

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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SWEDENBORG THE SEER: NO. I.

INTRODUCTORY.

LED to Swedenborg by the far from flattering account of him in Emerson's Representative men; the first book of his I opened was "Heaven and Hell, and their wonders heard and seen." I expected to find a mere narrative of things professedly "heard and seen" in the other world, and was wholly ignorant how such a narrative could bring any conviction of its truth to me. So far, however, from the book proving a mere narrative, I found the actual outlining—the account of "things heard and seen"—was but a handmaid devoted in suit and service to statements of high spiritual significance; to "truths," which, if true, were of the richest and most glorious import.

Many of these "truths" I found shone already with true light to me; and the splendor of the troops of other truths which surrounded those whose light was my light, forced from me the longing desire that these new "truths" also might range themselves permanently one by one among the stars in my Heaven.

In the sight of all the wonderful philosophy of which these truths were the glory, I found the reliability of the narrative a question shrinking into the back-ground. The narrative seemed to me like the examples which illustrate the rules of grammar. The question of the sanity or madness of Swedenborg as the historian of Heaven and Hell appeared in a wholly unexpected aspect. I had heard the statement that at six o'clock in the evening of a certain day when he was at Gottenburg, he had declared with alarm that a fire was raging at Stockholm, 300 miles away; and again at eight o'clock had exclaimed joyfully that the fire had been put out—precisely

in accordance with that which subsequently proved to be the fact—and before I had opened his books this statement and such statements as this, appeared of the greatest moment in determining what weight we ought to attach to the claim he advanced of describing, with fingers of flesh and blood, the looks, words, and deeds, of spirits invisible to mortal eye—of describing the houses they occupied, the buildings in which they assembled, the gardens where they sat and lounged, the dresses they wore, the food they ate, and the drink they drank, the schools to which the children went, and the prizes and punishments for good conduct and evil, which awaited the children there.

After I had opened his books the assertion that he undoubtedly possessed the faculty of clairvoyance among earthly things, though still not wholly valueless, had become of a value the very smallest in weighing the justice of his claim to the possession of a faculty of clairvoyance, plumed with whose magic power he roamed, almost at will, over the hills and fields and through the streets of the world of spirits, and sat in its assemblies.

If the truths he declared, which I felt I believed, and those I would believe, were true, then I saw that the outer things he narrated were appropriate environments—constituted true clothing to the truths I possessed and coveted. Believing thus already many of the truths, and hungering to believe more, I do not say that I at once believed his narrative of spiritual scenes and events—I do not say that I now believe it—I have not the personal experience which enables me to pass undoubting judgment upon it—but it at once assumed, and still possesses for me all the appearance of "the truth." And when subsequently I became, by



conviction and experience, satisfied of the truths for which I originally hungered, my eagerness for any external facts about Swedenborg which tended to confirm the reality of his prophetic foresight of earthly events, passed little by little away, until my idea of the other world had, without more enquiry, come to fashion itself upon his narrative; and that world has ever since been pictured in my mind as possessing essentially the characteristics he ascribes to it.

The professed experiences, the strange narratives of one who calls himself a medium of communication between mortals on earth and their enemies, friends and relatives in the eternal world, are capable of many explanations. The professed "Medium" may be a dreamer, a hypocrite, a madman; or, however wonderful his tales, he may be a truthful historian of that which any of us would see, under his conditions. The mass of mankind, who have themselves had no personal experience the least resembling that of the medium, will naturally assign him a position in one of the first three classes. Those who concede him the smallest title to the rank of a truthful historian, must be drawn to this concession, either through satisfactory evidence that he possesses the most unusual attributes, or from the perception that the truths of a philosophy which are confirmed to them by experience in this world, troop across the dark border-land, and claim for themselves a clothing in the other world, such as the narrative of the medium provides for them.

Without depreciating the advantage spiritualistic narrative has, when, in establishing its own credibility, it can point to well-attested spiritual power of an unusual kind in its narrator, I am one before whom such attestation of its credibility pales beside the evidence afforded by the kingly light of a philosophy the rays of whose truths stir the life in us, and making time and space pass away in their all-searching power, govern the conditions of life hereafter as well as here, and find the conditions they ascribe to that life satisfied in the narrative.

To be convinced by a proof of this kind we must feel an assurance that the outer spiritual world expresses accurately to the comprehension of earthly creatures, the life which we perceive reigns within it; we must feel sure *now* that if certain mental states are likely to be our states hereafter, then the outer world of hereafter will be such a world as will outwardly embody or express those states; and may we not be sure of this? Even the world we inhabit now, with its hard outside, its natural conditions, its educational character, does needfully picture to each of us our mental states and conditions, and if growth means forever that which it means to-day—an increased vividness of spiritual, compared to outer or natural life—then still more plainly

must the life hereafter express for each of us the mental states of hereafter. That this world to-day pictures our mental states is plain. There are those among us, the vividness of whose inner life overpowers at times the vividness of the outer. We may meet in our walks and our homes visionary beings who when standing before an object in this world have to re-call their attention with an effort to assure themselves that they are not attributing to that object qualities residing in their inner consciousness.

We meet in still greater numbers those who, when they have left an object and endeavour to describe its features, give a narrative which, quite unconsciously to themselves, springs as much from their inner-consciousness as from the object they describe.

If some of us had passed through such experience as that of the Tichborne Claimant, might we not, even if impostors, have actually projected on the world outside us the faith that in our person dwells the real Sir Roger Tichborne, baronet? The mental identification with the lost heir in which we should have schooled ourselves for years, would, I must think, have possibly so bedimmed our judgement that it needed but an echo from the lips of a hundred dupes and a hundred supporters of the assertion that we were indeed the real Sir Roger, to rob us of the last faint knowledge of our own identity and launch us forth to wander through life, in our own belief, a dead man's double.

We sometimes meet in the world a wife, or sister, or other tender nurse who filled with love for some bedridden sufferer so breathes his needs into herself that she anticipates his every want, and with obedient hands creates round the helpless man the outer world his wants require. Studying with unwearied eye the varying look, the twitching finger, the shadow of pain in its endless change, and the sunshine of relief, they picture in her mind some possible outer world which, with a quiet quickness, she gathers round her care. As she raises the pillow, smooths the bed-clothes, hands water, opens or closes a book, speaks the soft word, she does not notice that the surrounding world which she creates is but a projection from her own mind, formed with loving heart and truthful hand outside herself and round her patient.

We all, as I have stated, live in a world even now, essentially projected from our own inner consciousness. With some this world expresses the world without with greater, and with somewhat less accuracy; and while the self-seeking impostor for his own purposes intentionally falsifies the world within in order that he may persuade others that the world without is that which he would make them think it, till at last he may hang struggling in the meshes of his own lie, the self-

forgetful nurse actually creates outside her with truthful hands the very world itself her loving heart desires.

The Bishop of Manchester remarking recently that he himself could not attend safely to the points upon a railway for the many weary hours exacted from a pointsman, was answered by a Director, that any one with the Bishop's power of abstraction would commit slaughter among the passengers if placed, for a few hours only, to attend upon the points. "A peculiar class of men," the Director declared (amid the jeers of some of our wise journalists) "were sought for and required for this duty."

The pointsman and the Bishop live alike in a world which clothes for them their thoughts; but the inner world of the pointsman is not disturbed from recording the trains, from keeping a clear image of the lines and observing those on which the trains are travelling and to travel, by any spot of sunshine on the landscape, by a drop of rain falling with equal spaced splash on the rails, by the steam from the funnels darting out in knots and fading away in folds and mists, by a cobweb borne slowly in the air from a neighboring hedge. Each little varying circumstance of time speaks a language having its echo in the Bishop's soul, and making the world in which he lives crowded with incidents, besides the pointsman's world, and bristling with danger. The world of both, however, is a world first created in the mind and then projected outwards.

Before each alike lie the diverging and approaching rails, the handles working the points, about each are the walls and roof of the pointsman's box, but the different appearance to each of this common surrounding is made manifest in the danger the passengers incur from the one, and the comparative security from the other. The result then we reach, is that we all conclude the world outside us, even now, to be a world which correctly clothes our thoughts within. So far as we are right in this conclusion our actions produce the results we anticipate, so far as wrong we are roughly corrected by some crash or some terrible failure, to avoid which we should each seek a place where the inner world, in which we live without effort, accords with the outer world in which we have to act; the Bishop should live there where sermons and counsel are sought; the pointsman where lines and trains must be watched and guarded. However little, in fact, we may observe it, the world in which we all needfully live is not the outside world at all, but a world which is created by the impression of that outside world, received in our brain and thence projected outside ourselves and called by us "the world." The very stones of the street pavement on which I tread, make their impression on the brain, through the sense

of feeling and sight; and the stones which I think I see and feel, are the result of the impressions so made, impressions which cause me to assume certain stones to be outside me. Anything which will make the same impression on my feet and my eyes as is made by these stones, will cause me to assume the stones to be there. Suppose then no radically destructive change in our nature occurs, and that we can foretell the inner mental states of hereafter, we can in such case with like certainty foretell the outer world of hereafter. If we are sure that the impression on the mind hereafter will be that which the pavement makes, we are also sure that the appearance outside will be in its nature a pavement.

Music often calls before me the sight of birds rising and falling, or sailing through the air. As we concluded singing the responses to the commandments recently, I appeared to see two or three birds, about the size of doves, but with more hawk shaped wings, settling down upon the branches of a tree; which, with the birds, were black before an orange sky streaked with the red of sunset. When, spirit dominating over matter, we speed away from an earth which schools us daily with an iron rod, and wake into scenery submissive to its lord, the soul—does not this experience suggest the possibility that the music, which thus opens the dim earthly eye to some fraction of a heavenly scene, will, when heard hereafter, be but the accompaniment of the perfect scene as it is beheld by the adoring eye of the spirit worshipper?

I but suggest this thought as we pass. Our feet as yet, however, are not so cleaned from the mire of earth that we can do more than look across the border parting this world from the world of spirits. Let us return then to earth and matters of earth, to assure ourselves that the law is universal which makes our outer world of to-day express alone the inner mental world. Let us turn finally to that most dignified and exclusive region—that region which appears to so many the epitome of staid truth and certainty—the world of science, and there we shall find that the same law prevails. In the world of science the outer domain of the professor is like all other worlds but a projection from the professor's mind. Newton, full of reflection upon the earth and stars, observes an apple fall, and the theory of gravitation occurs to him. He elaborates that theory within and then observes whether phenomena without range themselves under that theory as he expects. If matter is mutually attractive in direct proportion to the mass, and in some inverse proportion to the distance, the force which makes the apple fall, is, of course, discovered; and though, on this theory, the earth will be drawn upwards by the apple, as well as

the apple drawn downwards by the earth, the movement of the earth will, in consequence of its mass, be so imperceptible that the fall of the apple must (as it is) be alone observable. Reasoning again on this theory, Newton observes that if mutual attraction be the power retaining the earth and planets in their course, then, as the orbit of one planet approaches the orbit of another, this mutual approach will cause a mutual perturbation in the course of each. The planets are watched, and on their approach this perturbation is found to occur.

Thus little by little this projection from the mind of Newton—the theory of gravitation—becomes accepted among us as the truth. Our life thus consists, we observe, in assuming that the world which surrounds us, depicts the world within. The man of science, subject to this law of life like the rest and satisfied of the existence of logical sequences in the order of life without, endeavors to make the world within also logical with a series of propositions from which he can deduce the nature of the world without; and he checks his propositions at all possible points, by observing whether the events they declare should happen correspond with those which are observable. The man of science and the lunatic who thinks himself King George, live both alike from the world within; they differ, by the world in which the man of science lives being logical and finding a “body” in the world without, while that of the lunatic is illogical and at discord with the outer world.

