

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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SPIRIT LINES—THE WAIL OF A LOST SPIRIT.

The writer of this Article is, as will be seen at the foot, the Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*; but the peculiarities of the case herein to be detailed are of such a kind that it has been deemed desirable to use the first person "I," instead of the usual editorial "we." The Article is, therefore, signed by the Editor's own name.

On Monday afternoon, Dec. 23, 1872, I was reading the *Standard* report of Mr. Gladstone's speech delivered at Liverpool on the previous Saturday, and commenting upon portions of it, in the presence of two members of my family circle—Mrs. Wreford, and her daughter. Suddenly, and while in the act of making my comments, I began to feel extremely faint, from what I thought to be the heat of the room, and desired that the window might be opened for the ingress of fresh air. I also went from the fire-place to the open window, hoping that in a few minutes the feeling of faintness might pass away. Very shortly after this change, I was entranced, and slid off the chair on to the floor, in a kneeling position, and then began to crawl on hands and knees, very slowly, groping about like a person might who was in the dark, and trying to find his way through it. While in this position, and watched eagerly by those present, a Spirit began to utter through me certain lines of verse, which were taken down in shorthand at the time. "Suiting," as Shakspeare says, "the action to the word and the word to the action," the Spirit began as follows, every word being illustrated by the movements my body made:

"I wander on—I wander far,
No light of sun—no blink of star;
I wander on—no voice I hear,

No word to guide, but all is drear;
I wander on, amid darkness deep;
No hand to touch, no rest, no sleep.
O heart, so foul and full of sin:
Without—without—and not within!
I *might* have been "within" the gate,
But scoffed and scowled, till all too late;
I heard a voice, a voice for years,
I turned away—no hope appears;
I wander on—where *shall* I go?
I say "this way"—a voice says "No!"
I wander on—I cry with pain,
I ne'er shall hear *that* voice again,
The voice of pity, power, and love,
The voice on earth of God above.
I wander on, and stumble—fall:
And all is gone, for ever—all:
O sisters, brothers, in the land below,
If I *could* tell you all I know;
'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
How *can* I cleanse you, filthy heart.
I *cannot* wander—I *must* stay,
And wait the beams of brighter day,
Feel out for help, and strain these eyes
For light, from yonder closed skies:
O God, O Christ, O Holy Ghost!
List to the cries of one that's lost!
Perhaps some Angel hears my word,
And may be sent here by its Lord
To pick up *me*, to guide *my* feet,
And bring my wandering steps to meet
My Judge, my oft-offended Lord,
And hear from Him my doomful word?"

At this point I think the Spirit's own mention of the word "Angel," must have suggested to her mind the fact that she had at some time in the past been herself called an "Angel," and the contrast between the really angelic character and her own was at once felt to be so striking that she burst out into the following disclaimer:

An Angel? no, a woman fell,
Who dragged her dupes the way to hell
Who smiled, caressed, spoke words of love,
And strove by meretricious arts to prove
The words all true—

Here it would seem that the spirit was not

satisfied with the way in which she was expressing herself; partly, perhaps, because the lines of verse were not properly measured out, so she revised her composition, beginning again as follows:—

"An Angel? no, a woman fell,
Who dragged her dupes the road to hell,
With words all bland, with smiles and tears,
With laughter, shouts, with hopes and fears:
They paid me well—they did their deed—
They paid on garbage foul to feed:
I know it now—I see it all,
And here I am, no voice to call,
No voice to say 'Reach forth thy hand,
A guide is here to Spirit Land!' I
wander on—all dark and foul
Begrimed—a hated, spotted soul:
The sin was mine and only mine:
I died, and gave the world no sign;
I died, to live—I lived to know
The meaning of a *Spirit's woe*.
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Is there *no* hope for Spirits lost,
No help for sin—no word—no sign?
The sin was mine and only mine."

The friends present tell me that nothing could more painfully and entirely illustrate intense agony of mind than the movements and tones of the Spirit, while the expression of the face was indescribable. My friends interjected, here and there, a word of consolation and advice, but no notice would seem to have been taken of it. I have no clue by which to tell the name, or history of this Spirit, and where the ignorance is absolute, silence should be equally so. It is, however, apparent that the speaker was a woman; a woman who in earth-life had been what is familiarly known as a "prostitute," but one of higher grade than usual, and certainly one of education and poetic feeling. Orthodox Christians talk much about hell, and delight themselves and their hearers with vivid and painful pictures of what they themselves conceive hell to be, pictures made up largely of material images, and appealing to the merely physical feelings of pain or pleasure. But here at least one may know, however faintly, what hell must be in the future to a soul that has abused its nature in earth-life, and been disobedient to the Heavenly vision, the Heavenly voice. If spiritual phenomena were worth nothing more than for the insight they give into the Spiritual state of those who have passed away, they would be of incalculable benefit, for they show us, beyond all possibility of cavil, that the eternal order reigns supreme in all worlds, and that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," that not what we have, or where we are is the great matter, but *what* we are, and that however "case-hardened" a Spirit may be on this side of the Border Land, the time must come, sooner or later, when that Spirit will realize its own condition, its own surroundings, the "place" (1 Acts, 25 v) it has made for itself by its whole earth-life. Let

smoke, and fire, and bodily torment continue to be used as figures of the retribution of the future, and we shall not object, but let them be used simply as figures, and as nothing else, for it is evident that a Spirit's torment in the Land beyond is the torment of Spirit and not of body.

I cannot but indulge the hope that at some future time this poor Spirit, wandering on and groping its way blindly, may be permitted to entrance me again, and give some particulars of name, residence, and such other details as may help one to trace out portions of her earthly life; and if I am so far favoured my readers may rest assured I shall give them all the information that is given to me. Meanwhile, I place this entrancement on record, because it is, in itself, an extremely valuable one; and because, however many who may hear of it may disbelieve, or be in doubt, there are those who will accept the account for what it really is, a truthful and carefully composed history of one of the most solemn and impressive spiritual experiences to which I have been subjected since my mediumistic powers have been brought into action.

I ought to say, what, of course, my readers will assume, that I myself have punctuated and emphasized these lines of verse, in order to make them more readable. The words in italics are those which the Spirit herself strongly emphasized.

DECEMBER 30, 1872.—Exactly a week from the time since the above particulars transpired, the faintness I have described above came over me again, and eventually I was entranced. My hands were clasped in an attitude of prayer, and of evident thankfulness, and then unclasped; but no words were uttered. The Spirit was asked to speak, but a shake of the head was the only answer. I then came out of my trance; but only for about two minutes, when to my surprise I was entranced again. I was made to spring up with a sudden movement, and clasp my hands, and then the Spirit repeated through me the following lines, which are here punctuated and emphasized, to express, as well as one can do, the significance of the utterances—the meanings attempted to be expressed:—

"My groping's ceased,—I've heard the sound!
The dead's alive! The lost is found!
The seeking hand has found out *me*;
I'm *his* through all *eternity*!
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
I've found there's hope for one that's lost!
Glory, honour, praise, and power
Be unto our God for ever!"

(Here my hands were folded across my breast).

"I cross my hands o'er this wild heart;
We meet,—and meet no more to part!
On earth my sin lost all his love;
I've died to find it all above!
With guilt and stain he loves me still,
Forgives my wrong, my hellish ill,
O bridegroom! keep thy soiled bride,
And let no ill from hence betide!"

*I will be good,—I will be true ;
The wrong—the sin—I can't undo !
That I may earn my peace at length,
(And with the peace must come the strength)
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Give help to me, the Spirit lost !
And bless the waiting love that's found
And now will keep me, safe and sound."*

(Here the Spirit slightly paused, and evidently addressed herself to the Spirit who had sought and found her).

*"Thou think'st the blame was partly thine,
The sin was mine and only mine.
My eyes were blind,—I did not know ;
I see it now !—I see it now !
The praise be yours,—the blame be mine ;
The sin was mine,—and only mine !"*

Here the poem, if poem it may be called, comes to an end, and seems to tell its own tale, the tale of a woman who had acted falsely towards some man whom she had loved, and who had loved her ; but who was at length found by that same man in the Spirit World, who was made the instrument, in the hands of God, of awakening her not only to a right sense of her sin, but to hope for deliverance from some of its spiritual embarrassments. We must all be pardoned for cherishing the desire that we may one day or other be permitted to know the name, and some of the particulars of the mortal history, of this poor lost and found one. In the meantime, the history itself just as it is is a most solemn and impressive warning to all evil doers ; while it equally shows how the eternal love of the Infinite Father is always seeking after His wanderers, and is engaged in bringing back His prodigal banished ones. The theory of "unconscious cerebration," by which many of the opponents of Spiritualism seek to explain some of its phenomena, utterly fails in this case. The brain cannot give out what it does not contain ; and that poem was no more the product of my brain than some poem of a language utterly and absolutely unknown to me would be. In my waking moments I could not have written it, as all who know my peculiar cast of mind could easily testify. No ; it is a genuine spirit utterance, plain, pointed, practical, and extremely painful ; but carrying with it in every particular the signature of reality ; and proving how "he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption ;" and that "judgment against an evil work," although "not executed speedily," is always executed in the long run. I also think that it is one more proof added to several which the thoughtful and observant may easily accumulate, that what we call fallen, lost women are not, after all, the very worst people in the world ; that there are sins of a far more difficult and apparently hopeless kind than what we call "sins of the flesh,"—morally and physically bad as they are. A woman's fall from a state of chastity to a state of *unchastity*, is very often only an

inverted and misdirected form of self-sacrifice ; and self-sacrifice is in itself so noble a thing, that even when it takes wrong directions, it may contain within itself the elements of its own recovery to a right state.

FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG.

HEART AND INTELLECT.

IN looking round on the religious world the distinction between heart and intellect—heart revelation and intellectual revelation—is a distinction the importance and need of which cannot, I think, be over-rated. The assertion we often hear from men of "advanced thought"—the assertion we invariably hear from all who ally themselves with science is, that those men are unwise—even dishonest—who seeing new truths in old phrases, creeds, and dogmas, repeat these phrases, creeds, and dogmas as expressive of the truths they see. They should (say the objectors) find new forms of words to express their new ideas, instead of using the old ones. We read, for instance, in the Church of England Prayer Book, and hear repeated the Apostles', the Nicene, perhaps the Athanasian Creed ; and may find that the Creed repeated expresses precisely, distinctly, and beautifully for us a set of truths which we fervently believe. We are at the same time well assured that every proposition the Creed contains conveys a different meaning to us from the meaning it had to the writers, and from the meaning it has to most of its modern readers. Conscious of this difference, however, we use the Creed as if it was our own Creed, and written for us. To make the matter still clearer I will point out two differences. A disciple of Professor Maurice (as I understand the professor's teaching) reads the words "eternal damnation"—"eternal death"—as meaning that darkness misery and sorrow which ever has, and always will, surround sin, and ignorance of God ; and he repeats the damnatory clauses in the Athanasian Creed, considering that he is merely stating the tritest of truths when he asserts that all are condemned to this everlasting darkness who cannot feel the arms of God around them and His breath parting their hair, as they feel who have faith in the statements of that Creed. If you think thus, says the scientific objector, you should surely find other words to express your faith, not use the old ones which are sure to be misunderstood ; a proposition to which—as one possessed of a tongue that can explain away the misunderstanding from all who care to be enlightened—I demur. Or again, I understand the words "Begotten of His Father before all worlds" spoken of our Lord in the Nicene Creed, to mean that the idea of Christ, and the salvation He brings, is so central a point

in human history, that the perception of His coming, and our redemption thereby was a precedent thought in the mind of God (if I may so express myself) to the very thought of creation itself. The redemption Christ would effect made creation possible. This is the meaning I see expressed in these words as I repeat them.

What possible reason can you give (says the objector) for using these old words in a sense so novel? Be honest and sensible and get new words for such new thoughts.

I have my reasons for using these old words, and I think good reasons. To cast them aside for new words of my own, would break a link binding me to my forefathers, and to the Church of Christ, which would go far to rob me of spiritual life. If no two men can see precisely the same meaning in any form of words, (as I have shown to be the case in former papers) my being *conscious* of the different meanings we see in the same form of words cannot make my use of those words dishonest; and I propose in this paper to give one of the reasons why I consider such use reasonable and wise; and that reason will be founded on the distinction between heart and intellect—heart revelation, and intellectual revelation.

Heart revelation I consider to be a revelation of the heart of God. We distinguished this revelation from that of the intellect of God, by the one exciting love and eager desire in our hearts, while the other chiefly increases our knowledge, and gratifies our intellectual faculties. A revelation of heart is needfully conveyed to us in intellectual propositions. We have therefore to *feel* the heart such an intellectual proposition contains. And round a distinction which our feelings thus makes first noticeable, many other distinctions gather. Among the first of these further distinctions is the fact that in a heart revelation we understand at once the nature revealed, and our understanding is not altered by any subsequent revelation, although such subsequent revelation may increase or diminish our perception of the breadth and depth of the nature revealed. With an intellectual revelation, on the other hand, a subsequent revelation may change the very idea we have formed of the nature previously revealed.

"God is Love" is a heart revelation. It stirs up love and adoration in us. "God is The Truth" is an intellectual revelation; it mainly expands our intellectual knowledge. We all understand the meaning of the proposition "God is Love," and any additional revelation can only increase our idea of the depth and breadth of the Love which God is—or of the depth and breadth of His nature as Love. But when we say "God is The Truth," our idea of that which He is as Truth will vary every day. To day I may believe that The Truth (which is God) is that men have

wilfully sinned, and fallen away from God, and brought on all suffering by this fall. To-morrow I may believe The Truth (which is God) to be that the sin and the fall are but such a waking to life as alone can create a creature with eyes and ears to see and hear and will to follow out the work of redemption. We thought God The Truth before and we think Him The Truth still, but our idea of His nature as The Truth—or of His intellectual nature—has varied. If however we thought Him Love before and think Him Love still, our idea of His nature as Love, or of His heart nature, does not change, though it must grow in depth and breadth with our growth. No subsequent revelation, then, changes our idea of the nature of a heart revelation; while every subsequent revelation will more or less change the ideas formed under the influence of a previous intellectual revelation.

But now let us note another difference between heart revelation and intellectual revelation—one more palpable and easily detected than the last; and this distinction is that while the meaning we see in the proposition which contains a heart revelation may vary, any such variation results alone from *our seeing a new meaning in the old words*. As in the intellectual revelation the life of God appears to dwell in the thought, so in the heart revelation His life appears to dwell in the very words themselves. *A heart revelation remains with us by retaining always the very form of words in which it was originally written*—the very body in which it was originally born; an intellectual revelation retains for a very short time only, the words in which it first appeared—the body in which it was born—and lives henceforth in an ever growing family of children. A heart revelation may be called *a revelation of words; an intellectual revelation, a revelation of thought*. A poem partakes of the nature of a heart revelation—it animates our love—feeds our emotions—and who of us would dream that we could add to the beauty of any grand poem—of the writings of a Homer or a Shakespeare—by altering the words they wrote? The revelation received through a Homer or a Shakespeare is a revelation of the words they wrote. A book of science partakes of the nature of an intellectual revelation, and how irreverential towards the words and reverential only towards the thoughts of a book of science we all are!—how quickly do books of science become out of date, by the multiplication of the thoughts they contain worked out in new directions—by the growth of the descendants of these books. The fiery poet urged on by his love and his eager joy, seizes on words which contain them; and in these words leaves us an eternal inheritance *of his emotions*. The cool philosopher, careless of all things but the truth, is careless that his children perish as the flood of human

life flowing onward leaves them stranded on the shallows of the past. He knows that he leaves us an imperishable inheritance *of his thought*. A picture partakes of the nature of a heart revelation. It appeals to the emotions and is judged by its influence on them. A steam engine partakes of the nature of an intellectual revelation; it appeals for acceptance or condemnation to the intellect by which it is judged. A picture is a revelation through the painter of the very lines and colours he fixes on the canvas. A steam engine is a revelation through the engineer of the thought the steam-engine contains. Who by adding or taking away colour or lines would attempt to increase the beauty of a picture of Raphael or Turner? while who would scruple to add or take from a steam-engine of Watt's any parts which he perceived would make it work better? The steam engines which do the work of our day have long discarded the bodies Watt gave; his engine has multiplied into a vast family, and lives with us now in countless descendants; while Raphael's and Turner's pictures perish with the bodies Raphael and Turner gave. I do not, as before stated, for a moment assert that we can have a revelation of heart without intellect; or a revelation of intellect without love and affection being enfolded in it. Heart and intellect are indissolubly united. Neither can exist without the other. But we can have a heart revelation so nearly pure, that no human being can amend the body in which it is born without damage to the revelation; and an intellectual revelation so nearly pure that human beings hold the body in which it is born with little respect beside the thought the body conveys. If these things be so and we have regard to the unchangeableness of God and the everchanging nature of man, we should surely expect to meet the Eternal, in the changeless region—the love-region—in the region where our idea of the nature revealed becomes perhaps more vast, but does not vary. In this region, indeed, I consider we do meet Him. The creeds, which are the portals of His approach, ally themselves, to my perceptions, with the productions of the poet. Their object and result is to fill us with a knowledge of the heart of God as manifest—in His creative love—in His redeeming love (so strangely shown in Christ)—in His saving love—in His gift of conscious life with which He endows associated worship;—all resulting in a sense of everlasting life, which the breathing love of the former propositions animates in us.

But are the statements in these creeds true? says the objector. My reasoning and philosophy convince me they are true, seen in my own way—seen in my own way, they precisely express my faith. Nothing more should surely be needed to defend the use of the old creeds and dogmas.

This use would however ally itself perhaps more closely with our usual mode of action if I should show

1. That the new meaning I behold in the old words is a "growth" on their former meaning.

2. That, as a matter of fact, we use, in a similar way, the words of poets and all other old writers whom we now read.

To these two points, distinctly or partially, I hope to address myself on a future occasion.

