

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

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## WORDS AT A FRESH START.

"Here beginneth" Number One of the third volume of the *Christian Spiritualist*.

After a two years' experience, we are enabled to say that our success, as far as circulation is concerned, has not been at all equal to that of our Spiritualist contemporaries, the *Spiritual Magazine*, the *Medium*, and the *Spiritualist*; but it has been fully equal to, and beyond our expectations, and we are entirely satisfied with it. In estimating the position we occupy, and the work we try to do, several facts must be taken into account.

1. A majority of the Spiritualists of this country, and, as far as we are able to judge, of America, are, either avowedly and of set purpose outside all Christian Churches, or have only the slenderest connection with them. But the *Christian Spiritualist* has for its express object the spread of what we understand by "Christian Spiritualism," that is to say, the Spiritualism which is in harmony with and not in opposition to the Christianity of Jesus Christ. It follows, as a natural consequence, that large numbers of Spiritualists believing as we do in Spiritualism, have, nevertheless, no sympathy with us in the Christian attitude we take, and do not therefore subscribe for numbers, read what we have to say, or show interest in us in any other form.

2. Unlike our Spiritualist contemporaries, we are entirely without money subsidy. We were expressly commanded from the very first to take no money help from any person, under any circumstances whatever, and we have faithfully adhered to that command, and shall continue to do so until it has been repealed. Of course, a periodical the entire expenses of which rest

upon the shoulders of one person, instead of many, must be limited in its activity.

3. The Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist* lives in a small country town, nearly 80 miles from London, and far away from the ordinary circles of Spiritualistic life, as they exist in the Metropolis, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, and other great centres. He has little opportunity of attending *séances*, or coming into personal contact with Spiritualists, or Spiritualistic phenomena. Mr. Shorter, Mr. Burns, Mr. Harrison, and others, are always in the thick of these things; and it would be strange indeed if they were not able to give many, and full, and correct reports of what is going on. But we have to trust to friends who may be able and willing to communicate with us, or to the actual reports of our contemporaries.

4. But there is another, and still greater, disadvantage under which we labor. No. 1 of our *Standing Notices* contains the following words:—"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 now two years ago since that notice first of all appeared in our pages, and we are just as certain at this moment as we were then of the righteousness of the ground we then took. We grant readily that in reporting ordinary occurrences, or occurrences which, however *extraordinary*, are clearly within the sphere of what may be called the natural, the word of the Editor of a publication may be a sufficient guarantee to the public for the correctness of the report itself; although, even in some



cases such as the one now supposed, many and many an incorrect report is issued, and the public to that extent misinformed. But when an individual comes forward and tells this work-day world that a *supernatural* appearance has taken place, that an actual communication has been received from one who has passed away, or that a Spiritual phenomenon of some kind or other has been witnessed by mortal eyes, it is due to the public that they should be furnished with details which they can trace and verify, details, that is to say, of dates, names of places, names of persons and residences, in full; and if Spiritualists are not willing to submit their statements to that ordeal, we for one will not print them, and they have no right to expect the public to take them upon credit. Not only so: it is a cowardly thing for a man to shield himself behind the anonymous, and then expect that strangers, who know nothing whatever about him, shall take his word, simply because he has given his name and address to the Editor of the periodical in which his account appears. There are men now engaged on the London press, and some of them earning high wages, and writing for first-class papers, who are morally diseased, and to such an extent that they would sell their pens to-morrow to the other side if the other side would but bid high enough, and who are as utterly untrustworthy as it is possible for human beings to be. And yet these men are intelligent, educated, clever, and, as far as the reporting of mere facts goes, reliable reporters of whatever they may see. These are among the thousands of anonymous writers whose testimony it would be considered by many a piece of unpardonable presumption to call in question, and the reliability of whose judgment would be felt to be perfect. Of course, those who are behind the scenes, and know these men in their private relations, know how worthless they are; but because they are permitted to write anonymously, an importance is given to their sayings which those sayings could never receive, were it once known by whom they were uttered. For these reasons, and for the one broad general reason that every man is bound, at his eternal peril, to "confess before men" that which he believes to be true, or knows to be a fact, we will not be a party to anonymous communications, however strongly they may be endorsed by the sender or his friends. We like to know with whom we are dealing, and the public are still more entitled to that knowledge; indeed, very often the value of a statement depends almost entirely upon the confidence we can repose in the person who makes it. No; at whatever cost to ourselves, or those associated with us, we will never consent to the abolition or amendment of the rule we have hitherto acted upon with reference to anonymous communica-

tions. We know quite well the penalty we shall have to pay for our adherence to such a resolution, but we have counted the cost, and know we shall be able to build the tower (14 Luke, 28v).

If any of our readers or critics are impressed with the idea that we shall one day or other "give in," and that it is merely a question of time, we beg to say that this is a free country, where the utmost license of opinion is admitted, and the parties in question can believe what seems to them to be true. But we warn them beforehand that we are not of the number of those, who, beginning a good work, are at all likely to "give in." We shall go on, month by month, and year by year; and, no doubt, when the present Editor passes away some successor will be found who will carry on the work he was commissioned to commence and continue. We say thus much in no idle boasting, and from no desire to be sensational, but as a simple expression of inward conviction, of inward resolve, which time, and time alone, will prove to be true or false. Meanwhile, with sincere thanks to those who have helped us, by writing for us, or subscribing for copies, and with the expression of our hope that all who are really on our side will show themselves to be so by appropriate methods, we commend our undertaking once again to the blessing of the Heavenly Father, and the fair treatment of opponents as well as adherents.

### CONCERNING DREAMS.

"Now when that ydle dreame was to him brought,  
Unto that elfin knight he bade him fly,  
Where he slept soundly void of evil thought,  
And with false shews abuse his fantasy."

FAERY QUEENE.

To write about dreams is almost like awakening from a fit of complex dreaming. The pearls of thought are scattered suddenly as we attempt to thread them, and reduce them to symmetry and beauty as a chain: the fairy-palace that was built in our thoughts suddenly shakes to its foundations and disappears, as though some evil enchanter had borne it away to far African deserts. The thing that is written is often but a poor and broken reflection of the thing that is thought; the mirrors of one's consciousness do not flash the same meanings to us when we write as they reveal to us in the impassioned moments of unwritten thought.

The subject of dreams is a more than usually elusive one, for two sufficient reasons: first, because of the necessarily indistinct recollections on which we base our reasonings; but chiefly from the half-earthly, half-spiritual light in which the subject must be viewed. Notwithstanding the manner in which dreams usually impress us as something separate from our every-day

experience, it is to be doubted whether we ever preserve a perfect recollection of what takes place in our sleep, or whether we can ever recall the events in precisely the sequence in which they occur. The prevailing impression which is left by dreams is one of perplexity, mingled, in some degree, with awe; it is only occasionally that they affect the mind in such a manner as to leave an indelible mark upon the consciousness, either of the extremest terror, or of the most indescribable splendour.

Most thoughtful people recall their youthful dreams with a quiet feeling of reverence and regret; for it is in youth that the faculty of dreaming is strongest and most pure. As we outgrow our knickerbockers and short coats, dreams have a tendency to become sombre and realistic, with more of terror but less of delight. It is for this reason that so many people rank dreams amongst the glories of their childhood—the gorgeously pictured story-books, and the rings which the fairies had made dancing in the grass in the white moonlight. To call up memories of old dreams is like reading the *Arabian Nights* again, with all the old wonder and ravishment come back upon us. In their company

"The tide of time flows back for us,  
The forward flowing tide of time,  
And in the sheeny summer's morn  
Adown the Tigris we are borne,  
By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,  
High wall'd gardens green and old,  
Enchanted with the place and time,  
So worthy of the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid."

