

The Christian Spiritualist

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

ST. PAUL.

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Vol. 4. No. 6. JUNE, 1874. Price 2d.

THE LATE JUDGE EDMONDS.

THE following paragraph forms part of a letter from New York, under date April 11th, and which appeared in the *Standard* for April 23rd:—

On Sunday morning last, 5th inst., Judge J. W. Edmonds died at his residence in this city. He was a man of great ability and eminence in his profession. He had been on both the Circuit and Supreme Bench of the State; and for ability, logical clearness, and thoroughness in details, had few equals and probably no superiors. His age was 75. While on the Supreme Bench his attention was attracted to spiritualism; and after a great deal of investigation—detailed accounts of which he gave in a book published soon after—he announced his belief in the doctrines—became, in fact, a professed believer in the spiritual teachings, and a defender of them with tongue and pen; and finally became an operating medium, but never a professional one. He was the most respectable of all the spiritualistic authorities in America; and the weight of his authority had great effect in favor of the cause. Others wrote more voluminously, but none were read with so much respect. Spiritualists revered his utterances; and those who differed from him charitably accounted him a monomaniac, for his reasoning on all other subjects was clear and natural.

We have read Judge Edmonds's works, and had the pleasure of an interview with him in New York, in June, 1868, and we can only say if that clear thinking, educated, and true man was a "monomaniac," may that class of persons increase until the world is filled therewith! Amen.

Christos Voscræss—Christ is risen. That was the burden of the refrain through all Russia when the Eastern Church recently celebrated the Resurrection of her Crucified Lord. We cannot help alluding to the fact that it was on Easter Sunday morning dear old Judge Edmonds entered into his rest, and sure we are that on his arrival in the Spirit Land he received the Lord's welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

It is not often that any movement, and especially one like our own, is honored and benefitted so greatly as the Spiritualist movement has been by our deceased brother. He united a very high reputation with competent learning, great clearness of intellect, and a thoroughly Christian spirit; and he has probably done more than any single man in America to recommend our cause to those who, apart from him, would never have noticed it. These are the kind of men we so sorely need, men who abhor and will avoid all kinds of trickery, all sensational talk, all taking advantage of an opponent, all hiding away of disagreeable evidence, and give themselves to the work of speaking "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," as far as they know it, but speaking it in love. Such men are very rare, and we honor ourselves by honoring them, and helping them to do the work which God has given them to do. To speak of Judge Edmonds as a "monomaniac," is to be simply insulting. As well apply the term to the Lord Himself, who said, "I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day;" or to the Apostle Paul, who said, "One thing I do;" or (coming nearer to ourselves) to Luther, Sir Isaac Newton, or any of the mighty men of the past. Surely strength of belief, issuing in concentration of purpose and energy, does not necessarily make a man a "monomaniac," or, if it does, the number of that class must be extremely large. The New York correspondent of the *Standard* would never have applied the term to any person engaged in what he himself looked upon as rational and useful, but simply because he does not himself happen to be a Spiritualist, he supposes that a man of such exceptional talent as Judge Edmonds must be a "monomaniac," simply because the Judge was a



Spiritualist. We fail to see the logic of this newspaper correspondent; but then who expects the rules of logic to be observed by newspaper writers, when they have to deal with a cause that is unpopular with their employers and readers? Spiritualism is here and there engaging the attention of the press, because it has succeeded in engaging the attention of a greater number of the public than was at one time interested in it; and whenever the time has come that people in general are believers in Spiritualism, whether Christians or not, the press will be only too glad to take sides with them, and find abundant reasons why the belief should be accepted and acted upon. As we have said before, we say now, it is too often all a question of pounds, shillings, and pence with press writers. With most of them nothing succeeds but success, and success always means money. There are at this present moment (as we happen to know) men upon the London press who are believers in Spiritualism, and attend *seances* as frequently as their duties will permit, and who yet are so far lost to all sense of decent honor and self-consistency as to write against the very thing they believe, or employ others to do that same dirty work. This is true, and one day or other the facts may come out, to the shame of the parties concerned. Meanwhile, we on this side of the Spirit Land waive our respectful and affectionate adieu to our venerated friend, knowing quite well that he will communicate with some of us as opportunity offers, and that in any sphere in which he may be living, that sphere will be all the better for his presence in it, for he will be engaged in doing good there as he was while with us here. He at least was faithful to his knowledge and his belief; no coward, no bully, no sneak, no smooth-faced hypocrite, but a courageous, modest, outspoken, sincere, intelligent Christian gentleman and scholar.

Requiescat in pace!

Gently, gently lay him down,
He hath battled for the right,
He hath fought a noble fight,
He hath won a fadeless crown!

THE LIGHT OF MECHANICAL SCIENCE!

AS most Spiritualists are aware, a journal not only yclept the *English Mechanic*, but vastly more cosmopolitan likewise, the *World of Science*, has, for some time past, been essaying to unfold the *mechanical* principles of intellectual thought, and set up a standard of mental science, for the guidance of its artizan readers, that savours somewhat *too* strongly of ANTI-SPIRITUALISM, to be fairly regarded as healthful investigation, or sound conclusions of the rational philosophical understanding of the mind of man.

Obviously, there is still to be found the old constitutional bias of the mechanical brain, in favor of *materialistic* notions, and this, perhaps, is rather to be expected than otherwise, when it is remembered that the question of matter and its properties, "all the year round," affords the only welcome theme to souls, that are unable to get beyond their material boundaries, and whose very existence often seems to depend, not upon the *quality*, but the *quantity* of endless physical acquirements. Spiritualism in such a field of inquiry could hardly be respected, so firmly established are the mechanical rules of habit, bigotry, and prejudice. Anatomy leads them to the unjust conclusion that the sole operations of mind are really associated with the convolutions of brain, the only cause and effect—scientifically—in short; that the spirit of fools or fanatics is merely composed of a peculiar fatty substance containing phosphorus, grey vesicles, and white matter forming nervous tubes, the whole beginning and ending in first-class manure! Beyond the possibility of question, the Spiritual philosophy of such an *English Mechanic*, or *World of Science*, to boot—is supposed to be that protoplasm originates sensation, volition, and other mental powers, the proportion *per cent.* being—carbon, 55; hydrogen, 7; nitrogen, 16; oxygen, 22. Truth to tell, the spirit of man *is* matter, the whole matter, and nothing "but" matter, and the only thinking principle in existence may be expressed by the formula of science—after the manner of mechanical philosophers, or in the principles of animal chemistry—C 48, H 36, N 6, O 14, to the end of time, or from nebula to nebula and back to chaos—evermore! Psychic Force, Modern Spiritualism, &c., ay, such nescience as is taught by the *Christian Spiritualist*, in the flesh or out of it, must needs be reduced to water, carbonic acid, and ammonia, eventually, if we are to credit the premises and conclusions of cerebral physiologists and exclusive materialists. The whole gist of the matter runs thus—Spiritual impressions and Spiritual ideas—like Spiritual manifestations in general, require the co-operation of organic structure on this planet, *ergo*, the brain of men and animals is the sole agent in time or eternity, which can possibly operate in the production of intellectual processes, or mental phenomena. The Spiritual investigator in vain retorts that seen and unseen intelligences reflect, reason, deliberate, judge, pronounce wisely respecting the true, the false, the right, the wrong, and that kindred beings in the enjoyment of higher modes of operation in the Spiritual sphere, where reigns the immaterial soul of thought, produce results in the open light of day, cognisable by human senses, without the aid of fleshly bodies in mortal coil—piling facts upon facts, like Ossia upon Pelion, *for their especial benefit*—