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London, January 4, 1873.

A STORY BY THE MASTER—RE-TOLD. DIVES AND LAZARUS.

THERE was once in Damascus a man who was very rich. He had extensive gardens stocked with the most delicious fruits, and fragrant with rare flowers; lovely arbours, deep in the shade, offered cool retreats in the days of mid-summer, and fountains, fed by water from the distant hills, played in the parterres, and sprinkled the shrubbery with their refreshing spray. Everything that taste could desire, or wealth could purchase, was his; terraces and walks and long avenues of trees, and statues of marble gleaming among the bushes. His house was stately, with grand porches, and staircases of costly woods, and floors inlaid with cedar and ebony, and superb rooms carved and gilded by the artists from Tyre. Every day he wore the finest linen, from foreign looms, and the richest cloth, stained with the gorgeous dyes of the Phœnicians; he went perfumed with the essences of Arabia, and gemmed with jewels of price from India and the sea. Every day he sat down to a feast to which every part of the earth contributed its daintiest products, and as he sat at his princely fare strains of music stole luxuriously through the apartment, and white-armed dancing girls, with great black lustrous eyes, and forms full of grace, kept the air in motion with fans of peacock-feathers, or glided round and round in the mazy waltz. His wine was cooled with ice from the Northern mountains; the sherbet rose from porcelain salvers like snow-heaps on the Himalaya. Every night he slept on down, curtained in gossamer, and was lulled to rest by the witchery of music. No care had he but for himself; no thought for the poor and suffering in the great city where he lived. The sick applied to him in vain, his liveried servants turned them sorrowing from the door.

At the tall outer gate of this man, under the grand wall which brimmed over with the garden trees, on the hard stones of the street, sat, or rather lay, a beggar called Lazarus. Every morning he crawled thither from the miserable cellar where he lived, in the low part of the city; every evening he made his way back to the den which was not worthy to be called a home, for there was no wife or child there to greet him or comfort him. The passers-by saw him always on the same spot, in the same rags, and many a piece of money dropped into his lap from the hands of those who pitied his distress. But the rich man gave him nothing. The great carriage whirled in and out of the gate, but no friendly look was bestowed on the miserable pauper. The proud horses flung upon him the mud and dust of the road, but no blessing ever came from the rider. Only now and then the lower servants of the mansion, taking pity on the poor wretch, would fling him a crust of bread, or a piece of broken meat, which was meant for the dogs. Poverty, suffering, scanty food, had in course of time caused disease; the beggar became a cripple, ulcerous sores broke out on his

body, making him an object loathsome to look at; dogs came about him, and as if in pity for his agony, licked his sores with their healing tongues. They were the best friends he had.

Thus it went on month after month, and all the neighborhood knew Lazarus the Beggar. He was never seen to smile, but he was never heard to curse; he had no harsh words for those who refused him alms; he called down no vengeance on those who spurned him with their feet; he breathed no complaint against Providence: on the contrary, those who passed him by heard him murmuring prayers for patience, and thanks for the beautiful day.

At regular intervals he made his way painfully to the temple, crawled up the marble steps, crossed the broad pavement of the court as far as the treasury-box, and dropped in a mite for the support of the nation's worship, or to help those who might be as poor as he. Want and pain and sorrow had made him patient, resigned and sympathetic. His outward needs were few; his inward needs were many; his bodily wants, by long deprivation, had become reduced to almost nothing; his spiritual wants, by the same deprivation, had become multiplied till their number was very large.

One day the beggar did not appear at his accustomed place by the rich man's gate. The next day he did not come. No one knew whither he had gone; there had been no funeral, there had been no sound of mourning in the streets, there was no gravestone in the cemetery. He was gone. The shadowy Angel of Death had come and taken the poor Lazarus away. The old body—lean and bony and crooked, twisted like a rope by long sitting on the side-walk, bent by cramps, blackened by the blazing sun, and dry, cracked by disease, and speckled all over with leprous spots—the miserable old body, with its rags and dirt and horny flesh, has dropped away like a cast-off snake-skin, or like the cocoon of the chrysalis, and the white soul, which had never been a beggar except to God for His mercy and peace, had put on garments of light, and sped off to another home. No more pain for Lazarus; no more lameness, no more running and disgusting sores, no more cold looks and colder words from the passers-by, no more warnings from rude people to get out of the way, no more compassion from the dogs, no more contempt from human beings; the sky is broad and sweet above him. For the narrow street he has the green pastures and still waters of another clime; for solitude, the company of spirits like his own. The heart that was a little child is living with the little children, the innocent with the innocent, the simple and trusting with those who on earth trusted and were simple. Not with the great or mighty or wise, who walked in light afar off, but with the patient and devout and loving ones was his portion now. His form took shape according to the character he bore. His countenance was beautiful, with a sweet and holy illumination, his eyes shone with meek happiness; a quiet joy, as of a deep and humble content, pervaded his whole bearing. There was no mourning for him on the earth, but there was welcome for him in Heaven. Men said, "It is good to have him go." Angels said, "It is good to have him come."

Not long after Lazarus was taken away, the same Angel, whose gleaming face was hidden by his cloudy wings, stood at the rich man's gate. Sickness had been there before him—Dives was dying. There he lay, helpless among his luxuries and splendours. With all his wealth he could not buy an easy breath, an hour of quiet sleep, the power to eat a mouthful of nourishing food, or to enjoy a swallow of pleasant drink. The physician had spent his skill on him in vain; the potions, the elixirs, the essences, the cups of wine enriched with pearls and jewel-dust, had been given with no effect; relatives and friends stood round the bed, or wandered through the superb halls, reckoning up the portion of all this magnificence which should be theirs; slippers feet moved

noiselessly over the softly-carpeted floors, and hushed voices whispered together mysteriously.

The solemn hour came and passed. The whole city of Damascus knew that Dives was dead. There was a grand funeral; the body, embalmed and swathed in finest linen, was carried to a costly tomb cut from the solid rock, on a bier of sandal-wood; a long procession of friends went with it to its burial-place, the street was filled by the crowd of hired mourners, howling and beating their breasts. Nothing surpassing it in expense had ever been seen in Damascus. It was as if a great man was being carried to Heaven. Anybody would think so, certainly, who chanced to overhear the conversation of the relatives and friends of the deceased. "Ah," they said, "a good man, a great man, a munificent man! How kind to his family! Gave his wife and children all they wanted, put a thousand dollars a year into the Temple treasury. He had the most splendid house in Damascus, the most extensive gardens, the most delicious fruits." "What taste he had for art!" said one. "Yes," said another, "and what dinners he gave, what suppers, what summer festivals! He has gone to the good place if anybody has."

So they gossiped along the way and at the street corners, for people thought then, as they think now, that a man who is splendid in the eyes of his fellow-mortals must be equally splendid in the eyes of God; that he who has the biggest house in this world will have the biggest house in the next; that he who lives daintily on earth will of course live daintily in Paradise; and he who gives magnificent dinner-parties, with music and dancing-girls, will be invited to equally magnificent dinners hereafter, in mansions cooled by the airs of eternity and the plashing waters of life, where the seraphs should make the music and the hours should wait at table with their radiant grace.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SEANCE AT MRS. GUPPY'S.

ON Christmas Eve Mrs. Guppy had a considerable gathering of Spiritualist friends, and when we were nearly all assembled, she proposed that she and Mr. Williams (the well-known medium) should go into the cabinet for the manifestation of spirit faces. They took their seats accordingly, and we arranged ourselves as we pleased about the room, forming a rather numerous assemblage of spectators, and the gaselier was so arranged that the shadow fell across the square aperture which is cut in the cabinet at some little distance higher than the door; the remainder of the room was fully lighted. We soon heard the full tones of John King's voice, conversing first with Mr. Guppy, and then speaking to several of the company by name. Then by degrees we saw a gleam of something white rise to the open space, and gradually John King's head was seen surmounted by a white turban. I could discern a handsome nose and an abundance of dark beard and whiskers, but the dim light made me uncertain whether I could attempt to describe the face; however, I found that the features had been firmly impressed on my mind, for on seeing at Mr. Hudson's a photograph of Mrs. Burns, I instantly recognised the spirit in the picture with her, as unmistakably the one who had shewn himself to us on that occasion,

and thus there is now the double evidence of positive individuality in those who at first could only make themselves known to us mortals by means of the spirit-rap on the table before us: in the photograph he also wears the same peculiar turban that I saw on his head. One point that has interested me much in thus seeing the living spirit head, is the fact that he did not in the slightest degree resemble either of the mediums in the cabinet, so that the manifestation did not corroborate any of the theories I have read of the faces bearing the type of those whose mediumship they are enabled to shew themselves; no, what they gather from the mediums is not *form*, but the light whereby they may make themselves visible to our eyes. He still talked on while at the aperture, and an orange was thrown out, which he said was for me.