From among the visionary beings of whom we see the race is thus composed, Swedenborg, as a medium, is allied most closely with the man of science. He propounds a spiritual philosophy leading to various results which we can check by our experience in this life. His philosophy is founded on the Being of an eternal God. Across its page therefore death is but a dark line drawn from side to side. Swedenborg's philosophy is one which, if true, depicts the nature of the inner-world hereafter, as well as here; a nature which we see implies the form and appearance also of the outer world of hereafter. If as students of the theory of gravitation we come to certain conclusions, the truth of which we are unable to verify by outer observation, we believe these conclusions till our observation, or that of others, disproves them. In like manner the philosophy of Swedenborg leads those who see truth in it, to conclude that certain inner-states will be ours hereafter, in common with the inhabitants of the spiritual world. The conclusions we draw form part of the philosophy Swedenborg builds up—a philosophy which does not appear, to those who see truth in it, mad or inconsistent with the world outside, but logical and consistent. Swedenborg then comes forward as a Seer, and declares that the life here-

after is made up of events and scenes which we perceive are fitted to embody and express the mental states we already believe will be the mental states hereafter. He puts himself forward as an observer, in the other world, who by his observations has checked and perfected his philosophy.

We might wish to hear with our own ears, and see with our own eyes, verifications of his observations—but this we cannot. Meanwhile, until they are disproved, all who do fealty to the philosophy of Swedenborg, are under compulsion to accept as truth the other world facts he declares; facts which perfectly embody and even suggest a philosophy which is to them “the truth.”

In my future papers I propose to state the radical theory which, like the theory of mutual attraction among bodies, appears to me the root of Swedenborg's philosophy; and to point out the way in which that theory is worked out into some of its results, and to show how fully those results find an outer body in the other world experiences Swedenborg relates.

HORACE FIELD, B.A.

30, Thurlow Road, Hampstead, London :
February, 1873.

INSTRUCTION BY INFLUX FROM SPIRITS:—PART I.

“Those who are instructed by influx from Spirits what they ought to believe and to do are not instructed by the Lord or by any Angel of Heaven but by some Spirit of an enthusiast, Quaker or Moravian, and are seduced.”

THESE most formidable and dogmatic words are taken from Swedenborg's *Divine Providence*, page 321. Are they to be considered as plenary, exhaustive, and conclusive—that will bear no further explanation or modification? Or do they apply and extend only to the age in which they were written, some hundred years ago; and so by the great influx of light and truth that has taken place since, have now become comparatively obsolete? For although this Prince of Spiritualists till his last breath maintained the sincerity of his mission, as of a direct channel from the Lord; and through no Angelic medium: still in several places he admits the possibility of the gift being extended though under strong protest and rigid precautions enough to alarm any attempt at belief or confession of powers and privileges. The question arises ‘Has the proper time come when many others may share the prophetic mantle with our Seer and Author?’ Or are all now “enthusiastic Spirits seduced by Quakers and Moravians,” quiet or inoffensive as the latter may appear? Many outsiders also are frequently enquiring how it is that these high gifts and

spiritual qualifications should be so often concentrated in hearts and minds careless as to results, and loose in texture and behaviour; when others, full of Faith, Obedience, and Desire, lack all power of manifestation or reception, and thus at last sink in despair, or relapse into scepticism?

If not a muscle stir a peg
But what the brain brings into play,
How is it that a limping leg
Should have the greater force and sway?

In short how is it, and can it be correct that facts of such high import depend entirely upon physical structure, and blood relations, and so little upon mental calibre and pure affections? Shall a little phosphorus more or less—bile more sweet or acrid—nerves less irritable or tranquil determine the results of a message from Spirit Land, and cut short all supernal connection with absent friends and immortals?

In *The Swedish Documents* concerning Swedenborg in Smithson's life of the latter at page 113 the following letter is given, written by a gentleman named D. Paulus ab Indagine, to a respectable merchant at Hamburg, dated March 5, 1771, which may throw a streak of light on spirit identity not perhaps often thought of in random recognitions, and make us pause ere we affirm with assurance the quality and personality of our guest:—

"I cannot forbear to tell you something new about Swedenborg. Last Thursday I paid him a visit, and found him, as usual, writing. He told me 'that he had been in conversation that same morning for three hours with the deceased King of Sweden. He had seen him already on the Wednesday; but as he observed that he was deeply engaged in conversation with the Queen, who is still living, he would not disturb him.' I allowed him to continue, but at length asked him, how it was possible for a person who is still in the land of the living to be met with in the world of Spirits? He replied that it was not the Queen herself, but her *spiritus familiaris* or her familiar spirit." I asked him what that might be—for I had neither heard from him anything about them? He then informed me that every man has either his good or bad spirit who is not only constantly with him,* but sometimes a little removed from him, and appears in the world of spirits. But of this the man living knows nothing: the spirit, however, knows everything. The *familiar spirit* has everything in accordance with his companion upon earth; he has in the world of spirits the same figure, the same tone of voice, and wears also similar garments; in a word this familiar spirit of the Queen—said Swedenborg—appeared exactly as he had so often seen the Queen herself at Stockholm, and had heard her speak."

If we are not careful, therefore, it appears we may be talking of friends in Heaven who are still on earth; as a novitiate Spiritualist some months ago reiterated the death of Dr. Livingstone in the *Daybreak* in dismal tones and colors, and in most circumstantial forms; and we were unfortunate enough to echo the same in African

prints in order to impress upon the public mind the clairvoyant and auricular acuteness and importance of modern Spiritualism as an advanced guard and check to presumed vague reports that might follow. There being no Court of Appeal therefore, where lofty witnesses can be summoned to repeat their former evidence, and no legal power to compel, it behoves us to be wary how we repose on the *on dits* of the absent, and the tittle-tattle of high places. Marvellous enough is it (and comforting and re-assuring beyond all calculation) if the merest tap or whisper—however crude or dissonant—can be communicated from another world to this; but let us be sure we do not mistake the caligraphy, and identity of the writer and consignee.

W. L. SAMMONS.

18, Plein Street, Cape Town, South Africa:
December, 1872.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A NEGLECTED POEM.*—PART I.

OF the neglected poets of our own time, the first place by reason of merit, and the first place by reason of fame, must be accorded to the author of "Festus." He is perhaps the only instance in our literature where so much fame is counterbalanced with so much neglect. His earliest and greatest poetic effort was received on all hands with adulatory criticisms; the most popular poet and the most popular critic of our day, joined in repeating its praises; one saying that he could not trust himself to say how much he admired it, and the other assigning it a place above Shelley's "Prometheus" and above Goethe's "Faust." Nor was the public less appreciative of the merit of the new poet. From the time of its publication to the present, it has run through eleven editions, the latest of which has been issued within the last two or three years. Yet notwithstanding all this success and all this fame, the author of "Festus" is emphatically a neglected poet. At the time of its first publication "Festus" was like a fire-brand thrown into a field of dry stubble, and its subsequent fortunes were a consequence of the flame which it had at first produced. But it was impossible, in a country so remarkable as England for the number of its literary productions, that a poem whose most remarkable feature was formlessness, could be a permanent literary success. As one of its earliest critics said "there was matter enough in it to float a hundred volumes of the usual prosy poetry;" but then this matter was disposed with such evident want of art, and was so deficient in

* "Every man has his associate spirit; and every man attracts to himself a spirit similar to the affection of his will; and hence to the perception of his understanding."
—T. C. R., 380. See also A. C., 5470.

* "The Angel World. By Philip James Bailey, Author of 'Festus.' London: W. Pickering."

merely human interest, that any far-seeing critic, not blinded by the questions which it discussed, might have safely predicated its decaying fortunes. The least popular of all possible literary works are those which make the most constant demands upon our sense of sublimity; and it is only when the sublimity is made subject to the strictest rules of art, as in the "Paradise Lost," that a book which abounds in the sublime element can become certain of an enduring fame. But the author of "Festus" had not only failed to achieve an enduring success; he had made the most fatal of all mistakes for a young author. Through the inordinate length of his poem and by reason of the great variety of subjects which it discussed, the poet had used up the whole of his material: it was no longer his, and he was in no condition to improve upon his first effort by a new poem of more enduring power. It might have been predicted, what was actually the case, that his subsequent productions would be altogether in a minor key. There was material in "Festus" to furnish out many poems; but its author had failed with all that material to write one good one. We have been induced to say so much about "Festus" and its author, because it explains, in some degree, the neglect of the poem now before us. "The Angel World" deals with a subject which has always been a favorite one with poets; but deals with it in an entirely novel way. Whether the stars are inhabited has been a subject of much speculation of late years. In "The Angel World" Mr. Bailey accepts the hypothesis as proven, and deals with speculations as with fact. The opening of the poem is remarkable: it does not detain us by preludes or explanations, but plunges at once into the body of the narrative:—

"It was a holy festival in Heaven
A joy of satisfaction at the close
Of some divinest epoch of the world.
Far round the infinite extremes of space
Star unto star spake gladness, as they sped
On their resplendent courses; and a smile
Enkindling on the countenances of the suns,
Thrilled to the heart of nature.

* * *
There, in one
Of those most pure and happy stars which claim
Identity with Heaven, high raised in bliss,
Each lofty Spirit luminous with delight,
Sat God's selectest Angels, gathered round
The golden board of that palatial orb,
In spherul order."

To these enters "a young and stirring angel" whose garments are dusty with his travel. In one hand he bears "a staff of virent emerald" whilst with the other he presses a dove to his breast, "The sole companion of his pilgrimage." After partaking of the feast with the others he is subjected to questions as to whence he came, and for what purpose he has travelled thither.

It is in reply to those inquiries that he narrates the story of that "Angel World" which forms the subject of the poem:—

"A land
—of fountains, flowers, and honied fruits,
Of cool green ombrage and incessant sun;—
The rainbow there in permanent splendours spanned
The skies by ne'er a cloud deformed, of hue
Sternier than amber; while on every hand
The clear blue streams singing and sparkling, ran
The bloomy meads to fertilize; while some
With honey, nectar, manna, milk and wine,
Fit for Angelic sustenance, slow flowed."

Here are gathered all the advantages and all the delights of a second and noble Paradise. Fair palaces are set in the landscape like jewels; and broad fields stretch away into woods, ancient and dense, and bearing amongst their shrubs, "all tinted flowers." The lion lies down with the lamb; the eagle rests in peace with the dove; and all animals are cleansed from every evil quality, and quietly ruminate beneath sacred trees. Thus

"All went well
For many a sunny cycle. Year by year
The souls of all things there were ripening fast
To spirit-like perfection; day by day
Grew spirithood to deathless angel kind,
Angelic nature to Divine estate,
It seemed a happy contest which of all
Should happiest be."

The sovereignty of this ideal world is divided between two sisters

"Nymphs divine
The daughters of the Lord of gods and men,"

one remarkable for the lofty clearness of her soul; and the queen-like attributes of her nature; the other of a disposition less innately noble, but with a soul full of hope in some "boundless promise unfulfilled." Of these sisters the elder is betrothed to the young seraph who narrates the story. "Delight leapt up its highest" when their nuptials were announced, and every heart in that Angel world was impatient for the time when the Bride-Queen should divide her throne with her betrothed. Amid their festal preparation "a stranger star, sword-like in shape" bursts into their sky and burns there, to vanish only on the third night. But

"When to their wondering eyes the morrow morn,
Waked out of darkness into daily light,
A marvel mightier than the sworded star—
Which, I alone perceived the evil one
Had there unsheathed in Heaven where late it flamed—
Behold was present,"

Bands of unknown Angels throng the groves and palaces, in their loveliness "exceeding far

The holy beauty of the original tribes."

