she loved. Moreover she thought, "Surely my lord will still love me," and her soft eyes rested upon the face of him on whose bosom she had slept from her maiden days even until now, yet she was silent, only the language of her woman's heart was heard speaking in the deep drawn sigh. And thus it came to pass that in process of time a son was born unto the Chieftain, of the handmaid of his beautiful wife. Yet ere this happened, shall we wonder that the Mistress was lessened in the maiden's eyes; still less that the mistress then dealt hardly with the maid, so that she fled from her presence, wandering away she knew not where? All weary and faint she came to a fountain in a desert place. Poor slave, she quenched her thirst, and then in terror looked around; for the sun was sinking behind the western hills, and all was dreary and desolate as her heart within. In the darkness of that night, as the poor wanderer sank upon the earth, the cry of a piteous voice was heard echoing through the woods; yet to whom did the voice of this out-cast cry? Who taught her to cry to Him who listens to the cry of all? No altar raised of stone, or offering made of the unblemished heifer, or goat, or ram, nor even the turtle dove, nor the young pigeon, as she had seen her master do ere the spirit answered him. No, she had none to give; she had but her own sad heart to offer in their stead. Nor did she offer this in vain; for an Angel heard her cry, and came and raised her from the earth, and wiped away her tears, and kissed her brow, and said, "Peace my sister, my peace be with thee; whence camest thou? Whither wilt thou go?" And she told the Angel all; and said, "I flee from the face of my Mistress." But the Angel said, "When thou has slept, thou shalt return to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands, and I will see thee on the way; for thou shalt bear a son, and it shall be well with him and thee, for thy master will love the boy; until the day when I will visit thee again, for then thy son shall leave his father's home and dwell in the wilderness, away from those who make their brothers and sisters slaves, and his hands shall be against those whose hands are against him and his brethren (in whose hearts he shall dwell); for thou shalt go and fetch him a wife from thine own land; neither shall his generation be numbered for multitude. Twelve princes shall he beget; and they shall form twelve nations, each with their castles and their towns, called after their names. Their kingdoms

shall be even from this fountain, to which in thy sorrow thou hast wandered, stretching far away into the land where there is pure gold, and beautiful gems; and he shall live a long life, and his spirit shall depart in the presence of all his brethren, unto those who will be gathered in a happier Land, of which as yet earth's children have not even dreamed; and I, even I, shall be with them, and with thee. And this shall be the sign by which thou shalt remember and believe all that I have told thee; when thy son is born, thy master shall enquire of thee by what name he shall be called; and thou shalt answer him thus,"—and the Angel whispered the name that she should give to her son as the listener slept. That night the Chieftain wandered round his camp, talking with his herdsman, later than he was wont to do, enquiring if any lamb or kid was missing from the fold, listening to the distant cry of the wary beast who calls the fierce lion to his prey, and starting when the night bird screamed amid the darkness in the far-off woods; nor slept that night, for his fair wife dreamed, and talked aloud as reasoning with herself, and said, "Surely the fault is mine, though I have laid it to his charge. I gave him mine handmaid, and he did but listen to my voice; and my slave has only been obedient to my command;—yet I was despised in her eyes. Still I regret—poor slave, thou was ever faithful to me; some beast of prey has torn thee to the earth ere this, and I have been the cause." And the fair woman wept, and then awoke—nor slept again; but listened and thought how long the night. Before the light streamed through the curtains of the Chieftain's tent, the handmaid had returned, and slept in peace; nor did she remember the terrors of the dreary way, for the joy of listening to the Angel's voice. And she submitted to her mistress, nor gave her cause to deal so hardly as before; while all the Angel said came true. And it came to pass that when the boy was thirteen years old, even the son born of the handmaid, that as the Chieftain sat in the tent-door in the heat of the day, he lifted up his eyes and looked, and lo! three men stood by him. And when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself toward the ground, and said, "My Lords, if now I have found favor in your sight, pass not away from your servant; but let water be fetched I pray you, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under this tree, that ye may break bread and comfort your hearts; for therefore are ye come unto your servant." And they said, "So do as thou hast said." And the chieftain hastened into the tent to his fair wife, and she quickly made ready cakes upon the hearth; and he ran to the herd, and fetched a calf tender and good, and his young men dressed it; and he took butter and milk, and the calf that was dressed,

and set it before them, and stood by them under the tree, and they did eat. And after they had eaten, they said, "Where is thy wife?" And the chieftain said, "Behold in the tent;" and they said, "She shall surely bear a son." And the fair woman heard it in the tent door, which was behind them, and she laughed within herself; but presently she heard one of the strangers say, "Wherefore did thy wife laugh, and why did she say within herself 'shall I of a surety bear a son who am old?' Is there anything too hard for Him who gives the life to all?" And the chieftain remembered the words of the angel, and knew that they were Spirits clothed as men. But the fair wife was afraid, and denied saying, "I laughed not." But the stranger said, "Nay my Sister, but thou didst laugh." And the men rose up and looked towards the cities of the plain, and the chieftain walked and talked with them a portion of the way; and they communed also between themselves and said, "Shall we hide from our friend the things that ere the setting of to-morrow's sun will come to pass, or the warning that we are sent to give to those who will believe that angels speak with men?" And they turned and said unto him, "Seest thou yonder beautiful plain, and the cities thereof? Behold, ere to-morrow at this time, it may be but as a desert, even as a smoking furnace?" And the chieftain said, "Alas my Lords, for my brother's son is living on the plain, and his wife and his children, and their flocks and herds." And the men said, "We are sent to see whether it is altogether according to the cry which has been heard; and if not we shall know." And they turned and went towards the cities of the plain; but the chieftain stood and prayed earnestly in his heart that the cities might be spared. And behold, as he prayed, his Guardian Angel stood before him; even the angel who had talked with him and promised him a son; and he took courage and drew near unto his Friend and said, "Will all be destroyed with the cities of the Plain? Surely are there none good? If fifty shall be found, shall not the cities be spared for their sakes?" And the angel said, "If fifty are found, the cities will be spared." And the chieftain still entreated the angel that a lesser number might suffice to spare the cities, until he said, "Peradventure only ten may be found?" And the angel said, "It shall not be destroyed for the ten's sake." And he ceased communing with the man, and departed, and the chieftain returned into his place.