After he had vanished from our sight, Peter's voice was heard in conversation, and what amused me was the peculiarly deprecating tone of it (especially while talking to Mr. Guppy), as if he spoke in continual fear of being scolded. Some of the party said they saw occasional hands and arms from the aperture, but I did not. Mrs. Guppy and Mr. Williams then came out of the cabinet, and Mr. Guppy with another gentleman went in, but the only result was strong physical manifestations in various parts of the room.

We then went down to supper, and passed the remainder of the evening in dancing, and other social amusements, thus happily commencing our Merry Christmas, and may all who were present, hosts and guests, be blessed with a Happy New Year.

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, W.

SPIRITUALISM IN MAIDSTONE.

We cut the following out of the *South Eastern Gazette* for January 4.—At a monthly meeting of the Maidstone and Mid Kent Natural History and Philosophical Society, held on Tuesday evening last, at Chillington Manor House, Dr. Monckton in the chair, a paper was read by Mr. Grant, on "A Scientific View of Modern Spiritualism," in which he explained the philosophy of the action of the human spirit upon both spiritual and material bodies. After alluding to mesmerism, clairvoyance, electro-biology, and animal magnetism, as having formed a suitable introduction to the opening of spiritualism in America in 1848, he shortly traced the rapid progress of the subject, all over the civilised world, to the present time, in face of the most violent opposition, which progress the lecturer attributed more to the efforts of spirits than to men in the body. The spiritual force, according to the lecturer, is said to be of the nature of magnetism, and, in order to procure manifestations, it is necessary to form a circle or battery, consisting of several persons of a similar magnetic temperament, sitting together in a passive state of mind. Hints were given upon this subject, after which a scientific classification of the phenomena obtained at spirit circles was presented, dividing the various kinds of spirit media into four groups or strata, called the outward, inward, onward, and upward, each group

containing six classes, making 24 classes, or varieties of mediumship, in all. The lecturer gave an elaborate description of each kind of medium, and of the phenomena produced through each, many of which were extremely curious and interesting. Cautions were given to guard circles against the influence of malevolent spirits, who, it seems, are always watching for opportunities of mischief; the unsuspected action of evil-disposed spirits upon humanity in general often making people lunatics, driving many to drunkenness, and all sorts of crime, was forcibly portrayed, and against this it was urged that a scientific knowledge of the subject was the best protection. A few cogent remarks followed upon the philosophy of prayer, with an account of Muller's Orphan Asylums at Bristol, which were instituted, and are sustained, entirely through the influence of prayer, without any subscription list, or personal solicitations, whatever. Reference was then made to the report of the committee of 33 members of the London Dialectical Society, appointed the 26th January, 1869, to examine the subject, who, starting nearly all sceptics, entered experimentally into the investigation during eighteen months, and their report, being highly favorable to spiritualism, and acknowledging many of the asserted facts, formed an epoch in the progress of the movement with scientific men in this country. Amongst the results obtained by spiritualists, the lecturer claimed the practical settlement of the important question, "if a man die shall he live again?" and that the nature of the future state can now be ascertained from the statements of those who have gone before. These statements go to prove that very little change takes place at the death of the material body in the mental or moral status, and that changes of character take place even more slowly than in the earth life. A number of suggestions of points of inquiry for investigators to take up brought to a conclusion a paper, which, although it occupied more than an hour, was of sufficient interest to rivet the attention of a numerous audience, who warmly testified their applause. A large number of spirit drawings, photographs of spirits, and other curiosities relating to the subject, were exhibited in the room. At the conclusion of the reading a discussion ensued, in which Dr. Smyth, the Revs. H. H. Dobney and D. G. Watt, and Messrs. Edmett, Holmes, and the Chairman took part, most objecting to the investigation on religious grounds, Dr. Smyth bringing forward those texts from the Bible which forbid intercourse with familiar spirits. The Chairman highly complimented the lecturer upon his paper, but treated the subject in his usual facetious style, and concluded by asking a vote of thanks to the lecturer, which was carried by acclamation. In acknowledging the compliment, Mr. Grant humorously expressed his gratification at witnessing the gradual conversion of Dr. Monckton, he having now admitted the reality of the spiritual phenomena in general, which but a few short years ago he ridiculed and denied *in toto*. He predicted that, in three years more, the doctor would be prepared to stand before the society as an ardent spiritualist. He observed, in answer to the other gentlemen, that the prohibitions in the Bible refer only to abuses of spirit power; an orderly use of spiritual intercourse was upheld in the Bible, and was practised by the prophets and apostles, who were media of various kinds.—(From a Correspondent).

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*.

DEAR SIR,—In accordance with my promise, I now send you some spirit-comments on the Apostles' Creed:—

October 31st, 1872.—Present, my son-in-law, Mr. Barry, with whom I reside, and myself. The usual indications were quickly given; also a few preliminary messages. Among these the following was written:—

"Your Heavenly Messenger will soon return and teach you again. The next explanations will throw light on the form of doctrine known as the Apostles' Creed." After a pause, the table, at which we sat, was vigorously agitated. I enquired, "May we ask if it is 'Peter's Messenger' that is now with us?" *Answer*: "Not Peter's."—*Mr. Lowe*: "Whose, then?" *Answer*: "Stephen's."—*Mr. Lowe*: "We are glad to learn that you wish to instruct us. I shall now read the Apostles' Creed. Please indicate to us the portions you may select for explanation." While reading, I was interrupted at the passage, in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord. The following was then written:—

"Angels in Heaven,
The Just made Perfect,
The Blest,
The Souls in Middle Progression,
The Souls in Twilight,
The Souls in Night,

all, all with similar, but very different feelings, bow at the mention of the name of JESUS. At His name every knee and head shall bow;—not *once* but *always*, ALWAYS. Let man, then, think of his dear Redeemer, and bow, and think, as he bows, that all Creation (oh, how great that word is—greater far than you can comprehend) is at the same moment bowing down in humble adoration and lawful homage, which are due to Him who sits upon the Throne and unto the Lamb for ever. No more to-night. Peace be unto you. Amen!"

November 1st.—Present, Mr. Barry, my son John (1, Spencer Road, Kentish Town, N.W.), Mr. C. S. Saunders (5, Ridgway Terrace, Chetwynd Road, N.W.), and myself. Other members of our family were in the room, but not at the table. The reading of the Apostles' Creed was continued. I was stopped at the passages indicated below, and the appended communications were written:—

HE DESCENDED INTO HELL.

"I told you that the Heavenly Spheres contained six classes of beings. The first three are the happy, the others the unhappy. When our Lord passed from the Cross, He passed into the fourth grade, or the 'Souls in Middle Progression.' They being in an advancing state, at once desired light, got it, and passed to higher spheres, with the power to *range*. Hence, so many of the Saints, who were dead, re-appeared upon earth directly our Saviour was dead IN THE FLESH. But, though the older good ones acted well, they were not in their right spheres, for yet had not the Saviour died. After releasing those here who could be of their own accord released, our Lord passed to the next lower, devoting one earthly day to each grade. The same process was observed. Then from 'Twilight' to 'Night.' Our Lord said to the penitent thief, 'this day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise (that is, where I go unto the souls that are in Middle Progression, thence shalt thou have the chance, with the holy ones of old, of passing unto immediate bliss).' And, at last, when the morning of the first day of the week was come JESUS rendered the contrast still greater by bursting from the realms of Night and Sorrow unto Eternal Light, and the glorified body was re-united to the Triumphant Spirit. We spirits *here*, in Eternity (ye are, also, in Eternity, but there—on the threshold) cannot assume our *bodies* at once. It cometh unto us. But the Saviour took unto Himself the glorified body at once. 'Thou shalt not leave my soul for ever in the regions of Night, nor wilt Thou, oh Father, suffer Thy devoted Holy One to see corruption in the flesh.' Read, friends, and learn—as the Roman soldier, awe-struck, remarked—'of a truth this was the Son of God.'"

Mr. Lowe: "'THE THIRD DAY, HE ROSE AGAIN FROM THE DEAD AND ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN?' What about this passage?"

Answer: "Explained."

Mr. Lowe: "'AND SITTETH ON THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.' Can you explain this?"

Answer: "I cannot;—it is too high for me!"

Mr. Lowe: "Please write the next sentence."

Answer: "'FROM THENCE HE SHALL COME TO JUDGE THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.' Time is divided into three dispensations. From the Creation to the epoch of our Saviour's mundane ministry, was the first. From then to the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the second. From that until Shiloh cometh again in glory is the third. Ye are in the third. The outpouring of the Spirit on all flesh has actually come to pass. It groweth and will become universal. Then cometh the end—sudden, swift as a whirlwind; to some in joy and peace, to some in darkness and terror."

