

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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ON SPIRITUAL MARRIAGE.

IN my last paper I called attention to the fact that assent to the same form of words did not needfully imply that those who assented saw the same meaning in the words to which they gave their assent. In that paper I gave some reason indeed for thinking that not only did different people at times unconsciously see different meanings in the same words, but that they must always and invariably do so,—that in fact one primary spiritual cause which parts me from you is that I *must* see a different meaning in every single word and every form of words from that which you see.

I may illustrate this statement by referring to a collision between two carriages in a street. When such a collision occurs the event needfully appears somewhat different to every spectator, for ;

1st. No two spectators can see the collision from exactly the same position of the eye, and this difference of position will needfully vary the appearance of the event in many of its details. Just then, as one spectator may be in a house, another on the pavement, a third crossing the street when the collision occurs, and as they will thus each needfully draw different conclusions about the whole accident and the amount and distribution of the blame, so must each of us be always variously situated spiritually—through our different educations, our different trainings, our different spiritual surroundings toward any event we would chronicle in the world of spirit, and thus come to different conclusions about it.

2. I may illustrate the statement by referring to our different bodily organisms—the quickness or dulness of our organs of vision or hearing ; the

healthy or unhealthy action of our organs of digestion ; the period of the day with reference to any of our meals at which a collision occurs, and the thousand ever varying conditions of our bodies ; each one of which will cause some slighter or more important variation in our understanding of the nature of the collision. If from such observations as these I pass (as I have passed above) to spiritual things, and assert that we each must needfully differ in our understanding of them from exactly similar causes to the above—from difference of situation with reference to the Divine acts (or other events on which we pass judgment) and from differences in our own innate and acquired nature, which will needfully modify the judgment formed—if I thus draw a close and intimate parallel between things spiritual and things earthly, I shall not surprise a spiritualist. In drawing such a parallel I ought not indeed to surprise any who with St. Paul have faith in a spiritual body. If we believe that men will for ever possess bodies of some kind, we must also surely believe that their judgments of things will always needfully differ as the mere result of differences of situation and bodily differences.

And now fresh from such considerations as these let us pass to the thought of marriage, that bond between women and men which is at once the most diverse and most intimate of all our social bonds. Women and men, spiritually considered, have each, without doubt, heart and intellect. Nor, if we seek the spiritual distinctions between them, shall we find it (I think) to consist in the larger or less proportion which the heart bears to the intellect in each. It rather consists in the heart being *foremost* in women, and intellect *foremost* in men ; by which I mean that the heart of the woman is in direct

commune with the heart of God, while in the man the intellect is the receptacle of the fire of life. If this statement be true we may, for the purposes of this paper, consider that the whole love of the race comes through the woman and is her gift to man; while the whole wisdom of the race is received in like manner through the man, and shines alone with a reflected light from the woman.

If, then, with the thought of marriage in our minds, we behold in woman a creature in whom the love element is foremost, and in man one in whom Life is received through intellect, we shall arrive at some conclusions upon the needful mental differences existing between individual men which will sanctify their very necessity. For when we perceive the title, in virtue of which each man claims his own individual bride to be that each one has his own individual and appropriate view of spiritual things, our differences of perception shine upon us in a new light, and with a strange sanctity. When we perceive that the one especial view each man holds of The Truth is the view which is needed to clothe in conscious human life the love-life in her whom the man is formed to love—to clothe that life (that vague hunger for a human existence) with an external expression *his* intellectual perceptions alone can give,—when we perceive these things, we learn to rejoice in that difference between man and man which before seemed a strange and terrible parting. Who would be like his neighbor—who would be able to view the Eternal Truth from the same aspect with him—to apprehend The Word in the same sense with his neighbor, when in such agreement would lie the loss of that especial and peculiar power which makes one man from among other men all in all to her, who from among women, is all in all to him? Think of the bright eye growing dim, the warm touch becoming cold, the love-life dying away from the matchless form, because the peculiar aspect of God in which the individual woman found her consciousness of life was becoming dulled over, and blotted out through a growing spiritual approximation between the one she loved and some other man—an approximation seeming to threaten an actual bodily destruction of him who clothed her life in the forms of mortal being.

To grasp this view we have to behold in creation a balance of parts, regulating it externally with the same care and matchless skill as that which regulates and orders our own bodily organism. We must thus behold in women and men, when they have reached the Divine estate of spiritual bride and bridegroom, rather one spiritual being than two. To the dissector my heart and my lungs may shew little difference from yours, and yet we may be sure the pulsation of the one and the aerating powers of

the other are so aptly balanced that to conceive your heart replacing mine in my body, were to conceive simply of the introduction of an agonising and (ultimately) a death-dealing discrepancy between heart and lungs; and like heart and lungs in the human body so are bride and bridegroom—we must believe—in the one angel. So far then as the *hypotheses* in this paper are true, we see that, from the spiritual side, the title of each of us to receive now, or in the grand future, our own appropriate life of love while we give back the clothing of intellect—to receive this life with daily new delight, and clothe it with daily new perceptions, is a title based on the fact that each one of us will for ever behold the Divine Truth from our own aspect only—or on the fact that each of us will never be able to say more of any statement than that it contains a truth for us—or contains our own truth.

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GATES OF PEARL.

(Continued from page 119.)

How many times the Chieftain turned to look upon the beauties of the Plain, before he reached the tree, beneath the shade of which his guests had dined; and then in terror called to mind the words of those whose footsteps hastened on their missioned way. And yet he hoped, and said, "Surely the Spirits will not do wrong." And thus he reasoned, until the music of a well-known voice, enquiring, said, "Didst thou hear me laugh?" And the anxious gaze of her who was still fair and beautiful, rested upon his thoughtful brow. "Will not my lord speak to me?" she said; for his mind seemed absent in the sunny plain below. "Surely thou didst not hear me laugh," again she said; "and if now talking with our Angel friend, wilt thou not say that I believe his words, and pray him to forgive me thoughts that were but doubts and questions of myself?" At length the Chieftain said, "Nay, I heard thee not fair wife; neither grieve thou at what the Angel said, he is not angry with thee; Angels are never angry, only men." "Well, I will believe," she said; "but thou art troubled; the fashion of thy face is changed since thou hast been away; wilt thou not tell me all that is in thine heart that I may share it with thee? what more did the Strangers say?" And the Chieftain said, "Let us return and sit beneath the tree where the Strangers sat, and I will tell thee all they said; yet thou mayst well be faithless now; for their words are terrible to believe. From yonder hill as thou knowest, we see the Cities of the Plain, where dwelleth our nephew, with his wife and children, and his

flocks and herds, and all the living souls that he has got. Now it came to pass when we had reached the summit of the hill, that the Strangers looked towards the Plain, and said, 'Seest thou yonder beautiful Plain and the Cities thereof?' And I answered, 'Yea my Lords; are they not beautiful to behold?' And they said, 'Ere to-morrow at this time, the whole may be but as a desert; even as a smoking furnace filled with fire.' And I said, 'Alas my Lords that this should be; for my Nephew dwelleth there.' And I entreated him to spare the Cities; and he said, 'If I find only a few that will listen to my voice, then will I spare them?' "Then why is my lord so troubled," said the fair woman, "surely thou believest the Angel's voice? If he promised thee, will he not perform; else how canst thou ask me to believe that he is truth itself?" And the Chieftain said, "Nay, I do not doubt his word; rather 'tis his word that troubles me. Is it not terrible to think that the Cities may be destroyed?" "Terrible indeed!" his partner said, "yet surely some of the citizens are good; and for their sakes all will be spared; or shall we rather think that they are come to warn our kinsman, and those who dwell upon the Plain, of some great danger close at hand, that they may flee to the mountain and escape; else how shall I believe the Spirits to be good, and kind, and true, and merciful to all, as thou hast said; or shall we go and warn, and aid our nephew to escape? My lord would send for the stray goat or sheep, were danger in the way, and rejoice that it was saved; and shall we be kinder than the Angels who talk with thee? Surely this can never be; but while we tarry, peradventure we may save! Let my lord hasten to speak; wilt thou trust to the loving kindness of thine Angel friend, or shall we go?" "How shall we doubt His excellence," the Chieftain said, "who has ever been so kind and true to us; yet I cannot gainsay all that thou hast said? Let us however await the rising of to-morrow's sun, for the day is now far spent; and pray that enough good men within the Cities may be found to spare them this sad fate. If not, surely the lives of those who will not listen to the warning voice, cannot be laid to the charge of those who talk with me. How often have I been warned of dangers close at hand; yet only by believing have been saved; even so may they?" "'Tis true, my lord; yet will they believe, even though an Angel speaks, who laugh to scorn all that thou hast said to them of 'Spirits' warning thee, and teaching us to be wise and good? Will he not be as one that mocketh in their eyes, and thus they will refuse to flee? Even I believed not what the Angel said; although thou didst not hear me laugh, neither did I laugh as man could hear, and thus it was that I said, 'I laughed not;' but when