HENRY ANDERSON NOURSE.

Birmingham.

(To be Continued).

NARRATIVES FROM R. DALE OWEN'S "DEBATABLE LAND."—No. 6.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

On the twenty-second of October, 1860, I paid a visit along with Mr. and Mrs. Underhill, Kate Fox, and another lady and gentleman, to Quaker friends of theirs, Mr. and Mrs. Archer, then living within five minute's drive of Dobb's Ferry on the Hudson, in a large old house, surrounded with magnificent trees, and in which, at one time, Washington had his head-quarters.

This house has been, for a long term of years, reputed haunted. The person still supposed to haunt it is a former owner, Peter Livingstone, who, on account of lameness, was wont to use a small invalid's carriage, and the report was that, at the dead of night, the sound of that carriage was heard in the corridors, and especially in one of the rooms of the house.

We sat, late in the evening, first in this room, a lower bedchamber, having two doors of exit. Both were locked before the session began, the keys being left in the doors. Besides our own party, there were present only Mr. and Mrs. Archer. By direction of the raps we extinguished the lights and joined hands.

Within a single minute afterwards, such a clatter began, apparently within three or four feet of where I sat, that (as we afterwards learned), it was heard and commented on, by some visitors in a room separated from that in which we sat by two doors and a long passage. It seemed as if heavy substances of iron, such as ponderous dumb-bells or weights were rolled over the floor. Then there were poundings as if with some heavy mallet; then sharp, loud knockings, as if with the end of a thick staff. Then was heard a sound precisely resembling the rolling of a small carriage on a plank floor. At first this sound seemed close to us, then it gradually lessened as if the carriage was wheeled to a great distance, until it became at last inaudible. Then we asked to have it again, as if coming near; and forthwith it commenced with the faintest sound, approaching by degrees till the carriage might be supposed almost to touch the backs of our chairs. Occasionally there was a pounding on the floor, so heavy as to cause a sensible vibration.

When we re-lit the lamp and searched the room, the doors were found still locked, with the keys in them, and there was not an article to be found with which such noises could, by human agency, have been made.

Then, at my suggestion, we transferred the experiment to a large parlour opposite, that had been used, I believe, by Livingstone as a dining-room. Again we locked the doors, and, obeying a communication from the raps, put out the lights and joined hands. And again, in less than two minutes, the disturbance began as before. At times the racket was so over-powering that we could scarcely hear one another speak. The sound as of heavy metallic bodies rolled over the floor was very distinct. Also some weighty substance seemed to be dragged, as by a rope, backward and forward, as much as fifteen or twenty feet each way.

All this time we kept a candle on the table with a box of matches beside it; and, several times when the clatter was at its height, we struck a light, to see what the effect would be. In every instance the sounds almost immediately died away, and the search we made in the room for some explanation of the strange disturbance was quite unavailing. The sudden transition, without apparent cause, from such a babel of noises to a dead silence, was an experience such as few have had in this world. Till the experiment was repeated, again and again, always with the same result, there was temptation to imagine that our senses had been playing us false.

The impression on myself and the other assistants with whom I conversed was such as to produce a feeling that it was a physical impossibility such sounds could be produced, except by employing ponderous bodies.

After a time the centre-table at which we sat was pounded on the top, and then from beneath, as with the end of a heavy bludgeon; and that (to judge by the sound) with such violence that we felt serious apprehensions that it would be broken to pieces.

When the noises ceased and we relit the lamps, I and others examined the table minutely; but no indentations or other marks of injury were to be found; nor was there an article to be seen in the room with which anyone could have dealt such blows; nor anything there except the usual furniture of a parlour.

Both these rooms were in a portion of the house known to have been built and occupied by Peter Livingstone.

I feel confident that the sounds could have been heard a hundred yards off.

It is seldom that anyone going in search of phenomena of this class, comes upon anything so remarkable as the foregoing. The conditions are rare: a locality where, for several generations, ultramundane interventions have spontaneously appeared; and the presence, in that locality, of two among the most powerful mediums for physical manifestations to be found in this, or it may be in any other country. (Page 277).

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

WELL BELOVED BROTHER,—As I am about leaving Boston to heal from place to place, I write to inform you my practice has become so large that I cannot attend to all; so I move from one place to another, and thus get a little rest between. My success in curing is as good as ever. It would be useless for you to send your valuable paper, as I should not get it*. Give my love to all your family. My labors have never been so great as of late; but still I hold out, cheerful and pleasant; looking forward, in faith and hope, for "the great change of mortal to immortal life."

Very sincerely your friend, with eternal thanks for your kindness,

Yours truly,

J. R. NEWTON, M.D.

Boston, June 14, 1872.