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

"This expression is figurative. Each soul will have its own floral indicator above it, and shall thus stand judged in a moment, bearing the witness in itself of the deeds done in the flesh. You heard from the messenger of the singer Milton that the spirit seeks its FLOWER. This is its passport to Bliss or its condemnation into the realms of darkness. The evil pass away at judgment into their allotted portions, and heaven and earth shall be one; and the earth shall be purified, by fire, of all that it contains mortal, and there shall then remain a perfect and eternal rest unto the People of God. Then, trim your lamps, oh ye listeners, and be ye wise, for 'ye know not the hour in which the Son of Man cometh.' No more to-night. Peace!"

This communication was signed with a peculiar "S."

Nov. 2nd.—Present, the same persons as yesterday, with the exception of Mr. Saunders.

I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST.

"What is belief in the Holy Ghost? Believing that there exists such? Even the unhappy believe and tremble. This confession properly intimates that the person pronouncing it believes in the *Tri-unity* of God. In the seventh, or brightest sphere attainable by glorified man, are only those who rightly believe in the Tri-unity of Jehovah. You must, then, rightly feel that the Holy Spirit not only exists, but that it is *in all cases* the holy influence that draweth Man to the Son, and the Father receiveth the returned wanderer through the Son. No being can confess that JESUS is come in the flesh but by the Spirit of God."

Mr. Lowe: "How about Unitarians?"

Answer: "They will be judged by their consciences, like the heathen. * * * * * The Spirit of God controls Spiritualism, in its higher ranges."

I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

"I believe in no religious form or outer ceremony WHATEVER. There is but one atonement. There are but two chief duties—1st to God, 2nd to Man. The washing of the outside of the platter cleanseth not. All men stand on an equal footing. The Catholic Church simply means the Universal Church of Christ, where every member thinks and acts in full peace and charity toward his neighbor, and toward the ever-blessed Tri-unity, in humility and love, feeling that the only door to perfect peace and happiness is through the Son. Not only believe all this but ACT up to it, and you are an eternal member of the true holy Catholic Church."

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

"Who are the Saints? With whom do they commune? Where do they commune? How do they commune? The Saints are all glory. They commune with *all below them*, whether in or out of the flesh, their purpose being to elevate their spiritual natures. They commune under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, as already said. Do you, Christians, who time after time repeat the words, 'I believe in the Communion of Saints,' not fully realize (so far as is possible, while on earth, in the flesh) the full beauty and force of this expression! Ye here, my friends, are learning what this means."

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

"The Master said to the sister of Lazarus, 'Thy brother shall rise again.' She replied, 'In the resurrection at the last day.' What was His response? 'I am the Resurrection and the Life? Learn, then, that this same body never riseth. Dust thou (thy body) art, and unto dust thou shalt return.' But you, every whit of you, are material substance. Therefore, ye can, after death at the appointed time, assume a permanent, glorified, etherealized body. The resurrection here, then, does not mean that the dead will rise *corporeally*, but that they will re-assume a body, higher in nature and of immortal essence." Our communication on this occasion was stated to be "Paul's Messenger." The writing, throughout, was produced with almost shorthand rapidity.

These are plain facts. I commit them to the judgment of your readers.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,

J. S. LOWE.

6, Chetwynd Road, Kentish Town, London, N.W.
January 10th, 1873.

P.S.—When the words, "But you, every whit of you, are material substance," were written, the table was strongly tilted towards me. This was peculiar, because, before sitting at the table, I had been saying to Mr. Barry that it was a pity the word "immaterial" should ever be used in connexion with organized beings, such as Angels, Spirits, or even the Almighty; for, it seems to me, that organism and form must, of necessity, be *material*. The action of the table was, probably, in confirmation of my opinion.—J. S. LOWE.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

LETTER NO. II.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

DEAR SIR,—I felt rather inclined to give you in my last letter some intimation of a photograph to which I was looking forward, but judged it best to await the result of the anticipated sitting, so as to send you the account in its completeness.

After leaving Mr. Hudson on the Thursdays, I usually spend the remainder of the day with Mrs. Guppy, and on the evening of December 12th we were chatting in the half light, when, after a little pause, she said, "I have been seeing such funny things about you." Of course I asked her to describe them, and she said she had at first seen a number of little boys stroking and caressing me, all striving to reach me by pushing between one another: they vanished, and she then described another spirit whom she saw, and added, "Now they are all gone, and you seem to have a sort of halo of light above you, a rich yellowish light." While she spoke, I felt a strong pressure on the sides of my head. She then exclaimed, "Oh! now I see two beautiful little angels, with real wings and all, but they are quite tiny things, not above so high" (parting her hands about nine or ten inches), "they look just like little fairies, so bright and sweet, and they are holding a box just above your head, a curious looking box, with the word TREASURES written on it." My thoughts are so mainly engrossed with this work that I immediately asked if it could be photo-

graphed, and she saw the word "Yes," in letters of light, on the box. The impression then came to me that it might perhaps be done on the occasion of my last sitting for the year, which was to take place on Friday, December 27th, and we went on conversing without my asking her if that had been the end of the vision.

On the following Thursday my visit to Mrs. Guppy was but short (and I then agreed to spend Christmas Eve with her, as mentioned in another article), for I was engaged to dine with Mrs. Tebb, to whom, in the course of the evening, I began to relate what Mrs. Guppy had seen, when she asked, "Were you told what the box contained?" so I mentioned the word that was inscribed on the casket, and she explained that while I was telling her the circumstances, she too had seen the vision, and the word TREASURES, and had thought that she might possibly thus have had fresh information to give me. I told her I had a kind of appointment with my spirit friends to try for the photograph on the 27th, and she felt as if she should like to go on the Friday morning to Mr. Hudson's house, so as to be in the atmosphere of the work, but that she should be guided by her impression when the time came.

When I reached Mr. Hudson's on the important Friday, I found Mrs. Guppy there with her infant, for she had had a message rapped out to her on the previous day, by a spirit who desired her to "Take the baby to Mr. Hudson's to-morrow, to be photographed on Miss Houghton's own plate, because I want his portrait for my son." This message was peculiarly significant, for Mrs. Guppy did not know that I had had directions to take with me two glass plates which remained of half a dozen I had purchased some months before for a test experiment; they had lain on the colour-box near my easel ever since, and would therefore be thoroughly permeated with the spiritual atmosphere of my home.

She then told me that at a *séance* with one or two friends a few days previously, she had had most minute instructions for this sitting, as the spirits wished it to be the very last occasion that Mr. Hudson should be tested in *any way*, therefore for the future they would rather that no one should be allowed to enter his dark-room, as the mingling of all kinds of influences is so injurious to the success of the manifestations and the full development of his mediumship. She had then been told that I should bring the glasses in my pocket, and I was not to let them be for a moment out of my possession. I had, when I bought them, scratched my initials in one corner with a diamond, and now I had (for No. 47) to clean one, collodionise it, and place it on the dipper into the sensitising bath, Mrs. Guppy and I having the dark room to ourselves, as Mr. Hudson was not to be admitted. When

the plate was quite ready, and (after duly focussing), placed in the camera, the slide was drawn up. I then had to *seal* the slide in that position, with the seal I wear on my own watch-chain, so that the slide could not be moved without breaking the sealing-wax. Mr. Hudson's only duty, therefore, was to uncap the lens for the exposure, and re-cap it when finished. I took my seat with the baby on my lap, Mrs. Guppy standing behind me; but the infant did not approve of so sudden an arrangement, and cried frantically during the process. Mrs. Guppy said I was to look straight into the lens, for it was by the light emanating from my face that the manifestation could be shewn. Mr. Hudson's "Thank you" was the signal that it was done, when I gave the baby into Mrs. Hudson's comforting arms, and hastened with Mrs. Guppy to ascertain the result. She desired me to examine the seal, which was exactly as I had left it, and then with a knife we had to break it away, before we could let down the slide, so as to take it out of the camera. I then had to pour the developing fluid on the negative, and to our great joy, there was the box, held above my head by the two little winged angels. Mr. Hudson was now admitted to share our gratification, and go on with the finishing process. The exposure had been scarcely long enough, so that the lights and shadows are not as clear as in the following photographs, and although there unquestionably is a word on the little casket, about the length that would be occupied by Treasures, we should not have been able to decypher it without the previous visions.

I went to the specimen-room to tell Mrs. Tebb of our success, and to ask her to come to us in the studio. She had arrived before we had commenced operations, but was to remain in the house until the first negative had been taken, and to join us for the two following ones.

I seated myself for the next plate (Mr. Hudson as manipulator), both Mrs. Guppy and Mrs. Tebb standing behind me, and then I found I had to slip up one hand for Mrs. Guppy to take hold of, and afterwards the other for Mrs. Tebb, so that we three are linked together by our clasped hands. The manifestation is curious, for there is a light above my head, which partially conceals their busts, but leaves the heads clear, and it seems to be the representation of the light seen over my head by Mrs. Guppy, before she saw the box of Treasures.