and what is the issue, when judged of by English mechanics, in their so-called world of science, as now demonstrated by recent weekly examples? Mind in all its aspects, or developments, is a mere "property" of nervous matter, and those who view the soul of man as Spiritual, immaterial, or immortal—in conformity to the science or philosophy of Spiritualism, are fools, fanatics, knaves, or impostors. Mr. "Passmore Edwards," or whoever else the reigning chief may be, that now sits on the editorial stool, called *we*, has again and again condescended to be extremely disingenuous, in fact, unscientific, to Mr. Enmore Jones and others, not excepting my humble self, in this matter of Modern Spiritualism, psychic force, and natural philosophy. Against *his* opinion I have brought forward important evidence, in support of the Spirituality of the human mind, and "nothing (I am assured, by competent judges), could be more satisfactory to the impartial truth-seeker, than some of the arguments and illustrations OFFERED" by me for *his* acceptance, as to the future existence, and present manifestations of the Spiritual principle in man—yet, how has the English mechanic, for example, been taught to estimate or appreciate them? Here is the contemptible *finale*—to be found this day (May 8th, 1874), on page 212 of his latest production, "William Hitchman, M.D., treats two things as one, &c.," which, being interpreted, means that your cashiered deponent knows not the difference between Psychic Force and Modern Spiritualism! *Verb sap.* Again, I challenge "Passmore Edwards" and Co., here or elsewhere, to fight for the standard of truth. And what is more—whether the teachers of physical science credit certain alleged phenomena, held by others to be Spiritual or not, the higher philosophy of human nature *is* requisite for the hearts and minds of all men, and THAT cannot be found in the "phenomena of life and consciousness," as now being taught in a course of lectures at the Royal School of Mines, by Professor Huxley. This able and gifted physical scientist, is reported in the *World of Science* (page 197), to have thus delivered himself:—"IF YOU ASK ME WHETHER I THINK WE HAVE ANY CONTROL, IN DETERMINING OUR OWN LIKINGS AND DISLIKINGS, OR NOT, I CAN ONLY GIVE YOU THAT ANSWER WHICH ALL SCHOOLS OF PHILOSOPHERS—AND ALL SCHOOLS OF THEOLOGIANs WOULD HAVE GIVEN YOU—HAD THEY BEEN HONEST MEN—I DON'T KNOW!" *Eheu!* Is this not the light of mechanical science, so full of darkness visible, that it may be actually *seen* and *felt*, in the soul of each lover of eternal truth, to be radically unsound—happily untrue? In any event, I rejoice to know that such teaching is not the invincible conclusion of Spiritualism. Thus would biological researches enforce a

belief, which I protest is the enemy of mankind, morally, mentally, and materially. Spirit and matter are *but* force and energy, from the last of minerals to the first of plants;—the mosses and the *algæ* evolve the anthropoid mammalia, and these latter are the parents of man. As I have myself essayed to show in a course of lectures on the "Correlations of Consciousness and Organisation," delivered before crowded audiences in the Free Library and Museum of Liverpool,—here, I repeat, we have the old material hypothesis of atheists, again and again revived,—an hypothesis as old as the creation or evolution of physical science, itself. It has been attacked and refuted a thousand times over in Germany, *alone*, yet Dr. Huxley once more approaches this solemn sacred question of questions, in the domain of true Spiritual Philosophy,—as if *nothing* satisfactory had been previously said by men of large hearts, as well as capacious intellects—and that *his* last utterances must be the *new* aspect of an *old* discovery in the origin and destiny of mankind. May the higher life of true Spiritualism yet illumine his fine, manly, noble soul! SCIENCE, let the people have, by all means, but with great deference to others, for many years past, at home and abroad—I have long taught, and hold still, that *no* "system," method, or rule, in the scientific education of the Royal School of Mines, in London, or the Free Library and Museum of Liverpool, can safely be admitted as "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," which does *not* fairly associate itself, not only with the facts of mental and moral philosophy as such, further, also, *the higher life of the spirit*. Proofs of the mind's independence of cerebral organisation, I have submitted to the British Association for the advancement of science, without the most distant reference to Modern Spiritualism (Report 1870); yet the people of this country are incessantly *re-assured*, that if you take away from the mind of man, *or any other animal*, the operations of brain, and five external senses, then, neither spirit nor soul, mortal nor immortal, are left behind! This latter statement is utterly and completely *false*, as I can invincibly demonstrate to all men,—the scientific imagination, relations of nervous molecules, and identity of electricity, notwithstanding.

Die Wahrheit, die wir alle nöthig haben
Die uns als Menschen glücklich macht,
Ward von der weisen Hand, die sie uns zugebracht,
Nur leicht verdeckt. nicht tief vergraben.

WILLIAM HITCHMAN, LL.D.
29, Erskine Street, Liverpool, May 8th, 1874.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

THE Davenport Brothers are referred to in the current number of the *Christian*

Spiritualist; will you permit me, in the cause of truth, to mention some facts respecting their "performances" (their own word; see accompanying copy of advertisement) in Dublin, in January and February, 1866? I went to see them and Mr. Fay with a full conviction of the reality of their mediumship and of the genuineness of the manifestations that I expected to witness; but afterwards, when I had time to reflect on what I had seen, and to put this and that together, I found that my belief in the former was shaken (only), and my belief in the latter completely shattered; and this quite independently of what occurred afterwards, as related below on the testimony of others.

1. The tying of the Brothers in the cabinet (in which I took part) afforded no real test at all. While the Brothers were sitting on their seats, with their hands behind their backs, their wrists and the seats were so awkward to get at that one could neither make the knots satisfactorily nor examine them properly, when made. The Brothers would neither consent to be bound more tightly than they pleased, nor (at least when I was present) to be tied in any but their own way, nor would they permit that fine twine, brought by others, should be used. The thick softish cord, supplied by themselves, was decidedly unsatisfactory. At the dark *séance* they were, I believe, always tied by the company, in the first instance; but after their liberation, which was the first "performance" of the *séance*, they were tied in the dark by—well, not to put too fine a point on it—some invisible agency!

2. Several circumstances pointed to the conclusion that, if there was one Davenport who could escape from, and return to, his fastenings more readily than the other, and who might, therefore, be available for liberating the other, if such were necessary, it was William.

3. After noticing this, I observed, on examination, that William's wrists were remarkably thick in proportion to the size of his hands. I neglected to examine Ira's wrists. It would require a very skilful adept to confine William securely by his thick wrists, while sitting in the cabinet, to his difficultly-accessible seat, with the clumsy cords supplied to us.

4. Was there, then, no good tying performed that evening? Oh, yes! I was myself most effectually tied by Mr. Fay when I was placed in the cabinet with the Davenports. At the same time the aperture, which is so important a feature of the cabinet, and which is always open at other times, was closed; so that it was quite dark inside. My left hand was secured on Ira's right knee, my right hand on William's left shoulder, which was steadied against the side of the cabinet; there was really nothing to prevent the latter extricating his right hand, and doing what he pleased therewith, and that without the

slightest risk of detection; he could have so done all that took place. Though I still firmly believed (we were only half way through the *séance*), and felt inexpressible delight at the playing of the supposed spirit-fingers on my forehead, I quite perceived that my admission to the cabinet afforded no additional test whatever.

5. Among the hands that appeared at the aperture at a later part of the *séance*, one came out so far as just to show the point of the elbow, and also—about half-an-inch of the sleeve of a merino vest! This I saw most distinctly, as I was standing quite near.

6. We are often told that, at the dark *séances*, the musical instruments move about sometimes to the far side of the room, and back again. People allow themselves to be led into this impression. When I was present the guitars and such like went, indeed, off and back again; but never further than over the heads of the first row of sitters; the tambourine did, indeed, go to the far side of the room, two or three times, but it always hit the wall, fell to the ground, and *stayed there!* The light and strong tambourine could be *thrown* that distance without injury. The company, more especially the sitters in the front rank, were earnestly directed to join hands; not for the security of the audience, as Dr. Sexton charitably supposes, but for that of the performers, as will appear presently.