That which most distinguishes the dreams of childhood from those of maturer years, and which, at the same time, impresses them more deeply upon the consciousness, is a quality which they possess with most youthful dreamers—that of being recurrent. A dreamy child stands, as it were, in the middle of a charmed circle that is perpetually revolving around him, and which always presents him, on its numerous segments, with some familiar picture that vanishes only to await a further revolution. The most frequent dream of my own childhood was one which I cannot think of even now without a feeling of solitariness and awe. I seemed to be borne silently along some broad highway, white with the dust of ages. On either side the land sank plumb downward into the serene depths of an unfathomable ocean. The power of the dream would have been broken had these waters been visited by any wind; but they lay, vast, level, undisturbed, knowing neither ebb nor flow; overlooked by a colourless sky, and cut across by that measureless white highway. The rumble of the wheels on which I was so unresistingly borne, might have broken the silence of my trance; but they

went on noiseless, ploughing deep in the white unheaving dust. The solitude weighed upon me like death, and the silence like the grave. It was worse than pain, worse than terror, worse than torturing demons, haunting the imagination that bred them, through winding pathways and cavernous glooms. How shall I ever forget that swelling solitude, that tearless, speechless pain?

Another of my most frequent dreams was one of a kind which is, I believe, very common. I was hurled downward, maimed and helpless, into some infinite abyss. The feeling left by this dream was of a most horrible kind; such as, I should think, would be felt by anyone hurled from such a height that death seized him before he fell.

Sometimes my dreams would assume a surpassing brightness as if they would recompense me by scenes of unwonted splendour and magnificence, for the accumulated horror and the unnatural dread which so commonly held me in thrall. Aladdin's palace and the wonders of his lamp would hardly equal the scenes which I have visited in dreams. I have been a god; I have been a king; I have been a priest of Hindostan! I have been looked upon with wonder; I have been worshipped with awe; and in the lofty temples of the Egyptian Isis the people have bowed down before me. Such glories pass! they are as transient as love, as unresting as peace in a world of care.

Of the dreams of my maturer years there is one which so curiously mingled knowledge of all kinds—oriental, mythological, and spiritual—with thoughts about my every-day affairs that I shall narrate it here. I was sitting in a favorite room of a country inn, where I had spent some of the happiest years of my childhood. Round me were gathered some few friends—one of them notably, a medium, with whom I was at that time actually engaged in investigating Spiritualism. This last-named person had often endeavored to reduce me to a mesmeric state, a feat which no one whom I have ever met has been able to perform.

In my dream, however, he succeeded so effectually that my soul was parted entirely from my body. To the world was I dead; but for myself, I had entered on so free a life that I passed to and fro, without hindrance, over the heads of my friends, the helpless spectators of my lifeless corpse. The overwhelming change which, I was quite conscious, had been effected, was accompanied with no feeling of pain. What most surprises me now is the fact that though I was perfectly conscious of being in the world of spirits, the scenes through which I subsequently passed had no kind of connection with anything I had imagined of a future life. How I was



transported from one to another of these scenes, I am unable to tell at this distance of time. The transition was so rapid that no time was left for intermediate observation. After viewing the perplexity of my friends, I found myself entering an immense room that seemed contracted by a low ceiling. Here were ranged in numerous bodies and in perfect order, small sylph-like beings, possibly the Houris of a Mahometan Paradise. These numerous bodies were arranged in such manner as to leave wide partings or pathways through the whole length of the room. In each of these gatherings I saw one of these Houris, taller than the rest, who kept up a perpetual whirling dance like that of a dervise, adding, at the same time, an advancing motion to the rotatory one. I found little to please or to interest me in this place, and from it I passed quickly. My next recollection is of being in a great concourse of young men of about the age of the undergraduates at our universities. They were broken up into groups, and were discussing questions of interest. This I thought is a lyceum, and these are the persons delegated to regulate the intercourse between the two worlds. Why I stumbled upon the pedantic word "lyceum" I am unable to tell. When I had met with it in any of the papers devoted to the advocacy of Spiritualism I had always resented it as a new encroachment on the purity of our national tongue. However, it seemed quite natural here; and I no longer questioned its right. Since my initiation into spirit life, I had been moved by a feeling very much akin to anger on account of what I considered the insufficient means of communication with the world I had left. Here I was seized with the instinct to make proselytes, and mounted a platform to give way to my views. I was prevented, however. Before I had spoken, some one of the many present seemed to divine what I would say, and mounting the platform, he announced that at a certain time (for I bore with me the idea of time) I should address the members of the lyceum "On the insufficient means of communication between the two worlds." Here the assembly broke up, all going different ways; and I was transported to a new scene.

I now found myself in a low narrow apartment, noisy with the perpetual ringing of hammers upon anvils. I was in the cave of the Cyclops. On looking before me, I beheld no one-eyed giants of fable: the faces of the industrious workers were quite familiar—they were those of my brother and my cousin. Their zeal for labor was such that it could waste no words upon me. I stood speechless in some inexplicable sorrow for their death.

During these scenes, I had been a spectator more than an actor, and except in the last, I had

not been much moved by anything I had seen. Now, however, a change took place. With my next change of scene, I became conscious of an excruciating mental agony. The reason was this:—On the morning succeeding the night on which I made my advent into spirit life I had a most particular appointment with a friend. If I did not keep my appointment I knew my friend would be most deeply grieved and disappointed. Here I was, a spirit, floating over his head, yet utterly unable by any means to inform him of that most potential reason why I could not meet him on so particular an occasion—my death. Means of knowing except from me he had none. I knew he would go to my late home and would at once learn what must cause him such exquisite pain. When the time for my arrival came and past, he went. I followed him, floating above him, but with no such useless encumbrances as wings, suffering meanwhile such agony as I never again hope to feel. The news of my death produced the effect I had expected. He was for a moment stunned, and then gave way to the most passionate grief. This affected me more than all I had seen and felt, and, to comfort the sorrow of that true heart, I awoke.

This was the last of my remarkable dreams. My faculty of dreaming has since then undergone a change. My dreams like my thoughts are occupied chiefly with the world in which I live. I repeat to myself the words of the shepherd in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" and accept the comfort they give: "Our verra dreams are dull'd noo—on their breakin' we do not feel noo as we used to do then, as if fallen to earth frae sky! The world o' sleep is noo but different frae the wauken world in bein' somewhat sadder an' somewhat mair confused; and ane cares but little noo, about either lying down or rising up, for some great change has been wrocht within the mysterious chambers of the brain, and cells o' the heart, and life's like a faded flower, scentless and shrivelled, yet are we loath to part with it, and even howp against a howp that baith color and fragrance may revive."

AARON WATSON.

64, Regent Road, Salford, Manchester.

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

*Concluded from our last.*

The substance of the book is devoted to showing the course this angel of mercy took to lift the despairing soul out of that pit, what prompted her to do it, and what faculty she had for doing it. The prompting was that which never fails of its purpose, sooner or later, and that never gives up, no matter what may be the difficulty; a soul overflowing with loving kindness and tender mercy and strong humanity. That was her prompting. It was not because she was a church member, or the widow of a