* We shall continue to send our periodical to Dr. Newton, and hope he will oblige us by continuing to supply us with the *Banner of Light*, and any other American Spiritualist publication that may come in his way. Our good brother seems to be in health and spirits; and we think when the mortal is exchanged for the immortal, he will be able to make the transition with the modest assurance that, as far as he has been concerned, he has left the world better than he found it.—ED., C.S.]

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

DEAR SIR,—As your columns are open for the free enquiry into all matters touching Modern Spiritualism, if I shall not be trespassing upon your space I would invite your attention to the subject of Spirit Photographs.

I secured several from a friend, who believed them to be genuine, and being anxious to inquire about them, I waited on Mr. John Beattie, of Clifton, who is a Spiritualist and a Medium, and one well up in the art of Photography. I enquired if he knew anything of the phenomenon, if it were genuine, and if he had ever produced any Spirit Photographs. In reply, he said, "I have never produced any, but I do not say such a thing has never occurred." I produced the photos in my possession. There were two among them he could not quite understand; but the others were detected instantly as impositions, with some such remarks as these:—"The great want in these matters is an honest man, and it matters not to me what a man's religion is, or how he

differs from me in opinion, if he is honest and truthful." The trick was then explained, and how to produce such counterfeits.

Previous to my interview with this gentleman, I had made enquiry from another gentleman on the subject, who views Spiritualism more from a scientific point of view than a supernatural.* He said: "As an investigator I have been photographed, and other beings clothed have come out beside me on the same plate; and the figures in the picture appear to have stood between me and the lens." Now, Sir, if the discovery be true, it is the greatest and grandest of the age; if it be a trick, it ought to be immediately exposed. I know nothing of the art of photography, therefore cannot say. For further enquiry some photographs were sent by a friend to a London photographer, for explanation. The same explanation came back, as previously received; that the photographs were counterfeits, and how to produce them. A friend, Mr. Thomas Young, Photographer, of Chard, knowing the whole of my correspondence on the matter, resolved to experiment, and follow out the instructions he had received on the matter. I consented to be a party in this, as I was as much interested in discovering a truth as in exposing an imposition. Accordingly, a piece of black broad cloth was procured at a draper's for a back ground. The plate was prepared, and placed in the camera as usual. I, being the supposed ghost, clothed myself in a winding sheet, folding it as gracefully as possible about me. The lens is exposed on me as I stand in the sheet for an instant. I throw off my grave clothes, and sit down in my ordinary dress, throwing my legs across my former position. The lens is again exposed on me, for a longer time and on the same plate. The plate is next developed, and the ghost (my own "double" if you like), comes out with me in the same picture, and instead of being at the back appears between me and the lens. Thus a dummy is taken before the sitter, on a plate and unknown to the sitter, the same plate is exposed a second time, and thus counterfeits are produced. These of your readers who have been imposed on, can secure these counterfeits, by sending to Mr. Young, Chard (one is in a standing,† the other in a kneeling position) and if they compare them with those they have, they will see how they have been deceived. Such a tampering with sacred things is dealing a deadly blow at the root of Spiritualism, and we cannot be surprised that so many dislike the name, and stand aloof from it. It is not surprising that the confidence of those who know nothing of the phenomena has been shaken, and had it not been for what I had witnessed, and for the testimony of many who hold home circles, I should have been ready to doubt the truth of Spiritualism. Still I believe it to be true, independently of its impostors, and though, amongst the numerous pictures, there are many counterfeits, it is no proof that there are no genuine ones, inasmuch as the evidence on Mumler's trial in America was deemed sufficient to justify his discharge. Truth, whether it be in Spiritualism, or any other "ism," has always had to work its way through falsehood and error, and these impositions are no proof that Spiritualism is not true, any more than it can be proved that the Christian religion is not true because so many have cheated and swindled under a profession of it. Those who use such weapons against one institution for truth, without fair and impartial investigation, are not fair in their conclusions, inasmuch as the best institutions of this world have been troubled with impostors. I shall still continue to lean towards Spiritualism till fair investigation convinces me to the contrary, still retaining my former argument that "gold covered with rubbish is no proof that the metal is not genuine."

Yours truly,

JAMES GILLINGHAM.

Prospect House, Chard, July 12, 1872.

* Sergeant Cox, we believe.—ED. C.S.

† One of these now lies before us.—ED. C.S.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with considerable interest Mr. Gillingham's article "On the Soul" in the present number of your periodical, but feel compelled to differ from some of the conclusions of the writer, and fear his premises are not altogether sound.

Waiving for the present the broader question of the kind of truth which the Scriptures are able to teach us, it may, I think, be easily shewn that the account given in Genesis of the origin of man, will not warrant the interpretation Mr. Gillingham has drawn from it.

Our translation says that God "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul" (Gen. ii., 7). An "Angel in embryo," as Mr. Gillingham paraphrases it. It might be inferred from this that man was the first "living soul" that had been placed upon earth. If we now turn to the original Hebrew, we come to a very different conclusion. The Hebrew words, *ney-phesh chayah*, translated "living soul," Gen. ii., 7, occur four times in the first chapter, and if they had been consistently rendered, we should read in verse 20, that "God said, let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath a living soul;" in verse 21, that "God created great whales and every living soul that moveth;" in verse 24, that "God said, let the earth bring forth living soul after his kind;" and in verse 30, "And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is a living soul." And going forward to the 19th verse of the 2nd chapter, we should read that, "Whatsoever Adam called every living soul, that was the name thereof."