7. The manifestations that I witnessed had a generally *progressive* marvellousness; like the feats of horsemanship, &c., in a circus.

8. As appeared afterwards, they always occurred as certainly as the feats to which I have compared them—with one very significant exception, mentioned below.

9. We have, so far, several reasons for the strongest suspicion, but now we come to what most persons, I imagine, would consider downright proof, supplied by the testimony of others, that the Davenports, when in Dublin, were practising imposition on their audiences. At several later dark *séances* lights were struck by persons present, betraying the true character of the "performances" which were being enacted. On one of those occasions Mr. Edmond S. Lauder, of 32, Westmoreland Street, saw one of the Davenports standing close to the front row of sitters, about four feet away from his chair, *which was vacant* (therefore this was no case of a *double*); the surprised performer glided quickly back to his chair, and Mr. Lauder, who sat at the extreme end of his row, and was somewhat behind said Davenport, was able to see him thrusting his hands into the ropes by which he had been tied. It was with a great revulsion of feeling that Mr. L. witnessed this; as you may imagine when I tell you that he was a thorough believer in the mediumship of the Brothers; indeed, he is still ready to believe it, though his

confidence in themselves is shaken. On a subsequent occasion of this kind Messrs. Robert Millard (Harcourt Street), and Richard Strahan (Henry Street), saw one Davenport with his hands out of the ropes and then pushing them back again. On another similar occasion Mr. Henry Allen (Black Rock, Dublin), saw one Davenport working at the fastenings of the other. I ought, however, to mention that six persons wrote to the *Irish Times* newspaper to say that, when lights were struck, they did not detect anything wrong; but the negative evidence of persons who have not seen so and so proves nothing against the positive evidence of those who have.

10. Mr. James Robinson, who had firmly believed in, and does not yet deny, the reality of the mediumship of the Davenports, asked them for an explanation of some of the above facts; they were unable to give a satisfactory one. He insisted, then, that in justice to himself and certain others, they should give a real test dark *seance* at his house, 65, Grafton Street. After some time they consented. They were properly secured with thin pack thread, &c., but, during a sitting of more than an hour, nothing whatever occurred; except that something fell on the floor, which afterwards proved to be a penny, and that there were one or two bumps on the table, evidently done by the head of one of the mediums. They complained that the conditions were unfavorable; it was, therefore, agreed that they should come and give another test *seance*, on the day after the morrow; but on that day they sent a letter declining to attend. But how was it that the conditions were always favorable at their never-failing daily, sometimes *bi-diurnal* *seances*, with large mixed companies, containing, doubtless, a majority of unbelievers and opponents? Mr. Lauder then challenged them, on a stake of £50, to give a private test *seance*; but they refused.

My own observations are impressed the more strongly on my memory from having written them, at the time, to a friend. The statements of the others mentioned were published, at the time, in the *Irish Times*. It is with the knowledge and consent of Messrs. Lauder and Robinson that I now repeat their statements. I am personally acquainted with the witnesses I have adduced, except Messrs. Millard and Strahan, but I do know the heads of their families; all are well known in Dublin, and it would be great impertinence in me to testify to their respectability. I hope you perceive clearly that my contention is simply this—that the Davenports and Mr. Fay were practising imposition in Dublin.

M. H. CLOSE.

Newtown Park, Black Rock, Dublin,

May 8, 1874.

[We insert the above, as a matter of fairness;

and shall now be glad to receive replies to it. On reading the above article, it may occur to some to draw the very wide conclusion that "Spiritualism is all humbug." It may, therefore, be desirable to make the suggestion that the existence of base money does not affect the value of the sterling coin in circulation.]—ED. C.S.

DR. GEORGE SEXTON, F.R.S.

AMONGST living doctors, whether in Law, Physic, Divinity, Science, Philosophy, or Letters, it would indeed be a difficult task to find "men of the time" who occupy a more elevated position in public esteem—whether for sound intellectual energy or practical scientific effort, than Dr. George Sexton, who has just been elected, *con amore*, Honorary Fellow of the Royal Italian Society of Sciences—an Imperial National Association for the Mutual Advancement of Literature, Philosophy, and Art. His opinions have ever been marked by those seemingly "strange" peculiarities, in regard to new discoveries of Truth, whether in Matter or Spirit, which, whilst they invariably provoke vulgar censure, are yet certain to endear him, eventually, to a large circle of admirers—chiefly, however, amongst the great or the good—both at home and abroad. How he has formed, especially in foreign learned Societies, the loving friendship of so many distinguished cultivators of Science, is partly explained by his wonderful mental culture and varied philosophical experience—the result alone of long and earnest struggles with Nature—the search after Truth—for its own priceless reward. Dr. Sexton is one of the exceeding few Englishmen—the rare character of whose original researches has led the Imperial Academy of Sciences, in Italy, to confer on their gifted author the honorary diploma of Fellow, accompanied with special marks of their highest commendation. When it is known that his nomination to this dignity was duly supported by a Commander of the Legion of Honor—a Knight of the Prussian Order of Merit, and unanimously approved by members of numerous Scientific Associations on the continents of Europe and America—its value is simply indisputable. In short, the honor of fellowship in the Neapolitan Royal Institution can *only* be won by him who knows how to subordinate his most cherished ideas to the inexorable control of adequate discussion and scientific experiment—hence its recognised importance; it is the mark of true appreciation, by foreigners, of the sterling English experimentalist. Suffice it to state that Dr. George Sexton, F.R.S., has scarcely left a single department of mental or physical science untouched—his striking characteristic is

thorough earnestness, and happily for the people of his native country—combined with an intense desire to impart the benefits and beauties of knowledge to others.

Crowded out last month and at the very last moment.—
Ed. C.S.

*THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST, AS SET FORTH IN THE EPISTLES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

IT is admitted on all hands, that a second Advent of Christ is announced in almost every book of the New Testament; that, if we except the Gospel of John, it is spoken of invariably as a real personal return, an objective and scenic event, to be seen, heard, and felt; and cannot be explained away into a Spiritual access to the world, or a subjective drama in the soul of disciples. It is further admitted, that with this advent are integrally connected many incidents which, however difficult to group into a complete picture, constitute, under every variety of possible arrangement, a final consummation of human affairs. Indeed, the article in the creed which declares that Christ "shall come to judge the quick and the dead, and at His coming all men shall rise again with their bodies, and shall give account for their own works," shows how the Church understands the doctrine, and conjoins the end of the world with the advent. The nature of the event being so far undisputed, the question which separates the mass of scientific interpreters from the popular expounder, refers only to its date. The Apostle Paul, it is urged by the critics, writes to his Thessalonian converts, in answer to a distressing doubt which could have no existence but in minds on the watch for the return of Christ; and his answer, far from checking this out-look, raised it to such intensity that, to soothe their excitement, he wrote to them again to remove the event from the immediate foreground of their imagination; yet even then detained it quite within the limits of their natural lives, and simply interposing one or two signals of its approach that had not yet appeared, counselled them not to lose their composure, but maintain a "patient waiting for Christ." The original doubt which had disturbed them seems to have been one instructively characteristic of the early theocratic faith. Some member of the community had died; his friends, in addition to their natural sorrow, were apparently taken by surprise, that, after enrolment among the citizens of the approaching kingdom, he was taken from their side, and would not be with them when they hailed the arrival of Christ. What would become of him? They thought he would have to remain in his sleep till Messiah should exercise his function of raising the dead, which was not to be at first; and so, during the great crisis, and for an uncertain continuance beyond, he would linger behind the privilege which they enjoyed. This seems at first sight a strange subject of distress. That the second advent should take place in the presence of the living only, and should leave the dead without part or lot in the matter, is so completely at variance with the picture which has become fixed in the common Christian imagination, that scruples may readily be felt about attributing so mutilated a conception to the Thessalonian Church. The commonly-received picture, however, is made up of elements incongruously brought together from several Scripture-writers, to whom the expected event presented itself under different aspects; and nowhere can they be found combined into such a whole as the ecclesiastical faith represents. To understand and account for the Thessalonian state of mind, we have only to read over the 24th and