minister; it was because she had a great loving heart, that had battled through darkness and storm, and grown always more sweet and true through the battle. Then, her faculty was partly a gift and partly a grace. The gift was a wonderful power to take the hints and intimations we get, as through a glass darkly, of what the world to come may be, in the Bible, and driving them home with such a mighty, loving force as to surprise us into thinking—first, that from her premises the thing she says is reasonable; and, second, is just what we should long, of all things, to realise in our own experience. It is a faculty for tracing a truth from nature up to nature's God. She begins among the clear certainties of the human heart, of the love we feel, the life we live, and the things we trust; and she says, if you think and feel and know like that, and cannot doubt that this and that is true in your relation to each other, how can you, or how dare you, think lower and meaner things of God, or put lower and meaner interpretations on His word, than you would put on the words of your mother or sister, and imagine that while you yourself, by a gracious instinct, are building up hopes in your children, and at the same time leading the children on toward their fruition, the eternal love is building up hopes in you merely to crush them out. That was her gift. Her grace was that she had gone through it all, step by step, as the Pilgrim in Bunyan goes through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and up the Delectable Mountains, and over the Dangerous Land, until he stands at last with the Celestial City right before his eyes. Very touching it is then to see how she uses this gift and grace. Meeting human beings with faculties beating and tingling, and trying to get their expression, she shows them, by some wonderful intuition, that the faculty is there for the express purpose of finding expression, and heaven is the place where you will find it, if earth fails you, as certainly as God is God; that these gropings of the soul after defined and definable things, mean just what they look like. To the little maiden who hungers and thirsts after music, but cannot get it, and must die thirsting, she says: you will get your music in heaven, and you will get just what you want, because when the children want bread they do not get a stone, and that is your bread of life. Your bread of life is not to do that in heaven for which you have no faculty, and which would only make you more miserable than you are now; it is to do that which you long to do, and very much in the way you long to do it—as when the bird longs to sing, and build its nest, and rear its young. Every longing gets expression sooner or later, in just the way the faculty points; so that she says to the maiden, if you want a piano you will not get a harp, but whatever in heaven answers to this piano on earth, that you will get as sure as you live—rosewood and wire for anything I know, but the fulfilment of rosewood and wire certainly. She finds out the great, clumsy, farmer's son, whose father has driven him distracted, in his ignorance of the lad's true nature, who has to be a farmer and wants to be a machinist, and hates the very thought of having to stand up through all eternity to sing; and she talks to him about his faculty, and why it is there, and how it cannot be possible that the blessed gift of being able to do things like that is to be all crushed out and come to nothing but singing. It is darkling down there in his nature, just as the germs of all the flowers that will belt this zone with beauty within six months are darkling at the heart of the seeds in the frost bound earth, or hidden away in drawers. The clouds of death will be swept aside, the spring sun of eternity will shine on the dormant hidden power, and the wilderness and the solitary place be glad, and the desert blossom as the rose. The poor fellow's eyes shine with a very tender light, as the new truth strikes them, that seems all too good to be true. It is so good to think that we may get full swing for this great yearning to do things, that he is afraid to take in the full force of it, and says, "I might turn it to some religious purpose, you know; perhaps I could help to build a church, or hoist some of

their pearly gates, or something of that sort; but, father, he's always talking about thrones and wings and palms and praises, until it tires me more to think of it than to do a week's mowing."

That is the way the white-haired woman talks to those that come to her about these great mysteries; it is the way she talks to her despairing kinswoman, touching the great problems one by one, of death and the state after death, the recognition of friends in heaven, the employments and pleasures of heaven and its home life, the fulfilment and perfection to which such glimpses as we get here of what the home life might be point steadily, and intimate they would be if there was no interference or separation or sorrow or death. And she touches the great words of Christ and the Apostles to guide her as she goes; picks up a hint here from Luther, there from Chalmers, now from Isaac Taylor, and then from Robertson; and, by an inevitable attraction of kinship with the unknown author, who must, one thinks, have been her ancestor, she lingers over that wonderful old hymn of the middle ages, the most pathetic and touching outcry of ten centuries, for heaven—

"Oh mother dear, Jerusalem,  
When shall I come to thee?"

In that remarkable book, "Hours with the Mystics," there is a story of a traveller exploring a remote corner in Greece, I think, and coming suddenly on the ruins of a noble temple, until that time unknown; he was very curious and anxious to know something about its history, and especially to whose name it had been built and dedicated, but could find no hint anywhere to help him; but one day, pondering over the problem as he studied fragment after fragment, he noticed that over the great main front there were a number of indentations that had evidently been made to receive some kind of metal. It occurred to him that these might be the marks of the spikes that had held the great name of the god whose praises were once sung within the old walls, and that by drawing lines from one to the other he might at last be led to find the inevitable form of the letters that composed the name he sought. And it was so. Searching, by the point of the nails, he found the name; it stood clear at last to his mind's eye, and discoveries afterward proved that he was right.

The "Gates Ajar" feels after the truth in some such fashion; by the marks of the nails the author finds fragments of life broken and ruined, pain and sorrow, and unfulfilled desire. These very things she takes as the base of her lines, casts them this way and that; then she says this is the meaning of it all: all these marks of the nails point to one word—*completeness*; that meaning and no other can be true. But, like the traveller with the great name, there is still wanting the full confirmation. For as much as this little book can do to satisfy the craving of this time about the life to come, I, for one am sincerely thankful. It meets a need, that Spiritualism also is trying to meet in another way, for a more definite and settled idea of the life to come; but especially a more domestic idea. Our demoralised Protestantism, departing far from Luther and the finer seers of our faith, has contrived to make the future, even for the best, frightfully lonely and intangible. Our ideas of heaven can never be welcomed to the masses of the people until they are more human. Poor little Paul and Florence Demley, in their splendid London home, were not more desolate than the majority of souls must be in the palaces of light, who have no turn for the great spheres that our religious teachers sketch for them in vast outline, but only want to nestle down beside those they love, and make a home. For all assurances like this, that there shall be a home, perfect and entire, wanting nothing, all such natures will be grateful.

And now I must enrich this poor study by a single extract, that can give no clear idea of the work, but is in itself so exquisitely fine that one cannot resist the tempta-

tion to quote it. A great lover of Charles Lamb told me once than he never saw a copy of Elia in any form, anywhere, but he had to resist a little temptation to steal it. I cannot resist a temptation to steal something that seems to me to be as sweet and good as Elia, and to be touched with something like the same subtle humour. It is an interview between the angel and the great, clumsy Abinadab Quirk, Deacon Quirk's son, who had heard a word or two already, and wants to hear more, of the hope that lies beyond the New England hard-scrabble on which he is condemned to toil, for an imprisoned machinist:

"O, thank you! Clo knows my fancy for pinks. How kind in you to bring them! Won't you sit down a few moments? I was just going to rest a little. Do you like flowers?"

"Abinadab eyed the white hands, as his huge fingers just touched them, with a sort of awe; and, sighing, sat down on the very edge of the garden bench beside her. After a singular variety of efforts to take the most uncomfortable position of which he was capable, he succeeded to his satisfaction, and, growing then somewhat more at his ease, answered her question:

"Flowers are sech gassy things. They just blow out and that's an end of 'em. I like machine shops best."

"Ah! well, that is a very useful liking. Do you ever invent machinery yourself?"

"Sometimes," said Abinadab, with a bashful smile. "There's a little improvement of mine for carpet-sweepers up before the patent office now. Don't know whether they'll run it through. Some of the chaps I saw in Boston told me they thought they would do't in time; it takes an awful sight of time. I'm alwers fussing over something of the kind; alwers did since I was a baby; had my little windmills and carts and things; used to sell 'em to the other young uns. Father don't like it. He wants me to stick to the farm. I don't like farming. I feel like a fish out of water.—Mrs. Forceythe, marm,—"

"He turned on her in an abrupt change of tone, so funny that she could with difficulty retain her gravity.

"—I heard you saying a sight of queer things the other day about heaven. Clo, she's been telling me a sight more. Now, I never believed in heaven!"

"Why?"

"Because I don't believe," said the poor fellow, with sullen decision, 'that a benevolent God ever would ha' made such a derned awkward chap as I am!'

"Aunt Winifred replied by stepping into the house, and bringing out a fine photograph of one of the best of the St. George's,—a rapt, yet very manly face, in which the saint and the hero are wonderfully blended.

"I suppose," she said, putting it into his hands, 'that if you should go to heaven, you would be as much fairer than that picture as that picture is fairer than you are now.'

"No! Why, would I, though? Jim-mimy! Why, it would be worth going for, wouldn't it?"

"The words were no less reverently spoken than the vague rhapsodies of his father; for the sullenness left his face, and his eyes—which are pleasant and not unmanly, when one fairly sees them—sparkled softly, like a child's.