It is, therefore, clear that if by the word "soul" we mean something which distinguishes us from the animal creation, what is said about Adam's "soul" in the account in Genesis is of no service in teaching us anything as to its nature. In the Levitical law, this same word is used for the "life" both of man and beast. "For the life [soul] of the flesh is in the blood," Lev. xvii., 11. "Thy soul longeth to eat flesh," Deut. xii., 20. "For the blood is the life [soul]; and thou mayest not eat the life [soul] with the flesh," Deut. xii., 23. Whatever may be meant by man's being created "in the image of God," it is evident that it has no reference to his possession of a "soul," in the sense in which that word is used in Genesis.

The reasons on which Mr. Gillingham grounds the theory which he works out in his concluding paragraph, do not seem very clear, even with the support of his preceding remarks. If that theory is untenable by this explanation of the word "soul," I do not think his idea can be

sustained, from anything we find in the Bible, of the special connection between the father, and the soul of his offspring.

Let us now revert for a moment to what I termed the broader question of the kind of truth we may expect to learn from these ancient Scriptures. The idea is almost universally abandoned, of going to the Bible for astronomical truth or geological truth. Have we any greater right to go to it, *as to an infallible revelation*, for psychological truth, or even for theological truth? We do not now believe that a complete revelation was given to the first generation of men, or to Moses, in respect to the outward history of the world in its earlier stages. So I think we have no warrant for believing that a complete revelation was given of the nature of man, or of his relation to his Heavenly Father.

All revelations have been progressive. And the great, the inestimable value to us, of that collection of books which we call the Bible, seems to me to consist in the record it contains of the dealings of God with man, and of the growth of man's ideas of those dealings. And that its mission is, not to teach us facts, whether belonging to the natural, intellectual, or spiritual kingdom, but *to help us to discover principles of action, and the results to which those principles lead.*

"God hath been gradually forming Man
In His own image since the world began,
And is for ever working on the soul
Like Sculptor on his Statue, till the whole
Expression of the upward life be wrought
Into some semblance of the Eternal thought."*

EDWARD T. BENNETT.

The Holmes, Betchworth, near Reigate, 7mo
5, 1872.

* From "A Tale of Eternity," by Gerald Massey.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

LETTER No. 5.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

DEAR SIR,—I shall not this month trespass upon so much of your space, as Mr. Hudson's mediumship is almost at a stand-still; but I hope it will shortly return with added force, as is generally the case with such temporary suspensions; and in the meanwhile even some of those Spiritualists who have the most violently denied the genuineness of his manifestations, will have had their truth proved to them by similar phenomena appearing to other photographers.

I am glad to see in the *Medium* for the 12th of this month, a letter from Mr. Herne (signed also by Mr. Hudson), positively denying that he ever "dressed up" to personate a spirit for any of the negatives, adding that he is willing, if required, to make the same asseveration upon oath. Such a letter ought to have some influence upon those who have only had the opportunity of reading what has been said on the subject in the Spiritualist journals, but cannot be needed by those who have in their own possession the much disputed photograph of Mr.

Herne and his *double*; and I am surprised that the accusers could have made so great a blunder as to have thought it possible that the standing figure could be a man dressed up. Where, under that transparent drapery, *could* he have concealed his left arm and left leg? for they certainly are not there in substantial shape. Now that tallies completely with the appearances in many of the spirit photographs, shewing the wise economy with which the invisibles make use of what in one of my former letters I have termed the Reserve Force. They expend only what is absolutely necessary for the picture, leaving portions of the spirit personages undefined; especially is this frequently the case with the arms and hands, and anyone who has closely studied a variety of the spirit photographs which have resulted from Mr. Hudson's mediumship will notice the peculiarity I have mentioned. Perhaps, too, it may have been a precautionary measure on the part of the spirits, to *prove* to those individuals whose minds are full of suspicion, that they were not mortals thus "dressed up:"—for instance, in the picture of my aunt Helen, the sleeves of her robe may be seen, but they are not rounded out as they would be if there were *human* arms within them.

I have continued my regular weekly visits to his studio, but the spirits have become gradually fainter, as Mr. Hudson's power diminished, and on the two last occasions, there have not been forms, only a something of spiritual meaning one of which I will describe. I had had a test suggested to me by a scientific gentleman in the country, and I accordingly arranged four strips of tape from the top of the screen to the ground, continuing them forward along the carpet; then in the air, at three successive distances from the ground, tapes were placed in front of the space to be occupied by me, so that I stood as it were in a kind of prison, the tapes in front being in an opposite direction to those on the screen, so that the lines cross one another. Crossed lines were also drawn on the glasses, which I took with me ready prepared. The result is to me a striking one:—girded in as I am by earthly trammels, the light from above only rests upon me in greater volume, for a broad white light covers the upper part of the plate, down to my head. As soon as the negative was finished, I took it to Miss Hudson, who varnished it while I stood by her side; and I sent it off by post to the gentleman who suggested it; he has since returned it, so that I shall have the proofs on Thursday next. Of course as a picture it will be very unsightly, with the double array of crossing lines from the scratched glass and the tapes, but I shall like to keep it as a curiosity, among my already large collection of spirit photographs, no two of which are alike.