For No. 49 Mrs. Guppy had some little difficulty as to how we were to be grouped, but on a sudden the impression came. Mrs. Tebb and I are seated quite close to each other, and Mrs. Guppy, who was standing behind, pressed my head down on to Mrs. Tebb's shoulder, she then laid a hand on each of us. Over me may be seen a glimpse of a dove's tail, as if the bird

itself were just hidden behind Mrs. Guppy's dark scarf, while a bright little angel hovers over us both. While Mr. Hudson was in the dark-room developing the negative, Mrs. Guppy mentioned that at the close of her vision on the 12th she had seen one single angel over my head, and when the plate was brought out there was the very manifestation. The proofs reached me on the 31st of December, the anniversary of my mediumship, so my spirit friends had shewn their usual foresight in deferring that marvellous sitting, so that I should thus receive the pictures as a kind of spiritual birthday-gift.

A lady and gentleman belonging to the Society of Friends had made an appointment to meet me on the 2nd of January, and notwithstanding the heavy rain, they came up from the country for the purpose, and obtained four negatives with manifestations. During the exposure for the third plate, there was a violent storm of hail mingled with the rain, and we agreed that if there should be anything on the plate, we must not forget the circumstances under which it was taken. On it are two female spirits, whose white draperies commence with the exact form of the old-fashioned quaker bonnet. One is rather taller than the other, but only a small portion of the faces are visible, as they are turned towards the two sitters, and those who remember the style of bonnets will know how modestly they concealed the faces of the wearers.

It was again wet on the 9th of January, and I was sorry to find that Mr. Hudson was very poorly, so much so that he had feared the day before that he was going to have a fit. He had had to refuse some sitters, and to go to bed; and although rather better on Thursday he thought there was little likelihood of our having any success, and indeed only on the second plate of four did we obtain anything, and then I was told that we had better leave off, but I am much pleased with my No. 51, for it is a wonderful manifestation. My left hand is extended, and into it is being dropped a something from above, which is not unlike a good-sized locket; it seems to be suspended by a chain from either side of it, which may be traced as a fine line to the top of the picture. Behind the chair at my side stands a female figure looking upwards, pointing with uplifted hand and out-stretched forefinger in the same direction, as if to impress upon me that all good gifts come from above. Can it be one of the treasures out of the casket?

The long continuance of unfavorable weather has been strongly against the progress of this peculiar phase of mediumship, as it is of course detrimental to phenomenal manifestation as well as to the material work, which we all know needs good atmospherical conditions, therefore, we cannot be surprised that the pictures should often be failures as specimens of photographic

art, but they are none the less valuable with reference to the cause of Spiritualism, and I would advise all who are interested in the subject to lose no time in availing themselves of the opportunity, and to be thankful for whatever may come. As the year advances they may, if they like, go again and again, but the present moment is theirs, and who may be certain of to-morrow? Besides which mediumships are insecure, the power passing away for a time, in some instances never returning, and even the mediums may pass on to the other side of the valley, to pursue their work under different conditions. It is likewise a most fascinating pursuit, for the pictures generally possess an artistic charm purely their own, and give one a sense of freshness and truth which must touch those whose souls are capable of being impressed.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

January 13th, 1873, 26, Delamere Crescent, W.

A PRAYER.

The following beautiful and truly Christian prayer was offered in the "Banner of Light Public Free Circle," 158, Washington Street, Boston, Massachusetts, on Thursday, March 16, 1871, through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant:—

Oh, our God, we thank thee for the gift of mediums, those sensitives who, in all ages, have stood between the living and the dead, between truth and error, between light and darkness, between ignorance and wisdom, and, according to their faithfulness, have been the saviours of the world. And we ask for them humility and faithfulness to the truth; we ask that each cross shall be well borne while here, and when they shall be called upon to resign their earthly labors, they may, in the other life, hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over small things, I will make thee ruler over great things." May they be satisfied with themselves. May their own God sanction all their deeds, and thus may they ever live at peace with thee. And, our Father, we thank thee for the gift of those liberal minds who, eschewing error, become convinced of truth and join thy great army of progress even here in this life. We thank thee, oh Lord, for those who fearlessly embrace truth and own they have embraced it; and we thank thee for those benevolent souls who can never say no to the poor and needy; for those whose hearts are ever ready, in conjunction with their hands, to bless their fellows; and for those, also, who, having no earthly means, can bless with a kind word, with a loving smile, with a holy benediction. And for the seasons in their beauty, that come like divine teachers fresh from thy hand, we thank thee; for the springtime, with its young life and beauty; for the summer, with its many garlands and fruits, we thank thee; for the autumn, with its sere leaves and cooler winds, we thank thee; for the winter, that covers the earth with its pure white garment, thus protecting the tender rootlets of the flowers that they may come forth again in the springtime to gladden the human heart, we thank thee; for the sunlight and for the shadow, for all these conditions of Nature, which are but expressions of thyself, oh Lord, we thank thee. And for that harder experience which comes to us through human suffering, we thank thee; for that which knocks loudly at

the door of our sensibility and causes us to know that we tarry here but a brief time—that there is another life to which we are tending, we thank thee. And for death, that beautiful angel of change that ignorance has robed in various forms of terror, we thank thee. And we thank thee, oh our Father, that thine angels from the higher life preceded us and told us, when here even in the mortal form, struggling with disease and decay, that there was a better land, that there was a highway opened over which the soul could retrace its steps and commune with those whom it loved and left on earth. Oh Infinite Spirit, thou hast cared well for all our necessities, and we praise thee to-day for each and all thy blessings, and we ask only that we shall always be strong in truth and in well doing, and that whatever we find to do we shall be ready to do it. Amen.

NAMES, ADDRESSES, &c., OF ADVERTISED MEDIUMS.

The following list is compiled from the *Spiritual Magazine*, the *Medium*, and the *Spiritualist*. Any omissions that may be detected are not wilful, and will be supplied on their being pointed out to us. The list will be revised from time to time:—

- Miss Godfrey, Curative Mesmerist and Rubber, 161, Hampstead Road, London.
Miss Hudson, Normal Clairvoyante and Prophetic Medium, 17, Castle Street, Wells Street, Oxford Street, London.
Robert Harper, Inspirational Lecturer, Soho Hill, Birmingham.
Herne and Williams, Spirit Mediums, 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.
Miss Jennie Holmes, Medium for "Musical, Physical, Trance, Inspirational and Materialization Manifestations," 16, Old Quebec Street, Marble Arch, London.
Mrs. Julia B. Dickinson, Clairvoyante Physician, and Magnetic Healer, 101, Southampton Row, London.
La Lionne, L.D., Trance, Physical, &c., Medium, 16, Mount Street, New Road, London, E.
Mrs. Olive, Trance Medium and Healer, 49, Belmont Street, Chalk Farm Road, London.
Mrs. Ayres, Qualified Midwife, Healing and Magnetizing Medium, 16, Mount Street, New Road, London, E.
Madame Louise, Medical, Clairvoyante, and Healing Medium, 33, Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road, London.
Mr. Cogman, Electro-Magnetic Healer, 15, St. Peter's Road, Mile End Road, London.
Mrs. Marshall, Prophetic and Clairvoyante Medium, 29, Shirland Road, Maida Hill, London.
Mrs. Wallace, Healing Medium, 105, Islip Street, Kentish Town, London.
James V. Mansfield, Test Medium, answers sealed letters, 361, Sixth Avenue, New York. Letters to be left with Mr. Burns, 15, Southampton Row, London.
There are several Mediums, male and female, living in the provinces, whose names will not be found in the above list, but purely because no formal advertisements of them appear. Their names will, however, be readily added to our list, should they be sent to us with that object.

HOW TO FORM SPIRIT CIRCLES.

We are indebted to *The Spiritualist* for the following directions, which appear as a standing article in the pages of that publication:—

AN experimental trial at home, among family friends and relatives, often gives the most satisfactory evidence of the reality of spiritual phenomena, and this is the best way for enquirers to begin. At the same time, as no fully developed medium is present among those who have

never obtained manifestations before, possibly there may be no results. Nevertheless, it is a very common thing for striking manifestations to be obtained in this way at the first sitting of a family circle; perhaps for every successful new circle thus started without a medium, there are three or four failures, but no accurate statistics on this point have yet been collected. Consequently, to save time, investigators should do as the Dialectical Society did, form several new circles, with no Spiritualist or professional medium present, and at one or other of them results will probably be obtained. When once manifestations have been obtained they will gradually increase in power and reliability at successive sittings. The following is a good plan of action:—

1. Let the room be of a comfortable temperature, but cool rather than warm—let arrangements be made that nobody shall enter it, and that there shall be no interruption for one hour during the sitting of the circle.

2. Let the circle consist of four, five, or six individuals, about the same number of each sex. Sit round an uncovered wooden table, with all the palms of the hands in contact with its top surface. Whether the hands touch each other or not is usually of no importance. Any table will do, just large enough to conveniently accommodate the sitters. The removal of a hand from the table for a few seconds does no harm, but when one of the sitters breaks the circle by leaving the table, it sometimes, but not always, very considerably delays the manifestations.

3. Before the sitting begins, place some pointed lead-pencils and some sheets of clean writing paper on the table, to write down any communication that may be obtained.