"Make it all up there, maybe?" musing—"the girls laughing at you all your life, and all? That would be the bigger heft of the two, then, wouldn't it? for they say there ain't any end to things up there. Why, so it might be fair in Him after all; more'n fair, perhaps. See here, Mrs. Forceythe, I'm not a church-member, you know, and father, he's dreadful troubled about me; prays over me like a span of ministers, the old gentleman does, every Sunday night. Now, I don't want to go to the other place any more than the next man, and I've had my time, too, of thinking I'd keep steady and say my prayers reg'lar—it makes a chap feel on a sight better terms with himself—but I don't see how I'm

going to wear white frocks and stand up in a choir,—never could sing no more'n a frog with a cold in his head—it tires me more now, honest, to think of it, than it does to do a week's mowing. Look at me! do you s'pose I'm fit for it? Father, he's always talking about the thrones, and the wings, and the praises, and the palms, and having new names in your foreheads (shouldn't object to that, though, by any means), till he drives me into the tool-house, or off on a spree. I tell him if God hain't got a place where chaps like me can do something He's fitted 'em to do in this world, there's no use thinking about it anyhow.'

"So Auntie took the honest fellow into her most earnest thought for half an hour, and argued, and suggested, and reproved, and helped him as only she could do; and at the end of it seemed to have worked into his mind some distinct and not unwelcome ideas of what a Christ-like life must mean to him, and of the coming heaven which is so much more real to her than any life outside it. 'And then,' she told him, 'I imagine that your fancy for machinery will be employed in some way. Perhaps you will do a great deal more successful inventing there than you ever will here?'

"You don't say so!" said radiant Abinadab.

"God will give you something to do, certainly, and something that you will like."

"I might turn it to some religious purpose, you know," said Abinadab, looking bright. 'Perhaps I could help 'em build a church, or hist some of their pearly gates, or something like!'

"Upon that he said it was time to be at home and see to oxen, and shambled awkwardly away.

"Clo told us this afternoon that he begged the errand and the flowers from her. She says, 'Bin thinks there never was anybody like you, Mrs. Forceythe, and 'Bin isn't the only one, either.' At which Mrs. Forceythe smiles absently, thinking—I wonder of what."

### "PASSED AWAY."

ON November 30, 1872, in his sleep, and of pulmonary phthisis, at 5, Maldon Villas, Chaucer Road, Dulwich Road, London, Mr. Frederick Harben, son-in-law of the Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*, aged 28. Before his transition Mr. Harben became a believer in Spiritualism, and his widow now shares that belief.

During the process of disposing of the household effects and clearing up, preparatory to the removal of the widow and surviving child to Swindon, a singular phenomenon occurred, which ought to find brief record here. The mantelpiece of the front sitting-room had been for days covered with various articles, inentire confusion, the mantelpiece itself being used as a kind of temporary table for the writing of letters, post-cards, and luggage labels, while the dust lay thickly upon it. One evening, December 12, while three persons and three only were on the premises, Mr. Young, Mrs. Young, and Annie Baines the servant, and while they were unitedly partaking of a hurried tea in the adjoining room, all the articles on the said mantelpiece were carefully sorted into the most perfect order, and the thick dust totally removed. Mr. Young is prepared to affirm, deliberately, and with a full knowledge of what he is saying, that all this was done by hands other than human, for at the very

moment of his being called to tea the disorder and the dust were there, while on the return of the three parties herein mentioned back to the room, the change we now report was found to have taken place. It cannot be said with absolute certainty *who* effected the alteration, and when we do not know it is simple fairness to admit our ignorance. But Mr. Harben's well known and almost morbidly delicate love of order and cleanliness obliges us to suppose that *he* was the person who did the deed. At all events it *was* done, and nothing can be more certain than that it was not done by either of the three persons who alone were in the house at the time.

### A DREAM OF THIRTY YEARS AGO.

THE interesting dreams in the *Spiritual Magazine* for December reminded me of one that puzzled us very much when we heard of it, but now, with the light thrown on it by Spiritualism, seems simple enough. I may not be able to give it quite clearly as far as technicalities go, but the important fact made too strong an impression on my mind for me to forget it, although a good many years have since elapsed. Mr. Bessemer, now celebrated for his inventions (especially in the manufacture of steel), but then unknown to fame, was endeavoring to contrive an instrument for the distribution of type for the printing press, and I have understood from some to whom I have at times related this circumstance that some such machines have been perfected, and are in use, but I do not know whether invented by him or by some one else. His plan, as far as I remember, was to have a row of keys, like the notes of a piano, for the different letters of the alphabet, and upon touching the requisite note, the letter would run along a groove, and settle itself into its place. But then a difficulty arose from the different lengths of journey that each letter would have to take, by which some would go more quickly than others, and consequently would not arrive in due rotation in the order in which they had been struck, the box (or whatever may be the technical printer's term), which was their destined abiding place being but comparatively small, and as it were in the centre, facing the player, while the piano-like instrument must stretch beyond him on each side. How to overcome this difficulty baffled him completely, but one night he had a dream, when he saw his instrument, not only finished, but in active work, the machinery being laid open to his view, putting an end to all his trouble, for the grooves from the end notes ran in a straight line towards the central box, while those in front of the player were in curves or waves, so as to require the same length of time

for their journey, those curving lines being, of course, graduated from the centre towards the ends in due proportion; and thus the grand difficulty was solved for him.

We heard of this dream from my brother-in-law, with whom he was very intimate, and wondered at his mind being so thoroughly engrossed with his work, so that even in his dreams it should not rest, but I have now learned that it was a vision shewn to him by those spirit friends who were helping him to work out the thought which had probably been suggested by themselves. Far be it from me to detract, in the slightest degree, from the merit of geniuses in any branch of art or invention, for I consider that I add greatly thereto by ranking them as spirit-mediums, possessed of a *seership* by which they are enabled to be co-workers with the invisible world in striving to benefit their fellow men. And in all geniuses we generally see a kind of complete self-abnegation which is truly grand; life seems to them only important in-so-far as they can evolve the idea that is seething in their brain, and they frequently become the prey of worldly men, who make profit out of their inventions, while they themselves rarely obtain a fair reward while this life lasts, but in the next, their simplicity and self-denial will reap a full guerdon.

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, W.

### OPEN COUNCIL.

(No. 1).

"One man's word is no man's word;  
Justice needs that both be heard."

In studying the subject of Spiritualism it is impossible not to be struck with the varied teachings of the spirits. To a Sectarian they teach the tenets of his particular sect, and to a Universalist his own cherished doctrines. If advice is asked of them they give all sorts of contradictory instructions; so far indeed, that no professed Spiritualist dare place implicit confidence in their teachings. Every Spiritualist journal contains the directions. Treat them kindly, but use your own judgment in giving credence to what you are told by them. Spirits come to *séances* and call themselves "Newton," "Bacon," "Shakespeare," and give messages in such styles of composition as the persons whose names they bear would repudiate if in the flesh. Thus Shakespeare talks slang that a Billingsgate fishmonger could hardly come up to; and Newton shows a lamentable ignorance of the first principles of astronomy. My object in writing thus is not to condemn but to examine. Should there not be a test which would enable the Spiritualist to know whether the manifesting



spirit is indeed the person he make himself out to be; or a deceiver who has a purpose in his assumptions. Seeing mediumship is of little avail, for I know (experimentally) that spirits can assume a form with intent to deceive. I conclude that others know this also. Of the various test conditions I cannot find one that can be trusted; for the spirits can read the minds of those present at the *séances*. This also is well known. In talking of SEEING mediumship, a very peculiar thought meets us. It is this. Spirits being able to assume different forms, the medium sees those forms. Is seeing mediumship really SPIRIT sight? It seems to me as if the medium could only see the MAGNETIC clothing which the spirit by an art unknown to us has covered itself with, and not THE REAL spirit itself. This is a curious point. What is REAL spirit sight? If the medium had power to see inside and beyond that covering, then spiritual sight (seeing mediumship) would be of some avail in identifying the communicating spirit, and knowing its qualities whether good or bad.