25th chapters of St. Matthew, and to surrender ourselves to the images there presented, without adding anything of our own. These chapters contain the fullest description of the advent, the last judgment, and the end of the world, that can be found in Scripture; yet *the dead are not brought upon the scene at all, nor is any resurrection found among its elements.* The whole idea is evidently of a return of the Son of Man, within the limits of a generation, to take account, in His theocratic capacity, of the very persons who had known Him in His Galilean humiliation and disguise,—of those who, having joined Him in His days of trial, had been entrusted by him with the administration in the interval of His Heavenly absence,—and of those who, after rejecting Him personally, had hardened themselves no less against the preaching and overtures of His subsequent ambassadors. The nations gathered before Him are furnished from the surviving population of the earth; and the ground of their admittance or rejection is the reception they have given to Messiah in the persons of His missionaries and representatives. In supposing the dead to have lost their chance of participating in this scene, the Thessalonians did but paint it to themselves as Christ, according to the first Gospel, had described it to His hearers. Their misgiving plainly assumes that the Advent was sure for the living and was lost for the dead. The Apostle answers by denying the distinction, and putting both classes into the same condition, ere the great hour strikes: but *what condition?* Does he say that the living will die first? No; but that the dead will live first; so that the departed companion will come back at the right moment for mingling with the troop of friends that shall go "to meet the Lord in the air."

The same order of events is given in the sublime, but little understood, chapter on the resurrection in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, where the Apostle places *himself*, at the Advent, not among "the dead" that "shall be raised incorruptible," but among the survivors that "shall be changed" into immortals without ever quitting life. It is a topic of praise to the disciples at Corinth that they are "waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ who shall also confirm you unto the end, that ye may be blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ." He assures his Philippian friends that "the Lord is at hand," and prays that they may be "sincere and without offence till the day of Christ." Having come out safe from his examination and hearing at Rome, he avows his persuasion that he will be similarly delivered "from every evil work," and preserved unto Christ's Heavenly Kingdom. Though amid his toils and weariness he earnestly desired to be endowed with his immortal frame,—to be invested, as he expresses it, with his house from above; yet he was unwilling to put off the corruptible, till he could put on the incorruptible; he would have his mortality "swallowed up of life;" he did not wish the great hour to find him naked, but clothed, not, that is, a disembodied spirit, but a living man. He stands at the era on which "the end of the world has come;" and begs his correspondents to let certain existing disputes lie over, and to "judge nothing before the time until the Lord come." Not less explicit evidence is afforded in the writings of other Apostles. James says, "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh; . . . behold the judge standeth before the door." Peter, "The end of all things is at hand." John, "Children it is the last time; and as ye have heard that Antichrist shall come, even now are there many Antichrists; whereby we know that it is the last time." If the author of Christianity did not himself entertain the same expectation of an early return to assume his Messianic prerogatives, He has been greatly misrepresented by His biographers. For though one of them represents Him as disclaiming a knowledge of the specific "*day and hour*" appointed for His "coming in the clouds with great power and glory," the disclaimer follows immediately on His announcement, that at all events it will take

* Extracted from Martineau's "*Studies of Christianity.*"
London: Longman and Co.

place within the existing generation. Does any reader doubt whether this "coming in the clouds" really describes the judgement? or whether "this generation" denotes the natural term of human life? Both questions are answered at once in Matthew's report of a single sentence, which simultaneously defines the event and its date: "For the Son of man shall come in the glory of His Father, with His Angels; and then He shall reward every man according to his works. Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of Man coming in His kingdom." It is certainly possible enough that the discourses in which these expressions occur may be incorrectly reported, and have acquired from the writer's state of mind a definiteness not belonging to the original production. But at any rate, they reveal the historian's conception of what was in Jesus' thought; and the false coloring of expectation which they threw over his prophecies could not fail to extend in their reports to His preceptive discourses, and thus to have almost the same influence on the recorded Christian ethics, as if the error were His as well as their's. The evidence on this point is so positive and overwhelming, that critics such as Olshausen, whose testimony is undoubtedly reluctant, no longer think of resisting it. Nothing, indeed, can be opposed to it but a kind of interpretation which is the opprobrium of English theology; and whose problem is, not simply to gather an author's thought from his words, but from among all *true* thoughts to find the one that will sit the least uneasily under his words. Thus "the end of all things" is explained away into the founding of the Christian Church; "the coming of the Son of Man on the clouds of Heaven," into the Jewish war under Titus; the last judgment, which "rewards every man according to his works," into the escape of the Christians and the slaughter of the Jewish zealots at the destruction of Jerusalem. No doubt, many good and well instructed men have persuaded themselves that by such exegetical sleight of hand they could save Apostolic and other infallibility. We can only say, that when piety supplies the motive, and learning the means, for bewildering veracity of apprehension, two rich and noble endowments are spent in corrupting a nobler, which is the life of them both.

THE MINISTRATION OF ANGELS.

THE belief in the existence of heavenly beings who in some manner are concerned in the affairs of men, has existed from the earliest periods of which we have a history. This faith is peculiarly grateful to the human heart, and, though it has never been received with favour by men addicted to purely physical studies, it has been entertained by the Church with fond faith and by the common people with the enthusiasm of sympathy. It is scarcely possible to follow the line of development in the animal kingdom, and to witness the gradations on the ascending scale, unfolding steadily, rank above rank, until man is reached, without having the presumption awakened that there are intelligences above man,—creatures which rise as much above him as he above the inferior animals. When the word of God announces the ministration of angels, records their early visits to this planet, represents them as bending over the race in benevolent sympathy, bearing warnings, consolations, and messages of wisdom, the heart receives the doctrine even against the cautions of a sceptical reason.

Our faith might be put to shame if the scriptural angels bore any analogy to those of the rude and puerile histories contained in apocryphal books. But the long line of heavenly visitants shines in unsullied brightness as high above the beliefs and prejudices of an early age as the stars are above the vapours and dust of earth. While patriarchs, prophets, and apostles show all the deficiencies of their own period and are stained with human passions, the angelic beings, judged by the most fastidious require-

ments of these latter ages, are without spot or blemish. They are not made up of human traits idealised. They are unworldly,—of a different type, of nobler presence, and of far grander and sweeter nature than any living on earth.

The angels of the oldest records are like the angels of the latest. The Hebrew thought had moved through a vast arc of the infinite cycle of truth between the days when Abraham came from Ur of Chaldaea and the times of our Lord's stay on earth. But there is no development in angels of later over those of an earlier date. They were as beautiful, as spiritual, as pure and noble, at the beginning as at the close of the old dispensation. Can such creatures, transcending earthly experience, and far outrunning anything in the life of man, be creations of the rude ages of the human understanding?