These first tune their harps to Angel love and to Divine praise, but soon weary of such pure delights. They were "the youngest offspring of the Heavens" they said, and they possessed

"Singular joys and rare immunities."

Their service to God was purely voluntary, and

“to preach
Of their own selves was their sole business there,
Wandering where to wander pleased them best.”

These seeming happy spirits are not long in introducing a spirit of revolt and discontent into this hitherto irreproachable world. Bands of Angels secretly secede from their brethren whilst maintaining an appearance of union.

“It was as though some galaxy of stars
Had sunk and left a horrid rent in Heaven,
A ragged flaw athwart the sappharine floor,
A foul chaotic chasm.”

It was in vain that the bridegroom elect warned and entreated, and prayed. The disaffection spread, and ere long the bride herself yields to the false sophistries of those bad Angels. She longed

“For pure and mere autocracy, unchecked—
Unled—uneyed—ruled with a random hand,
And an occasional sovereignty the all
But full totality allotted her,
Of the original myriads of her race.
These loved her well ; and willingly themselves
Ascribed to her for ever, for that she
Gave them all freedom, wherefore in return
They were all slaves in gratitude : and ripe
Any desire to grant or to abet,
Which pleased herself or those intent to please.”

From this time good counsel became treason, and the words of wisdom were wrought into a net “for her own shining feet.” It becomes necessary for this fallen angel to part from her sister, and from Wisdom, her youthful guide. She is not become altogether hardened yet, and she feels some natural pain at parting.

“She stayed

Lingering around that once supremest sphere
Where, with the sister angels of her care,
In days of holy innocence and love
She was of old so happy. Oft she made
For flight ; but pausing, dropped ; and thus consumed
Her last night there, till every star had waved
Into the coming light ; and then her way
Upon her own bright wings she took to Heaven.”

She is gone now, and there is no recall. Amongst the tempters there is great joy for that bright spirit so grievously fallen.

AARON WATSON.

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(To be continued.)

A DREAM FULFILLED.

THE following letter appeared in the *Standard* for January 24 :—

SIR,—I beg to acquaint you of a very singular event which occurred here yesterday. On Saturday night a villager, named Andrew Scott, dreamed of being along the coast on St. Cyrus Sands and finding a man among the rocks under Whitson Houses. On Sabbath morning after breakfast he cleaned himself, and told his wife he would go and see if there was anything in his dream, taking another man with him to whom he made known his errand, and on arriving at the spot where he expected to find the man, sure enough there was the drowned man, washing amongst the rocks just as seen in his dream.

He was taken ashore, reported to the St. Cyrus authorities, and to-day he is to be interred. He is supposed to be one of the men belonging to the Providence, wrecked on December 19.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

DANIEL HAMILTON.

Johnshaven, Kincardineshire, Jan. 20.

It is not always or often that dreams have so striking a fulfilment, but it is a pity that more communications of this nature are not made to the public through the press.

TWO SEANCES FOR SPIRIT FACES WITH MR. AND MRS. HOLMES.

I HAVE lately been present at two of the *seances* of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes (16, Old Quebec Street), and as no account of them has hitherto appeared in this journal, I will give a few of the incidents as concisely as I can.

On the 23rd of January I went there, accompanied by two clergymen, and although it still wanted about a quarter to eight, the seats were all occupied, so that more chairs had to be brought in, and we were placed at the end of the front circle, close to the door, and when the servant came to say that Colonel Stewart and two friends were there, Mrs. Holmes feared that it would be impossible to accommodate them, but I thought that by a little close packing it might be managed, which it was.

The proceedings are commenced with a dark *seance* for the purpose of harmonising the atmosphere and preparing the conditions for the special manifestation, that of the Spirit Faces. We were in a large front drawing-room, divided from a smaller one by folding doors, but in the first instance, two gentlemen (as a committee), accompanied Mr. Holmes into the back room, and examined it thoroughly to assure themselves and the rest of the company that there were neither machinery nor individuals concealed there, and that communication with the outer world was cut off by locked doors with strips of paper pasted across the opening.

Mrs. Holmes now seated herself by the side of a small square table (placed against the wall) on which were several musical instruments, I think two bells, and some metal rings ; also a piece of rope, with which some gentleman was requested to tie her hands. The first tie or was not deemed sufficiently effective by one of the visitors present, so amid some laughter it was suggested that he should do it himself—which he did, to his own satisfaction.

We now had all to join hands, the end person of each row placing *both* hands in that of his neighbor, Mr. Holmes being at the right hand end of the front row, and at a considerable distance from the table. At the instant the light was extinguished, there were sounds of the instruments being moved about, and we soon heard tambourine, guitar, &c., being carried about the room and played upon, close to us, as well as above our heads, and I believe that every individual in the company was touched either by the instruments or spirit hands, while the spirit voices of Rosie, a young Indian, and Richard, a French-Canadian, were heard in full talk and conversation among us. Once or twice Mrs. Holmes desired the light to be struck, and the sceptical gentleman examined his rope, to find it tied hard and fast as he had knotted it.

Presently Mrs. Holmes said, “Richard, untie the rope,” and in a few seconds the rope was untied (in the total darkness) and thrown into the lap of him who had tied it. The next was the ring test, during which, Mrs. Holmes passes into a deep trance, and is *spoken through* by Rosie. One of the company then has to bring his chair, and sit facing Mrs. Holmes, holding both her hands firmly in his, having first felt and counted all the rings on the table, and passed his hands up and down Mrs. Holmes’s arms,

so as to be able to declare that there is nothing upon them, little Rosie all the time urging him to make quite sure, and when he had finally taken hold of the hands, she kept saying, "Now, be sure you hang on tight, don't let go for a moment." Then there was a short space of complete stillness, only broken by Mr. Holmes saying in an agitated whisper (which leads me to think that it may possibly be rather a dangerous manifestation for the medium), "Rosie, Rosie, is it all right?" When Rosie triumphantly exclaimed, "Yes, all right—you hung on quite tight, did you, chief?" and when the gentleman had answered in the affirmative, she asked for a light, and the metal ring was found to be on his arm, while he with both hands was still holding those of Mrs. Holmes. This test having been given a second time, with another sitter, the arrangements had to be altered for the other *séance*, when we were allowed to bring our chairs in front of what had previously been the foremost circle, so that I was fortunate enough to be in the very best position, exactly facing the aperture at a distance of only about a couple of yards. One of the folding doors was now replaced by a screen of black American leather, with an oblong opening of about a foot in height, at the level of the head of a tall man. The paraffin lamp was placed on the floor near the outer door of our room, and shaded, so as to throw a faint light around; the table was drawn to the front of the screen, Mrs. Holmes sitting by the one side as she had done before, with Mr. Holmes on the opposite side, both with their hands on the table, and in full view of us all, no one in mortal form being in the adjacent room.

Our intent gaze was soon rewarded by the appearance of a face at the aperture, that of a young girl, but we seemed to catch but momentary glimpses of her—then there was a boy's head, with blue eyes and lovely auburn curls, but his stay, too, was short—then a middle-aged lady with grey hairs mingled among her dark curls. Afterwards an elderly gentleman, with very finely cut features, appeared for a moment and then receded, when Colonel Stewart exclaimed, "Oh! is it not he who promised to meet me here to-night? is it not you, Father?" He then came forward again, and bowed assent, remaining long enough for us all to see him very well. Mrs. Holmes said that the face manifestations are principally her husband's mediumship, and are much stronger when he is *withinside* the cabinet, but that he very much objects to going in, as he wishes to keep his character above a breath of suspicion. Some of the circle now asked, as a particular favour, that he would waive his objections on this occasion, for, as we had already seen the faces, no doubts *could* arise.

Shortly after he had complied with our request, Colonel Stewart's father again came forward, and remained quietly looking at his son, who asked if he would try to come yet forward, so that all in the room might see him, and he actually advanced his head about four inches through the opening. After he had retired, seven or eight hands were seen, two of them infantine; then Mrs. Holmes asked if "Katie" could come, and in a short time she appeared, with a very pleasant expression on her features, the identical Katie photographed at Mr. Hudson's on the 25th of March, with the same white head-dress, and, may I venture to say it? just as un-pretty, notwithstanding the flattering descriptions I have read in some of the spiritual journals. I said, "You are the Katie who was photographed with Mrs. Guppy and Tommy?" "Of course," was the answer. This was to me the crowning event of the evening, as bearing mutually corroborative testimony to Mrs. Holmes and Mr. Hudson. No more faces were seen, but a bright something flashed several times to the aperture, which we could not exactly discern, but Miss Hudson, the clairvoyante, who was present, afterwards told me that it was the daisy-wreath worn by the Indian spirit Daisy, one of her invisible band. I had been so much gratified that I intended to make another visit, and was talking about it on the following Sunday evening to

Mr. and Mrs. Tebb, when he suggested that they should meet me, and proposed the next evening; but unfortunately when we arrived there, we found that Mrs. Holmes was ill, and that the *séance* was deferred till the Wednesday (January 29th), when we met there according to appointment. I suppose other people feared there might be another postponement, for there were but three others there besides ourselves, so that we had every advantage of a private *séance*, and the strong medium power we took, gave added vigour to the manifestations. During the dark *séance*, Mr. Tebb asked "Richard" to take hold of our clasped hands, when the third hand was felt as distinctly as we each felt the other. The ring test was twice given, and while Mrs. Holmes's hands were held by Mr. Tebb, his wife and I (between whom he had sat) were close to one another, and she saw a figure, child-size, but she could not distinguish more than an outline; then it came on to the sofa with us, the little hands caressing first her head and then mine, but outside my hat, so I asked her (my little sister) to touch my face—then to put her hand to my lips, that I might kiss it, and the cluster of warm, loving, tiny fingers pressed my mouth most tenderly.

We were so thoroughly harmonious a circle that Mr. Holmes made no hesitation when we asked him to go *into* the cabinet, so as to strengthen the manifestations as much as possible, for Mrs. Holmes's invalid condition would naturally be a partial impediment. The first who shewed himself was Colonel Stewart's father, and I think he seemed more accustomed to having his spiritual face lighted up by the vital emanations of mortality, for the sensation must in the beginning be almost as strange to the spirits, as it is to us human mediums when *our* muscles are first acted upon by invisible agents. The next had also been a frequent visitor, and was recognised by Mrs. Holmes as Lady Brisbane, the aunt of Mrs. Makkdougall Gregory—then came the pretty boy with auburn curls.

She who now shewed herself, startled both Mr. and Mrs. Tebb, by her striking likeness to an aunt of the latter, still living, whose sister they imagined she must be, one who had passed to the other side in 1846, but Mrs. Tebb has since been spiritually informed that it was her grand-mamma, the mother of her father and the two aunts.

Then came my special and most unexpected delight—peeping up at the lower left-hand corner, and therefore more within my view than that of any one else, I saw the upper part of the face of my nephew Charlie Warren (he who was drowned in the *Corantic*) just about as much as is seen in the spirit photograph where he is embracing me, when I exclaimed, "Oh! it is Charlie!" he nodded brightly and rose so that I saw the whole of his face, but as he was partly behind the shelter of the screen, I do not think he was so visible to others, but his face was, if I may so express it, more life-full than any of the others, and I think that may probably be because he is such an energetic worker in gathering the substance from me that is needed for the spirit photographs, and can therefore better appropriate that which is of a somewhat similar nature.

GEORGINA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, W.

[On receiving the above Article from Miss Houghton, we wrote to that lady asking her whether, as the *séances* were *public* ones, she could give names. She says in answer: "I do not know the names of any of those individuals; neither did my clerical friends. But on the second evening, Mr. Tebb and the stranger gentleman examined the room (back) in which Mrs. Tebb and I had been chatting with Mrs. Holmes by the fireside, until just before the *séance* commenced, and it was only closed up and darkened while we were all together, and the folding doors were shut when we went into the front room for the *séance*."]—ED. C.S.