In your last number *W. L. Sammons* seems to think that clairvoyance, trance, and mediumship, are *brighter* lights than the *spirit sight* of which Swedenborg speaks. I am no Swedenborgian; for I do not believe that the New Jerusalem on Earth can be represented by a *sect*; but I think the spirit sight of Swedenborg is infinitely above all the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, inasmuch as by it man may hold real actual communication with God. This is what is meant by the New Jerusalem. In Miss Theobald's communication from a clergyman in the same number of your journal, it is TRULY said that the public side of Spiritualism has more that is repulsive in it than winning. I would ask why is this? Can a good tree bring forth evil fruit, or can pure water come from an impure spring? If Spiritualism is from God, why does it bear such fruit? The very fact of there being difference of opinion (where the clergyman is) shows that they do not get ALL their knowledge from the Divine Manhood of God, which he says their opinions hinge upon. Swedenborg was right. We must be born again. Born of the Spirit. We must breathe the breath of Deity, before we can have communication with the spirits of just men made PERFECT, and with Christ our Lord. The Prophets of Israel do not speak as if they were afraid of being deceived by lying spirits. How sure their word. "Thus saith the Lord God." Amos says: "I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son; but the Lord God took me from behind the flock, and said unto me 'Go prophesy unto my people Israel.'" Of course Modern Spiritualists would some of them tell us that Amos was mistaken; that he was in fact only a simple medium like those of the

present day; "proof enough this where the teaching comes from." I should like to know what difference there was between the four hundred prophets of Israel, and Micaiah the son of Imlah, of which we read in 1st Kings, 22 c. These four hundred were not impostors as the 22nd verse plainly shows. To my thinking THEY were MEDIUMS; and Micaiah a true seer or prophet. There was evidently a wide difference between them, though both held communion with the spirit-world. Surely Micaiah *breathed* the Spiritual atmosphere of Heaven, and so spake from the mouth of Deity; the four hundred did not; they only saw what was in the *mind* of the spirit who controlled them. Precisely as a mesmerised subject SEES what is in the mind of the mesmeriser.

I do not in this matter speak merely from theory; I have had experience in seeing mediumship, and I know as I before stated that spirits can assume to the *natural*\* medium any appearance they wish. In speaking of communication with God, I do not mean that species of sentimentality which is palmed upon the people generally by the clerical fraternity; I mean and advocate for a fact as real as ever it was to the prophets of Israel. There must be and there is a standard by which spiritual TRUTH may be known.

Yours, &c.,

W. LOCKERBY.

Rose Mount, Douglas, Isle of Man.

*To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.*

DEAR FRIEND,—I am glad to have your letter. I am not the least piqued or troubled in any sort of way, at having my communications put just where you please; while I am greatly rejoiced to find that they are communications which you value, and which you think may be of value to your readers. I have so little faith in any species of argument, that I should, with these words, or such as these, have concluded any direct answer to your letter, did not the few words at the end seem to invite a more lengthy reply. I so far believe in the yea, nay, of Scripture, as to think that the only good each can do the other, is to put forward our several views, that you may say yea, or nay, or nay to mine, as the case may be, while I act similarly with yours. This exposition of my views, I should have thought, I had already placed before you as clearly as I could, did not the few words of invitation to which I refer, imply a wish on your part to hear more; a wish to which I will endeavour to respond.

When you say I consider that God knows our sense of free will to be an illusion, I say, yes (in all humility and only as one who conjectures) I

\* I mean by this a medium who does not breathe spiritually.

do think so. And I think that He not only knows our "free will" to be an illusion, but that this very round earth itself, with our whole being is a similar illusion. By this I mean that He knows these things are *to us* as positively that which they seem, as we think them; but that He knows they are *so to us* only. For instance, I believe a spiritual world may be all round us, quite impalpable to our senses; while our world is quite impalpable to the senses of the inhabitants of that spiritual world. Hence that which is *our* reality, is simply *our* reality and no one's else. Among these things which are *our* reality is our free will—as positive to us as "the great globe itself and all that it inhabit"—to be dealt with as a thing just as real. Do I offer any indignity to God when I say that the things about us, ourselves included, are simply things *to us*? Do I not rather state one of the rising truths of modern science? And if among these things, which are only things to us, I count free will, why not? If free will is *to us*—and I fully admit it is—no one ought to ask more. You say this view makes God a murderer; but what view does not, make Him a murderer just as much? Whatever limitation we may suppose reduces His omnipotence, we cannot imagine Him unable to create creatures who would not sin. Has He not indeed created sinless creatures all round us, in beasts and birds and fishes? If the presence of sin causes us to suppose the power of God limited, the limitation it suggests is the inability to create creatures *with free will*, and prevent their sinning. What follows then? Creatures possessing free will are created, and they sin. God, thereon, does not destroy these creatures, but lets them go on, and go on sinning. Not only does He thus act with the ones first created, but he allows those first created to multiply from generation to generation, and with the iniquity of the fathers descending upon the sons, he allows them to go on multiplying from age to age. God does not destroy and start afresh, but He approves, so far as to continue to create a race of creatures who murder, commit adultery, and every crime. Clearly then He must consider the gift of free-will to be worth all the pain it causes. In the continued creations of a sinful race He expresses a conviction that a higher result will be reached by permitting such sinfulness, than in any other way, or approves of the passage of men through the crimes they commit to the result He has in view. If His sunshine and His rain are thus allowed by Him to be worked up into criminal results, can any one who uses the word God, avoid attributing to that God, crime, if not as immediately and directly, yet as essentially as I attribute it? You may close your eyes to the responsibility the name of God involves, but you cannot escape its existence. Nor do I think there is any sort of

need we should endeavor to remove the responsibility for any single crime from God; speaking in whose name, and expressing precisely the faith I advocate, Isaiah says, "I form the light and create darkness: I make peace and create evil: I the Lord do all these things." We must all, I think, admit that the "good man" who, we hope, will at last come out of the creation we behold, is a man who is *conscious* that he is good—who is *aware* that he loves God and his neighbor more than himself—who *feels* that their interest stands first in his heart. Without this consciousness we might be instinctive creatures, we could not be men. I do not pretend to say what might, or might not be, but I do say that among us the presence of positive and unmistakable crime alone gives the field in which the consciousness that we love good, and abhor evil, may be acquired. If I were never insulted, could I learn to bear insult with a heart of love toward him who insults? If I were never in fear of murder, could I learn by degrees, to love the good deed, and kindly heart, better than life? If the choice between good and evil never came before me, through the temptation to lie, cheat, deceive, do some infernal deed, could I know the power and peace of love, or sound one unruffled shallow of the nature of God? If the great gift of gifts, making a heavenly kingdom hereafter possible for men, is the gift of the heart of Christ, could that gift be given were we not in a world in which we may be called on to endure persecution like His? Think of this—only think of it seriously, and consider whether the presence of sin and evil in the world, does not call forth from us one attitude, and one alone—that of an astonished wonder and adoration toward a God who can pour His life into things so hateful, to attain, for His creatures, an end so divine? In view of the grandeur of the end to be attained, the very horror with which we couple the name of God, with that of crime, must surely call forth a love and adoration intense in its nature, when we perceive that any conception whatever of God compels this coupling:—and it does!—either your conception or mine—yours more indirectly than mine, but none the less surely.

Nor does the regard of sin and evil, which appears to me *our* truth, make the murderer and conspicuous villain a whipping boy for his race. A sharp word, a selfish thought, an angry speech only differs by degree from the deed done by the dagger or the club of the assassin. We none of us fail to bring our tribute of the evil which makes goodness possible, or fail to have our work to do in its expulsion. The real difference between you and me is, that evil and sin are to you mysteries, while, on the theory of life in which I believe, their necessity is obvious. If convinced of their necessity, the very abhor-

ence of God for the agents He uses, but increases the wonder of our adoration, and the absorption of our love.