We could not imagine the Advent stripped of its angelic lore. The dawn without a twilight, the sun without clouds of silver and gold, the morning on the fields without dew-diamonds,—but not the Saviour without His angels! They shine within the Temple, they bear to the matchless mother a message which would have been disgrace from mortal lips, but which from theirs fell upon her as pure as dew-drops upon the lilies of the plain of Esdraelon. They communed with the Saviour in His glory of transfiguration, sustained Him in the anguish of the garden, watched at the tomb; and as they had thronged the earth at His coming, so they seem to have hovered in the air in multitudes at the hour of His ascension. Beautiful as they seem, they are never mere poetic adornments. The occasions of their appearing are grand. The reasons are weighty. Their demeanour suggests and befits the highest conception of superior beings. These are the very elements that a rude age could not fashion. Could a sensuous age invent an order of beings, which, touching the earth from a heavenly height on its most momentous occasions, could still, after ages of culture had refined the human taste and moral appreciation, remain ineffably superior in delicacy, in pure spirituality, to the demands of criticism? Their very coming and going is not with earthly movement. They suddenly are seen in the air as one sees white clouds round out from the blue sky, in a summer's day, that melt back even while one looks upon them. They vibrate between the visible and the invisible. They come without motion. They go without flight. They dawn and disappear. Their words are few, but the Advent Chorus yet is sounding its music through the world.

A part of the angelic ministration is to be looked for in what men are by it incited to do. It helps the mind to populate heaven with spiritual inhabitants. The imagination no longer translates thither the gross corporeity of this life. We suspect that few of us are aware how much our definite conceptions of spirit-life are the product of the angel-lore of the Bible.

It is to be noticed that only in Luke is the history of the angelic annunciation given. It is to Luke also that we are indebted for the record of the angels at the tomb on the morning of the resurrection. Luke has been called the Evangelist of Greece. He was Paul's companion of travel, and particularly among the Greek cities of Asia Minor. This suggests the fact that the angelic ministration commemorated in the New Testament would greatly facilitate among Greeks the reception of monotheism. Comforting to us as is the doctrine of angels, it can hardly be of the same help as it was to a Greek or to a Roman when he first accepted the Christian faith. The rejection of so many divinities must have left the fields, the mountains, the cities and temples very bare to all who had been accustomed to heathen mythology. The ancients seem to have striven to express universal Divine presence by multiplying their gods. This at least had the effect of giving life to every part of nature. The imaginative Greek had grown familiar with the thought of gods innumerable. Every stream, each grove, the caves, the fields, the clouds, suggested some divine person. It would be

almost impossible to strip such a one of those fertile suggestions and tie him to the simple doctrine of One God, without producing a sense of cheerlessness and solitude. Angels come in to make for him an easy transition from polytheism to monotheism. The air might still be populous, his imagination yet be full of teeming suggestions, but no longer with false gods. Now there was to him but one God, but He was served by multitudes of blessed spirits, children of light and glory. Instead of a realm of conflicting divinities there was a household, the Father looking in benignity upon His radiant family. Thus, again, to the Greek, as to the Patriarch, angels ascended and descended the steps that lead from earth to heaven.—*Henry Ward Beecher's Life of Christ.*

"SPIRITUALISM IN WOLVERHAMPTON."

THE following letter, with the above heading, appeared in the *Wolverhampton Chronicle* for May 13 :—

SIR,—During the past week this town has been visited by the *soi-disant* medium, the Rev. Dr. Monck, F.A.S., and as my name has been associated with matters spiritual to such an extent that by many superficial individuals I am treated as a beast of burden, to bear on my back all that passes for Spiritualism, good or bad, in Wolverhampton, with your kind permission I will make use of your columns to endeavour to put myself right with the public with regard to this matter.

Dr. Monck's visit to Wolverhampton was not arranged by me; it was entirely his own speculation, of which I was entirely ignorant until I saw a notice of it in one of the Spiritualist newspapers. Afterwards I received a letter from Dr. Monck informing me that he was coming here, and requesting me to use my influence in inducing persons to attend his light *séances*; to which I readily assented, as I considered that physical manifestations occurring in the light, if genuine, and well tested, would be very strong presumptive evidence of the presence of some disembodied power.

Nothing whatever worthy of the name spiritual has occurred at any of Dr. Monck's *séances* at Wolverhampton. His so-called direct spirit writing is professedly done by employing one of his hands under the table; whereas genuine direct spirit writing requires no assistance whatever from the hands of the medium. The so-called spirit raps of Dr. Monck were only made when the sitters were so placed as to prevent any test being applied; whereas in the presence of genuine mediums, there is no phase of spirit manifestations that can be more readily tested; and I am happy to bear my testimony that Mr. Home, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Kate Fox Jencken, besides numbers of rapping mediums that I have met with in America, have all invariably permitted and even requested those present to assume any position, and to look about anywhere they liked during the time that the raps were being produced. Moreover, the information telegraphed by the genuine raps has generally been sufficient of itself to prove its source; but Dr. Monck's raps conveyed no intelligence beyond what was in his mind, any more than did his writing on the underside of the table.

So much for Dr. Monck's physical manifestations; but with respect to his attempted spiritual communications, I feel that I am bound, as an honest man and a true Spiritualist, to state what happened at my own house. To particularize: Dr. Monck arrived at my house on Wednesday last, at our dinner time. After going to his chamber to wash, he came down to dinner. Soon after dinner had commenced he professed to give us a communication from a spirit present, all the particulars of which were contained in a printed funeral card, which (as the person whose death it narrated was no relation or connexion of ours)

was laid aside in a drawer of the looking-glass in Dr. Monck's chamber, was seen in that drawer by a domestic shortly before Dr. Monck's arrival, and has since disappeared. On another occasion he gave a family name as the name of a spirit present, which name "Stonor" happened to have been written on the fly-leaf of an old book in my book-case, and which Dr. Monck had been privately perusing a short time previously.

The first night of his arrival, after he had retired to his chamber, I was going up stairs, when he called out to me to unlock his room door, as the spirits had taken the key to the outside of the door, and locked him in. I accordingly unlocked the door and gave him the key, at the same time rather puzzling him by simply remarking that we were used to such things in our house. It is a mere trick, easily performed with a pair of pliers applied to the end of the key that just projects beyond the lock.

Since Dr. Monck's departure, I have looked over such printed evidence of his mediumship as I can find. From it I gather that he has given what appeared to be communications from spirits, and descriptive scenes of some peculiarities of departed persons, all of which knowledge could be easily acquired in almost any private house when the guest is curious enough to search for old family matters, written on odd scraps of paper, or on the fly leaves of old books, the existence of which are oftentimes forgotten by the members of the family, and lying in corners of toilette drawers and boxes.

As to his reputed wonderful feats of levitation, &c., nothing of the kind was attempted at Wolverhampton; and such manifestations should be credited only on the testimony of witnesses whose critical powers of observation and integrity of relations are well known to the public.

So much for Dr. Monck. I am as firm a Spiritualist as ever; my testimony to its truth on page 129 of the report of the London Dialectical Society stands just as it did; and I feel that a little fresh breeze of truth will soon blow the chaff of last week away.

The truth of Spiritualism depends very little upon physical manifestations, but principally upon the intelligence conveyed by the neurologic manifestations. I hope that none will be deterred from investigating Spiritualism by the tricks of deceivers, but that they will endeavour to get manifestations at home where all will be genuine.

To me Spiritualism is of the utmost importance; nothing whatever is able to cope with scientific scepticism but the experimental investigation of Spiritualism. Science understands not faith; and the more you preach faith to a scientist, the stronger materialist do you make of him. Tell him of immortality; he says, demonstrate it, and lo! the faith-preacher is dumb. But the Spiritualist answers his demand, and says, yes, you shall have demonstration on one condition, that you seek for it by consenting to investigate Spiritualism experimentally; just as you have done with electricity, &c., only have a little patience, and do not start with the false assumption that you know all the laws of the universe, and that there is nothing left for after generations to unravel.

To you who say that Spiritualism is diabolical, I would reply—if the devil is proving immortality to those to whom you cannot prove it, surely you ought to rejoice that he has commenced so good a work in these latter days, and give him a helping hand. At any rate you should refrain from using hard words, for it looks as though you were petulant and jealous that he has taken up the office which you have discontinued, viz., that of proving immortality by signs. Not to trespass on your space any longer, Mr. Editor, I will finish with a quotation from the late Lord Brougham—"Even in the most cloudless skies of Scepticism, I see a rain-cloud, if it be no bigger than a man's hand: it is Modern Spiritualism."