the Stranger said, 'Nay but thou didst laugh; then it was that I believed; because I knew that he must be more than man, even an Angel, to tell me this, and see thus deeply into woman's heart. But as thou hast said, we will await the morning light.'" In the evening of that day, two Strangers were seen crossing the Plain to one of its chief Cities; at the gate of which was seated (as in the evenings he was wont to be) the Nephew of the Chieftain, talking with his neighbors, even with the men of the City; and as the travellers approached, he rose up to meet them, and bowed himself with his face toward the ground. And he said unto them, "Behold now, my Lords, turn in I pray you into your servant's house, and tarry all night, and wash your feet, and ye shall rise up early and go on your way." And they said, "Nay, but we will abide in the street all night." But he pressed them greatly, and they turned into his house, and he made them a feast, and did bake unleavened bread, and they did eat. But before they lay down to rest, the men of the City encompassed the house, demanding to know who these strangers were, threatening the Chieftain's nephew with violence unless he complied with their wishes, and brought forth his guests; reminding him that he was but a stranger himself among them, and must not presume too much, or think to be their judge, or they would deal worse with him than with the strangers in his house. And they pressed sore upon the man, even upon the Chieftain's Nephew, and came near to break the door of his house; for he had come outside, and shut the door after him; but the Strangers put forth their hands and drew him into the house, and smote with blindness those who pressed upon the man, so that they wearied themselves to find the door.

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Birmingham.

(To be concluded in our next).

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN UNBELIEVER.

THERE should be the very chivalry of willingness to afford our critics and opponents an opportunity of "saying their say." We, therefore, print the following "leader," entitled

SPIRITUALISTS AT DARLINGTON.

To-day, all the "Saints" of Darlington and neighborhood meet at what they call a "National Jubilee Conference of Progressive Spiritualists" in the Central Hall Lecture-room. The programme of business lies before us, and we must confess that to Spiritualists it will seem a promising one. Mr. James Burns, who seems to be the Moses of the new faith, is to descend from the prophetic heights of London, and address the sainted audience concerning the "Spiritual Movement in the United Kingdom during the last seven years." Then the Conference, after being congratulated according to programme, will proceed to business. They will consider their present standing, make suggestions for future

improvements and pecuniary assistance; pass "official moral approval" of the conduct of public mediums; and notice and approve of free *séances*, family circles, Sunday and week-day conferences, Lyceums, pic-nics, &c. This will exhaust the time at the disposal of the Conference during the mornings of to-day and to-morrow. This evening will be devoted to "a protracted Spiritual meeting, with addresses from our invisible friends through trance and other mediums;" but, unfortunately, none but members are to be admitted. To-morrow night, however, the doors will be thrown open to the public, who are to be allowed to hear Mr. Burns' lecture "About Spiritualism." Such is an outline of what the promoters hope will be "A grand Spiritual Jubilee," tending to the "economical and efficient extension of the great and glorious freedom of the spirit of truth." We have no intention of thus noticing the Conference merely to turn it to ridicule. For years the British public has literally pumped scorn upon Spiritualists and their dancing tables, with next to no result. Men who believe that the spirits of the departed enter into pieces of mahogany, and who tell you that Shakespeare's ghost has possessed their three-legged table, or that Hannibal's spirit has made their dinner table dance responsive to the questions of a medium, are impervious to ridicule. Besides, there is always a danger that while laughing at the ridiculous explanation of any phenomenon which is given by those who witness it, we may illogically deny its existence. In all ages, and in all lands, the common people have appended as ludicrous explanations to the phenomena of nature as we now have advanced to account for rapping tables and dancing hats. The Red Indian sees in the shooting streamers of the Aurora Borealis the amusement of spirit bands who roam through space. At the present day millions of the human race regard an eclipse as caused by a demon who swallows the sun, and whose malevolence they seek to counteract by shouts, sacrifices, and sacred music. Lightning, in the belief of the Calmucks, is fire spit out from the mouth of a dragon, which is ridden and scourged by the evil demons, and the thunder is said to be the sound of his roaring under their chastisement. But although Indian, Hindoo, and Calmuck have invented such untenable hypotheses to account for the phenomena of nature, these phenomena remain as real as ever. We do not consign the Northern Lights, eclipses, and lightning to the region of the incredible, because we have discovered that the causes said to produce them were mere myths; they continue to exist, and we accept them as incontrovertible realities. We are aware that many will smile incredulously when we place the phenomena of table rapping beside these sublime manifestations of nature, but we believe that they are as certainly facts as that the northern streamers irradiate the winter sky, or that the lightning bursts in brilliant flashes from the lowering thunder-cloud; and no fact is without its significance. We emphatically repudiate the miserable jargon of the spirit-mongering tribe; we relegate their grotesque and inconceivable explanations to the same limbo where repose in semi-oblivion the broomstick of the witch, the dragon of the Calmuck, or the sun-devouring demon of the East. But the fact remains; tables do jump about in an extraordinary manner, when the hands of a number of individuals are allowed to rest upon them for a length of time; and that without any consciousness of any muscular action on the part of those who surround it. The theory that explains it on the ground of deliberate deception will not hold water for a moment. The experiment can be tried by any half dozen persons, all of whom are confirmed unbelievers, who are determined to detect a fraud, and these half dozen sceptics themselves will find, after they have allowed their hands to rest upon a small table, that after half an hour, as a rule, it will begin to rise and fall in a manner entirely inexplicable on the ground of muscular action. There is no need of any professional medium. We have scarcely

ever known half a dozen individuals who were not able, with patience, to secure these "manifestations." Let any who doubt form a circle among their own friends, and try it. Mr. Serjeant Cox, in a very curious little book, entitled "Spiritualism answered by Science," narrates the results of his investigations in conjunction with a sub-committee of the Dialectical Society. They held forty meetings, they engaged no professional "medium;" they always experimented upon their own dining-room tables, and their experiments were conducted in the full glare of gas. Nearly all of them were decidedly sceptical as to the possibility of any movement without muscular action. The committee was composed of lawyers, doctors, artists, authors, business men, and scientists, who were nearly all bent upon demonstrating the falsity of the alleged facts. The result of their investigations was that they were satisfied that the tables (heavy dining-tables, from 5 feet 9 inches by 4 feet, to 9 feet 3 inches by 4½ feet) did unmistakably move under circumstances that could be explained by no law at present known. One experiment will give sufficient idea as to the thoroughness of their tests. The experimenters turned the backs of their chairs to a heavy table, with six legs, standing upon a Turkey carpet. The gas was turned full on. The backs of the chairs were six inches from the table. They then knelt on the chairs, placed their arms on the chair backs, and extended their hands over the table without touching it. The table was thus clear from contact with any part of any person present; and when they were thus kneeling, "it moved eight inches over the carpet, and tilted several times!" All the committee, educated and keenly observant men, swear that it did so move. We have only two alternatives to choose—either the table did so move, or else the whole of the eleven members present were simultaneously deceived. To accept the latter, would be to sacrifice the force of all testimony before an *a priori* conviction. We are unable to refuse our assent to the former, and consequently must believe with Mr. Serjeant Cox, and his ten *confreeres*, that the table did move. How it moved, or what gave it its power of motion, remains for science to investigate; that it did move is established on evidence as clear as that on which we accept any scientific fact. Mr. Serjeant Cox explains this strange and apparently unaccountable motion of the tables by an ingenious theory, which he labels "psychic force." According to him, there is a something as imperceptible by the senses as the magnetism of the loadstone, which, under certain circumstances, proceeds from human beings, which is capable of accumulation in a table or elsewhere at the will of those from whom it proceeds. This mysterious effluence he calls "psychic force," or "soul power," to distinguish it from muscular force. According to him, the table becomes charged with this "psychic force" as a Leyden jar is filled with electricity; it becomes buoyant, and will rise from the ground at the will of the operators. We have no space to develop his theory; we refer those curious in such points to the book itself, a new edition of which has lately appeared. But whether we accept his theory or not, we are compelled to award to him, rather than to the members of the Conference, the palm of studying the subject in a rational manner. The true method to deal with facts which cannot be explained by any ascertained cause is not to fly off to supernaturalism, but by close inquiry, patient investigation, to force Nature to unbosom her secrets. Such is the method by which science has won all her triumphs. By abandoning it, mankind give themselves over to quackery and delusion. Our Spiritualistic brethren have got hold of a fact, a fact which we accept as indubitable; and they explain it by bringing in a theory of spirits so grotesque and so revolting as to make every rational being long for annihilation were their hypothesis to be correct. They have done to the dancing tables what the astrologers did to the stars. They might have founded a science; they have merely begotten another superstition. To fly

to supernatural explanations of unusual phenomena is the characteristic of the savage; and as long as it exists it blindfolds the eyes of science. The whole mysterious problem, opened up by the movements of tables, will have to be wrested from their hands before we can venture to hope for a solution of what is, after all, a very curious and amusing fact. Those who present for our acceptance a theory which declares that the spirits of Plato, of Confucius, and of Paul are the familiar tenants of their drawing-room furniture, presume too much upon the credulity of mankind. If

"The departed spirits of the mighty dead,"

preserved a trace of their former fires, we might at least listen with an incredulous smile to the revelations of the mystics of the tea table. But when we find that the utterances which are said to proceed from the clearest intellects and most brilliant minds that have ever irradiated this world with their presence, are characterised by nothing but tedious common-place, or turgid nonsense, couched in bad grammar and worse spelling, we confess we wonder at the simplicity of our good friends, the self-styled "Saints" of the Nineteenth Century, who gather to-day in the Lecture-room of the Central Hall, Darlington.—*Northern Echo*, July 31, 1872.