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

(Concluded from Page 22.)

So men think and thought. But, alas! then as now they were slightly mistaken. It was not precisely thus with Dives. When the Angel of Death roused him from his sleep in this world to his waking in the other, the prospect was not cheerful. It was a dark and cloudy morning; the scene was unattractive; there were no golden ceilings, no marble floors, no silver-voiced fountains; he seemed to be in a narrow, cramped, dirty town, whose streets, with miserable little tenements on either side, looked as if they led nowhere, but kept for ever winding in and out, and returning to the same place they started from. They were muddy with a mud that appeared as if it never could be dry, so deep and desperate was it; the atmosphere was chilly, bleak, and lifeless. There was just sunshine enough to make the heart sick because there was no more. The whole place was desolate to the last degree; it was like a pauper village. Dives looked about him with astonishment, but there being nothing particular to see, he dropped his eyes, and took a survey of his own person. Could it be possible that this was he, Dives, the elegant, the sumptuous, the delicate in flesh, the soft in skin? This shrivelled, shrunken, shambling, shabby figure, with pinched face, and bony fingers, and skin like a piece of old parchment? True enough; the change was very marvellous; the spirit was clothed now in its own form, and it was the form of one who had become mouldy by living long in a dungeon. Great livid spots of corruption were on him; his bones were chalky; his joints were big with bunches, like the fungus of an old tree; there was a weight as of a huge lump of lead on his heart, and unutterable weariness oppressed him, till he was ready to sink into the earth with loneliness, while at the same time he had no wish to see the face of a human being; there was no love in him; there was no sympathy; there was no fellow feeling; he clung to himself as a drowning man clings to a spar, and yet, while clinging to himself, he seemed to perish, for it was like clinging to a corpse. Forms like his own were seen creeping along the streets, slinking in and out of the houses, dismally chuckling, and rubbing their hands, as if thinking of some pleasant things; then shaking their heads sadly, and moving on. Here and there one looked as if he was happy; but their smiles were more ghastly than others' wry faces; their laughter was more hideous to hear than shrieks would have been; their signs of satisfaction were horrible to witness; and Dives turned away from them with a shudder, hoping he might never be or look like them, for they who were sad looked like men and women, human, like himself, while they that were merry looked like demons—too devilish to know that they were devilish—too bad to know that they were bad. As one of these passed close by him, Dives instinctively made a motion, as if he would draw aside his garments to save them from pollution; but he had no garments; he was naked, save only a piece of rag round his waist, such as an old beggar wore, whom he remembered now to have seen sitting at his gate on the grand street at Damascus. Pah! how it smelt; what a fetid odour proceeded from its folds! He unwound it, and threw it from him; but the odour was still in his nostrils: it was the odour of his own person, the rank smell of his own soul. The rest, who were used to it, did not appear to be disagreeably affected by it; some evidently enjoyed it, and snuffed it up as if it was frankincense. They were the happy ones that did this.

Dives probably had always carried the effluvia about with him, even when he had just bathed himself in water scented with the ottar of roses, only the ottar of roses, and the sandal-wood, and the precious gums, and the fragrance of flattery that was breathing about him all the time, made it impossible for him or for those about him to

perceive it. Now and then a very holy man, whose sense of smell was very acute indeed, was observed to turn his head on one side, and hold his nose, on meeting Dives on the side-walk; but holy men were not very common even then, and the two or three who made this movement of disgust were set down as silly people, who took that way of showing their spite to the rich man; or as rude people, who did it to insult him; or as exceedingly coarse people, whose olfactories, unaccustomed to delicate perfumes, could not bear the aromatic odour of so much sanctity. This was what Dives himself thought about it; but now he saw his mistake. As his eye accustomed itself gradually to the sight of the region he was in, Dives perceived far away what seemed a beautiful garden. He made his way towards it, and on approaching nearer had his first impression confirmed. It was a spacious garden, with terraces, paths, fountains, arbours, lawns, flower beds—precisely like his own in Damascus, only far more stately and exquisite. The mighty palm trees were waving there, and heavy clusters of grapes hung on the vines, and the scent of odorous flowers made the neighborhood rich. He went to the gate; it stood wide open; and within he could see bright forms moving to and fro, conversing or meditating, or reposing beneath the shade. A group of these forms chancing to come by the gate, Dives ventured to accost them, saying, "What place is this, and who are these that seem so peaceful and glad?" One of the company answered, "This is the paradise of the simple and trusting and pure of heart, who in the world were patient and humble."

"And who is that one I see yonder sitting by the fountain, and talking eagerly to those that are about him? He seems to be a new-comer." "That," replied the Angel, "is Lazarus." "What! Lazarus of Damascus, the same that sat begging so many years at my gate?"

"Yes, the very same. He is, as you guess, a new-comer, and is telling of is past life." "I wonder if he would not remember me; let me go in and speak to him; I am sure he will know me, and give me a place in his dwelling."

"Nay," said the messenger, "it is impossible; you cannot come in. When you were inside the garden in Damascus, and he was outside, you would not let him come in to you; you charged your servants to spurn him from the door: now you cannot go into him. But it is not he who keeps you out. The reason you cannot go where he is, is that that is not your place; you do not belong there: the same thing that hindered your going to him before hinders your going to him now—namely, your hard, cold, selfish disposition; he was then the same that he is now, just as gentle and pure and peaceful; the only difference is in his clothes: if you found his company distasteful before, you will find it no less distasteful still. Try; you may come in if you can."

Dives strode forward to enter the gateway; but no sooner did his foot touch the threshold than he stopped; he could go no farther; invisible hands seemed to push him back; his feet were bound by unseen fetters; he gasped for breath like one coming from a foul, stifled room into the clear air of a winter's day; the atmosphere was too fine for his lungs; his head turned round from giddiness; the sweet light pained his eyes, so that he was forced to shut the lids; every sense was overpowered, and he would have sunk to the earth if he had not at once stepped back outside the enclosure.

"You see," said the divine one, "it is as I told you; there is a great gulf between you and Lazarus, which you cannot cross over till you become as he is."

"Alas!" cried Dives in his agony, "speak to him for me then; if I cannot go to him, tell him I am here, and pray him to come to me; tell him his old neighbor desires to see him; he will come, I am sure, if he is as good as you say: he can come, can he not? he can cross the gulf?"

"No," returned the speaker; "the same abyss that keeps you from him keeps him from you; he cannot pass over it any more than you can. He would be as much out of place here where you are, as he would have been in your grand house in the rich city. He might be sorry for you, as I am, as we all are; but he cannot help you. You must help yourself by repentance and tears."

He was turning away with these words, when Dives implored once more, not in his own behalf, but in behalf of his brothers, who were still alive on the earth: "For pity's sake," he cried, "let them be warned in time; let them know where I am, and what I suffer; let Lazarus go to them and tell them of his fate and mine, that they at least may be saved."

The Angel shook his head sadly as he responded, "Nay, neither may this be done. Your brothers would not believe what Lazarus told them; they would not believe it was Lazarus that spoke; they would scout the message as an imposture, and would call the messenger ghost. The story would sound to them absurd and ridiculous of their great relative in misery, and the beggar at his door in bliss. No, no, it would be of no avail. If they will not believe the written words of venerable Scriptures they will not believe the spoken words of one they do not know; if they will not be persuaded by the voices of kings and prophets they will not be persuaded by the voice of a pauper; if they can listen unmoved to the pleadings of their humanity, they will listen unmoved to the pleadings of an apparition. There is the same on that side the grave to teach them how to live that there is on this side, more evident, more plain, more convincing too—examples of good and evil men. If the living can teach them nothing, I am sure the dead cannot teach them; they must take their chance. Lazarus had no better. May they have the good sense to use their chance as well as he used his, better than you used yours."

Having spoken these words, he withdrew with his friends, and the sound of their silvery voices on the air was like the ringing of sweet bells calling Dives to repentance.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

SIR,—I have read with the greatest interest several numbers of the *Christian Spiritualist*. I say "interest," because while there are conclusions arrived at by different contributors I do not altogether agree with; still I believe you are carrying out a grand object in collecting facts from men whose veracity is not to be questioned, and, by-and-bye, it may be possible those facts will afford materials whereby much of the mystery of a truly spiritual nature may be partially, if not wholly, solved. We are living in an age when infidelity was scarcely ever more rampant since the Christian era. We may look around and pride ourselves upon the great increase in the number of our churches and chapels throughout the land; but unfortunately numerous as they are, there is still growing up in their midst a feeling so repugnant to their teachings that, unless evidence of a futurity, even of a more conclusive character than that contained in the Bible, I fear this state of things will continue. Men of the present day are hard to believe; and I say unhesitatingly that a large number of those who attend places of worship are as sceptical as those who spend their Sundays at home and look at religion as a perfect farce. They believe in a God of nature, but emphatically deny that the writers of the Old and New Testament were inspired, and consequently treat their writings pretty much the same as those of novelists. "Man," they argue, "is of the animal kingdom in body, and in instinct; and he dies as such." You may quote the writings of our most

eminent Christian authors showing the absurdity of their reasonings if you like; and they will quote, in return, from Thomas Paine and others, in support of what they say. Here, then, I believe, if there is any truth in Christian Spiritualism it may yet step in and do some mighty work; and I rejoice, Sir, though not a convert, that you are prosecuting its development with such untiring zeal. To the Christian it is of minor importance, for it matters not to him whether departed spirits have any power of communication with those confined within tenements of clay or not, compared to the infidel, who believes in only what he sees, because through such remarkable instances as you give, he may be led to infer that the power given to the Prophets of Old was a reality, and not a sham. Still, Sir, I am disposed to think that the majority of those biased thinkers will attribute what you call "Medium Power," at present only very indifferently understood, to some law of nature. For myself I question such spiritual power, still on the other hand I am staggered in my attempt to account for such extraordinary circumstances as you have recorded as having taken place at the house of your son-in-law shortly after his death. Certainly it could not have been the power of electricity, to which I have attributed the table moving and such like. Indeed, until very recently, I regarded table-rapping, &c., as a piece of superstition. It was under rather strange circumstances I became a convert. Two young ladies, Miss Kerslake and Miss Coaker, of Plymouth, were stopping at my house, and the latter introduced the question. I pooh poohed its reality. She replied, "Will you allow me to convince you to the contrary by testing the power?" I assented. Three or four of the company instantly sat down at a small round table, placing our hands in an extended position on it. Although obliging a lady, I confess I could not help laughing at what I thought to be a great act of stupidity. No effect was realised and I left feeling strengthened, if it were possible, in my conviction. But she was not to be denied—ladies will not somehow—so she appealed to me again, making it a condition this time that I was not to laugh but have faith. The former request, I confess, was much easier to comply with than the latter. However, I told her I would do my best. Again we confronted the table, and it was only from a desire of giving the experiment a fair trial that I could forbear laughing. Half-a-minute elapsed but no result. She then implored the spirit to be present. Immediately afterwards my fingers became numbed, whilst Miss Coaker's became animated. She grew pale, and as it increased her hands became clenched and she beat them on the table with great rapidity and violence. She demanded a pencil and paper, adding that the spirit had a communication to make to her. Whilst I was searching for a pencil she became impatient, seized me by the collar, tearing it from my neck. At this time she was screaming and appeared to be in a hysterical state. However, I was unable to abate her excitement, and as her demand for a pencil became more incessant one was given her, and a sheet of paper as well. Like the rapid dotting of an electric needle she applied it over the piece of paper, writing down what the spirit was telling her. Some of her friends became alarmed at her excited state, a feeling I shared in myself. She was taken from the table, and in a very short time she became—what shall I say—rational. I was now convinced there was no hypocrisy in her conduct, and this, of course, excited my thoughts, the more to account for what I had seen. I attributed the cause to electricity, believing she naturally having more electric power than the rest, had robbed each of us of a portion of ours, just the same as the sun will extinguish a fire.