4. People who do not like each other should not sit in the same circle, for such a want of harmony tends to prevent manifestations, except with well-developed physical mediums; it is not yet known why. Belief or unbelief has no influence on the manifestations, but an acrid feeling against them is a weakening influence.

5. Before the manifestations begin, it is well to engage in general conversation or in singing, and it is best that neither should be of a frivolous nature. A prayerful, earnest feeling among the members of the circle gives the higher spirits more power to come to the circle, and makes it more difficult for the lower spirits to get near.

6. The first symptom of the invisible power at work is often a feeling like a cool wind sweeping over the hands. The first manifestations will probably be table tiltings or raps.

7. When motions of the table or sounds are produced freely, to avoid confusion, let one person only speak, and talk to the table as to an intelligent being. Let him tell the table that three tilts or raps mean "Yes," one means "No," and two means "Doubtful," and ask whether the arrangement is understood. If three signals be given in answer, then say, "If I speak the letters of the alphabet slowly, will you signal every time I come to the letter you want, and spell us out a message!" Should three signals be given, set to work on the plan proposed, and from this time an intelligent system of communication is established.

8. Afterwards the question should be put, "Are we sitting in the right order to get the best manifestations?" Probably some members of the circle will then be told to change seats with each other, and the signals will be afterwards strengthened. Next ask, "Who is the medium?" When spirits come asserting themselves to be related or known to anybody present, well-chosen questions should be put to test the accuracy of the statements, as spirits out of the

body have all the virtues and all the failings of spirits in the body.

9. A powerful physical medium is usually a person of an impulsive, affectionate, and genial nature, and very sensitive to mesmeric influences. The majority of media are ladies.

The best manifestations are obtained when the medium and all the members of the circle are strongly bound together by the affections, and are thoroughly comfortable and happy; the manifestations are born of the spirit, and shrink somewhat from the lower mental influences of earth. Family circles, with no strangers present, are usually the best.

Possibly at the first sitting of a circle symptoms of other forms of mediumship than tilts or raps may make their appearance.

THE GLEANER.

One newspaper discussion on Spiritualism has begun in *Public Opinion* and another in the *National Reformer*.

The widow of Mr. J. H. Powell, author of "An Invalid's Casket," advertised in our columns, has arrived safely in America, after a rough voyage.

Mr. Sergeant Cox has in the press a popular introduction to psychology, to be entitled "Why am I?" It is announced to appear in the present month.

The *Medium* says that Mrs. Bassett's visit to Dublin has been of solid advantage to the cause of Spiritualism, and that several circles are being formed in that city.

The recent Society of Spiritualists at Rochdale has been dissolved, and a new one is being formed, the secretary being Mr. Thomas Langley, 47, Water Street.

The *Spiritualist* continues its interesting reports (by permission) of private *séances*, held at the houses of Mr. Nelson Holmes, Mr. Guppy, Mr. Henry Cook and others.

Mr. Dale Owen has commenced the publication of his Autobiography in the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It will be continued in successive numbers till completed.

Mr. H. D. Jencken, barrister-at-law, was married on December 14 to Miss Catherine Fox, celebrated as the medium through whom Modern Spiritualism was first demonstrated.

Mr. Prentice Mulford is open to receive invitations to lecture on Spiritualism, Emigration, California, and American life, and may be heard of at 15, Southampton Row, London.

Dr. Gully, the eminent hydropathic practitioner at Great Malvern, is sending to the columns of the *Spiritualist* a few extracts from a record of *séances* held at his house at Malvern several years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Downes, of 42, Aston Road, Birmingham, are recommended by the *Medium* as mediums whom it would be well to call upon, with the object of utilizing Mr. Downes' gifts.

Mr. Thomas Shorter will deliver a lecture on "Spiritualism and the Press," on Monday evening, Feb. 3, at 102, Ball's Pond Road, Islington, London. Admission free. To begin at 8 o'clock.

Mr. Tommy, of Bristol, has presented to the Spiritual Institution a series of Spirit or psychical photographs, taken by Mr. Beattie, of Clifton, and which will be freely shown to visitors on application.

Mr. Benjamin Sowerby, of 5, White Wall Road, Bowling Old Lane, Manchester Road, Bradford, advertises himself as a "clairvoyant and test medium," who can be consulted at his own residence.

Some Spiritualists at Bradford, in Yorkshire, are conducting arrangements for bringing about a debate on Spiritualism between Mr. George Jacob Holyoake and Dr. Sexton, particulars of which will, of course, appear in due time.

If any of the readers of this Periodical should be able and willing to recommend a thoroughly good general

servant, in want of a really good place, they will perhaps communicate with us at once. She must not be younger than 25 years of age.

The debate on Modern Spiritualism between Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Burns, at the New Hall of Science, 142, Old Street, City Road, on Monday and Tuesday evening, December 16, 17, is reported, *in extenso*, in the *Medium* for December 27 and January 3.

As soon as Dr. Sexton's convenience will permit, we hope to make an arrangement for the delivery of one or two of his lectures on Spiritualism in our own town of Swindon, where there are great numbers of Secularists, and where he will be sure to meet with a cordial, and, we believe, large reception.

It seems after all, according to a letter sent by ex-Judge Edmonds, of New York, to the Editor of the *Spiritual Magazine*, that Horace Greely was *not*, as we had supposed, a Spiritualist; and Mr. Edmonds believes that Mr. Greeley's political defeat was largely affected by a decided feeling of hostility in the minds of Spiritualists to that gentleman.

The *Spiritual Magazine* for January contains a singular dream of Charles Dickens, when at Genoa, in 1844; and a very able article on the philosophy of Spirit Photography, by Mr. Beattie, of Clifton, than whom there is no person in our ranks more competent to speak on the subject. Our respected contemporary keeps itself on the level of the high position it has always taken.

A Spiritualist journal has been established in Mexico. In South America *O Echo d'Além Tumulo* is published monthly at Bahia, and another monthly, *La Revista Espiritista*, is issued from Montevideo. Spiritualism is represented on the Continent of Europe by weekly, monthly, and semi-monthly journals published at Paris, Lyons, Liege, Geneva, Vienna, Lemberg, Leipzig, Zaragoza, Sevilla, Barcelona, Madrid, Alicante, Torino, and Florence. "The work goes bravely on."

The first of a short series of articles on *Swedenborg* by Mr. Horace Field, an article on Bailey's *Angel World* by Mr. Aaron Watson, and some articles from our South African correspondent, Mr. W. L. Sammons, with other matter of lesser note, must stand over until the next and succeeding numbers. We are glad to say that what the printers call "copy" is greatly in excess with us, over the possibilities of our space.

A discussion on Spiritualism was commenced in the *Times* of December 26 with an article extending to nearly four columns of large type, and ended by a leading article on January 6. The article of December 26 has been reprinted in the *Medium* for January 10. We sent a carefully prepared reply to the Editor of the *Times*, but we suppose he did not consider it consistent with his duty to insert it. The letter was accompanied by a complete set of the *Christian Spiritualist*.

The discussion in the *Times* on Spiritualism has been very fairly epitomised in the *Spiritualist* for January 15. That same number contains a letter originally addressed to the *Times*, by a person signing himself G. K., King William Street, E.C., and detailing the "Experiences of an Investigator." G. K. does not wish his name yet to appear in print, but leaves it to the discretion of the Editor of the *Times* to give it to any one who may ask for it. How much more valuable the letter might be if we did but know who G. K. really is!

The Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*, who is also the Minister of the Free Christian Church, New Swindon, delivered a lecture, of two hours length, in his own place of worship, on "Spiritualism generally considered," to about 120 persons, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 8. A lengthy and altogether reliable report of the lecture appears in the *North Wilts Herald* (published at Swindon) for Jan. 18, and will have no doubt be forwarded to those who may desire to possess it, on their sending to the Publisher three half-pence per copy in stamps. We ourselves should have reprinted the notice, but for sheer want of space.

Before the present year has come to a close we hope we shall be in a position to give some startling, but strictly reliable particulars of manifestations, through a medium now residing in Bristol, of whom little is comparatively known beyond his own more immediate circle, but whose powers are exceptionally great, and indeed so wonderful in some of their manifestations, that when the accounts are published, should they ever be so, it will be felt that Mr. Home and some other celebrated mediums will have to look to their laurels. More we are not at liberty to say, because we cannot violate confidence reposed in us; but when the proper time comes for speaking we shall be found equal to our duty.

We are continually receiving books, pamphlets, tracts, &c., "for review," and it is simply impossible for us to do justice to them, believing as we do in something more than cutting open pages, smelling the paper knife, and then writing notices. Our friends must, therefore, be contented with an acknowledgement of the receipt of what they are kind enough to send us, and accept our assurance that the matter is always read, and in ways, direct and indirect, put to good use. We are just now thinking in particular of Mr. Brevior's pamphlet on "Miracles," and "A Few Thoughts on the Philosophy of Evil and Suffering;" both of which we have read; but to give each an adequate review would be to occupy half of an entire number of the *Christian Spiritualist*.