SOCIAL QUESTIONS AND THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

On June 6, 1867, a lecture on the above subject was delivered in the Schoolroom of the Free Christian Church, New Swindon, by the Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*, who, as some of our readers are aware, has been the Minister of that Church since its opening in 1861. The immediate local occasion of the delivery of the lecture is explained in the opening sentences; but the principles laid down in succeeding sentences are believed to apply to all places and all times, and upon that ground it has been thought desirable to re-produce what was then said. The following is an all but *verbatim et literatim* report:—

It is now nearly six years ago, since you and I first began to assemble together in yonder Church, as minister and people. To many of us those years have been strangely eventful ones; how eventful, no less a time than Eternity itself will fully disclose. We met as perfect strangers; but were gradually brought together by common sympathies, common wants, and common hopes. We have never pretended that we were able to see "eye to eye" on this or that matter; or to work together without those differences of opinions, which, however slight, must always exist between men who are left free to speak, and equally free to act. But amid many infirmities and failings on both sides, and with trials and difficulties not a few, we have endeavored hitherto "to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," and have succeeded in a very considerable measure in doing so. Now, however, and very recently, circumstances have arisen which have compelled me to feel that the time has come when I should speak to you, in all fidelity, but with all possible kindness, what I do really think and feel in reference to the subjects which are appropriate for treatment in our Sunday services. It has come to my knowledge, and the knowledge has brought pain with it, that some of you consider certain subjects I have treated, and certain phrases I have used, to be unsuited to the peculiar sanctity of a Sunday gathering for worship; and that I am in reality injuring the very cause we all of us have at heart, by my persistence in such a course. Now the only peace that is at all worth having is one that is grounded

upon a clear understanding, and that is real and truthful in its nature. If difficulties arise, it is worse than useless, it is wrong to evade them. They must be met, with a constant remembrance indeed of our liability to error; but with an assured conviction that no tampering with our consciences can, in the long run, yield good either to minister or people. If we are to work together in the future as we have done in the past, now is the time that we should come to a perfectly clear and unmistakable understanding of what we *both* think and mean; and it has been for the purpose of bringing about such a result that I have asked you to meet me in this place to-night. You may not, probably some of you will not, agree with what I shall say. I can only promise that I will say nothing that is not pertinent to the subject in hand, and that I will studiously endeavor to cause no needless irritation, while I shall, of course, feel myself perfectly free to speak my own word, in my own way. Listen to me, therefore, with patience and candour, while I try to show you how this matter shapes itself to my mind, and what the resolution is to which I have been compelled to come.

I will, first of all, state the *nature of the objections which have been made to certain portions of my teachings*. As far as I understand them they are something like these: that it is my frequent habit in my sermons to use political terms such as "aristocracy," "democracy," "universal suffrage," "Reform bills," "Parliament," "ballot boxes," "franchise," &c; that in my use of these terms, and such as these, many of my opponents see, or fancy they see, allusions to *party* politics and *party* differences; that many of my figures of speech are altogether too familiar, and refer far too much to the common details of every day life, and even to domestic affairs; that I often allude to the passions and appetites, and their abuses, in such a way as to suggest unclean images to the minds of my hearers; and, generally speaking, that many of my phrases, and much of my teaching, are calculated to create an unnecessary degree of opposition to me, and often make it extremely difficult for my friends to defend me before those who are opposed to me.

I hear that the *grounds of the objections taken to these things* are that the discourses of the Sunday should be devoted exclusively to religious subjects; that by the course I have hitherto taken I am injuring myself, and placing my friends in a painful position; and that in the present fierce and excited state of party feeling in New Swindon, any allusions by me to political subjects can do no possible good, but must do a great amount of harm; that people when they come to church on a Sunday, come there not to hear about matters in the midst of which they have been immersed during the whole of the week, but about God, and Christ, and duty, and salvation, and eternity; and that if I confined my preaching to instruction and exhortation on such topics, I should have many more friends and far fewer enemies than I now have.

I believe this to be a fair statement of the case, as you who make these objections see that case to be. One thing which has helped you to think of my mode of preaching as a very strange one, and not in proper conformity with ordinary pulpit rules, is its strangeness to you as individuals. Some of you before you attended the Free Christian Church were outside of all religious societies, and never troubled yourselves to attend their services; and others of you were gathered in from orthodox places of worship. But when you began to attend mine, you brought with you certain ideas of what ought to constitute a sermon. You thought, and rightly too, that it should be full of references to God, and Christ, and plentifully sprinkled with quotations from the Scriptures; but when in the treatment of those exalted subjects you found that I spoke of the humblest things, and tried to give *them* also a religious sanction, you were surprised, and wondered whether anyone else could preach as I did. Now I might remind you that within the last 50 years a certain amount of change has gradually come over the methods of teach-

ing, in some of the pulpits of this land. At the present day it is not at all an uncommon thing for certain ministers, and these holding the most orthodox opinions, to preach sermons on War, Temperance, Slavery, Bribery, Home Life, and even the Early Closing of shops; while it is only within the last month that one of the most deservedly popular of the Independent ministers of London* delivered a discourse to his own congregation, on a Sunday morning on—what do you think? “The character of Socrates,” the Grecian philosopher! As to the sermons of ministers in the Unitarian body, it has always been a rule with them to speak to their people on any subject, however secular, which they considered to be of any vital importance to the welfare of society, because they have believed, just as I do, that it is in connection with these secular things that men’s characters are formed and tested. In preaching as I have done, I have, therefore, only followed the example of many wiser and better men, an example which I think it an honor, and not a mistake to follow.

Now let me also say, once for all, that in dealing with these objections, I might, but will not, take my stand upon my legal right to preach *what* I please, and *as* I please. “All things are lawful, but all things are not therefore expedient.” “For, brethren, we have been called unto liberty,” but we are warned not to “use liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love to serve one another.” Service, and not mere liberty, is the law of Christian work. I also grant that I ought to consider, with all decent respect, all representations which my habitual hearers and friends may make to me of their own opinions, even when I may not be able to agree with them. It is also quite true, so true indeed that no poor words of mine can ever express my sense of the truth, that religious subjects should form the staple of all Sabbath teachings, and that I ought not, either for your sakes or for my own, wilfully to say or do anything which might injure our common cause, could I in honesty avoid doing it; and, considering our relations of minister and people, that I should not lose sight of the fact that you are all in some degree made responsible for my words and acts, even when you may not always be able to agree with them. But here let me add that I have never for one single instant supposed, or by any word or act of mine implied, that you, my hearers, were bound, in any case, to agree with me, or to defend me, when you considered I ought not to be defended. At the same time, it is equally true that I have only one rule to follow. I am bound to be faithful to my conscience. That conscience may not always be the most thoroughly enlightened; but, as long as it speaks, it is my duty to listen, and be obedient, always seeking for more and more of the light of truth. And great as your interest in this whole matter may be, and deeply as you may feel interested, you must know quite well that my interest is at least equal to your own, and that anything you may suffer cannot in the long run be so much as what I myself would be called upon to suffer. Here at least we stand upon common ground, with this difference only that I have more at stake than you can possibly have. And this brings me to a consideration of the main question to which this lecture will be devoted: “Are there certain social and political topics and phrases, all references to which should be studiously avoided in all pulpit discourses?”