How far I was right I await the result of further experience. The young lady denies that it was electricity, and asserts that it was the spirit of a young French lady who had died some years ago, that appealed to her to

convey a message to her friends. The message, through our interference, was not completed; but I should add that the application of her pencil to the paper was very remarkable; for although the dots were made with lightning rapidity the writing was very legible.

Yours obediently,

DANIEL VILE.

Newton Abbott, February 11, 1873.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

LETTER NO. 12.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist.

DEAR SIR,—A twelvemonth has now nearly elapsed since the first development in Mr. Hudson's studio of this most marvellous phase of spirit-power, and wonderful indeed have been the evidences there given of the continued existence of those who, in quitting the tabernacle of clay, have found that they still retain a personality as completely their own as while treading this earth of ours. We Spiritualists have, during many past years, received most abundant proofs by numberless methods of the identity of our own departed loved ones with the spirits communicating with us, but still the materialist and the sceptic have looked on with the supercilious smile of fancied superiority, and have declared all to be imagination! But that argument (if worthy of such a name) falls to the ground when a recognised relative or friend, long since passed away, appears by the sitter's side on the photographic plate; imagination, however clever, cannot act on chemical substances, neither would that same faculty clothe the loved form in draperies unlike any garments to which their own eyes were accustomed, thus the likeness and the unlikeness both contribute to form the certainty.

And how has he been treated? the man upon whom God has bestowed a gift of such wondrous power? He has been attacked and vilified in a most paltry and pitiful way, and being (*necessarily*) a man of a nervous and sensitive nature, he might have been utterly crushed by the unkind breath of slander, had not a few staunch friends, who had thoroughly proved the genuine character of the manifestations, strengthened and upheld him by word and deed: would that a small portion of the wealth of this land could have been diverted into that channel, for want of means has been a sad obstacle to the work, and some of the loveliest pictures have been forever lost by accidents arising from the difficulties of his position, and it would indeed have been a record of contrarieties and disappointments if one had been kept of all that he has gone through during the last year. But he has struggled on in spite of difficulties, his manifestations have been tested in every possible way, and he has received numerous letters from persons of high standing, bearing testimony to his courteous willingness to

submit to the very closest scrutiny, thus enabling them to be perfectly certain as to the truth of the photographs taken in their presence, thus confirming their belief as to the authenticity of all the others. Such tests are never more to be permitted, which will be for the benefit of the sitters themselves, for it is well known to all those accustomed to *séances*, that better manifestations are invariably received when the circle is very harmonious, and every arrangement made that can tend to place the medium in a pleasant and happy frame of mind, and that same rule holds good in this class of mediumship as well as in every other, therefore those who have striven to make him miserable have had the greater blame.

Before entering upon some of the circumstances of the past month, I would fain ask a favor of those who have taken an interest in these recorded proceedings. The 7th of March will be my anniversary in the work, not only in Mr. Hudson's studio, but with reference to my own spirit photograph taken eight years before; as I mentioned in the May letter of last year, therefore on that day I hope something specially beautiful may be given in commemoration of the event, as Mr. Hudson's studio will on that occasion be closed to other comers, so that there may be no risk of disturbance, and I would here ask all my friends to breath a loving prayer that added blessings may be poured upon the work, as well as to have it much in their thoughts during the time that we are likely to be occupied, and I am anticipating the presence of the two dear mediums so strongly linked with me whose powers aided me in the extraordinary photographs of December 27th.

On the 17th of January a gentleman met me again by appointment, who had been introduced by his brother on the previous day, when we had had some sittings, but he had not obtained the specific portraits he wanted. On the second plate was the sweetest little child-figure (looking perhaps about three years old), with the head sideways, as if lying on something, but it was rather higher than the seat of the chair by his side over which the thin veil drops. Her features are clearly defined, with the eyes open, and a bright little look, as if to say, "You see I am quite alive, and I am not gone far away, I can come back." The face seemed to me to resemble his own, so I asked if he had lost a little sister. "Yes," said he, "many years ago, but I have also lost a little girl of about the same age, and it was her photograph I wanted." I was surprised, for it had not struck me that he might be a married man.

The next plate was quite ready, and we were just preparing for the sitting, when Miss Hudson came down with a present that Mrs. Tebb (who knew I was to be there that morning), had

kindly brought me, and was then going home again, but I was impressed to send her a message, requesting her to come at once to the studio, as we were to wait till she came for the exposure of the plate; so she took her seat opposite to me and looked towards the sitter. As soon as Mr. Hudson had re-capped the lens, I asked if she had seen anything. "Yes," she answered, "I saw a young girl who looked about eighteen, standing by the side of that gentleman." He and I went in to see the development, and there in the picture stood the young girl beheld by her. He was indeed fortunate, being but a neophyte in Spiritualism, to have had such an unexpected test, and it is an additional item in Mr. Hudson's mountain of evidence. Mrs. Tebb afterwards told him she had an impression that it was a sister; so doubtless she has grown to womanhood in the spirit-world. She has a transparent veil hanging over her extended hands, which falls over one of his as it lies on the back of the chair, to express that he is just beginning to go behind the veil that has hitherto separated him from the unseen world.

I had arranged for a sitting for January 23rd, with a gentleman whose only leisure day is Thursday, but unfortunately Mr. Hudson had some important business from home, and requested me to name another day for my visit to him, so I fixed Friday, but I feared my sitter would be unable to come even at my earliest hour, eleven o'clock, but I wrote to tell Mrs. Guppy (who was staying at Norwood), of the possibility, suggesting that she might, perhaps, obtain a communication on the Friday morning, whether for him or any other sitter, which might prove an interesting test. Instead of waiting till the day, she sat at once, on the receipt of my letter, and had a message to the effect that Mr. Hudson's *nervous anxiety* would disturb the manifestations. The best spirit would be on a plate that I had prepared myself, but that no one but Mr. Hudson and I must look at it. I was not, however, to say anything about it to Mr. Hudson.

On Friday, the 24th, a clergyman from the country met me for the early sitting, having for that purpose deferred his journey home till the night train. He had had two negatives taken, both with manifestations, and had been much interested in seeing the photographic operations, never having before been in the dark room, and he was gratified in having every detail thus shewn to him, so as to be able to testify to Mr. Hudson's candid openness.

I had been spiritually apprised that if he had no objection, it would be well for me to be with him for the third plate, so, as he was quite willing, I stood behind his chair, and there was on the negative a lovely spirit, with a face as

clear as our own. Mr. Hudson, in his delight and excitement, was turning it to shew to the mortal sitter, when alas! it slipped through his fingers into the tank or washing-sink below, and when he had fished it out, the film was all in fragments, and utterly destroyed. Poor Mr. Hudson was terribly cut up, but it was past remedy, so we took our places for another plate, on which there is a spirit form, but the face is not distinguishable. On the fourth negative there was a manifestation resembling a mass of sheets of paper, so I asked my reverend friend if he had ever published a volume of sermons, which he had done, so it may allude to that work or be anticipative of a future one.

It was only as I was on my way home that it struck me that in our misfortune was the fulfilment of the message given by the spirits to Mrs. Guppy. The plate had been, in a measure, prepared by me, as my presence with the sitter had been needed to give full power, and then Mr. Hudson, in his "nervous anxiety," had indeed "disturbed the manifestation" by wishing to shew it. Thus I found that the message had been given as a warning, or rather as a lesson, for had the mischance not occurred we should not have learned it, and it gives an additional reason for the necessity of excluding the sitters from the dark room, for it may be that the likeness for which they are the most anxious may thus be destroyed, in all probability *never* to be repeated. Other calamities have also, at times, befallen the negative, in consequence of there being a looker-on, for by moving the position of the plate before it is fully developed, it is apt to become streaky, and that is sometimes the cause of that defect in photographs condemned by out-siders, who do not take into consideration the many difficulties of Mr. Hudson's class of work.

As my sitter was to come in the afternoon of January 30th, only three negatives were to be taken in the morning, so as to reserve Mr. Hudson's power. One had been done, on which there was nothing, when Miss Hudson came to say there were two gentlemen in the waiting-room, one of whom wanted a sitting, as he was only in England for a few days, and would have no other opportunity, so I went in to explain the circumstances, adding that I would waive my right to the two negatives, and would remain up there while they went to Mr. Hudson in the studio. During the time of their talk, for that was all the result, I saw Mrs. Guppy, who told me of a spirit-message of which she was the bearer to me. "Miss Houghton must not, for the future, permit *any test whatever*; she is, and has been, so to speak, the back-bone of spirit-photography, and has received grander evidences than any one else, but she must rigidly enforce the conditions, and

if she allows any kind of tests, the consequences will fall upon herself, as, for a month afterwards, she will not obtain any photographic manifestations." Directions so stringent as these cannot be gainsaid, so for the future all visitors will be denied access to Mr. Hudson's dark room in any of my *séances*. He now came to tell us that the gentlemen were gone, so as Mrs. Guppy had time to stay while one was taken, we went to the studio, suggesting that we should have a large plate, which Mr. Hudson accordingly prepared, and I took my seat, and behind me is a shadowy figure of a young relative, whom I recognise, but others may, perhaps, not do so, for I have been so closely trained in the study of faces during the last year that my eye has been thoroughly educated, and that faculty, like all others, requires cultivation, so I am never vexed with those persons who cannot see likenesses, knowing that it arises simply from their powers in that line being only partially developed.

Miss Hudson, the clairvoyante, met me there yesterday, and I had the pleasure of introducing her to her celebrated namesake, to whom she is not in any way related. There were three negatives taken of her, on each of which there is a spirit form, but I will not attempt to describe them, as I have not yet received the proofs. In the afternoon I had my own sittings: on the first plate there was but a shadowy form, and on the second a faint manifestation, but on the third (No. 54) there was a spirit-figure on each side of me, with the faces very clear, and the one on the left looked very lovely, so that the last day's work I have to relate was highly satisfactory.

I was present at a *séance* at Mrs. Guppy's on Thursday week, with a young lad as the medium, who will, I think, develop into great physical powers. Mrs. Guppy was not herself in the room, so that I might be the better able to appreciate his strength, as he spends much of his time at her house for the purpose of the development, and I am led to mention the subject because I am rather indignant at the accusation I so frequently meet in the publications of the day, *i.e.*, "the jealousy of mediums" which I look upon as utterly groundless. Who are so anxious to develop fresh ones, as mediums themselves? indeed, to take Mrs. Guppy for instance, she has been quite a nursing mother to many young beginners, who have often drawn from her to such an extent that her own vitality has sometimes suffered. In fact, there are scarcely any among our English mediums who have not willingly given time and efforts to help others onward in the same course; how then, can they reasonably be accused of jealousy? Simply because some gentleman had been foolish enough to reject the joys that Spiritualism

brings, in consequence of having heard A speak against B—two mediums who were considered by their friends to be equal in gifts. His was the loss, and perhaps ere now he may have learned better, also that one swallow does not make a summer, and that one person's harsh judgment of another ought not to be taken without enquiry as a final decision of a point of such infinite importance. We all know that Spiritual gifts are wonderfully various, each phase doing its own appointed work, whereby a perfect whole will be formed, which, like a grand building, must have its lower and solid foundations suited to its earthy position, gradually rising to its loftier and more beautiful superstructure, but of which the under portion is as indispensable as the upper.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

GEORGINA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, W., Feb. 14th, 1873.

THE GLEANER.

Funds are being collected for a new machine with which to print the *Medium*.

There is a report that Mr. D. D. Home is coming to London, to reside there.