Now that our regular subscribers, through the post and otherwise, have had a two years' experience of us, would it be too much to ask them if they would try, each one, to get us one other regular subscriber, as in the event of that result being attained our pecuniary loss would, of course, be sensibly diminished, and a corresponding amount of good be effected. We hate begging, and especially begging of a personal kind; but an appeal of this kind, if appeal it may be called, is, we believe, justified by the circumstances, and hence we make it. We may just add that complete sets of our Periodical, beginning with Jan., 1871, can always be obtained on application to ourselves. We are often sending them to all sorts of persons and places.

In the *Medium* for Jan. 3, the Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*, his sympathisers, and the work they are attempting to do, form the subject of what the writer, no doubt, considers to be a very smart, caustic notice. The notice ends with the following words: "If he (the Editor of the *C. S.*) looks at his work and its tendencies, he can scarcely deny that his function was symbolized by the kiss in the dark on the Mount of Olives."* We unhesitatingly and indignantly deny the statement, which is a mean and gratuitous insult. If this is a fair specimen of the warfare to be waged by the Editor of the *Medium*, with those who are sometimes constrained to differ from him, we can only say that there may some day be "a breach of the peace" committed at 15, Southampton Row, of a character far more striking than agreeable, and the legal consequences of which the Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist* will be quite prepared to bear. This is our only possible answer to an unprovoked and cowardly attack. When the Editor of the *Medium* finds it possible to treat a brother Editor as one gentleman should treat another, we shall be prepared to give his remarks all possible attention, but never until then,—

* The italics are our own: ED. *C.S.*

POETRY.

THE PRAYER OF A FEARFUL HEART.

"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God:" 10 Hebrews, 31v.

"And he arose and came to his father:" 15 Luke, 20v.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out:" 6 John, 37v.

I am afraid to die. But not
Because of an impending doom
Reserved in some far-exiled spot
Of joyless, Godless gloom.
Not lest forgiving grace should fail,—
But for my need to be forgiven.
Lord, I am not afraid of hell,
I am afraid of heaven.

For when unclothed of earthly guise
With all my sin to Thee I come,
The awful sweetness of Thine eyes
Will strike my spirit dumb.
To feel that I have wronged Thee so
And wrought myself such sad despoil,
Will be my soul's most bitter woe,
Shamed in Thy holy sight.

The threatened vengeance of Thy word
Finds its worst terror in Thy face.
I shrink before Thy goodness, Lord;
I tremble at Thy grace.
To know my own unworthiness
Its fiercest punishment must prove;
To stand accused and answerless
Before Thy silent love.

My God my fear is all of Thee,
And for myself is all my shame,
No devils are so dread to me
As Thy deserved blame.
If when I dimly see Thy face
My life is shrivelled in its light,
When it unveils its perfect grace
How shall I bear the sight?

My peace with Thee I cannot make;
I have no price Thy smile to win,
Nor dare I plead for Christ's dear sake
Immunity of sin.
Though He had died a thousand times
It does not mend my broken life,
Nor make its follies and its crimes
The less with Thee at strife.

One thing alone my fear can meet,—
There is forgiveness, Lord, with Thee,
I lay it, speechless, at the feet
Of infinite charity.
No sacrifice can e'er atone,
Nor hell can pay the debt to heaven;
The wrong that is forever done
Can only be—forgiven.

Shall I not hope to find in Thee
Such grace as pitying Mothers show,
Who hide the child's deformity
And love it tenderer so?
A royal grace my shame to shield
And comfort all my fear and grief?
To such great faith I fain would yield,—
Help, Lord, my unbelief!

Christian Leader.

LEDA.

OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

No. 26.

"Unto the upright, there ariseth light in the darkness."
112 Psalm, 4v.

1. "Light" and "darkness" are symbols of frequent use in the Scriptures. According to the figurative language of the East, they denote life and death, knowledge and ignorance, virtue and vice, and joy and sorrow. The light of Eastern skies is of peculiar brilliancy; hence its force when used as a figure.

2. There are four things in the text. Certain characters: "the upright"—their seasons of darkness: "the darkness"—light in those seasons: "there ariseth

light"—the time when the light comes: "in the darkness."

3. *Who are "the upright?"* Not the sinless. But "the upright in heart" (97 Psalm, 11v.) Those whose life-aim is right (63 Psalm, 8v.).

4. *"The upright" have their seasons of "darkness."* Seasons of sickness, poverty, debt, and family trials, are seasons of "darkness." Seasons when we are slandered by enemies, or misjudged by friends, are seasons of "darkness." Seasons when doubts arise, and the great mysteries of life, death, God, Christ, and duty, press upon us, are seasons of "darkness." Seasons when our own sins, or the sins of others, afflict us, are seasons of "darkness." To some the whole of life is, in a measure, a season of "darkness," from some individual sorrow which the individual heart, and that alone, knows anything about (14 Proverbs, 10v.).

5. *Now to "the upright," "light" comes in such seasons of "darkness."* There is the cloud, but there is also "the bright light in the cloud." If you will THINK, and test your own experiences, you will know that, to an "upright" soul, there can be no season of "darkness," even such as I have named, in which there is no "light." Innocence can shed "light" in the seasons of slander and misjudgment. A desire to know the truth, and to follow it, with a quiet consciousness of the necessary limits of our knowledge, are all so much "light" in seasons of doubt and mystery. Repentance, confession, and reparation, bring "light" when our own sins bring "darkness." And so of other dark times and seasons. There is "light," too, in the "darkness," arising out of the moral ages of "darkness." Trials test our faith in God (16 John, 31v.)—show us what and where our treasures are (6 Matthew, 19 to 21v.)—reveal ourselves to ourselves (4 Heb., 12v.)—oftentimes prevent our falling into sin (2 Cor., 12c. 7v.)—render us useful to our fellow creatures (50 Isaiah, 4v., 22 Luke, 32v.)—and help in working out that perfection which is the great aim of all existence, and all discipline (5 Hebrews, 8v.—2 Hebrews, 10v.—2 Cor., 4c., 17v.) There is "Light," too, in the fact that others, as well as ourselves, have their seasons of "darkness." "Light," too, in the fact that no life is without blessings of some kind, even at the very moment when the "darkness" is the most dense. "Light," too, from the practice of present duty. "Light," too, from the teachings and life of Christ. "Light," too, in the inspiring hope that to "the upright" there will be an end, when death comes, to every season of "darkness" (22 Rev., 5v.).

6. Notice particularly that the "light" is said to arise "IN the darkness." It was so with Christ in Gethsemane (22 Luke, 44v.), and with St. Paul when the "thorn in the flesh" troubled him (2 Cor. 12c., 8—10v.) In neither case was the "darkness" entirely removed. There was "darkness," but there was also "light IN the darkness."

7. All persons, whether "upright" or otherwise, have their seasons of "darkness," of one kind or another. All, too, have "light" from some source or other, for man as naturally seeks relief from what is painful, as he seeks for food when he is hungry. But from whence come the "darkness," and the "light" too? See 50 Isaiah, 10, 11v.

8. "Darkness" there *must* be: no being can escape it. And when the "darkness" comes, and while the "darkness" continues, there *may* be "light." *Where* from, and *to* whom? See 4 Psalm, 6v.

FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG.

(Preached at Yeovil, Horsham, Crewkerne, Newbury, London (Stamford Street), Swindon, Mansfield, and Trowbridge).

BOOKS, &c., RECEIVED.

The Christian Leader, December 7, 1872; New York.

—*The Liberal Christian*, December, 7, 14, 21, 28, January, 4, 11 : New York.—*The Philosophy of Evil and Suffering*, price three pence : London, Trübner and Co.—*Concerning Miracles*, by Thomas Brevior, price three pence : London, James Burns.—*The Bible for Young People*, Part I : a work by Dutch Divines, translated, price three pence : London, Whitfield, 178, Strand.—*The Day of Rest*, Christmas number, price one penny : London, H. S. King and Co.—*Old and New*, for November and December, 1872, price thirty-five cents : London, Sampson, Low and Co.—*The Fourth Gospel the Heart of Jesus*, by Edmund H. Sears, author of "Foregleams of Immortality," &c., &c., no price given : London, Whitfield, 178, Strand.—*The Nature of Spirit and of Man as a Spiritual Being*, lectures by the Rev. Chauncey Giles, price sixpence : London, James Speirs.—*The South Eastern Gazette*, for January 4.—*The New Era*, a *Journal of Eclectic Medicine* for Jan., price 2d., Edited by Dr. Sexton : London, James Burns, 15, Southampton Row.—*Light out of Darkness*, by John Kirke, minister of the Gospel, Edinburgh, price, one shilling and sixpence : London, Hodder and Stoughton.—*The Cape (South Africa) Mercantile Advertiser*, for December 14, 1872.—*The Zingari*, for December 13, 1872, published at Cape Town.—*Shall we not go forward?* A sermon by W. C. Coupland, B.A., B., Sc. No price given. London : Trübner and Co., 60, Paternoster Row.

Advertisements.

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

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

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

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