What, then, to begin with, is religion, and what is Christianity? Are religion and Christianity a certain number of principles, logically drawn out; a certain number of commands, formally stated; and a certain number of facts placed in their due order? That both Religion and Christianity have to do with principles, and commands, and facts is quite true; but the principles may be believed by the head, without their force being felt by the heart; the commands may be obeyed outwardly, while no love inspires the obedience; and the facts may be seen to be facts, without their having any

other place within us than as just so many items in the memory. Let us say that Christianity, which is, after all, but religion in the highest form known to man, is, in its essence, piety, or a right state of heart towards God, and morality, or right conduct towards our fellow men. It is, in fact, “being good and doing good.” But, if it be these things, the belief of it, the teaching of it, the listening to its teachings, and the profession of it are not of the slightest avail, except as it is applied to our duties, temptations, dangers, joys, sorrows, indeed to everything which has to do with man within and man without, with man as a physical, mental, moral, and spiritual being. It is quite true that Sunday services should be strictly religious ones; but they cannot be religious, in the full sense of that term, unless they do really deal with the facts of life, as they lie around us and within us. We need to have our minds trained, to apprehend the truth; our consciences enlightened, that they may pronounce just judgments; our affections inspired by the Spirit of God, that they may go out towards, and fix themselves upon all things true, good, beautiful, real, and eternal. We need to be told of dangers, that we may avoid them; of temptations, that we may overcome them; of duties, that we may perform them; of right feelings, that we may cultivate them. But where are all these truths and objects for our judgments, and lives, and hearts; where are these dangers, and temptations, and duties, but in our everyday lives, and in each particular portion of those lives? To stand up on a Sunday and tell a man he is a sinner, is of little avail. He knows the fact, and accepts it, as a matter of course. To speak in such a way, too, as that no one particular person feels himself to be intended, or helped; what is it, but to “fight as one that beatheth the air,” and to deal with abstractions, instead of applying Christianity to particular cases and circumstances? Every day, every hour, every moment, souls are being tried and tempted, souls are rising and falling, souls are being ruined and saved, in the very midst of politics, and commerce, and trade, and work-day work, and domestic concerns; while as for the passions and appetites, there never was a time in England when they were so much abused, and produced such deadly evils as they do now. The “fleshly lusts that war against the soul,” work in the most varied and revolting forms. The extent of those forms of evil no statistics can tell; but they are at work among both sexes, among all ages, with the single and the married, the professor and the profane, the minister and the hearer, the church officer and the private church member; while as to the effects which the abuses of the appetites and passions cause, what are they? They cause a general depravation of our entire nature; they bring, sooner or later, self-reproach; they entail great and needless expense; they involve men in poverty and crime; they produce, and perpetuate the most loathsome diseases; they are the occasion of so many early deaths; so many spurious offspring; so many disfigured beings; so much irritability of temper, and defect of memory, and the shyness which fears to look another straight in the face; and low vulgar ideas of woman; and, worse than all, loss of God; for the words are eternally true that the “pure in heart,” and they alone, “shall,” or can, “see God.”

Now, if these things really are so, not as fictions of my imagination, but as facts of human life, and if religion be man’s true friend and sufficient helper, it must deal with these things, not in the general but in detail. It must come to each individual, and speak to him of his particular duty, his temptation, his trial, his wrong doing, his virtues, his vices: it must do as Nathan did with respect to David, say, ‘Thou art the man;’ or as Ehud said to Eglon, King of Moab, ‘I have a message from God unto thee.’ You may speak to people for ever about chastity, and virtue in general, and many of them will still continue to be decent gluttons and sensualists all the while. You may tell men that they should be truthful, obedient to conscience, just, good, and virtuous, in all the

* The Rev James Baldwin Brown, B. A.

affairs of life, and they will bow their heads in assent; while all the time they will go on violating the laws of virtue and truth, as circumstances may arise. No, friends, the teachings of the pulpit, if they are to be of any good at all, must aim to promote man's good as a whole; and his good as a whole lies in the life which he lives, and the state of heart which he cherishes. And the pulpit can help him to attain this good, only as it applies Christian principles to the small and minute details of existence. If we wish our Sunday services to give us mere comfort, to tranquilize our nerves, and to allow us to indulge in the luxury of mere religious feeling, such results may easily be attained. But if we ought to look upon the worship and instruction of the day of rest as only a means to an end, not *the* end itself, as a help towards our being more just, more true, more self-denying, in a word, more Christlike; then that worship and instruction must be applied to our individual cases, and to the details of each man's case. What did Christ and His immediate successors do? *They* spoke to the domestic, social, and political, as well as theological condition of their day. *They* did not teach Christianity as though it were some bony "skeleton," to be covered over by a number of smooth phrases: but as having to do with the home, the workshop, the "receipt of custom," the street, the market, the political governments of the hour, and the controversies into which men were then plunged, and in which they found so much of their constant interest. And when *I* speak to you of politics, when *I* use political terms, when *I* warn you against all bodily uncleanness, when *I* speak to you of the simplest details of your home life and your home work, it is not as a political partizan, or because I am fond of allusions to sensual matters; but because I would humbly follow, at a humble distance, your Master and mine; and if I am doing wrong, it is His example which has all along misled me.

Friends, the pulpit is a Divine institution; but like other things Divine, it is so only as it renders real service to the world, and helps man to be good, and to do good. Day by day the pulpit is rapidly falling in the estimation of thousands, and failing to secure for its utterances the reverent respect which was once accorded to it. And why? Because it is being felt by the cream of the working classes, to whom life and the struggle for existence are palpable realities, and quite as much by the thoughtful and educated, that it does not always speak the language of to-day, nor address itself to the living wants of the living hour; and that while priests are settling some abstruse dogma, or some antique form, men and women are all around them asking for light, for guidance, for help, for strength, for reproof, for the application of God's gift of religion to man's most real and hourly needs. If we, as ministers, will continue to keep up, with such severe exactness, the old distinctions between "the secular and the sacred," "the world and the Church," and "business and religion," I know what will follow. The great masses of the people will go their way, and leave us to go our way; and we shall have to confess, with regret and shame, that we have failed the people in their hour of need, and when that need was the most pressing.

It has cost me a serious moral effort to say these things. As I stand here, I can look into the eyes of true friends, who have been faithful to me when false friends deserted me; and it is no pleasant thing to say what you must know, at the very time, will be sure to give good heart-pain. But this much I must say: I CANNOT ALTER. If you cannot so far agree with me; if you cannot listen to preaching such as mine, without constant irritation, if you are not willing to bear your share of the cross, as I am obliged to bear mine; we can but part in peace and good will, while I go on doing my work here as I have hitherto done it.

There is nothing more which requires to be said by me, by way of explanation. Let my last words, there-

fore, be words which are hallowed to us by those very services about which I have been speaking to-night; words which fall like music upon the ear, and which breathe one of the holiest prayers that the needy and suppliant earth can offer to the bounteous Heavens: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with you all. Amen."

COME TO PRAYERS.

THOSE of us who have been familiar with prayer from our childhood find it hard to imagine with what sensations one would hear of prayer for the first time. The having the privilege, finding it a right, a duty, to go to an all-powerful God, a loving Father, and ask for anything we choose or think we need!

And yet, do we half understand it? Go to a prayer meeting, as such meetings generally are, or kneel with many a family, as family worship is found, and see what you would really think prayer to be.

Some people like a form of prayer, others object to forms, but, if you will observe, it is only in rare cases that men do not use forms. The only difference is, that some forms are carefully written out by wise and devout men, and some are the result of mere habit, without study or premeditation.

Many persons object to going to prayer meetings. Why?

"I know just who will pray, and just the words they will use. The same form they have used these dozen years, and some of the same careless or ungrammatical expressions."

It may seem wrong to notice such a thing, but when a man says, "Thou whose name alone *art* Jehovah," it grates upon my ear.

Why couldn't somebody tell him?

Still, this is a trifle, compared with the many unmeaning and stereotyped expressions—mere forms, and not good ones either, into which men fall.

We are told so many things in prayer, and our Lord is told so many things. Why cannot we say, "Lord, Thou knowest," and then ask for what we want?

And, in the first place, do we really want anything? For many prayers are so vague and general, that if it were left to us to answer them, should we not be at a loss what to do first? I speak with reverence and with truthful sadness.

A minister who went to the point, used to say, "Will some one pray—and, brethren, when ye pray, don't exhort."

Prayer is worth study. Let us ask ourselves what we really want, and really knowing, let us ask in direct and simple words.

Children and others won't come to family worship; they will evade it if they can. Why?

A detached portion of Scripture is read at random, and a long prayer, wandering all over the world, often not a family prayer, but it partly takes the place, in the leader, of his private devotion—he does not seem to have time for both, nor to remember that he need not take in all the land and all the world, and all the prayers of a congregation.

And after hearing the same thing in the same words year after year—no wonder they are weary. It may be wrong, but no wonder they are weary, nevertheless. It is not possible for us always to need the same things. There must be special needs and wants.

Prayer is worth study. We could hardly go to a king with a petition, without some consideration as to what we should ask, and if our petitions were always the same, why go more than once?

The prayers of the Bible are a model, and even on the most momentous occasions they are short and to the point. What do we really want? The promises are so sure,

the way so plain, surely if we ask and receive not, it is because we ask amiss. It is useless to say "that praying breath is never spent in vain"—

We must be sure that it is praying-breath, real prayer. Put heart into it.

There is a gracious promise "Ask and ye shall receive," but let us ask aright.

EZRA.

Liberal Christian : June 26, 1872.