It is well known that from almost the beginning of this photographic work, Mr. Guppy has been experimenting at his own home, in the hope of obtaining a spirit appearance on a plate. Day after day he tried, with his wife's mediumship, and also with that of Mr. Williams, but all his efforts were unavailing, for the power is undoubtedly beyond our control, and the diversity of gifts are divided *severally* according to a Will Higher than ours; and finally he gave up the attempt, but about a fortnight ago, they resolved to try whether they could be more successful in Mr. Hudson's place, and the experiment was to be tried with extreme care. Mr. Hudson was requested to retire altogether from his studio, leaving it in the possession of the operators, Mr. and Mrs. Guppy, and Mr. T—— a clever photographer, who took his own plates, chemicals, &c. They then made an arrangement so that by means of a string they could uncover the lens of the camera, and cover it again without approaching it, and having focussed the intending sitters, Mr. Guppy and Mr. T——, Mrs. Guppy standing behind them, to pull the string upon the given signal, Mr. T—— prepared the plate, and the details were carried out according to the intended plan, but the negative, when developed, only shewed upon its surface Mr. and Mrs. Guppy and Mr.

T—. A second negative was manipulated, with the same result,—also a third. They then summoned Mr. Hudson to take his place among the sitters, not letting him approach the dark room, where, as before, Mr. T— was the operator, and on that plate appeared (in addition to themselves), a draped head resembling that in the first photograph of Mr. Guppy where the spirit who had just placed the wreath on his head is seen behind him. They then took another, under the same conditions, and on that was a distinct spirit form behind Mr. Guppy:—the face is small, but the features are much more clearly defined than those of Mrs. Guppy in the same picture. Unfortunately both those photographs are more like positives than negatives, so that I suppose they will not be available for printing from. That, however, is but of little consequence, the facts remain, that *without* Mr. Hudson's presence, no spiritual result could be obtained, whereas the truth of his mediumship was triumphantly manifested as soon as he took his place among the sitters. Mrs. Guppy was too much exhausted and fatigued for them to continue the experiments on that occasion, but they repeated them on the day but one following, when, under the same circumstances, there was again a draped figure on two plates, but as I have not seen those, I cannot describe them. These experiments will have weight with those who lay their chief stress on manifestations that come under test conditions,—but the test is in truth no closer than when the plate has been marked, and the process has been carried on by Mr. Hudson under the watchful eye of an investigator, however friendly that investigator may be, and the various testimony to that effect already given by Mr. Coleman, Mr. Slater, myself, and many others, has been fully as complete to any candid mind. But the cry has been — “tricks *can* be done, and so tricks *have* been done.” That such should be the thought of outsiders, I am not surprised, for photographs of these substantial being, overthrow all their pre-conceived ideas (if such they may be called) of spirit as a “vital spark,” which of course can neither see, hear, feel, nor handle, being without any of the needful organs of sensation, yet they imagine that they themselves look for happiness in the hereafter, and how can they enjoy it if they are but as a sort of living nothing, a shadowy myth?

Mr. Hudson, at my suggestion, is going to print a few copies of the wonderful photograph I mentioned last month, of the almost unclothed spirit. He will partially conceal the face of the sitter, that thus no offence can be given. He could scratch out that head entirely, but it would be a pity to disfigure it permanently, lest the gentleman should himself wish for more, or should volunteer his permission for their sale as originally taken. May I ask all purchasers to breathe a loving wish that light may be sought by that darkened soul, and that his countenance may become brightened by the knowledge that the lesson given through his means has led others to look into the depths of their own hearts, seeking there for the germ of “that most excellent gift of charity,” so as to rouse it into action while yet denizens of earth—and if it be possible for him to come on some future occasion in happier guise on a photographic plate, I hope he may be able to give at the same time some sure test by which he may be identified. I venture to say thus much, because I know that among many of your readers, circles are held at times for the express purpose of aiding the unhappy ones in the next life, and here is one who has publicly asked for such help:—if, too, the lesson given by the shame-stricken female may lead one human being to abandon his vicious courses, she may be led from weakness to strength until even she may rejoice.

I had written my letter so far before the publication of the *Spiritualist*, and I am very pleased to find a paragraph to the effect that Mr. John Jones has obtained on a photograph of his own taking, “doubles of some of the sitters, impossible to be accounted for by accidental

shifting of the camera, the attitudes and positions being altogether different.” I must also add my regret that neither in that paper, nor in the *British Journal of Photography* is there any notice of the experiment I have related as having been carried on so successfully in Mr. Hudson's studio.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, W., July 15, 1872.

POETRY.

THE PRAYER-SEEKER.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Along the aisle where prayer was made
A woman, all in black arrayed,
Close veiled, between the kneeling host,
With gliding motion of a ghost,
Passed to the desk and laid thereon
A scroll which bore these words alone—
“Pray for me!”

Back from the place of worshipping
She glided like a guilty thing;
The rustle of her draperies, stirred
By hurrying feet, alone was heard;
While, full of awe, the preacher read,
As out into the dark she sped,
“Pray for me!”

Back to the night from whence she came,
To unimagined grief or shame!
Across the threshold of that door
None knew the burden that she bore;
Alone she left the written scroll,
The legend of a troubled soul—
“Pray for me!”

Glide on, poor ghost of woe or sin!
Thou leav'st a common need within;
Each bears, like thee, some nameless weight,
Some misery inarticulate,
Some secret sin, some shrouded dread,
Some household sorrow all unsaid:
“Pray for us!”

Pass on! The type of all thou art,
Sad witness to the common heart
With face in veil and seal on lip,
In mute and strange companionship,
Like thee we wander to and fro,
Dumbly imploring as we go:
“Pray for us!”

Ah, who shall pray since he who pleads
Our want perchance hath greater needs?
Yet they who make their loss the gain
Of others shall not ask in vain,
And heaven bends low to hear the prayer
Of love from lips of self-despair:
“Pray for us!”

In vain remorse, and fear, and hate,
Beat with bruised hands against a fate
Whose walls of iron only move,
And open to the touch of love;
He only feels his burden fall,
Who, taught by suffering, pities all:
“Pray for us!”