Mrs. Dickinson, the well-known medium, has been suddenly re-called to America on pressing business.

Mrs. Butterfield, a provincial medium, has been fulfilling appointments in London during the month of February.

Messrs. Herne and Williams have been at Newcastle, creating a good deal of interest among Spiritualists, and controversies in the local press.

We have just received for publication, but too late for this number, a long and valuable letter from Mr. William Howitt. It shall appear in our next number.

Mr. Alfred Grace, 23, Tavistock Place, London, W.C., writes to the *Medium* for February 7, and says that the Spirit John King has given him the Masonic grip.

Mr. Smith, 114, New Church Street, Bermondsey, London, wishes to meet with Spiritualists and enquirers, to assist him in forming a circle for the benefit of investigators.

A society for the purpose of investigating Spiritualism has been formed in Edinburgh, consequent, we should imagine, upon Mr. Wallace's missionary labours in that city.

Public Opinion, the *National Reformer*, and other newspapers, London and provincial, following in the wake of the *Times*, have opened their columns to the discussion of Spiritualism.

The *séance* with Miss Fox and Mr. Home recently described by the *Times* Commissioner, took place at 20, Mornington Road, London, the house of a well-known Fellow of the Royal Society.

On February 9, two lectures were delivered in Huddersfield, by Mr. G. H. Reddalls, on "Personal Experience and Reasons for neglecting Spiritualism," and the "Claims of Modern Spiritualism examined and refuted."

The *Spiritualist* for February 1 contains Mr. Benjamin Coleman's testimony to that which has been recently given by others, of Mrs. Holmes' mediumship, which that gentleman describes as being "surprising and satisfactory."

Mr. George Dornbusch, a gentleman well-known in the literary circles of the commercial world, and a most ardent and zealous Spiritualist, died on February 5th, at

his residence, Groye Street Road, South Hackney, London.

We are very glad to see that our Spiritualist friends in the provinces are keeping Dr. Sexton at work as a lecturer. His evidence is extremely valuable, and might often convince Materialists, of whom he himself was one so many years.

Direct spirit-writing, obtained at Mr. and Mrs. Holmes' circle, and carefully reproduced by lithography, appears as an illustration in *Human Nature* for January, while the February number contains illustrations of the same kind of phenomena through the mediumship of Mrs. Jencken, late Miss Kate Fox.

Sergeant Cox, whose book on "Pyschic Force" has now become well-known, has just published, through Longman and Co., of London, a volume, price 8s. 6d., on the *Mechanism of Man*, being the first of a series intended to be a popular introduction to the study of Psychology. The series is to be called *What am I?*

The *Christian Spiritualist* has narrowly escaped the honor of being burnt! It has been excluded from the reading-room table of the Bromsgrove Literary Institution, by order of the Committee, the numbers already in hand being consigned to the waste paper basket. Another exhibition, on an extremely small scale, of Protestant Poperly!

The *Spiritual Magazine* for February has followed the lead of the *Medium* in re-printing the Article in the *Times* of December 25, headed *Spiritualism and Science*. That reprint is followed by the letters contributed to the *Times*, and occasioned by the Article we have just named. The record ends at page 73 with the *Times* leading article of January 6, given in *extenso*.

Mr. Froude in his *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, Vol. I, Page 149 (quoted in the *Christian Spiritualist* for March, 1871, page 41,) alleges that a girl had been raised to life by mesmerism, and a correspondent of the *Spiritual Magazine*, "E.T.W.," Union Club, London, is evidently desirous of some particulars of the case. Do any of our readers know anything of it?

The *Medium*, for January 31, contains a paper read by Mr. T. Grant, before the Maidstone and Mid-Kent Natural History and Philosophical Society, at Maidstone, on Tuesday evening, 31 December, 1872. The subject of the paper is a *Scientific View of Modern Spiritualism*, and the paper itself is not only worthy of present perusal, but preservation for future reference.

Professor Denton, of Boston, has just published a dozen lectures on the Relations of Spiritualism to Religion and Society. Unhappily they are leavened with a rejection of Christianity, as something efete and worthless. How strange a thing it is that the scientific mind of Mr. Denton cannot distinguish between Christianity and its several forms, as readily as we are quite sure he distinguishes imitations of rock strata from the originals.

The *Spiritualist* for Feb. 15, has a leading article on the "Origin of Evil," with special reference to an article in the same number, and on the same subject, by Mr. William White, the well known author of a "Life of Swedenborg." There is also an extract from the *American Artisan*, for Jan. 4, 1873, entitled "Uncle Tackerbury's Ghost," which, as the Editor rightly says, is "enough to make one's hair stand on end."

A cheap edition of the "Report on Spiritualism by the Committee of the London Dialectical Society" is now being issued. Subscribers taking eight copies can have them for 20s., but single copies will be 5s. each. The edition will be without any abridgement, and will contain 350 pages of matter, making it one of the most complete, useful, and cheap works ever published on the subject of Spiritualism. Orders, with remittances, should be sent, at once, to Mr. Burns, 15, Southampton Row, London.

Mr. W. R. Greg's *Enigmas of Life* (London, Trübner and Co.) is a book written by one who we feel is honest in every fibre of him, and wishes neither to be deceived nor to deceive. We can imagine his melancholy smile,

were he told how much light would be thrown upon his pathway by a belief in Modern Spiritualism; and yet such would be the fact. We recommend Spiritualist writers and speakers to notice what Mr. Greg says on page 171, in which he alludes to the development of the Spiritual, as separate from the physical faculties.

Some two months ago we received a very interesting letter from an American clergyman, at Fall River, Massachusetts, which we promised that gentleman should be inserted in our next number. We regret to state that we have, in some unaccountable way, mislaid, lost, or, possibly, destroyed that letter, and are, therefore, at present unable to fulfil our promise. If this paragraph should meet Mr. Camp's eye, perhaps he would kindly communicate with us again, and state if he received a set of the *Christian Spiritualist* and a letter, which we forwarded to him on the receipt of his letter. We will gladly insert anything he may send for publication.

Dr. T. L. Nichols, of Great Malvern, in his *Human Physiology* (Triibner and Co., London,) distinctly recognizes Modern Spiritualism in the following words, page 157:—"In all ages of the world, in rare, but still sufficiently frequent instances, those who had departed from the earthly existence have been able to give to their friends the assurance that they still lived, and that, therefore, we are not deceived by our prescience of a future existence, nor mocked with our 'longing after immortality.'" Dr. Nichols is a Roman Catholic, and would, therefore, question many of the phenomena occurring outside his own Church; but the admission he here makes is distinct and valuable.

At a tea party held at Cleckheaton, in connection with the Schools of St. John's Church, the Rev. W. T. Storrs, of Heckmondwike, is reported by the *Cleckheaton Guardian*, of January 3, to have said that "there were other matters which required greater anxiety and more prayer than Disestablishment. He referred to the cultivation of piety, and the exclusion of evil fallacies, of which *Spiritualism, a device of Satan, was one*." Mr. Storrs may be, and, very likely, is a good man, according to his light; but he is extremely ignorant, and we pity the congregation that has no more intelligent and capable man to lead it. That there are phenomena produced by evil spirits is unquestionable: it was so in our Lord's time, it is so now: but just as our Lord recognized the existence and agency of good, as well as evil spirits, so do we in these modern days humbly follow in His steps.

When quotations are made they should be made *verbatim*, or the variation pointed out, that no one may be deceived. But in the *Religio Philosophical Journal* for January 11, published at Chicago, and devoted to the interests of Spiritualism, there are, on page 5, certain well-known stanzas from Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, beginning with—

"Ring out wild bells to the wild sky."

As some of our readers know, the poem ends with the words,

"Ring in the Christ that is to be."

The Editor of this paper has, however, quoted the words as though Tennyson had written,

"Ring in the light that is to be."

Undoubtedly "Christ" and "light" are, practically, synonymous terms. It is, nevertheless, true that Tennyson used the word "Christ," and not the word "light," and he should have been so reported.

BOOKS, NEWSPAPERS, &c., RECEIVED—WITH THANKS.
—*Western Morning News*, Jan. 21—*Bromsgrove, Droitwich, and Redditch Weekly Messenger*, Jan. 18—*Hessey's Boyle Lectures*, 1872, second series. No price stated. London: Christian Knowledge Society—*Human Physiology the Basis of Sanitary and Social Science*, by T. L. Nichols, M.D. No price stated. London: Trübner and Co., 60, Paternoster Row—*Enigmas of Life*, by W. R. Greg. Second edition. No price stated. London: Trübner and Co., 8 and 60, Paternoster Row—*The Truthseeker* for January. Price two pence. London:

Trübner and Co., Paternoster Row—*Cleekheaton Guardian*, Jan. 3—*Religio and Philosophical Journal*, for Dec. 28, 1872, and Jan. 11, 25, 1873. Published by S. S. Jones, Chicago, U.S.—*Spalding Free Press*, Jan. 21—*New Era*, a *Journal of Eclectic Medicine*, edited by Dr. Sexton. Price twopence. London: J. Burns, 15, Southampton Row, W.C.—*Paul of Tarsus*, by a Graduate. No price stated. London: Macmillan and Co.—*Banner of Light*, for Jan. 4. Boston: 14, Hanover Street—*Christian Leader*, for Jan. 25. New York: M. K. Pelletrean, 8, Church Street—*Old and New*, for Jan. Price thirty-five cents. Published in Boston and London—*Everton and Kirkdale Advertiser*, Jan. 11—*Cape Argus*, Jan. 16, with enclosure—*This Christian Land*, or a Greek Testament and an English Newspaper. Price sixpence. Second Edition. London: Simpkin and Co.

POETRY.

A PRAYER FOR THE SEASON OF LENT.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."—Psalms li, 10.

Infinite Spirit, who art round us ever,
In whom we float, as motes in summer sky,
May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever
Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high.
Unseen, yet not unfelt, if any thought
Has raised our mind from earth, or pure desire,
A generous act, or noble purpose brought,
It is Thy breath, O Lord, which fans the fire.
To me, the meanest of Thy creatures, kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling
That I may live to glorify Thy name;
That I may conquer base desire and passion,
That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat and fashion,
Walk humbly, softly, leaning on Thee still.
I am unworthy; yet for their dear sake
I ask, whose roots planted in me are found,
For precious vines are propped by rudest stake,
And heavenly roses fed in darkest ground.
Beneath my leaves, though early fallen and faded, [dew.
Young plants are warmed; they drink my branches'
Let them not, Lord, by me be Upas-shaded,
Make me, for their sake, firm, and pure, and true.
For their sake too, the faithful, wise, and bold,
Whose generous love has been my pride and stay,
Those who have found in me some trace of gold,
For their sake, purify my lead and clay.
And let not all the pains and toils be wasted,
Spent on my youth by saints now gone to rest,
Nor that deep sorrow my Redeemer tasted
When on His soul the guilt of man was pressed.
Tender and sensitive, He braved the storm,
That we might fly a well-deserved fate;
Poured out His soul in supplication warm,
Looked with His eyes of love on eyes of hate.
Let all this goodness by my mind be seen,
Let all this mercy on my heart be sealed;
Lord, if Thou wilt, Thy power can make me clean.
O, speak the word—Thy servant shall be healed.
Boston, U. S. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

No. 27.

"Now I rejoice, not that ye were made sorry, but that ye sorrowed to repentance: for ye were made sorry after a godly manner, that ye might receive damage by us

in nothing. For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of: but the sorrow of the world worketh death."—2 Cor., 7 c., 9, 10 v.

1. We shall this month be passing through the season of Lent; and it may, therefore, be well for us to dwell upon the contrast of subjects which these verses present, and the great question, "What is repentance?" which they raise.