"GLITTER AND GOLD."*

SOME months ago, we received a copy of the novel bearing the above title, for review. At once we handed it to a very dear female friend, in whose moral judgment we have the utmost confidence, with a request that she would kindly give us her opinion of the book. This she has since done, and we now present her letter to us, which bears upon its very surface the character of honesty, and proofs that Mr. Field's novel has been carefully read, and by an appreciative reader. This is what our friend says:—

"You ask for my opinion of "Glitter and Gold," which I will try to give you as briefly as possible. As far as the incidents related are concerned, there is nothing remarkably striking in most of them, though some few are of a somewhat startling character. But as a whole, they are such as might easily occur in every day life. The great aim of the book seems to be a very noble one, and one which is peculiarly needed to be held aloft in our day and generation—to show how the Christian law and Christian principle should be brought to bear on matters of trade, where they are so commonly neglected and ignored; that in every act of business or pleasure we who "profess and call ourselves Christians," should bring Christianity to bear; that we should do all as being under the immediate supervision of God, Christ, and the Holy Angels. Till the principles of this book are brought to bear on trade and commerce, and every other thing, we may talk as we like, and go to Church, and profess with our lips to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, but it is all in vain; He will be sure to say to us when we leave this sphere of being, "I never knew you." I daresay many would ridicule the incident of the hero loving a girl who was a confirmed invalid. But Mr. Field seems to me to express in this the essential law of marriage—that true marriage is the Spiritual affinity of one soul with another, and that it is a thousand pities, if two people thus truly united in spirit, are not united in life also; of course remembering at the same time, if there is any transmissible infirmity on either side, that it would be a sin in the sight of God to bring children into the world under those circumstances. The majority of people I suppose would heartily ridicule such sentiments as these; but they will learn by and bye, when the world is purer than it is now, that it is only their own impurity that makes them do so. I am sorry Mr. Field should have made "Grace" pass away to the other sphere before she and Ernest were outwardly, as well as spiritually united. The author touches on Spiritualism enough to show that he realizes the fact of communion of some kind between *here* and *there*, and he seems to believe that every act performed here is in some way prompted from the unseen world. I am not surprised at the amount of adverse criticism which "Glitter and Gold" has had to bear; for I fear that comparatively few would be able to appreciate its meaning; added to which the style and punctuation are peculiar, and somewhat difficult to those unaccustomed to Mr. Field's literary

* By Horace Field, B.A. : price seven shillings and sixpence. London : Longmans.

peculiarities. One feels in reading the book that its author must be genuine to the very core. If these discursive remarks can be of any use to you, pray do what you like with them."

Our friend has no faculty for good composition, but it may be that this simple notice of a good man's words may serve to recommend them to the notice and love of others; and, if so, she will, we know, be very grateful for such a result.

NARRATIVES FROM R. DALE OWEN'S "DEBATABLE LAND."—No. 7.

A BEAUTIFUL SPIRIT MANIFESTING HERSELF.

MORE than forty years ago there died a young English lady, whom I knew intimately. She had enjoyed all the advantages of the most finished education that her country affords; spoke French and Italian fluently, had travelled over Europe, there meeting many distinguished persons of the day. And she had been favored by nature as much as by fortune. She was as amiable as a accomplished, gifted with strong affections, great simplicity, and a temperament eminently spiritual and refined. I shall call her Violet.* When, twenty-five years after her death, I first instituted researches in Spiritualism, the thought crossed my mind that if those who once took an interest in us during earth-life, were permitted still to commune with us when they had passed to another phase of being, Violet's spirit, of all others, might announce itself to me. But I have never, on any occasion, evoked Spirits; deeming it wisest and best to await their good pleasure. And when month after month passed away, and no sign came, I had quite ceased to expect it, or to dwell upon such a possibility. I can scarcely express to the reader my surprise and emotion, when, during a sitting held October 13, 1856, at Naples (Mrs. Owen and one other lady, not a professional medium, being present), the following incidents occurred. The name of Violet was suddenly spelled out. After my astonishment had somewhat subsided, I asked *mentally*, with what intent a name so well-remembered had been announced.

Answer.—"Gave pro—"

There the spelling stopped. Repeated invitations to proceed were unavailing: not another letter could we obtain. At last it occurred to me to ask: "Are the letters *p, r, o*, correct?"

Answer.—"No."

Question.—"Is the word 'gave' correct?"

Answer.—"Yes."

Then I said: "Please begin the word after 'gave' over again:" whereupon it spelled out, now and then correcting a letter, the sentence:

"Gave a written promise to remember you, even after death."

I think that no human being, except such as have been unexpectedly brought, as I was then, almost within speech of the next world and its denizens, can realize the feeling which came over me as these words slowly connected themselves. If there was one recollection of my youth that stood out, beyond all others, it was the reception, from Violet, of a letter written in prospect of death, and containing, to the very words, the promise which now, after half a life-time, came back to me from beyond the bourne. Such evidence as it was to me, it can be to no one else. I have the letter still; but its existence was unknown except to me: it has never been seen by anyone. How little could I foresee, when I first read it, that, after a quarter of a century, in a far, foreign land, the writer would be enabled to tell me that she had kept her word!

* Her true baptismal name (a somewhat uncommon one) which I do not feel justified in giving, is, like that with which I have replaced it, typical of a favorite flower.

A few days afterward, namely, during a session held on October 18, the same Spirit having announced herself, I obtained, to various mental questions, replies characterized by the same pertinency and exactitude as are above evinced; the subjects of my questions being of a private character, and the true replies being known to me alone. There was not a single failure: and, in the course of these replies, allusions were made to circumstances with which, so far as I know or believe, no one living in this world is acquainted except myself. It is within my knowledge that many results similar to the above have been obtained by others. Yet very few of these reach the public at all; and when they do, they are usually couched in the most general and unsatisfactory terms. It needs, in such cases, as prompting motive to overcome a natural reluctance, the earnest wish, by such disclosure, to serve truth, and supply important testimony on a subject of vital importance to humankind. Let us examine that which is here supplied.

The results obtained were not due, in any sense, to what has sometimes been assumed as a cause of similar phenomena, under the name of "expectant attention." We were, at the time, in search of various physical tests which we had heard that others alleged they had witnessed; as motion without contact, writing by occult means, the exhibition of hands, and the like. What came was utterly unforeseen by me, the person chiefly concerned, as certainly as by the other assistants. When long-slumbering associations were called up by the sudden appearance of a name, it was assuredly in response to no thought or will or hope of mine, if consciousness be a guide to the existence of thought or feeling. And if not traceable to me, far less can it be imagined to have originated in either of the other assistants. They knew nothing of the letter, not even that it existed. They knew nothing of my question, for it had been mentally propounded. This narrows down the question of mundane influence to myself alone. But there is additional proof that my expectations had no agency in this case. When, at the first attempt to reply to my question, the unlooked-for sentence had been partly spelled out—"Gave pro"—it did occur to me that the unfinished word might be "promise," and it did suggest itself that the reference might be to the solemn pledge made to me so many years before by Violet. But what happened? The letters *p*, *r*, *o*, were declared to be incorrect; and I still remember my surprise and disappointment, as I erased them. But how much was that surprise increased when I found that the correction had been insisted on, only to make room for a fuller and more definite wording!—so definite, indeed, that if the document in question had been set forth in full, it could not have been more certainly designated. Under the circumstances, it is not even conceivable that my mind, or any intent of mine, had anything whatever to do in working out results. If a spirit-hand had visibly appeared, had erased the three letters, had inserted the omitted word "written," and then finished the sentence, it would have been more wonderful certainly; but would the evidence have been more perfect that some occult will, some intention other than mine, was at work to bring about all this? And if to no earthly origin, to what other source than to the world of Spirits can this occult agency rationally be traced? Yet this was but the commencement of the numerous proofs, recurring throughout many years, that have assured me of the continued existence, and the identity, of a dear spirit-friend. These came to me chiefly after my return in 1859, from Naples to the United States.—(Page 345).

(To be continued in our next.)

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

LETTER No. 6.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

DEAR SIR,—I am thankful to have the good

news to communicate to you of the return of Mr. Hudson's power, and I trust it will soon be again in full force, but I have not much to describe beyond the very curious picture (No. 31) which was taken on the 1st day of August.

When I went to Mr. Hudson's on that day, I found him very down-hearted, for many Job's comforters had told him that they thought his mediumship was gone entirely never to return, but I cheered him up by the assurance I felt that we should obtain some manifestation on that very day. I accordingly took my seat, but on the first plate there was only myself, which did not shake my conviction, so we made another trial, the result of which rejoiced us both. I had placed a chair by my side, and, rather below a sitting height, there appears a veiled head, of which the features are quite distinguishable. She is slightly looking up to me, and we seem as if we might be in conversation, perhaps on the very subject of the manifestation. But the picture is in itself a perfect test, for although the head and face are thus clear, there is *no form*, the space between that and the chair are quite vacant. The veil is delicately embroidered, and is so transparent that the twisted ornament of the chairback is seen through it as it floats down to the ground on the right hand side, and something of it seems to be seen *under* the chair. I do not recognize the face, nor have I any impression as to who it may be.

As this may be read by some who have not seen my former letters, I may as well repeat that I never leave Mr. Hudson's side during the whole process of preparing and developing the plate, and that there is no other person present when I have my own sittings. The introduction of another chair was suggested to me as a test, and it makes the picture the more remarkable, as the clear space is defined by the velvet seat below it. It was a great astonishment to us both when we saw a head gradually developing without anybody being attached to it.