T. M. SIMKISS.

Compton Road, Wolverhampton, May 11th, 1874.

NOTES FROM MANCHESTER.

THE past month has been remarkable for the number of lectures which have been delivered on Spiritualism in Manchester and its vicinity. On the 28th and 29th of April, the Rev. F. W. Monck lectured at Bury in reply to a windy pamphlet, by the Rev. T. Ashcroft, crammed from beginning to end with garbled quotations from Spiritual publications, which can only mislead such as are ignorant of Spiritualism, or beget within them a desire to become better acquainted with it. The latter effect is often produced by flimsy attacks on any system, and it will be a wonder indeed if this reverend champion does not find after the publication of his shallow and abusive tract, "the minds of an" increased "number of members of a Christian Church, of which he has the pastoral care, are disturbed by the teachings and practices of persons calling themselves Spiritualists."

Mrs. Scattergood, of Bradford, a woman whose nature is full of tenderness, delivered two addresses in trance at Manchester. On the following Sunday she delivered two trance addresses at Oldham. Spiritualism was the subject of her discourse in the afternoon; and in the evening it was the "Superiority of Modern Spiritualism over Modern Christianity." A minister in the audience selected this subject. The speaker commenced by saying there was much in Christianity which was beautiful, ennobling, grand and sublime; but went on in a strain of mild persuasive eloquence to assail the weak parts of orthodox Christianity by contrasting some of its doctrines with the more rational teachings of Spiritualism.

On Monday evening, May 4, she again spoke in trance at Oldham, Mr. Thomas Kershaw in the chair, upon "Woman's Mission." In the opening she referred to the Bible account of God creating woman to be a help-meet for man; but how little, with what otherwise might have been the case, was she a help-meet for him. Was she not, in far too many instances, held down and trampled beneath his feet, and debarred the opportunity of developing the more graceful and noble qualities of her mind. In all ages of the world women had been kept from enjoying the privileges men had enjoyed. Referring to woman's influence in society, she said: "If Eve had the power over Adam to induce him to do that which he knew to be wrong, so had she likewise the power to lead him to do that which was right. Eve possessed an influence over even the beguiling serpent, wise and crafty as he was; for that evil spirit must have known the woman could accomplish the object better than he, hence his employment of her as agent to deceive and draw down man." The mighty Sampson yielded to the

blandishments of Delilah; and Esther relieved her people from oppression by the graces of her person. It would be easy to show how great had been the influence of woman for good. On the battle-field her tender ministrations to the wounded had formed the theme of many a poet's song; and in the prison cell her prayers had brought consolation and reformation to many a callous heart. Many a noble statesman sitting in the House of Lords, received his most beautiful sentiments, his wisest counsel, from the partner of his life—how many had even their addresses prepared for them by their wives. Had the female section of humanity enjoyed the privileges that had been accorded to the male portion, was it too much to say that a higher standard of wisdom and morality would have been reached; and many of the unjust laws which now encumbered the statute book would, long since, have been swept away.

When we consider that Mrs. Scattergood is almost without education, not being able to put six or eight words together grammatically in her normal state, these addresses are, in every way, remarkable. To test her, I selected some of the words she had employed in her discourses, and I found she had no idea whatever of their meaning, though the words were mostly simple ones.

She and her husband formerly resided at Nottingham, where they first became acquainted with Spiritualism, under the following extraordinary circumstances: Mr. Scattergood one Sunday afternoon informed his wife, whom six doctors had pronounced incurable, that he would like to go, out of curiosity, to a Spiritual meeting that was being held that afternoon. She was rather unwilling that he should leave her to go to such a place; and when he had gone, she rose from her sick bed, to which she had been confined for weeks, and followed him to the meeting, attracting the attention of scores of people on the way by her ghost-like appearance. To one inquisitive person who asked her in surprise where she was going, she replied, "I am going to that spirit meeting, and when I get there they will think for sure a real ghost has come." Literally dragging one leg after her, she, with great difficulty, managed to reach the place. The medium, a female, who was delivering a trance address at the meeting, became silent, left the platform, and went to Mrs. Scattergood, the moment she entered, and made passes over her. Mrs. Scattergood, shortly after, was carried from the room in an exhausted and helpless condition and put to bed. The day after she herself became entranced in bed, and gave directions to those around her how to treat her, adding that if those directions were carried out she would soon be well.

Accordingly, she rapidly recovered, though Dr. Stevenson had weeks before honestly told her husband, who is a working man, not to go to great expense in the vain hope of getting his wife cured, since it was out of the power of human skill to save her, as "her liver was as hard as a piece of flint." Mr. Scattergood sincerely informed me that those were the expressive words Dr. Stevenson, of Nottingham, made use of to him.

The *Manchester Examiner and Times*, for 13 May, when speaking of the *Fortnightly Review*, says: "The sensational article of the number is 'A Defence of Modern Spiritualism,' by Mr. Alfred R. Wallace; and with every desire to listen calmly and consider without prejudice, we must confess to being more than startled by some of the statements in the article before us. We are expected to believe that some Spiritualists have the ability to deprive fire of its power to burn; that flowers and ferns covered with a fine gold dew can come into a room without being brought," &c.

The *Manchester Evening News*, Monday, 11th May, 1874, says: "Mr. A. R. Wallace, in the *Fortnightly Review*, gives us a very spirited and able defence of Modern Spiritualism. Mr. Wallace does his best that a man can do to maintain himself in an untenable position. He has collected a mass of interesting testimony; but we are not disposed to accept this as conclusive on the subject simply because Mr. Wallace would have us do so. Those, however, who, like ourselves, are hard to convince, would do well to read Mr. Wallace's defence, while those who are believers will be pleased with the able championship of the writer."

F. SILKSTONE.

27, Leaf Street, Hulme, Manchester, 19 May, 1874.

A FUNERAL ADDRESS.

WE have just received the *Christian Leader*, for April 25. It contains one of the most tenderly beautiful, manly, and Christian funeral addresses it has ever been our good fortune to read. The mortal remains of the Rev. John G. Bartholomew, D.D., Universalist Minister, were deposited in the cemetery of Mount Pleasant, Newark, New Jersey, on Friday, April 17, and at the expressed wish of the deceased's brother, the funeral service was conducted by the Rev. J. M. Pullman, a brother minister whose acquaintance we had the honor and pleasure of making when we were in New York, in 1868. The following address was delivered by Mr. Pullman on the above occasion, and our readers will, we think, be grateful to us for transferring it to our columns, through

which we hope it will find its way into mourning homes and mourning hearts, and be helpful in those hours of sorrow when

The shadow cloaked from head to foot
That keeps the keys of all the creeds,
is standing in the midst, and doing what it can
to darken the present and the future. These
were Brother Pullman's words:—

So then, it has come at last to this! All our efforts, all our misleading hopes, all that love and care could do in man—and all that love and care would do in God—have brought us at last to this! forty years of life, and love, and work, and inspiration, and trust;—no more? Ah, friends, *has it come to no more than this? No more than this?* Why, this is but the beginning of it. This is but that period, that event, which marks the closing of the apprenticeship in the great business of life.

And yet we did not want him to go, even though he was going to better and higher things. He was good enough for us, as he was. We needed him. Some of us leaned on him, some of us looked up to him, all of us loved him. And the thing we have to do in this hour, by the help of God, is to school our hearts in the midst of our loss, and let him go, like men and women who know God and who trust in Him. That is what we have got to do. But before we can resolve to do that, we cannot forget that we are human beings, and that we have lost something. And that loss we *must* speak about, because our hearts are full of it. We must tell out the story of our grief in some fashion. It cannot be that the Heavens above are unlistening, and that in all the great, blank void of space there is nobody who cares whether we are in sorrow or not; our grief must have its way; we must speak of the friend that has gone, for rest's sake, for comfort's sake, for relief's sake.