He prayeth best who leaves unguessed
The mystery of another's breast.
Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes o'erflow
Or heads are white, thou need'st not know;
Enough to note by many a sign
That every heart hath needs like thine:
“Pray for us!”

Atlantic Monthly.

MY LORD AND I.

Only my Lord and I, dear friends,
 Only my Lord and I.
 We know how rich the visions are,
 How grand BEFORE they lie;
 We know how sweet the valleys gleam
 Where streams are clear and slow—
 Between the meadows green and cool,
 'My Lord and I'—we know.
 We know how rise the mountains bare
 Like brass against the sky,
 We know the toilsome way and long—
 We know when clouds are nigh.
 We know the dreary path to walk,
 We know the thorns which lie
 Around the feet on every side—
 We know—'My Lord and I.'
 And then we know how angels come
 With voices sweet and low,
 To whisper of the fight of faith—
 Its victory to show—
 How faces gleam upon the sight,
 Seen by the inner eye—
 Faces so full of hope and trust—
 We know—'My Lord and I.'
 We know, too, all the daily task,
 The patience and the sorrow,
 For words oft spoken all in haste—
 The care, too, for the morrow—
 The battle raging long and loud,
 With our most deadly foe—
 The *selfhood*, hidden in the soul,
 'My Lord and I'—we know.
 And it shall be when flesh shall fail,
 When breaks this mould of clay—
 And, free as are the angel hosts,
 I soar in air away—
 When this fight of the earth is o'er,
 And men say that I 'die,'
 O then, in fullness it will be,
 'My Lord, my God, and I.'

HANNAH HUNT.

Guildford, 26th June, 1872.

[Our esteemed correspondent, in a note accompanying the above, says, "I doubt my right to sign my name to these communications, as I am only the frail medium, an exceedingly 'earthen vessel.'" We heartily respect all such delicately honorable doubt, but think our friend may be at peace as to her signature.—Ed. C.S.]

F. J. T.'s NEW BOOKS.

Heaven Opened, or Messages for the Bereaved from Our Little Ones in Glory. Through the Mediumship of F. J. T., London.

Heaven Opened: Containing further Descriptions of, and Advanced Teachings from the Spirit Land. Through the Mediumship of F. J. T., with an Appendix containing the Scripture Proofs of Spiritualism and their correspondence with the present phenomena. Part II., J. Burns, 15, Southampton Row, W.C. E. W. Allen, Ave Maria Lane, E.C.

The above little books are a valuable contribution to the current literature of Modern Spiritualism, and should be widely diffused amongst Christian Spiritualists, their teachings being in fullest accordance with both the letter and spirit of the New Testament. Of the origin of the first portion of her little book entitled "Heaven Opened," and also of the development of her mediumship, F. J. T. thus writes: "Twelve years ago, it was promised to me by the Father over all, and the Giver of all good gifts (through the mediumship of a dear friend), that I should

be one of His mediums for writing. Some years passed by, and in consequence of the overwhelming influence of surrounding circumstances the promise did not seem likely to be fulfilled. The first clearly written message I received, was a fortnight before it was completed. Coming slowly, but in very large round letters day by day (for the few minutes that I could snatch from my daily duties) at last was written. 'Let not your desire for development lead you to neglect your duties.' In the year 1863 I was prostrated by an illness that remained upon me until a year ago, when I am thankful to say, by means of healing mediumship, I was once more restored to comparative health. During these years of illness, and consequent exile from my home-circle (it being necessary for me to live on the south coast of England) this great blessing was granted me. God fulfilled His promise, and sent His ministering Spirits to aid and support me, when I was entirely shut away from all external help. Hundreds of pages of deep wisdom and marvellous beauty were poured through my hands; for in no other way can I better express the manner in which all was given to me; and so rapidly was page after page written, that what was given in ten minutes by the Spirit-writing, would take me an hour or more to copy. These teachings are not for myself alone; and from time to time already much has been given through the pages of *Daybreak* and other Spiritualist papers, for the help of all who can find help therein. During the last two years, one of my brothers has been called to part with two dear little ones from his home-circle. Parents alone can realize the bitterness of this sorrow. In my brother's case the sorrow has been turned to joy, inasmuch as, whilst seeking consolation by prayer, it came in a most unlooked for manner—that of direct communication from the dear little spirits so recently taken from them. These parents can now more fully realize that their circle is *not* broken, but that continual, loving communion is still carried on; and we believe we may give comfort to other parents who are suffering from a like sorrow, by publishing the series of messages we have received from our dear little group in the Spirit Land." As the greater portion of the little book consists of messages purporting to be given by the Spirits of children to their little brothers and sisters on earth, the contents are naturally couched in very simple and childlike language; and the impression left upon the mind of the reader is as though he had been breathing an atmosphere of vernal flowers, or had woken suddenly into the early freshness of a spring morning. These guileless utterances are introduced by a description of the children's Heaven given in the name of a girl-spirit, a cousin of the writer, and who, though she had passed from earth at the age of 16, had been of so peculiarly childlike a nature as to have had opened to her, through sympathy, the 'Children's Sphere.' The book gives an account of a vision of the Saviour vouchsafed to her on just awakening into spiritual consciousness, but which we have not space to quote. For the spiritual messages themselves, given from the Children's Sphere, together with the narrative of the development of this interesting circle of child-mediums, we will refer our readers to the little book itself, certain that its guileless contents, fraught with hope and consolation, cannot fail to touch and comfort many a bereaved and aching parental heart. At the same time, however, that we recommend this little book cordially to the notice of our readers, we would suggest to their consideration whether there may not be dangers both physical and mental to be dreaded in a too early or too persistent development and cultivation of the mediumistic faculties and nature—whether to force the growth of the nascent spirit-life, may not in fact be more injurious in its consequences to the human being than even the forcing of the mental growth, or than the overtaxing of the physical strength. The First Part of F. J. T.'s little publication treats, as we have shown, of the Infantile phase of Spirit existence. The Second Part treats of the experiences of the aged. The little book brings before us the consola-