You speak of the feeling of responsibility. This feeling is, I conceive, simply educational. When its work is done, it fades and falls under the pressure of a love for God, and joy in co-operation with Him, which is more than its substitute. This joy entered into, individuality itself becomes lost in the broad sense of brotherhood. We begin to perceive that the whole business of life is no longer private and individual, but common and universal to God and man—that business being, to-day, the removal from our midst of the very sin which has created us, in giving us the ability, through its expulsion, to feel the power within us of the heart of Christ. With the waking of this perception, the air of Heaven, stirred by the beating of the heart of Christ, causes the harps we are, to vibrate with the first notes of their eternal harmony. The heart of Christ! O mighty name! The heart through whose power we feel that self is lost in the race—and this means that sin is gone. Such a change in our faith as that from a sense of responsibility, to a sense of co-operation with God and man, may shed around us, as it comes, the autumnal leaves of old ideas, old beliefs, old hopes, but if it does it will bring with it the knowledge that the dead leaves have nourished, and left behind, a young life of nobler promise than they contain, which fall. In conclusion I must tell you the appearance your letter takes to me. I see in it, first, a wonderful exhibition of the compulsion we are all under to seek God the Father, through His revelation of Himself under our conditions—through His revelation of Himself in humanity—in the Son. This I see in the horror with which you are filled at the thought of any approach to God, except when surrounded by a body guard singled out by the Son Himself, whose face is one of changeless severity against evil.

Your letter also curiously illustrates the confusion of thought, which, I conceive, arises, when we neglect to draw a line between the revelations of God as the mysterious Father—whose very breadth of sight and universal presence should prevent us from even supposing we can understand Him—and the Son, our knowledge of whom increases every day, bringing with it alone a greater knowledge of the Father, whom He reveals; this Son! this wonderful Son!—in whom alone we must always see the Father; whom we can never study too much, or believe we can understand too well; the thought of whom is the joy of home, and the star of promised day glimmering over the business world; whose nature from within to without, is the meat and drink which feeds our spiritual

life. I here close my remarks; and yet one hope wells from my heart—that I may not seem altogether like the juggler casting balls into the air to win a hundredth round of applause; but that my words, if at first they appear only to express a skilful trick of the tongue, will, as they are observed, be found to contain a meaning weighty and deep.

Yours truly,

HORACE FIELD, B.A.

30, Thurlow Road, Hampstead, London, N.W.,  
Oct. 28, 1872.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.*

DEAR SIR,—In the *Christian Spiritualist* for October last, you were kind enough to comment on a short account I sent you of the two initial sittings I had with my own family. Since then, I have had several *réunions spirituelles*, with, exclusively, members of our household. None of us have attended any *séance* away from home. We have never had any professional medium with us; and have not, consequently, incurred the risk of being the dupes of imposture. Moreover, I object to extraordinary manifestations, when sought after merely to gratify *curiosity*.

We commence our sittings with specially-prepared prayers, sometimes preceded with singing of hymns and the beautiful Litany. We conclude with the Evening Hymn or Doxology. My impression is that Christian family circles, meeting *harmoniously* with the earnest desire to have holy communion with the saints in glory, in order to obtain information from them—not relating to earthly enjoyments or success, but concerning the truth as it is in Jesus—are rightly using the divine gift of spiritualistic mediumship, which will prove a blessing to all devout and patient seekers.

Our communications are chiefly *in writing*, through Mr. Barry, my daughter's husband, with whom I reside. Through him, the writing is more rapidly produced, but writing has also been effected through my son and myself. We have recently been honored with some very valuable communications from John Milton—termed the "Singer"—Peter, Stephen, and Paul (the title "*Saint*" is not prefixed) through the agency of *Messengers*. We have been instructed to make known some of these messages. I now proceed to give extracts:—

Monday, 28th October—Present, Mr. Barry and myself. Evidences were quickly given, and amongst many other highly-interesting communications, the following was written:—"Now is the holy influence poured out on creation. The breathing dust, the drooping trees feel the



sweet balm ; and man goeth unto his rest, and the eyes of the ever-ready angel-guards go forth unto their grateful functions. The evil spirits go about seeking whom they may find ready to open their weak hearts unto them ; and the Good Spirits stand watching, weeping—tears of sorrow, tears of delight. Each moment sees a flower spring up on earth, and its brighter counterpart in the home where, at its death-birth, the released being repairs, to take its emblem, as its Sceptre of Record, to the throne of—

Here a curious symbol was traced and the signification appended. It was stated to refer to the "Holy Tri-unity." Below the explanation, these words were written—"All united incomprehensibly ; and the line is continuous, indicating Eternity."

The name of the communicating Spirit was also written, "Milton." We were subsequently informed that it was a *messenger*, and not the poet himself. We are told that Spiritual visitors attend our sittings, charged with instructive missions from dwellers within the higher spheres of spirit land.

After the above, we were thus advised—"Use Spiritualism rightly, and man lives in the light of Heaven. Misuse it, and the infatuated mortal is lost ! Spiritualism is a serious thing—not gloomy, but cheerful, yet sacred, and full of bright awe. Good night !"

Tuesday, October 29th—We, two, sat again, and manifestations were almost immediately afforded. We asked for the names of the spirits present, when the following reply was written:—"We cannot always write our names. We act under a high guidance. Our intercourse with those yet in the flesh is fixed. We have not here the names we had on earth, when in the body. If we give you names, often they are wrong ; for even spirits forget—at least, they find the remembrance of much of their earth-life pass away from them. So that it frequently happens that they totally forget, or err in what they think to be their names. So much for Good Spirits ; the dwellers in the lower spheres of etheriality are not particular what names they give. So, you see, though we wish to oblige you, you must not press the subject of writing our names."

Another long communication was concluded as follows:—"Think not, then, that, even in its present stage, your communication is void of profit. This draws you 'nearer to God,' until you live in the light of eternal peace. There is light, my friends, at eventide, and happy are they whose light gradually shines brighter and brighter until lost in the perfect day. But this is not the *all* of Spiritual communication. Your special mission cometh. Wait !

Lead on, sweet Saviour, lead !  
I do not heed

Whither or how,  
So be it Thou  
Dost help my need."

Another long paragraph on "Angelic Guards" followed, also a reference to our Lord's Prayer on the Mount. We were then told that the words, "Thy kingdom come," referred to SPIRITUALISM, being a petition to Jehovah "to open up communion with the saints in glory." The writing was continued—"In the latter days,' saith the Lord, 'I will pour out My Spirit on all flesh. \*Your young men shall see visions, and your old ones dream dreams.' This all is come unto you as signs of the times—to ring in the Christ that is to be. Light at eventide ! Light is heavenly-mindedness ; Eventide is the latter days. The Holy Spirit was poured out at Pentecost. The bread has been cast upon the waters : now cometh the fruit after many days."

I enquired, "Do we rightly comprehend the passage, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven ?'"

Answer : "You do not."

Mr. Lowe : "Will you kindly give us a clearer idea as to its meaning ?"

Answer : "Ye know not what ye ask, except it be given you. How could you understand how God's will is done in heaven ? If you did you could not act up to it. What, then, does the prayer mean ? 'Help us to act, while on earth, more in conformity with what Thy power will enable us to accomplish, when we see Thee as Thou art, and not through a glass, darkly, as now. Help us to die with Thee ; help us to live with Thee, where Thou art risen to—die with Thee, forgetting ourselves wholly, and feeling as if self is nothing, while Christ alone hath died.' When you feel this—when you feel that self is nothing but the mere vessel or machine in the Maker's loving care, then do ye come more near to the meaning of 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' It is a difficult standard. How few there be that reach it !"

Mr. Lowe : "'Give us this day our daily bread.' I suppose we understand that simple sentence ?"

Answer : "No."

Mr. Lowe : "Will you kindly explain ?"

Answer : "'Give us power to live fully up to all the requirements of this day.' Not your food. Your Heavenly Father knoweth your need of all these things. 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' This text means—plan out each day's work : do it, by God's help, through the Saviour. 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.' Let each day be complete in itself. Think not of the morrow, which may never come to you in this

life. All the energy of this day will be needed for this day's work.