There is also on the upper part of the photograph, above me, a sort of slanting cone, which continues more faintly until it seems to rest on the spirit head, and it reminds me of a communication from Mrs. Tebb one evening at her house. We had been quite silent for a few minutes, when she said, "I must try to explain to you something that has just been shewn to me, which is, that the position in which you are now seated is the very best for the photographic manifestation—I saw a long stream of light behind you, in which were many spirits who seemed to be throwing power towards you, but when you moved, turning somewhat round, the stream became dimmed and grey, appearing to lose some of its force." We then studied the bearings of the house, so as to calculate my

position, and found that I was sitting with my back to the *North* slightly *westward*, which is just the direction in which I am usually *impressed* to place myself in Mr. Hudson's studio, and this ray poured upon the spirit is an outward manifestation of the phenomenon she described. This communication was the more striking to me from its harmonising with several others that in past years have come to me from different sources, indicative of spiritual significance in that point of the compass.

I am induced to mention this circumstance now, as it may be of some assistance to the numerous amateur and professional photographers who are striving, with some degree of success, to develop in themselves a mediumship in this especial branch of spirit-power, for a knowledge of this law may shew them one of the obstacles that may have hitherto stood in the way of their progress, and I earnestly hope that from many studios may soon emanate evidences to the materialist that when the mortal body is consigned to the grave to crumble away into dust, the spiritual body which has then passed into the hereafter, is in reality as completely *substantial* a being, although sublimated beyond the cognisance of our earth-bound faculties. It may even induce them to believe that there are some of their fellow creatures possessed of *higher senses* than their own, although in brain knowledge they may be infinitely inferior, but let them be assured that they are at least equally needful in contributing to the general happiness and well-being of mankind.

The photograph taken on the 8th is more in accordance than the generality of them have been, with people's pre-conceived ideas, for the full-length spirit form is very ethereal looking, and the chair and stool by my side are seen through the transparent drapery. The unveiled face has a sweet, calm expression, but the air of peaceful repose has been one of the striking characteristics of most of these spirit photographs, in which they so widely differ from the hundreds of cartes-de-visite that may be studied in the shop windows, where you feel that the sitters are full of self-consciousness, and have been posing themselves for a picture, whereas the spirits seem to have simply come forward for a higher purpose than the gratification of *self*; there is a peculiar meekness and modesty, with a total absence of assumption, shewn even in their very attitudes, which makes one feel while looking at them how poor and contemptible are the discords of earth, each one fighting, not so much for Truth, as for his own way.

I was disappointed in my yesterday's sittings, for although several negatives were taken, there was no kind of spiritual manifestation upon any one of them. It may possibly have been

occasioned by my own mental condition, for by the morning's post had arrived a letter from a relative abroad, from whom I had not heard for four years. The fear that it might bring painful news produced palpitation of the heart, so I did not open the letter until after my return home at night, and strove to dismiss the subject from my thoughts, but the disturbance to my system may have interfered with the work, and I have touched upon this personal matter because I look upon it as a lesson given for the guidance of all.

Believe me, yours sincerely

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, W. ; August 16th, 1872.

POETRY.

THE BALLAD OF JUDAS ISCARIOT.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
Strange, and sad, and tall,
Stood all alone, at dead of night,
Before a lighted hall.

And the wold without was white with snow,
And his foot-marks black and damp ;
And the ghost of the silvern moon arose,
Holding her yellow lamp.

And the icicles were on the eaves,
And the walls were deep with white,
And the shadows of the guests within
Pass'd on the window light.

The shadows of the wedding guests
Did strangely come and go,
And the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretch'd along the snow.

The body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretch'd along the snow ;

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Ran swiftly to and fro.

To and fro, and up and down,
He ran so swiftly there,
As round and round the frozen pole
Glided the lean white bear.

'Twas the Bridegroom sat at the table-head,
And the lights burnt bright and clear :
"Oh, who is that," the Bridegroom said,
"Whose weary feet I hear?"

'Twas one look'd from the lighted hall,
And answered soft and low :
"It is a wolf runs up and down
With a black track in the snow."

The Bridegroom in his robe of White
Sat at the table-head.

"Oh, who is that who moans without?"
The blessed Bridegroom said.

'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,
And answered fierce and low :

"'Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot
Gliding to and fro."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
Did hush itself and stand,
And saw the Bridegroom at the door
With a light in his hand.

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he was clad in white ;
And far within the Lord's Supper
Was spread so broad and bright.

The Bridgroom shaded his eyes and look'd,
And his face was bright to see,
"What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper
With thy body's sins?" said he.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stood black, and sad, and bare.
"I have wandered many nights and days;
There is no light elsewhere."

'Twas the wedding guests cried out within,
And their eyes were fierce and bright:
"Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot
Away into the night?"

The Bridgroom stood in the open door,
And he waved hands still and slow;
And the third time he waved his hands
The air was thick with snow.

And of every flake of falling snow,
Before it touched the ground,
There came a dove; and a thousand doves
Made sweet and gentle sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Floated away full fleet;
And the wings of the doves that bare it off
Were like its winding-sheet.

'Twas the Bridgroom stood at the open door
And beckon'd, smiling sweet;

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stole in, and fell at his feet.

"The Holy Supper is spread within,
And the many candles shine;
And I have waited long for thee
Before I poured the wine!"

The supper wine is poured at last;
The lights burn bright and fair;
Iscariot washes the Bridgroom's feet,
And dries them with his hair.

St. Paul's Magazine for February, 1872.

JAMES MARTINEAU ON F. D. MAURICE.—On Sunday morning, April 6, 1872, the Rev. James Martineau at the close of his sermon at Little Portland Street Chapel, London, paid a most appropriate tribute to the memory of his late friend the Rev. F. D. Maurice. After maintaining that the sense of *Authority* in duty attests a real life of God in the soul of man, and that the highest natures, which can least find human superiors to draw their unlifted look, are most intensely kindled with this supreme light, Mr. Martineau said:—"One of these illumined summits,—a mind truly lifted into the region of the Infinite Love,—is this week hid from our view by the cloud of death; which alas! though glowing with a strange beauty as it passes by, cannot but throw a colder shadow upon our world. No prophet for fifteen hundred years, not even Tauler himself, has borne such witness to the *Divine root and ground of our humanity* as Frederick Denison Maurice; has so wrought out this truth to the consecration of life, the brightening of hope, the deepening of love; and in simplicity, elevation, and tenderness of soul, become the personal organ of its power. He had discovered that the everlasting righteousness claimed our nature, lived there, made itself heard in many voices, and meant to win it for its own; and how could theologic gloom, or cynical despair, or sentimental despondency at the evil of the world, remain in a heart warmed by that eternal sunshine? Sin and sorrow could not be too strong for the redeeming holiness which never tires and never dies; the immutable goodness must wear out the transitory forms of ill. How he carried out this Gospel,—of the Divine communion with our humanity,—and applied it to the heathen nobleness which knew not whence it came; to the Christian fidelity lifted into personal allegiance; to the order of the family reflecting the Fatherhood of God; to the organism of the State,

answering to the moral government of the world; to the vicissitudes of thought and the periods of history, marking the stages of an unfolding plan; is known to all who have traced the unity of his conception through its variety of fields. To none of the sad facts which disfigure our life, and mingle a compunction with all human experience, was he for a moment blind. Within, he felt them with a humility too deep except before "Him who seeth in secret." Without, he met them, if they were audacious, with the indignation of a prophet; if they were in darkness and in shame, with the sympathy of a brother and the compassion of a redeemer. But no shadow of Sin could quench for him the essential light behind—the light in every man that cometh into the world—the light not future and possible only, but instant and actual, struggling in the depths where the miseries of an abused nature and the pleadings of neglected conscience bear witness to the perseverance of God. Hence the untiring energy, the spring of constant joy, with which he labored on to constitute the kingdom of heaven here and now, from the men and women that move through the streets to-day, and in the workshops and hired houses of this metropolis; defying the dreary predictions of mere economists, and inspiring the self-distrustful with the power of self-sacrifice. As a critic, he may not, perhaps, hold rank among the first; for, notwithstanding a moral delicacy which elicits frequent gleams of unsuspected truth, he too much saw his own faith not only between the lines, but burning beneath and shining through the very words upon the page. As a philosopher, he may miss his place among the builders of systems; for he was negligent of logical architecture, and quite above the ambition of the intellect. But for largeness of thought, which set him in sympathy with the various wisdom of the past; for keenness of spiritual insight, which seemed to have made him confessor to the ultimate secrets of humanity; for a love of God which in effect was identical with the sweetest and the brightest charity; for power to turn religion from a mechanical form or a solemn tradition into a reality and a joy; no leader of our time, scarcely any past preacher of righteousness, can be compared with that servant of God who has just been taken from us, and whose mantle has not yet dropped upon the earth."