tions afforded to the writer and her family through spiritual manifestations and communion during the very long and painful illness of her father, and shows also how, after death, the spirit of this beloved and revered parent, emancipated from earthly suffering, returned to his beloved ones on earth to console and lead them onwards towards a joyful re-union in the Divine Father's House of many Mansions. Much valuable spiritual philosophy is contained in the messages delivered by this spirit, couched in clear and simple words. As a specimen of the contents we will give the following exhortation with its teachings concerning the threefold life of humanity:—"My children, shrink not from even the saddest training in earth-life, that shall so chasten the spirit as to lead it up to communion with the high sphere of spirit-life. For it is not at all impossible for man, even on earth, so to lead a life of holiness, love, and true trust in His Father God, that his spirit may become most intimate in communion; and, as it were, may breathe with his inner breath the life of the higher spheres. Your earthly imagination cannot fully conceive the truth of what I now will tell you. There are three breaths of life in the threefold man. The first is purely bodily, from the immediate atmosphere; the second or soul-breath, is the breath of learning (or intellect) but is distinct and yet in one; the soul-life is not developed in its separateness, except where the intellect is widely expanded. It belongs to deep knowledge-science, as distinguished from the deeper philosophies which appertain to the spirit-life. Thus a scientific man is often utterly blind to the things of spirit-life. His soul-life is developed largely, whilst his spirit-life is contracted, *closed up* in his intense materialism; whilst in a little child, the spirit-life may be open; and out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, words of spirit-wisdom may flow. Death cannot actually occur until the soul-life in the body is removed. This is what draws the body and spirit together as the connecting link; from it issues the silver cord visible to the seer, and which is only snapped asunder when the soul and Spirit are finally freed from the earthly body." "A hope I have," writes F. J. T., in conclusion "that all who read these teachings may be able to see how the knowledge of Spiritualism ennoble life in all its varied phases: how it brings home to our hearts, as nothing else can, the fact that our lives are most closely bound up, and intertwined with the Spirit life around us, *both good and evil*. Hence the necessity for the constant prayer 'Cleanse thou me from *secret* faults;' for as Spiritualists we know that the indulgence in, or non-suppression of any faults, draws to our sphere (as like seeks like) the lower spirits: whereas, by seeking to bring our whole Spirit-life into communion with the higher spheres we may become so in harmony with them as to live with them, and thus, whilst in the world, to be 'not of it.' It is true this is taught *theoretically* from all our pulpits; but that which is but dreamy theory to the non-Spiritualist, becomes actual substantial *fact* to the Spiritualist. Much that has always been mystical and incomprehensible in the Scriptures and all histories, is brought to clear light by the knowledge of Spiritualism, and a closer study of the Scripture testimony." We must not omit to draw the reader's attention specially to the Appendix of the Second Part of "Heaven Opened," containing a collected number of Scriptural Illustrations of Spiritualism, and which originally appeared in the *Christian Spiritualist* for February, 1872, page 20.

OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

No. 20.

"Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven." 6 Matthew, 10 v.

1. The phraseology is Jewish. The disciples, the rulers of the people, and the masses had each their own ideas of the Kingdom. So also had Christ His idea.

2. The Kingdom of God is the rule of One who is the only True God, and Who is a Father. It is the Kingdom or reign of good generally, health, knowledge, sobriety, truth, justice, purity, benevolence, peace, and freedom.

3. It must come to each one personally, gradually, and co-operatively. It is always coming, but the forms of its coming must be manifold. When we pray that it may come our prayer implies desire, humility, effort, and trust. It will not come by mere desire, mere knowledge, or mere grumbling, and God Himself cannot *make* it come. But its coming may be hindered or helped: "Thy will be done."

4. God has a will, which is the expression of Himself, which is supreme, and unchangeable, which ought to be done, which is actually done in some spheres, which, however, is not "done in earth as it is in Heaven" through ignorance and wilfulness. God has a will about man, which has been revealed, can be understood, can be done, and done here, done personally, willingly, constantly, perfectly.

5. A hard prayer to pray because of pain, weak faith, ignorance, inward strife. And yet we are always doing somebody's will!

6. The fulfilment of the prayer would be the realization of perfect happiness, and the absolute vindication of the truth of the Gospel.

F. R. YOUNG.

(Preached at Swindon).

THE GLEANER.

Is it really true that Her Majesty is a Spiritualist, and the Princess Louise a writing Medium?

The *Medium*, for June 28, has a passage-at-arms between Mr. Robert Dale Owen and Mr. Burns.

Miss Godfrey, 161, Hampstead Road, London, advertises herself as a "curative mesmerist and rubber."

Dr. Newton closed his office in Boston on June 20, and commenced healing at the Kennard House, Cleveland, Ohio, on June 30.

Articles by Mr. Beattie, of Clifton, on Spirit Photography, have been published in recent numbers of the *British Journal of Photography* and *Photographic News*.