And so, dear friends, there has gone from among us a genial, hearty man, one who was no stunted ascetic, but full of vigorous life and spirit; a man whose presence among us, when he was well, was a benediction and a delight; a man whom we loved to see coming from afar off; a man who knew it was not wrong in him to take the delights of the life that God had given him, and make them serve and minister to his own and others' pleasure.

We have lost not only that genial presence, but we have lost—alas, what shall I say? For it is not *we* who have lost it, but these,—who have lost—what, I must not say. How kind a father, how tender a husband, has been taken to the better lands I must not, I have no right to say. But you, who have listened to his words from this very place where I now stand, knew him in a different and higher relation than that of a man among men. He was your minister, and you have the right to think that the man who has stood before you and spoken to you out of the simplicity and earnestness of his own heart, who has opened to you his hope, and lifted your thoughts on the wings of his aspirations upward, was different from other men. And the loss is heavy which death has brought upon you, who shall see his face in this place, and hear his voice from this platform, no more. For it is not every day that we find a man gifted as he was gifted, who is able and willing to lay aside the common human ambitions, and under the inspiration of the Spirit of God, choose the sacred office for his profession and his life-work.

It is too soon to make any just estimate of his character, of his attainments, or of the completeness and symmetry of his life. But we may say a few things about those matters in which he was peculiarly eminent.

You who have seen his face lighted up by the inspiration of sudden thought as he stood in your presence, do not need to be told that his mind was of the intuitional rather than of the logical order. That is what made his preaching illustrative rather than didactic. He was voca

with inspiration. His was given to him; it was not necessary for him painfully to develop his thought by inductive studies, and work his way laboriously, step by step, to high and higher planes. There was a power that wrought in him, which, working for a while silently, at last, as it were, magnified and exalted all his powers. In those moments when his soul was reaching out to the apprehension of some wondrous truth, I have seen his face almost as the face of an angel, lighted, as Stephen's was, with sudden vision and glory from on High. He stood here, with the light of the Holy Spirit in his face, to utter the truths with which he was charged;—as a jeweller, so to speak, to take the many-sided diamonds of truth that God placed perfect in his heart, and fix them before you in settings of golden words. His spirit, or that part of him which reflected God, was of no common order. When he was thinking the most deeply about things which seem the most remote from our mortal life, any one, who would watch him, could see that far-away look in his eyes; he was seeing nothing upon which his gaze rested; he was looking, as it were, inward;—upon that burnished mirror, his spirit, in which he saw reflected the face of Almighty God;—beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord.

I do not stand here as a too partial friend, to speak only in terms of eulogy of him. I shall never claim for him, nor will you, immunity from the common weaknesses and infirmities of humanity. No; but when life is done here on earth, it is the grace of death that brings out what is real and substantial, and all minor and unessential things are got out of our thoughts.

There is a prophecy in that, if you will but mark it sharply;—a prophecy of how it will be in the life to come, when, instead of the failings and shortcomings that seemed wholly to mar our existence here below, will be remembered only the grand drift, the heart-purpose of it all, the setting of the stream toward righteousness and holy living. That is the thought he had and the word he preached; that inspiration filled his soul, and strengthened him to make a stand against weakness; and made him work against a vague sense of unfitness that strangely oppressed him. Many and many a time has he gone down from the pulpit full of discouragement, feeling that he had mistaken his calling, and thinking that he could do better in some other way. But you who saw him as he forgot himself utterly, standing in his place before you, and who marked his face shining with the rising fire which was in his soul, and which manifested itself in every motion and action of his body,—for it was truly said of him that he preached all over—you who have seen him standing just where I stand, felt that he was one called and chosen by the Holy Ghost. How little did you dream that in that man's heart was self-distrust, and an apprehension that he was not fit to fill his high office worthily, nor to explain the truth that was given him! You did not dream it, but it was so.

For whose sake should I rehearse the goodness of his life? For whose sake should I tell out the story—even the imperfect portion of it which I know—of the genuine, earnest heart of him who has gone? Those who are nearest and dearest to him know better than any beside, his worth to them and to the world. Shall I speak to you who gathered around your minister, of your loss of tenderness and care? No. Shall I speak in terms of praise for his sake? Nay, nay: for it would not suit him to have me, or any man, do that. I can only say, therefore, what I think he would have me say, if he should speak to me himself—Ah! if he should speak to me himself!—Maybe he does; and my coarse, dull ears cannot hear! I am sure of only one thing; and that is, that if he could speak, he would say to me, "Thank these dear people who have been so good to me." He would say, "Thank every one of them. Grasp every one of their warm, full hands, look every one of them in the eyes, and tell them how I loved them for their goodness." I am sure he

would say that. I *know* he would tell me to say that. If he could stand here and say it himself, how much better would it be done, and how full to overflowing our hearts would be in the joy of knowing that he was not dead, but gone before!

And there is one other thing that I feel equally sure that he would tell me to say:—because he said it to me, because he said it to others among you. But before I come to that, there is one thing that I must not forbear to say:—I have a right to say something to suit myself, for my own sake, for the satisfaction of my friendship for him—and that is, that he loved his work. I never knew how much he loved work until his poor hands got too weak and could not work any more; until when, feeling that he was going to leave his earthly work, he spoke much of the subject.

When—two close friends as we were for the past few years,—loving as we did to get together and compare work and thoughts, and counsel each other on the value of what we were doing—when we met in this near way, and opened our hearts to each other—it was not until then that I realised the singleness of soul with which he devoted himself to his work. I called to see him lately and he was on his bed; but he insisted that I should tell him, point by point, about a sermon I had preached the Sunday before. His mind was so on his work that if he could not preach he wanted to hear something about preaching. So I told him as clearly as I could from first to last. He said it was good; then he sent for a little pocket-book he had; and when it was brought he opened it, and took out this bit of paper, and handed it to me without a word. I read the lines printed on it. I saw in them only a very touching complaint of some one whose life-work had been interrupted in some fashion hard to bear. I did not see anything so particular in them while by his side. He may have read them to you, but they can be heard again:

"The Lord who fashioned my hand for working
Set me a task and it is not done.

I have tried and tried since the early morning,
And now to the westward sinks the sun.

Now I know that my task will never be finished.

And when the Master calleth my name,
His voice will find me still at my labor,
Weeping beside it in weary shame.

With empty hand I shall rise to meet him,
And when he asks for the fruits of years,
Nothing have I to lay before him
But broken efforts and bitter tears.

Yet when he calls I fain would hasten,
Mine eyes are dim and their light is gone.
I am as weary as though I carried
A burden of beautiful work well done.

I will fold my empty hands on my bosom,
Meekly, thus, in the shape of His cross,
And the Lord who made them so frail and feeble,
May be will pity their strife and loss."

He did not look to us as to him. He did not go with empty hands into the presence of his Master. He did what he had to do in his daily life. He carried home his sheaves to the great final account; and there we shall meet him and see how it was that he wrought so well while he was your minister on earth.

One thing more. He died completely full of sense of immortality;—completely full of it. That he was so, one little act of his before he died will show. I went to see him. He heard my voice and roused himself, and began to talk at once about immortality. The more he talked the more excited and interested he became. His voice took something of its old fullness and power, and his face lighted up with something of its old fire. But his strength failed soon. Yet he *must* express the idea that was in his heart. That index finger of his was lifted, and he pointed

round the room seeking for some illustration to show me what he meant. He found what he sought. He could not speak; he could only point to the half opened door as if he thought that would do.