IDEAS OF HEAVEN.—"As soone as I could I lookt him in the face and he lookt at me, and I was beginning to note his hollow cheeks, when he said, 'Why, Meg I you are getting freckled,' so that made us both laugh. He said, 'You shoulde get some Freckle-water of the Ladye who sent me here; depend on it she hath washes and tinctures in plenty; and after all, Meg, she'll come to the same end at last, and be as the Ladye all Bone and Skin, whose ghasstlie Legend used to scare thee so when thou wert a child. Don't tell that Storie to thy Children, 'twill hamper them with unsavourie Images of Death. Tell them of Heavenlie Hosts awaiting to carry off good Men's Souls in Fire bright Chariots, with Horses of the Sun, to a Land where they shall never more be surbated and weary, but walk on coul, springy Turf, and among Myrtle Trees, and eat Fruits that shall heal while they delight them, and drink the coldest of cold water fresh from the River of Life, and have space to stretch themselves, and bathe, and leap, and run; and whichever Way they look, meet Christ's Eyes smiling on them. Sure Meg! who would live that could die? One might as lief be an Angel shut up in a Nutshell as bide here! Fancy how gladsome the sweet spirit would be to have the Shell cracked! No matter by whom, the king, or the King's Mistress. Let her dainty foot but set him free, he'd saye, 'For this release much Thanks.' (Page 222). . . . 'You fancy these four Walls lonesome; how oft dost thou suppose I here receive *Plato, Socrates*, and this and that Holy Saint and Martyr? My gaolers can no more keep them out than they can exclude the Sun-beams. Thou knowest *JESUS* stood

among His Disciples when the Doors were shut.' (Page 229). 'You won't see my disembodied Spirit beside you hereafter; but it may be close upon you once and again, for all that; maybe at times when you have prayed with most passion, suffered with most patience, or performed my Hests with most exactness, or remembered my care of you with most affection.'—(Page 231).—(Extracts from the "Household of Sir Thomas More.")

OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

No. 21.

"Give us this day our daily bread." 6 Matthew, xi. v.

1. The Greek word *epiousios*, which is here rendered "daily bread," is one of those New Testament words which occur nowhere else in all the 1,200 works of Greek literature which remain to us. The rendering "daily bread" is sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes. No doubt the term "daily bread" may be made to include that "bread of life" which must "come down from Heaven," for the sustenance of the immortal spirit.

2. But there is here a petition having reference to bodily wants, in opposition to the morbid views of some Christians who are so ascetically inclined, that they view with distrust any prayer to God for the supply of bodily needs, as though the body, instead of being, what it really is, "the temple of God," were unconsecrated, and outside of God's regard. But the prayer is here, on the authority of Christ, and placed by Him in the very centre of that form of prayer which has been authorized by Himself, and consecrated to us by the piety and use of eighteen centuries.

3. The prayer implies moderation in our desires, and the fact and a sense of our constant need, while it may be added that, consciously or unconsciously, the prayer for daily bread is always ascending to the pitiful Heavens from bird, beast, fish, and man.

4. If the prayer of the text were unanswered for a single harvest season! For that prayer asks in effect, that the sun may shine, that the showers and dews of heaven may fall, that the snow may cover and protect the tender blade, and that all the chemistry of nature may continue its operations, that "the earth may bring forth and bud, and give seed to the sower and bread to the eater."

5. The prayer of the text is the prayer of man, as man. There were no corn plants in the world before the earth had cooled, and become habitable for man; so true it is, as the Psalmist reminds us, "Thou preparest them corn when Thou hast so provided for it." It is also a prayer which implies, and involves the great doctrine of human brotherhood, or the fact that man, as man, apart from all natural or accidental differences, is a unity, sharing a common nature and subject to common wants. When we pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," we ask only for the daily bread which is ours by labor and by moral right. That we must labor for our daily bread is proved by the fact that corn plants will not propagate themselves, but have to be sown, and so necessitate man's labor and skill. In asking that our daily bread may be given to us "this day," we are taught the duty of daily prayer because the need is daily. We are also taught to cultivate the spirit of contentment. But there is such a thing as laying up for the future, without violating the spirit of Christianity. Indeed, "daily bread" itself would very soon cease out of the land were we not to lay it up for future need.

6. That we need to pray to "Our Father" for that which we cannot ourselves supply, and therefore, that we are justified in saying "Give," is evidenced by many facts. We need the seed for sowing, the soil in which to sow it, the strength and skill for sowing; and, after man has done all his part, we need that "increase," without which all our labor is in vain. Now all these things must, first or last, come from God, and are the gifts of His bounty, not the bestowal of our own rights.

7. Corn is man's universal need, and God has, therefore, granted a universal supply. If it be said that tens of thousands in different parts of the world do not find the prayer of the text realized in their own experiences, that many die from starvation, and others never know what it is to have a moderate supply for the physical needs of life, I am bound in sorrow to admit the fact, but I will not make God responsible for its existence. If men do not obtain their daily bread, day by day, it must be from one of five causes; ignorance, idleness, sensuality, waste, or unjust distribution of the bounties of Providence.

F. R. YOUNG.

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

THE GLEANER.

In Tyerman's Life of Wesley, Vol. 3, page 35, there is a letter from John Wesley, which all Spiritualists should read.

Some one has been kind enough to send us the *Church Times*, for July 26, but for what purpose we are at a loss to know. There is nothing in it specially interesting to us.

It would seem that Messrs. Herne and Williams have been invited to visit the Hague. What will the solid Hollanders say, if they should witness *phenomena* which we should attribute to spirit agency?

Our thanks are hereby offered to Mr. Hinde, of Darlington, for keeping us "posted" with particulars of the Jubilee, recently held in his town. We would gladly have been present, but were prevented.

The National Jubilee and Conference of Spiritualists at Darlington appears to have been a success. An article from a local paper will be found in another portion of this number.

If these lines should meet the eye of our friend Dr. Newton, or any other American friend, we beg to say we shall be obliged by the receipt of such American Spiritualist publications as they may care to send to us.

The article in the *Medium* for August 16, entitled "A test *séance* with Mr. Williams," is very interesting; but why sign it with the mere initials "E. G.?" In all such matters the public want, and have a right, to know exactly the identical persons with whom they are dealing.

Mr. Wallace, Missionary Medium, 105, Islip Street, Kentish Town, who has been at Southampton, is preparing for an extended tour in the West of England; and persons in Devon or Cornwall, who may desire a visit from him, should communicate with him at once.

Mr. Brevior gives us in the *Spiritual Magazine* for August, an able and interesting review of Serjeant Cox's work on *Spiritualism answered by Science*. The same number contains an article by Mr. Howitt, giving particulars of "a curious case of spirit-life, including a remarkable proof of identity."

The address of Mrs. Jennie Holmes, the physical medium for Spiritual manifestations, from the Southern States of America, is 50, Great Cumberland Place, Hyde Park. The admission to her sittings is 5s.; but private sittings for spirit consultation, from one five p.m. daily, are one guinea.

An Association for the investigation of Spiritualism is about to be commenced in Newcastle-on-Tyne. Persons favourable to the formation of such a society should correspond with Mr. Thomas Wood (care of Mr. R. Addy), Percy Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. All communications will be treated as strictly confidential.

On Sunday evening, July 14, the Rev. Mr. Dawson, Congregationalist Minister, of Nottingham, preached a special sermon on Spiritualism, in which he admitted the reality of the *phenomena*, but attributed them to a Satanic source. One way of getting out of the difficulty! How many things are laid to the charge of the devil, of which he is entirely innocent; at the same time all Spiritualists

are well aware that Satan has something to do with Spiritualism, upon the principle that evil always intrudes where any good work is going on.

It would seem that the Rev. Dr. Winslow, formerly Nonconformist Minister at Bath, but now an Episcopal Minister, of Emanuel Church, Brighton, has been preaching on Spirit Communion, and a lady, so says the *Medium* for July 26, states that the rev. gentleman enforced the views entertained by Spiritualists. Poor Winslow!

The controversy about mediums and Spirit Photographs—good, bad, and indifferent—continues to be waged between the various critics. If it do no other good it will help the enquiry into Spirit phenomena, and our one hope about it is that the truth may come uppermost, and the responsibility of fraud, if fraud there be, be placed upon the right shoulders.

We now acknowledge, with thanks, a copy of Mr. J. H. Powell's Poems, "An Invalid's Casket," which is thoroughly readable, and which we hope will command a large sale, for its own sake, and especially the sake of the afflicted author, who is worthy of any help our friends may give him, and who would be helped by subscribers to his little half crown volume.

Mr. E. Dixon, Jun., of Southampton, who speaks of himself as a "liberal Unitarian," says that "the proofs of Spirit identity that have been afforded through the mediumship of Mr. Wallace (alluded to above), are of the most striking and convincing character," and that "his Spirit-teaching in the trance state is of the highest order." What will Unitarians say of, and do, to Mr. Dixon? Denounce him and ostracise him, perhaps?