'Count that day lost whose low descending sun  
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.'

*Mr. Lowe:* "'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.' What about this passage?"

*Answer:* "That is one of the plainest portions of the whole prayer, for thereon hang the law and the prophets. Duty to God is the ground-work of salvation, for it is part and parcel of redemption, being directly connected therewith. But your whole duty to man—your neighbor, as illustrated in the symbol of the good Samaritan—lies in the few weighty words in question."

*Mr. Lowe:* "'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.' How are we to understand this?"

*Answer:* "God tempteth no man. He leads no man into sin. This means simply 'Let us live so near to Thee that Satan cannot come near us. Draw us nearer to Thee.' This is the meaning; also, which is the same thing, 'Take our guilty hearts, Lord, reign supreme therein, and seal the doors of our spirit-mansion in the flesh against all entrance of evil influences. Amen!'"

Just previous to this, my son, John, who lives at No. 1, Spencer Road, Kentish Town, N.W., entered the room. He asked, "Do children's intellects expand and grow to maturity after death?" The reply was given at once:—"Yes; and they grow faster than older persons, for they are not impeded by the sins and false opinions and hardness of heart of their fully-physically-developed brethren. 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven'—alluding to those who receive the Word in humble simplicity. Each one of us, my friend, must be born again, before we attain unto the kingdom of God. You will understand all this better by-and-bye."

I then apologetically remarked, "I fear we have detained you too long." I was, however, quickly interrupted, "Not long! A thousand years, in our sight, is as a watch of the night. We are in *Eternity*."

The name of our kind communicator was written, "Peter's Messenger."

These are plain FACTS. We have preserved the originals, carefully numbered and dated. In my next, *with your permission*, I shall, please God, send you some most valuable spirit-comments on the Apostles' Creed.

I am, dear sir,

Yours truly,

J. S. LOWE.

6, Chetwynd Road, Kentish Town, London, N.W., November 16, 1872.

## SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

LETTER No. 10.

*To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.*

DEAR SIR,—I heartily wish a happy New Year to you and your readers, and I trust that before it comes to its close, Spiritualism may have compelled even the most benighted materialists to confess that there are powers outside of ourselves working wonders in our midst, and they may even learn that some of those workers are their own deceased relatives, that therefore death is not annihilation, but simply passing on to another life, such as they may have earned for themselves while on the earth, for we are taught that all is not brightness in the world beyond, but that as a man sows, so he will reap.

The past year has brought to us the most certain evidence of individual spirit presence, by this interesting phase of manifestation on the photographic plate, thus enabling those whose eyes have not yet been opened, to share in some degree the advantage of the clairvoyant, with the additional gratification of retaining the picture, whereas the vision will have passed away from the seer, who sometimes loses even the remembrance of it.

Mr. Hudson has given me a most unexpected pleasure, for he told me a week or two ago, that he wishes to present me with a complete set of all the spirit photographs taken in his studio, therefore he will have them printed for me as speedily as the weather and his other engagements will permit; he has already given me upwards of sixty, which, in addition to those I had myself purchased, makes my collection amount to one hundred and eighty, no two of which are alike, and that very fact is sufficient answer to the aspersions which have been brought against their authenticity, even setting aside the great number of instances where the individual spirits have been rejoicingly recognized. But to us experienced Spiritualists the recognition of our personal friends has not been a necessity, for we all know that we receive communications from invisible beings whom we have never known, but who come to us either for help or from affinitive attraction, therefore it may even be easier for them to be photographed than others whose very ardour may disturb the conditions, because for them, as well as for the mortal sitter, calmness is indispensable to obtain a satisfactory manifestation.

Some of the spirit faces are exceedingly clear, and must have brought comfort to many an aching heart, and I should feel much indebted to those who have thus received the assurance of the presence of their own loved ones if they would favor me with a few lines of information on the subject, not for the purpose (unless so desired), of making it public, but to give the full value to the portrait, by writing the explanation on the reverse side, as I always do to those that come through my own mediumship. If also the correct date could be given it would be an additional favor, for although Mr. Hudson has done his best for me on that point, there are very many cases in which he cannot be sure, as during the great press of work in the early summer, when his place used to be crowded, the names and dates were not always entered in his books.

I have already occupied so much of your space that I must only describe a couple of the photographs taken since my last letter. For my No. 42, I was impressed that I was to kneel, and on the negative being developed, we were much surprised to see on my head in the picture a closely fitting cap, rather light hued, but with a sort of pattern on it; a spirit is opposite me, whose drapery slightly shades my face. On the following Thursday I again had to kneel, and the same cap is on my head, and the spirit who stands facing me is offering to me what I at once recognised as the hilt of a sword, the rest of it being still underneath his mantle. This led me to look for the text which seemed to bear upon it, Ephesians, 6th chapter, 17th and 18th verses: "And take the helmet of

salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God: praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit." I then turned to Kitto's Biblical Cyclopaedia, for the description of the ancient helmet, which, as he says, in the earliest ages was made in the form "of a bee-hive or of a skull cap." The cap on my head (exactly alike in both the kneeling pictures), is decidedly shaped like a skull cap. The spirit in each photograph also wears a helmet, the first very much resembling one of the illustrations in Kitto's book, with the side piece covering the cheek, while the helmet in No. 43 covers the forehead completely, leaving the remainder of the face very clear, and I am told that the spirit is St. Paul, who thus comes to symbolise his own teachings.

I had intended narrating the circumstances of two or three different tests that I have either witnessed or heard of lately, but the words seem withdrawn from my mind, and the impression comes strongly that they are for others to record, being simply unneeded by me after my nine months' experience of Mr. Hudson's straightforward openness in my regular weekly visits.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

GEORGINA HOUGHTON.

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

Since writing the above, I have had a letter from Mr. Ivimey, of 34, Euston Square, which I transcribe.

"MY DEAR MISS HOUGHTON,—I willingly send you the particulars of the test I had at Mr. Hudson's. He suggested trying to get a spirit photograph when no recognised medium was present—on the first plate no spirit form appeared; 'Never mind,' said Hudson, 'I will try three.' The second plate was sensitised and placed in the camera. I took my seat and was focussed. Hudson was about to uncap the lens and begin to count, when I stopped him, left my seat, went into the dark room, and told him I wished the plate to be reversed. He did not hesitate a moment, took the slide out of the camera, and offered it to me to place as I liked, but I declined, thinking I might injure the plate. However, he took the glass out, saying, 'You want it like this I suppose,' turning it upside down. It was then put in the camera, I took my seat at once without being again focussed, the cap was taken off the lens, the portrait taken—I got up from my chair, saw the plate taken out and developed, and on it was the spirit-form.\* The next plate was put into the slide, and Hudson said, 'I suppose you want this turned,' and was about doing so, but I said that could remain as it was—no spirit-form appeared on this plate. You are welcome to use my name. I forgot to say that Hudson had no previous knowledge of the test I was about to apply.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

JOSEPH IVIMEY, JUN.

\* If Mr. Hudson kept the prepared plates that the wisacres talk about, the spirit would have appeared in this instance with the head downwards.—G. H.

### THE GLEANER.

Mr. Robert Dale Owen is now writing another book upon Spiritualism.

The *Dublin Journal of Medical Science* for September, 1872, has a long review of five Spiritualist publications.

The cause of Spiritualism is making steady progress in the town of Northampton, where there are several local mediums.

Mr. James Burns was duly elected a member of the London Dialectical Society, at a meeting held on November 20.

Mr. J. J. Morse has been visiting the North again, with very interesting results, duly reported from time to time in the *Medium*.

Mr. C. W. Pearce, 14, Burnley Road, Stockwell, is endeavoring to form a Spiritual Society for Brixton and the neighborhood.