2. Mere sorrow ("sorrow of the world"), or the perception of some wrong that has been done, and a feeling of regret accompanying it, are not, of themselves, repentance. We may be sorry simply because we have injured ourselves, or because our pride has been wounded, or because by what we or others have done our reputation has been evilly affected, or because of the failure of some plan of ours, or, what is quite as often the case as anything else, because of a slavish fear of God, which drives instead of "leads" us to Him. (2 Romans, 4 v.)

3. Sin, which is only another term for voluntary wrong doing, affects the wrong doer, and, more or less, his fellow creatures; but it also affects God, who is our Lawgiver and Judge combined.

4. Repentance implies guilt, personal guilt, personal guilt perceived to be such, and the heart's full consent to the truth that wrong-doing is offensive to God and against God. (39 Gen., 9 v.—51 Psalm, 4 v.)

5. "Godly sorrow," or sorrow after God, leads to a change of mind, to confession of the wrong we have done, to our making all the reparation we are able to make to our fellow man, and to an abandonment of our wrong; while true repentance, so far from shrinking from suffering, and quivering like a coward beneath "the terrors of the Lord," always asks to suffer.

6. Consider the place which the subject of repentance has in the Bible, also the power for good which a true and comprehensive repentance must necessarily have.

7. I would refer those who may wish to study the general subject of Repentance, in its bearings upon religion and life, to *Huntingdon's Christian Believing and Living*, page 84—*Robertson's* (of Brighton) *Sermons*, vol. 3, page 113—*Kingsley's Good News of God*, page 83—*Beecher's Sermons* (Heaton's Edition), vol. 2, page 31—*and Miss F. P. Cobbe's Religious Duty*, page 321. These may all be read, and carefully studied, with great advantage to the student.

F. R. YOUNG.

(Delivered at Swindon).

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

“A really graphic tale of domestic life, originally and pleasantly written in a religious spirit. The author has, no doubt, some peculiar opinions; but his sing ar humour, his evident honesty, and unhackneyed style, make the book alike remarkable and fascinating.—*John Bull*.

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

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

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

“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*.

Printed for the Proprietor (FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG), at the North Wilts Steam Printing Works, Swindon; and published by FREDERICK ARNOLD, 86, Fleet Street, London.—MARCH, 1873.



SUPPLEMENT TO THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.

MARCH, 1873.

LECTURE ON SPIRITUALISM.

WE stated in our last number, page 29, that the Editor of this Periodical had delivered a Lecture on Spiritualism, in the Church of which he is Minister, and that a lengthy and altogether reliable report had appeared in the *North Wills Herald* (published at Swindon) for January 18. We have been informed by the publisher of that paper that so great has been the demand for copies not one is now left, and he has suggested to us the reprint of the report in our columns. That reprint we now proceed to give, with only just two or three corrections of a "literal" kind, and which in no practical way affect the Report as it at first appeared:—

NEW SWINDON MONTHLY PENNY LECTURES.—On Wednesday evening January 8, the Rev. F. R. Young, who is the Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*, as well as the minister of the Free Christian Church, New Swindon, delivered a lecture on "Spiritualism considered generally," in his own place of worship, to an audience of about 120 persons. As the *Times* has recently given great prominence to the subject of Spiritualism, by an article of nearly four columns, and the insertion of sundry letters following thereupon, and as Mr. Young is not only the most prominent exponent in this locality of the doctrine, but is also one of the leaders of the movement, we have thought it right to give a somewhat more extended report than usual of his remarks. Mr. Young began by saying that his sense of the responsibility he had undertaken was vivified and deepened by his consciousness of the importance of the subject to which he was about to call their attention, and also by certain aspects of that subject. Spiritualism was, at present, a social and theological heresy. It had its ludicrous, as well as its serious side; there was a very large anti-Christian element pervading the minds and utterances of many of the exponents of Spiritualism; it had been summarily, but, as the *Times* considered, unjustly condemned by our modern savants; there was, undoubtedly, a dangerous leaven of set imposition mixed up with the movement; many persons who had examined into the matter had ended by being the victims of serious and painful deceptions; some of the phenomena attributed to a purely Spiritualistic source were, unquestionably, altogether natural in their origin; there were many and great dangers associated with the study of Spiritualism and the search after its phenomena; the most experienced Spiritualists were altogether unable to explain all the mysteries associated with the exercise of spirit-power; a large majority of the people were profoundly ignorant of the whole question: the difficulties of testing the genuineness of phenomena were often great, and, sometimes, insuperable; and some persons after giving the whole thing a fair trial, had been obliged to confess to an utter failure as the result. All this had led some to repudiate Spiritualism, some to sneer at it, some to be altogether indifferent to it; and it was only a comparatively small number (although that number was very much greater than was generally supposed) who had carefully and systematically examined it, and been led to "prove all things" and "hold fast that," and that only, which was

really "good" in connection with it. As a matter of definition, what was Spiritualism? The term itself was found in all vocabularies of philosophy, to denote the belief of those who were in direct opposition to materialistic theories; but in this present use of the term it was the doctrine which taught, in substance, that man had a spiritual nature, or was a spiritual being; that man's spirit survived the dissolution of the body, and had naturally a permanent existence; and that disembodied human beings or spirits might communicate, and some times did communicate with those who were still in the body, such communications or revelations of their continued existence and personality taking different forms. All that was distinctive in Spiritualism was the affirmation of the possibility and actual occurrence of communication between those who had passed away, and those who were still "in the flesh," and it was scarcely necessary to say that that belief had been held not only by many thoughtful and wise men in all ages since history began, but by many Christians in every age since the time of Christ. The evidence for the position taken by spiritualists might be founded on the argument from probability, an argument largely used in the Deistical controversy of the last century, and set forth with wonderful clearness by Paley in his "Natural Theology," who taught that the existence of God was, if not a certainty, at least a rational probability. But he (the lecturer) considered such an argument to be an insufficient one. Spiritualism was altogether and always, a question of fact or no fact? Was it, or was it not, really true that what we call disembodied or departed Spirits could so avail themselves of the material conditions of our existence as that they could communicate with us who remain behind, and assure us that they still *were*, as really as they were when they were with us in bodily form? To that question he (the lecturer) gave an unhesitating, affirmative answer. The actual existence of the phenomena was not now denied, but those phenomena were ascribed by different persons to different sources. Some said that the whole thing was one of imposition; some that it was owing to the operation of purely physical states of the body, acting upon and through the mind; some that it was unconscious cerebration; some that table movements, &c., were the result of unconscious muscular activity; some, like Sergeant Cox and his fellow believers, that there was a force in man which might be described as "psychic"; some that there was generally speaking, no delusion, but that it was altogether a fact of *illusion*; some that the phenomena were altogether real, and Spiritualistic in their origin, but that they owed their existence to Satanic, or demoniac agency; while Spiritualists, as a body, believed the phenomena to originate with good as well as evil spirits, with, in fact, a mixture of Spiritual agency. There was, no doubt, a leaven of truth in all the suppositions just named; but Spiritualists believed, in fact they *knew*, that their statement of the matter was the only one which covered the whole ground, and was therefore consistent with the whole of the facts. He (Mr. Young) was not then prepared, nor was it his intention, to produce the evidence in favor of the belief entertained by himself and his fellow Spiritualists; although, if evidence were wanting, any amount could be produced at fitting times and under fitting circumstances. The phenomena of Modern Spiritualism were extremely various. Sometimes Spirits were engaged in moving material substances; sometimes their presence was, though unseen, a fact of consciousness, and oftentimes of literal

contact; sometimes they communicated through the Indicator, or "Planchette"; sometimes by impression strongly made upon the mind; sometimes, through the Spiritual eyes and ears being opened, by sight and hearing; sometimes by writing and drawing; very often by entrancement; in certain cases, as in those of Dr. Newton, the lecturer himself, and others, by the gift of healing; and sometimes, indeed often, by the production of phenomena in what were called "dark séances." But having made such statements as these, the audience was justified in asking for the grounds upon which those statements could be believed? There were several hindrances to belief. Men like Strauss, Renan, Parker, and the chief scientific authorities of the present day, assumed that the miraculous was an impossibility, at all times and under all circumstances; the generality of Protestants assumed that the age of miracles had ceased with the last Christian Apostle; while Roman Catholics were taught to believe that miraculous agency had continued to exert itself through all ages, but, Christianly speaking, only within the limits of the Roman Catholic Church. These several assumptions were unproved, unprovable, and a simple begging of the whole question. Not only so: many persons began their investigations into the phenomena of modern Spiritualism by the cherishing of unreasonable expectations. They forgot, or probably did not know and realise, certain facts in relation to the spirit-world, and to those who had passed into it. Disembodied spirits were, after all, human beings, and, as such, fallible. They were developed in degree, and not instantly; they changed from ignorance to knowledge, from evil to good, from prejudice to openness of mind very gradually; their idiosyncracies of character remained, and sometimes perpetually; they differed, and very naturally so, in opinion on matters relating to theology, social questions, and politics; all had not the power, even where they had the will to communicate with us, for God distributed His gifts as a Sovereign, and not in obedience to our ideas of how those gifts should be distributed. When the power to communicate was actually given, there were often difficulties in the way of communicating, the chief difficulty being language; while the fact of communication, dependent as it certainly was upon obedience to certain conditions, was not always dependent on the will of those who sought the communications, or of those who made them. A multitude of persons had been deceived in connection with the phenomena of Spiritualism, and the reasons for that fact were not far to seek. Deception might arise from want of passivity in the mind of the seeker, from the activity of lying spirits, from neglect on the part of the seeker of ordinary care and the dictates of ordinary common sense, from a diseased and disordered mental condition, from the eager desire of spirits to communicate when they had little or nothing to say that was of any value; and, largely, from the desire and expectation of seekers, who were not content with passively waiting, and gratefully receiving whatsoever the good God might give them, but who insisted, as far as they were concerned, upon having messages, of a given character, and from certain individual spirits. In this, as in every other case where revelations purported to come from the unseen, those revelations should be tested in that highest Court of Appeal into which a human being could carry his case, the court of reason, conscience, and practical life. Of course, that which might be felt to be dangerous to one person, might not be felt to be dangerous to another and more experienced person; but in every case the messages and phenomena of the spirits should be tested, and not followed implicitly, simply because we were dealing with the unseen and the spiritual. It might be asked, it had been asked many a time and oft, "Why don't the spirits tell us always just what we want to know? Why, for example, were we not told about the murder of the poor prostitute in Great Coram Street?" He (the