The *Medium* for August 9th contains a letter from Mr. W. J. Champernowne, of Kingston on Thames, in proof of the statement that Spirits can be and are photographed through the mediumship of Messrs. Herne and Williams; while the letter describes "some astounding manifestations which took place on August 4, when Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. Herne, and Mr. Clifford Smith visited some friends" at Kingston.

We are glad to note the likelihood of the *Spiritualist* being published at shorter intervals than a month. The conductor would like to begin a fortnightly or weekly publication of his Journal in October next, and we sincerely hope he may obtain such an amount of support as to enable him to do so. The *Spiritualist* takes a very definite position, and a very valuable one. The number for August 15 has a long and interesting article on Mrs. Jennie Holmes's mediumship, which we hope our readers will peruse. It has also several letters on the current controversy touching the efficacy of prayer. The controversy is only a violent re-action from one-sided and unreal views of communion with God. All men pray, even while they differ about the bases of prayer.

In our number for July we asked the following question: "What special connection is there between vaccination and Spiritualism?" An editorial answer to that question is given in the *Medium* for August 2. Speaking for ourselves, we can say we are in favor of a repeal of the law which makes vaccination compulsory, and have placed our name upon the general committee of the society formed to obtain a repeal of that obnoxious measure; but we nevertheless fail to see "the special connection between vaccination and Spiritualism." There is a sense in which all truth and all fact are mutually related, but, speaking generally, we cannot think that it is all fitting to connect two such separate things as vaccination and Spiritualism.

A suggestion has been made that a bazaar should be got up to help the Spiritual Institution, 15, Southampton Row. We have never believed in bazaars, and are not likely to do so, for this or any other object; and if people wish to know why, we shall be prepared to state our reasons. Let the Spiritual Institution be aided in a free, straightforward way by those who are in sympathy with it, and we can respect such help; but bazaars are ordinarily only so many indirect and dishonest ways of

raising the needful. It is no answer to say that Churches, Chapels, and many other religious institutions, use them. So much the worse for a religious cause which cannot live without such questionable aid.

Just received, at the very moment of going to press, a letter and book packet, from "W. L. S.," Cape Town. Thanks. Shall be inserted in next number.

Are there any persons in England, and, more especially, in the West of England, who would like to arrange with the Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist* for the delivery, during the coming winter, of Lectures on Spiritualism? If there are, they will be pleased to communicate with him at once, stating the times at which his visits would be most convenient, when he will reply giving terms, &c. He cannot engage to be away from Swindon on any Sunday during the present year, as he has been authoritatively directed by his Spirit Guides not to do so.

We beg to call special attention to Mr. Whiting's new advertisement, which appears in this number. We believe Mr. Whiting to be a thoroughly straightforward, Christian gentleman; of well-known business habits, and of strict integrity; and knowing as we do that he has staked everything in his devotion to the cause of Spiritualism and its spread in the Christian Church, we feel that he is entitled to whatever legitimate aid can be given to him in his business. He believes what with word and pen he professes, proving the reality of his belief by great sacrifices, and all such men are entitled to support whenever it can be given them.

In our editorial remarks in our number for May, page 65, we spoke of the offensive manner in which some Spiritualist periodicals, and particularly American ones, deal with religious subjects, introducing jokes of so shocking a character as to be reprehensible on the ground of something more than average good taste; and we said we thought they were rather misplaced, and calculated to diminish the soul's reverence for the Divine Being and the Eternal Son of His love. Our esteemed correspondent at Cape Town, Mr. W. L. Sammons, has kindly sent us an Article, entitled "Mock Gravity and Religious Joking," which we have read, word for word. We admire its great ability, and are really obliged to him for the trouble he has taken; but he will excuse us if we say that we think he has mistaken the point of our editorial censure. We don't object to "the use of wit and humor in the pulpit," through the press, or on the platform, even when dealing with religious questions. But just as we would not play a game of draughts or cards, upon the tombstone covering over the body of a friend, or indeed of an enemy, so we don't like joking which must inevitably wound all honest reverence, and especially when the jocularity refers to God and His Christ. Others may think and feel differently, and they are free to do so, but as for ourselves we have no option. We like to speak of God, and Christ, and kindred subjects, in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of our being supposed to have aught but the most profoundly reverent feelings towards them. It is upon these grounds, and these alone, that we reluctantly omit our friend's clever article, with the hope that he will not thereby be led to refrain from communicating with us. We shall always be glad to hear from him, and when we cannot agree we shall be sure to differ quite kindly.

FOUR PRIDES.—There are four kinds of pride of which we should beware: *Race* pride, pride in our ancestors. *Face* pride, pride in our beauty. *Place* pride, pride in our position. *Grace* pride, pride in our religion.—*Rev. J. Bolton.*

CHRISTIANITY, objectively considered, is Christ himself—the mind, life, character, and spirit of Christ. The best expression of it is in Him, in His words and deeds; by the side of which every human creed and test of discipleship is but an impertinent intrusion. He then is the truest Christian. . . . who most closely and practically follows the Master in doing the Heavenly Father's will; who strives and prays to do this Divine will in Christ, so far as it is given to frail and tempted man to imitate so lofty an example, to manifest so righteous and so holy a spirit.—*G. Vance Smith.*

The popular notions that at the day of judgment the past life of each shall be exhibited before men and angels

do not seem to be either morally valuable, or likely, as far as we can judge, to be literally true. In that other world those who feel rightly will have no wish for, and take no pleasure in, the concealment of anything about themselves, and would feel nothing but pain at the revelation of the sins and weaknesses of others. Who, then, at this great audit, will be the spectators of whom we are to be ashamed? Such spectatorship, unsympathizing, and prepared for a merely human and curious interest, for triumph and contempt, belongs to earth, not to heaven.—*Grote.*

HENRY WARD BEECHER thus remonstrates with preachers generally for their unfaithfulness to truth:—nature. Every Christian minister is bound to fairly look “You can not afford to shut your eyes to the truth of human at these things. Every scientific man who is studying human nature is bound to open his eyes and ears to study all its phenomena. I read that Huxley refused to attend a *sance* of Spiritualists. He said, contemptuously, that it was a waste of time, and gave expression to other sentiments of disdain. I am not an adherent of the spiritual doctrines; I have never seen my way clear to accept them. But phenomena which are wrapping up millions of men and vitally affecting their condition are not to be disdained by scientific men, whose business it is to study phenomenology of all kinds. No scientific man can excuse himself from examining them. He may say that he has no time to do it, and that some other man must investigate them. That would be right. All men cannot do all things. But to speak of anything of this kind with contempt is not wise. I am not afraid to look at this thing, or anything. I am not afraid that we are going to have the New Testament taken away from us. We must be more industrious in investigation, more honest in deduction, and more willing to take the truth in its new fulness; and we must be imbued with that simplicity in faith and truth which we inculcate in our people.”

INSINCERITY.—We hear much of martyrs and confessors—of those who were slain by the sword or consumed in the fire; but we know little of that still larger number who, by the mere threat of persecution, have been driven into an outward abandonment of their real opinions, and who, thus forced into an apostasy the heart abhors, have passed the remainder of their lives in the practice of a constant and humiliating hypocrisy. It is this which is the real curse of religious persecution.—*Buckle.*

THE heart of God lies about our lives as closely as the air. There is no smallest act or thought that does not echo itself in Him, and this divine presence is intensely sympathetic. It is not the mere oversight of a judge, registering praise and blame. It is the companionship of one who rejoices in all our joy and suffers in all our pain. There is no glad heart-beat in the world that the Almighty heart does not beat with gladness in response. There is no little child's cry of sorrow over its broken toy that a more than mother's love does not catch.—*Christian Union.*

JESUS declares: “He that will lose his life shall save it;” and tells his Father: “Now come I to Thee.” Friends, taken from flood or fire, are found locked in each other's arms. Was that quenched or burnt which prompted the last embrace? The scholar's manuscripts lie like white thunder round him—a concentric battery against old forts of error and sin. Shall the moral cannoner perish? The spotless boy could remember nothing to repent of, but that he had once whistled on the stairs when his grandmother was sick. Is that tender conscience extinct? The heart will bleed. As we say of a flesh wound, let it bleed, and so not fester? But its love abides.—*C. A. Bartol.*

THE religious idea is the very breath of Humanity; its life, soul, conscience, and manifestation. Humanity only exists in the consciousness of its origin and the presentiment of its destiny. . . . This conception has created for man that theory of duty which is the parent of sacrifice; which has inspired, and ever will inspire him to high and holy things; the sublime theory which brings man nearer to God, lends to the human creature a spark of omnipotence, over-leaps every obstacle, and converts the scaffold of the martyr into a ladder of triumph.—*Mazzini's Autobiography.*

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.

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."
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- 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.

The object of the present issue is to secure (if possible) means, from its sale, to enable the Author to support his family. He has now for fifteen months been growing daily less able to perform any kind of labor, owing to a disease which keeps him in continual pain. His medical attendant says that his case is one not to be met with in a lifetime.

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