Mr. D. Chambers, 44, South Road, Faversham, would be glad to make the acquaintance of sympathisers with the work of Spiritualism.

The *Banner of Light* is issuing what is called an "Harmonial Cyclopaedia," prepared expressly for that journal, by Andrew Jackson Davis.

A large second edition of Mr. Sergeant Cox's treatise on Psychic Force has been already exhausted. It has been twice re-printed in America.

Trübner and Co., of London, have published a book of Poems, written by Planchette, through the mediumship of Frederick Griffin. The price is 2s. 6d.

Mr. Wallace, the missionary medium, may be heard of at Mr. Bowman's, 65, Jamaica St., Glasgow. He is said to be astonishing and delighting the Scotch Folk.

Madame Louise, a medical clairvoyante and healing medium, from New York, is now in London, and may be found at 50, Howland Street, Fitzroy Square.

Mr. Robert Harper, Soho Hill, Birmingham, is prepared to deliver inspirational lectures, on subjects named in an advertisement which appears in the *Medium* for December 13th.

A debate on Modern Spiritualism took place between Mr. Charles Bradlaugh and Mr. James Burns, in the New Hall of Science, 142, Old Street, City Road, on Dec. 16th and 17th.

The *Medium* for Dec. 13th gives publicity to some correspondence between Mr. Gerald Massey and a gentleman signing himself "T. H." Mr. Massey gives valuable advice to investigators.

Mr. Mersh has been lecturing with discussions following the lectures, at the Hall of Progress, 90, Church Street, Edgware Road, on particular branches of the general subject of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Julia B. Dickinson, from the United States, clairvoyante physician and magnetic healer, invites all who are sick to test her powers of diagnosis and curing disease. Her address is 7, Islington Terrace, Liverpool.

We entirely share the great regret which must be felt by all Spiritualists on hearing that the *Banner of Light* office and book store has been entirely consumed by the late fire in Boston, and a loss incurred of something like 50,000 dollars.

Lieutenant R. A. Salmond, of the Royal Artillery, Woolwich, has had a Spirit Photograph recently taken by Mr. Hudson, and the *Spiritualist* says that "the balance of evidence is rather in favor of its being one of the genuine ones produced there."

The Sunday services in connection with Spiritualism have been resumed in Cavendish Rooms, Cavendish Square, and there would seem to be a large amount of genuine work and of intelligent interest in the cause manifesting themselves in London.

Dr. Sexton is throwing himself, with his accustomed energy, into the cause of Spiritualism. He has been lecturing at Huddersfield and Bradford, and is due at Newcastle-on-Tyne early in January. The doctor's address is 17, Trafalgar Road, Old Kent Road, London.

Mr. Jesse Shephard, a well known musical medium, who has just returned from a tour in Russia, and gives particulars of being entertained by very distinguished society at St. Petersburg, is at present in London, and may, we suppose, be further heard of on application at 15, Southampton Row.

Messrs. White and Co., of Boston, the publishers of the *Banner of Light*, have just issued an interesting book, entitled "Flashes of Light from the Spirit Land," consisting of Spirit messages given through the trance mediumship of Mrs. Conant. Some illustrative extracts from the book are given in the *Spiritualist* for December 1.

The formation of a National Institution of British Spiritualists has been suggested, and the *Spiritualist* of



December 1 names several well known Spiritualists as persons who might join together to form a committee, in which Spiritualists would have confidence. For reasons quite unknown to us, our own name is omitted from the list, although we quite approve of the plan, and should be perfectly willing to do our best to give it effect.

We agree with the *Spiritualist* that it is a good plan for subscribers to order the Spiritual periodicals through a local news-vendor, and not by post, as the Journals are thus made to pass through many hands before delivery, and people forced to recognise Spiritualism as a fact. Local reading rooms and newspapers should be liberally supplied with copies.

It may as well be understood, once for all, that we make no pretension to the gathering together in the *Gleaner* of all the items of Spiritualist news, scattered over the surfaces of other Spiritualist periodicals. What we omit is often quite as, if not more interesting than what we take; but in many cases the omitted is altogether too long for re-production, and can be given again only by a curtailment which would be unfair to the original reports. This will account for many omissions, recognized to be such.

Mr. Brevior contributes a specially valuable article, of 20 pages, to the *Spiritual Magazine* for December, on what he calls "Visions of the Night," or Dreams, and which will be of great service to us when we come to lecture on the same subject in the course of a month or two. The same number also contains direct and circumstantial evidence in relation to Spirit Photographs, and a list of sitters who recognise the Spirit portraits taken by Mr. Hudson. The article gives a brief *resumé* of the facts and considerations the *Spiritual Magazine* has presented from time to time in favor of the genuineness of the inculcated Spirit Photographs, and ends by saying that "in view of these considerations public retraction and apology is due to those whose characters have been defamed."

## POETRY.

### THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Bury the broken outcast—

Deep is his grave, and wide,  
For many a sorrow, many a sin,  
Many a prize we failed to win,  
Many a joy that might have been,

We bury by his side,  
Cover them up, and make no moan—  
Who shall be judge but God alone.

Bright was the dawning promise  
Of him we have laid to rest;  
Welcome we gave him, frank and free,  
Promises fair of what should be,  
Hopes that beckoned so cheerily.

And now, stark on his breast  
They lie, to show how we fought the fight,  
How shunned the wrong, and upheld the right.

O! let them not rise against us,  
Let the grave keep its dead—  
Erring and weak, and proud and vain,  
Cowards for sorrow, fear and pain,  
Eager for earthly joy and gain,  
Thus have our moments sped,  
Bitter remorse and trembling shame—  
These are the guerdons we can claim.

O! may our sorrow ripen  
To fruitage, that shall not be  
Bitter within, though fair to sight :—  
Give us, O Lord, Thy Spirit's light!  
Give us the strength to walk aright!  
And humbly follow Thee.

So shall our faith shine bright and clear,  
Bringing new strength for a glad New Year.  
*Christian Unitarian*, February, 1866.

## OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

No. 25.

"And who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?" 1 Chronicles, 29 c., 5 v.

1. The chapter of which these words form a part and the preceding one, will give the *occasion* of the text. A more literal rendering would be, "And who then is willing to give freely this day unto Jehovah?" or, "And who then is willing to come with his hands full this day unto Jehovah?" The *letter* of the text is, comparatively, immaterial; but the *spirit* of it suggests to us self-consecration to God, upon which the following remarks may be made :—

2. The true aim of life, and which can alone give to life real dignity, is the consecration of all we have and all we are to God.

3. This consecration must be made personally, freely, unreservedly, deliberately, constantly, and in practical forms, to God, who is not abstract force, but a moral Being. This consecration is possible, for we have the germs of it within us: we do, in fact, consecrate, or devote, or sacrifice ourselves, every day we live, to some object or objects, some being or beings.

4. But how is the consecration to be made? We must believe it to be possible, we must will to make it, we must give up all known sin, we must refuse no natural helps, we must expect pain in the process, and, if we fail for the moment and fall, we must pick ourselves up again, as David did when he said, "My soul followeth hard after Thee."

5. If this consecration of ourselves to God be not made, faith will grow weak, strength will fail, and the true inspiration to life will be wanting. But if we do it in the ways noted above, we shall always have a guard to defend us, a sword with which to fight, and a rest in the midst of labor, a great peace in the midst of war. It will also show itself; for the difference must, first or last, be apparent, between him who serveth God and him who serveth Him not.

6. At this season, when the old year has passed away and the new-born year has come to see the light, this consecration should be made, or renewed, by the young, by ministers, by teachers, by reformers, by parents, by every soul who is in the least degree conscious of the relations existing between himself and his Maker.

7. Upham's "Principles of the Interior or Hidden Life," published by Hamilton, Adams, and Co., may be read with great advantage, particularly Chapter 4 of Part I, page 28.

FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG.  
(Preached at Swindon).

## Advertisements.

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## STANDING NOTICES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Advertisements.

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

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

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

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

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