lecturer) frankly confessed that he did not know why Harriet Buswell's murderer was not disclosed, although it was only fair to add that many a message had been received beforehand, but little or no publicity had been given to it because of the general incredulity with which Spiritualism was treated. It had also been said, "If Spiritualism is true why is the world not convinced?" which was very like asking another question, "If Christianity is true why don't all persons to whom Christianity has come believe in it?" The Lord Jesus Christ Himself was, in the days of His flesh, confronted with precisely the same kind of opposition, for the men of that day demanded that certain kinds of evidence should be produced ere they would admit the Lord's claim to be the Messiah; but if the men of the olden time could ask for that which it was not right to demand, and Christ was, therefore, justified in refusing their demands, why should the men of to-day act upon the same principle, and expect a different result? Spiritualism was true, while the world was not as yet convinced; but the world was not convinced partly from the absence of examination, and partly because of insisting upon special kinds of evidence being produced ere belief and confidence were conceded. Spiritualism was, practically though far from historically, a new truth, and had to share the fate of all new truths. The long lines of road over which humanity had travelled, century after century, were colored and soaked with the tears and blood of those who had been in advance of the thought of their own day, but had refused to give in to the ignorance, contempt, and opposition of their contemporaries. Just as surely as to-morrow's sun would rise, so surely would modern Spiritualism, purged of its errors and evils, win the day, and so step forward to the front, not as the opponent or as the equal of the Christianity of Jesus Christ, but as the friend and fellow laborer of that religion which began with the songs of the angels, and ended, as far as its Founder's mortal life was concerned, with a crown of thorns and a cross of blood. It was the duty of all Spiritualists to be faithful, and active, in season and out of season; and it was equally the duty of non-Spiritualists, not to believe all that might challenge their belief, or to repeat all that Spiritualists might teach, but to examine the matter, and to do so patiently and with open mind. If modern Spiritualism "were of man it would come to nought, but if it were of God it could not be overthrown." If it were a delusion, it was a delusion so immense in its consequences and so widely spread, that no efforts should be spared to disabuse the minds of those who had been deceived by it. But if it were true, as it most assuredly was, as he (the lecturer) knew it to be true, beyond all possibility of doubt, then Job's question, or rather the question of humanity:—"If a man die shall he live again," was not only answered affirmatively, but answered with demonstrations brought down to the level of man's need. Not only so, if immortality had thus become a demonstrated fact, life in the present was but the beginning, the seed time of the harvest of the future, and it became every man, woman, and child so to live as that the future should yield blessing and not cursing, eternal life and not eternal death. No consistent Spiritualist could avoid feeling the awful solemnity of life, the immeasurable consequences of all our present thoughts, feelings, desires, and actions, and knowing that the "cloud of witnesses" of which the writer to the Hebrews warned the men of his day, was a cloud that continued down to the present hour, and would do so as long as there was one member of the human family of whom it might be said that the mortal had not yet put on immortality. Portions of the lecture were illustrated by accounts of what Mr. Young described as Spiritualistic experiences occurring to himself and in his family, some of which were of a remarkably striking character. We ought to add that the lecture occupied two hours in delivery, and was listened to with profound and marked attention. Mr. Young afterwards exhibited an oil painting, which he told

the audience "had been executed, in trance, by a Mr. David Duguid, a journeyman cabinet maker in Glasgow, the time occupied in the work being only 35 minutes." Copies of Mr. Young's January number of the *Christian Spiritualist* were also distributed, gratuitously, among those present.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

A SERMON BY JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"—HEBREWS i. 14.

How often, in reading the words of men and women on great subjects, are we tempted to pause and say—Do you really believe this that you say? What grand things they write about God! what noble things about man! what glorious things about the future life! Why, if people believed—really and vitally believed—half they say and write about these great themes, the victory over sense and sin, pain and hardship, sorrow and sickness, life and death, would be already won. We should have no more doubt, no more fear, no more foreboding, no more heart-break. Life would be a sublime triumphal march, and the very gate of death would shine with the radiance of the smile of God.

Especially is this so with what is said and written about the future life and the state of the so-called dead. Heaven is pictured as unspeakably bright, blessed, and beautiful, far transcending the loveliness of earth; and the spirits of the blessed are pictured as filled with rapture, not sorrowing that they have left us, but rather longing for us to go to them. But the special point to which I ask your attention now is this—that the beautiful and blessed ones are said to watch over us, guide us, stand near us, and find their bliss still in ministering to our needs. Milton writes of "millions of spiritual creatures" who "walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep." And, referring to the love and care of the angels for the virtuous and the pure, he says,—

"So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt."

So the old cradle song has it of little children,—

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed:
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head"

Do mothers who sing that really believe it? What a mighty difference it might make if they did! So Samuel Rogers, speaking of children of a larger growth, talks of man as having "a guardian angel o'er his life presiding;" and, in like manner, Milton writes of God's "winged messenger," sent "on errands of supernal grace." Coleridge, the poet, must have shared similar beliefs, ideas, or fancies, when he rebuked those who think that there is nothing but what we can see or feel, or who think that dirt is a more real thing than spirit. That is, of all delusions, the most delusive; and, of all superstitions, the most superstitious. Men sometimes talk of the superstition of belief in spiritual beings: why, the most degraded superstition of all is the ignoble and disgusting notion that there is nothing more real than mud. God, the great Life-giver, is Spirit; and yet, as Coleridge says,—

"Some there are who deem themselves free
When they within this gross and visible sphere
Chain down the winged thought."

Let me tell such ignoble and earthly beings that, however proud they may be of their mud and of their superiority to the dreams of people who believe in spiritual things, they have yet to learn the very alphabet of being, and to discover the fountain-head of all life.

Our own Tennyson is full of faith in spiritual things:—

"For though my lips may breathe adieu," he says,
"I cannot think the thing farewell."
"Far off thou art," again he says, "but ever nigh,"
"I have thee still, and I rejoice."

"Dear heavenly friend, that can'st not die,
Mine, mine, forever, ever mine,"
"Be near us when we climb or fall,"

he cries: and again,—

"The dead shall look me through and through:"

and again,—

"They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest."

Now does Tennyson mean all that? If not, what abominable trifling it all is! If yes, what a glorious faith he is inviting us to! His thoughts are echoed by Longfellow, whose poems throb and burn and glow with his belief in the nearness of the so-called dead. What does this mean?—

"When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;
Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door,
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more."

Or this?

"The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air."

Now what I want to ask is—Do men believe what they say? or is all this mere fine writing and fine talking? Do the poets mean it all; or are they only spinning cobwebs? Do the preachers mean what they say, or are they only helping the poets to do nothing? Is there a life after what we call death?—not a spectral, mysterious, unreal sort of life—existence as of a jet of gas or miserable ghost—but a life of a real substantial character for the actual George or Jessie who left us yesterday? And is there or is there not a real world inside this or beyond this—a world just as real to the people in it as this is real to us;—a spiritual world just as adapted to spiritual beings as this material world is adapted to material beings? And is it or is it not a fact that these so-called dead people are just as conscious as ever, just as able to love and hate, hope and fear, learn and serve, as ever?—also that they are not far from us but real dwellers in the spirit-world, which is not far away but here—here, as a mighty living sea in which we all float night and day; hidden from us, only by reason of the limitations of the organs of the flesh?

In the *Unitarian Herald* * for July 5, there was a poem entitled, "What the Dead Said," a poem of great beauty, and containing either a great truth or a great deal of idle nonsense. I am going to read this poem to you; and when I have read it I am going to ask you whether you think the poet meant what he wrote, and, if so, whether you can agree with him. The story is a very simple one. A husband has lost his young and beautiful wife; and he, sitting alone with all that is left to earth of her, asks her to reveal to him now what was the great secret of dying, and what was the chief surprise of that great transaction. He asks her many strange things; and, when her answer comes, it puts all these aside and shoots an arrow straight to the mark, as you will see:—

"She is dead!" they said to him, "Come away;
Kiss her; and leave her, thy love is clay!"
They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair:

* Also in the *Christian Spiritualist* for September, 1871.
—ED. C.S.

Over her eyes, which gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch ;
With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell ;
About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,
And drew on her white feet her white-silk shoes ;—
Which were the whitest no eye could choose !
And over her bosom they crossed her hands—
“Come away,” they said, “God understands !”
And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,
And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary !
And they said, “As a lady should lie, lies she.”
And they held their breath as they left the room
With a shuddering glance at its stillness and gloom.
But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,
He lit his lamp and took the key
And turned it. Alone again—he and she.
He and she ; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.
He and she ; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.
He and she ; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.
Then he said, “Cold lips, and breast without breath !
Is there no voice ? no language of death ?
“Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense ?
“See now ; I will listen with soul, not ear ;
What was the secret of dying, dear ?
“Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life’s flower fall ?
“Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o’er the agony steal ?
“Was the miracle greater to find how deep,
Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep ?
“Did life roll back its record, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear ?
“And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so what a wisdom love is ?
“O, perfect dead ! O, dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear !
“There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet !
“I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And ’twere your hot tears upon my brow shed.
“I would say, though the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.
“You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise ;
“The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring.”
Ah foolish world ! Oh, most kind dead !
Though he told me, who will believe it was said ?
Who will believe what he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way :
“The utmost wonder is this ;—I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear ;
“And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know, that though dead, I have never died.”

Now mark what I am saying. The question is not,—Did this reply ever come ? or, Was this scene ever real ? but—Is there a truth in the reply ? and,—If it were possible, might this scene occur ? You observe what she is made to say ;—that the greatest surprise of death is that the so-called dead can see us, love us, and kiss us, as of old ; and that, though dead, they have never died. I am not asking whether that can be proved, but whether it contains an intelligible idea ; and I will further ask whether it does not contain the only intelligible idea of a future existence ? He who affirms that the dead are really dead

and can never live again, is perfectly intelligible ; and though I may be sorry for him I cannot fail to understand him ? but he who affirms that the so-called dead are not dead and yet denies that they know anything about us or can do anything for us, says something so irrational, so unlikely, so contradictory, and so painfully disagreeable, that it is rather a satisfaction to feel he is utterly unintelligible. Those of us who face the idea of a real life after death with all its consequences, are sometimes accused of superstition. Why, the superstition is all on the other side. What we stand by is solid fact, and what we ask is that life hereafter should be utterly denied or altogether affirmed, unless indeed any should wish to take shelter in that great refuge for the destitute,—ignorance,—with its end of all controversy, “I do not know.”

I will conclude with a reference to two objections often advanced against the dealing in any way with this subject. The first is, that we can really know nothing about it : the second is, that it has no relation to practical life. As to the first of these objections, that we can know nothing about this matter, I will content myself with saying that no one can know that. True science is very quiet, and modest, and cautious, and humble. It is only sham science or shallow science that rushes into denials and that presumes to say what can or cannot be known. One thing we certainly do know, that we are surrounded with mighty forces of a most astounding nature, which are mainly unseen but are not always unfelt. Another thing we know—that we are only, as it were, knocking at the door of this great inner temple—that life still eludes us, and that what we know is only a poor tithe of what we want to know, and of what is around us, above us, beneath us, and in us, to be known. If I were to give a word of advice to those who are over-fond of the words *Nonsense, It cannot be, Impossible, Don't tell me*, and the like, it would be this ;—We have discovered so much about the casket that we never expected to discover, that we ought rather to cherish than rebuke the hope that we may yet find out something about that which the casket contains. Everything will come in God's good time ; and, when we are fit for it, and when it can be of real use to us, it may come to pass that the link will be discovered which binds the unseen to the seen.

But the second objection remains, that this subject has no relation to practical life. It is simply wonderful that any rational human being should be found to offer such an objection : and yet the objection is urged in the very name of rationalism. Now, as a rationalist, and in the name of rationalism, I undertake to say that if men really believed in the actual continued existence of the so-called dead, and that these were near them, interested in their pursuits, observant of their struggles, mindful of their necessities, and often helpful in their times of need, this great faith would be one of the sublimest factors in human life, one of the grandest creators of noble motive, brave effort, unselfish action, joyous endurance, and invincible hope. Do not tell me that this reaching out of the soul after God and the things of God will rob me of interest, courage, and activity, for the things of this present scene. No delusion could be greater. The truth is that no man is so strong, so buoyant, and so unselfish in his work for earth as he who has caught a glimpse or heard something of the music of the unseen but not far-off heaven. Do not ask me, as a religious teacher, then, to confine my attention to mud. I cannot do it. I do not find all that I want there. I *must* look within ; I *must* look beyond : I *must* look above : for I feel that I can only find my God where I find my unseen friends,—in the mighty spirit-world, where all the most real things are, where all the eternal essences are, and whence all life comes to this lower sphere. I will not be dragged down by my bodily senses to the earth. I will let my hungry and thirsty spirit lift me up to heaven. I will not let my flesh defraud my spirit, or my senses cheat my soul. I *must* “arise and go to my Father ;” for my dearest treasure is there, and my heart must follow too.