The Spiritualists and the Plymouth Brethren of Bromsgrove are having a small discussion. The Spiritualists challenge their opponents to a public discussion.

The *Spiritualist* for July 15 has another severe article on "Sham Spirit Photographs," also an article, by Mr. Beattie, on "Experiments in Spirit Photography in Bristol."

There is a letter in the *Medium*, for July 19, entitled, "The good faith as mediums of Messrs. Herne and Williams." Unfortunately, the letter is signed anonymously.

Mr. J. H. Killick, 56, George Street, Woodlands, East Greenwich, asks for "co-adjutors in the work of progress." Why not use some more definite term than that of "progress?"

The *Medium*, for July 12, has, for a heading, these words: "This Number of the *Medium* is compiled and published for the special benefit of investigators." We have been sadly disappointed by it.

Mr. Burns has just published a description of the planet Neptune, Price twopence, being "a message from the Spirit World, through the hand of J. Leaning," a medium it is said, "entirely devoid of literary ability."

Mr. Burns is publishing in the *Medium* the work of M. Dupuis, on the "Connection of Christianity with Solar worship." As an answer we recommend Thomas Cooper's *Bridge of History*, and Channing's *Evidences of Christianity*.

Mr. J. H. Powell, an advertisement of whose forthcoming book appears in our present number, is evidently very seriously ill, and, worse still, in the depths of poverty.

Mr. Tebb seconds an appeal for help coming from the poor wife, and which we gladly support.

The London Correspondent of the *North Wilts Herald*, for July 13, says, "Serjeant Cox has received a letter from Mr. Darwin commending the Serjeant's recent brochure on Spiritualism;" alluding, we presume, to the learned Judge's "Psychic Force" volume.

Mr. John Jones, of Enmore Park, Norwood Junction, London, is getting Spirit Photographs in his own house, with no stranger present. One of the pictures contains "doubles" of some of the sitters, impossible to be accounted for by accidental shifting of the camera, the attitudes and positions being altogether different. Mr. Jones states that the glassplate employed had never been used before.

The *Spiritual Magazine* for July opens with an extremely able article on the "Origin of the Belief in a Future Life," by E. W. Claypole, B.A.; and a little farther on there is another article, equally worth reading, on "Does the World accredit its own expressed Faith in the Spiritual." The *Spiritual Magazine* evidently sides with Mr. Hudson in the matter of Spirit Photographs. By the way, this same number has a letter from Mr. Beattie, of Clifton, whose experience, good sense, and integrity, make any word of his worth hearing.

WITHOUT RELIGION.—Would you know what liberty, equality, and fraternity without God amount to, look at Paris.

DOROTHEA TRUDEL.—The Rev. Samuel Minton, of London, in the *Spectator* for July 13, says: "There is a pamphlet, published by Morgan and Chase, called 'Dorothea Trudel,' which will afford ample material for the inductive philosopher to work upon. The outline of the story is this:—Some few years ago, there were rumours that a poor woman in Switzerland was healing the sick in a most wonderful manner, without the employment of any outward means. Persons from all parts of the Continent went to investigate the matter, and found it to be unquestionably true. At last the woman was prosecuted for keeping an unlicensed hospital. The case was tried in three successive Courts. A large number of persons, including bishops, university professors, and eminent physicians, testified that they had known persons suffering from almost every variety of disease, who had gone to her establishment, and returned home perfectly cured. Physicians declared this to have been the case with patients of their own, whom, they were satisfied, no earthly power could have saved. It was proved that no means whatever were employed to produce this result, except praying over them, and, in some cases, 'anointing them with oil in the name of the Lord.' The Supreme Court acquitted her, on the ground that no medicinal remedies being employed, her house was not a hospital in the legal sense of the term."

THE BIBLE.—I, for one, love the Bible supremely. In all the world I have found no book to set beside it. Other books I love well. Milton, Taylor, Carlyle, Tennyson, Emerson, Spencer, and many a noble name beside in this great brotherhood, is so dear to me, that there are few sacrifices I could not gladly make rather than lose their companionship. But when I am in any great strait—when I want to find words other than my own to rebuke some crying sin, to stay some desperate sinner, to whisper to the soul at the parting of the worlds, to read, as I sit with them that weep beside their dust, words that I know will go to the right place as surely as corn dropped into good soil on a gleaming May-day—then I put aside all books but one—the book out of which my mother read to me, and over which she sang to me as far back as I can remember. And it is like those springs that never give out in the driest, and never freeze in the hardest weather, because they reach so directly into the great warm fountains hidden under the surface.—*Robert Collyer.*

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 prepayment 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.

TO INQUIRERS.

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

Howitt's "History of the Supernatural."

De Morgan's "From Matter to Spirit."

Sergeant's "Planchette."

Brevior's "Two Worlds."

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

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

Massey's "Concerning Spiritualism."

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

Phelps's "Gates Ajar."

Gillingham's "Seat of the Soul."

Gillingham's "Eight Days with the Spiritualists."

Carpenter's "Tracts on Spiritualism."

Fudge Edmonds' "Spiritual Tracts."

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

**Ballou's "Modern Spiritual Manifestations."*

**"Confessions of a Truth Seeker."*

Wilkinson's "Spirit Drawings."

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

Dialectical Society's "Report on Spiritualism."

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

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

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The Author feels that he has little chance even for an hour or two's cessation from pain this side the grave. Thus at the age of 42 he is by the hand of affliction rendered almost helpless.

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(Signed) T. ROBINSON, L.R.C.P., Lond.
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May 7th, 1872.

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Opinions of the Press:—

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

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

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

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

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

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