"To die"—for so I interpreted his endeavour to get an illustration that satisfied him,—"To die," he would say, "is like passing from one room into another in my Father's house. It is not that we are to go to the Father's house; we are in it now. It is merely that we are to go from one room into another; that is all!" And I went away feeling that the man had got his immortality—because he had begun it.

"I am immortal!" These words are what he said every day until his death; they were in his heart and upon his lips continually.

Now, dear friends, may I not say this one thing before I cease? We are of the earth, earthy; we are made so clinging to life, so loving the beautiful things in it, so reluctant to think about that future existence to which we go, that there is a strange scepticism, unconfessed to ourselves, when we read the Bible or hear any one talking about a life beyond this. Now suppose that some being—an angel—had access to our soul before it came into this body, and should tell us in our inexperience, the whole story of this life, and what would happen in it; and should show us in the miracle of birth, the miracle of growth, the miracle of love, the miracle of parentage, and all the miracles that fill the world full of beautiful things. You would have denied it, because before experience you could have no conception of the facts of a personal and future existence, just as our inexperience now denies that there is another life before us, because we cannot comprehend it. Now suppose again,—if you can imagine it,—that we had been born in some place in an under-world, where the light of the sun never was seen; suppose that we grew up in that darkness, and became at last strangely anxious not to leave it, so that when the summons came, we were unwilling to go; and suppose that some of the dwellers in that underground darkness should be brought, on some bright June day, up out of that darkness into the light of this day, and should behold the beautiful smiling sky, should behold the forests waving wide, and the green fields, and all the glories of this bright world;—then, how would they turn and look back, and wonder that they could have lived in that spot of their own will, and have been so reluctant to be removed from it! Just so you and I shall wonder,—turning to look again at this world,—that we could have been willing to remain here, could have been so unambitious as to have thought that this world was all, and that there was nothing beyond better or greater. Now, *our dear friend knew all these things were in the life before him.* How? Because he had begun it. Immortality begun was a proof to him that immortality was continuous.

And for each one of us so may it be at last; when the flesh grows weak about the spirit, and the bonds that bind us here are snapping one by one, and we are lifted into the light of that other world—into that light from what we call the other land, but which is the land that lies right about us!

So if he were here to speak and were we fit to know all—know that all our hope, that all our trust, that all our clearer sight, would be more than realised—if he were here, he would say, "Believe; for I now know that I best told you is but a meagre part of that which is true in me to-day."

He is not here; he is risen. As the runner in the dusty race, when he catches a glimpse of the goal ahead, throws off the last garment that burdens him, and springs forward unimpeded to victory, so this swift spirit, seeing the gates of heaven gleam before him, has dropped this garment of mortality, and gained in triumph his goal and home!

THE GLEANER.

The *Medium*, for May 1, contains much interesting matter relating to Judge Edmonds.

Dr. Sexton joined the Council of the National Association of Spiritualists on April 5.

There is an article in the *Spiritualist*, for May 1, on *Spirit Forms*, full of valuable suggestions.

Some one has sent the Swedenborg Society £1,000, to be expended in reprinting Swedenborg's works.

The price of the *Spiritualist* is expected to be reduced to twopence in the course of the present month.

Spiritualism has found its way into the *Manchester Evening Mail* in the form of letters from correspondents.

Dr. Maudsley's *Responsibility in Mental Disease* has been added to King and Co.'s *International Scientific Series*.

There is an able lecture on *Life*, by the Rev. George Duncan, of Frome, in the *New Era*, for May, edited by Dr. Sexton.

"E. T. B.," contributes a notice to the *Pioneer of Progress*, for May 1, of Mr. Voisey's sermon on "Immortality."

Mr. D. D. Home is now at Geneva, and his spirit guides have predicted his entire recovery during the summer.

There has been a debate on Spiritualism at Nottingham, between Mr. Ashworth (a Spiritualist) and Mr. Judd (a Secularist).

The *Exeter and Plymouth Gazette* of April 24, has a very fair and extremely able notice of Sergeant Cox's first volume, *What am I?*

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of April 25, reprints from *Brutian's Quarterly Journal* a long article, entitled "Souls and Scenes in Spirit Life."

With the number for May 8 the *Pioneer of Progress* ends its first volume. Future numbers are to appear in an enlarged and improved form, the first being due on May 29.

We have received a letter from Mr. William Howitt, but too late for insertion this month, entitled "A Few Remarks on National Association." It shall appear in our next.

The *Progressive Spiritualist*, published at Melbourne, continues to give its Editor's experiences and views of Spiritualism. These articles are very valuable, and should be reprinted.

Mr. William Carpenter, one of the oldest of our English Spiritualists, and a well-known literary man, with whom we have had many a pleasant conversation, died on April 21, in London.

A public meeting was held, under the auspices of the British National Association of Spiritualists, on May 21, at the Quebec Institute, a full report of which appears in the *Spiritualist*.

The *Spiritualist*, of May 15, has a long article, entitled "An Exciting *Slance* at Mr. Sergeant Cox's." Also an article, by Mr. Benjamin Coleman, entitled "A Farewell Visit to Katie King."

The Rev. Charles Voisey has recently preached a sermon on "Immortality," in which he made remarkable allusions to Spiritualism, and insisted that its phenomena should be investigated.

The front page of the *Medium*, for May 8, contains a lithographic reprint of a message said to be written through the hand of the infant boy of Mr. and Mrs. Jencken, followed by an article thereon.

Bailliere and Co., of London, have just published an eight shilling work, entitled "The Cry of Italy against the Church of Rome." It is an authorised translation, with notes by Mr. William Howitt.

We must respectfully decline to insert *A Warning Voice against Sectarians and Modern Spiritualism*, sent to us by Mr. Henry Kelsall, of Manchester. We can honestly say that we don't understand it.

The *Fortnightly Review*, for May, contains the first of two articles, by Mr. A. R. Wallace, entitled a *Defence of Modern Spiritualism*, to which Dr. Sexton will call the attention of our own readers in our next number.

Oddly enough, the *Pioneer of Progress*, of April 24, quotes from a sermon by Mr. George Dawson, of Birmingham, and pretaces the quotation by a remark which seems to imply that Mr. Dawson is a clergyman of the Church of England.

We learn from one of the Secretaries of the British National Association of Spiritualists, that he has received the first quarterly instalment of an annual subscription of £100, from Mr. Martin R. Smith, of Wimbledon, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Association.

The friends and admirers of the Founder and President of the Liverpool Anthropological Society, and their name is Legion, will be glad to learn that Messrs. Robinson and Thompson have succeeded in producing a splendid full length cabinet portrait of him, to be engraved as a frontispiece to his works.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt—with thanks—of ten shillings from Mrs. Julia Barrett, in response to our appeal for help towards the erection of our new church (see our last number, page 66). We do not know Mrs. Barrett's present address, or we should have made this acknowledgment privately, as we have done to others.

The *Spiritual Magazine*, for May, contains a sketch of the literary labors of the late James Smith, M.A., who was the first Editor of the *Family Herald*, and one of the pioneers of Modern Spiritualism. The same number reprints an article of our own, in our issue for February, 1873, entitled *The Wail of a Lost Spirit*, together with a letter subsequently addressed to us by Mr. William Howitt. We are bound to add that the number is unusually interesting.

The London correspondent of the *Liverpool Mercury*, of April 28, tells us that Professor Piazzi Smyth, a Fellow of the Royal Society, has come to the conclusion that the great Pyramid was built by Melchisedec, under direct Divine inspiration. The professor wrote a paper on the subject to be read at the Royal Society. The society declined the paper. The professor has since resigned his Fellowship, and published his paper by way of self-vindication.

The *Wolverhampton Chronicle*, for May 13, contains an article, entitled "A Séance with Dr. Monck," written by one of the proprietors of the paper in whose house the séance was held. The same number contains a very severe letter reflecting upon Mr. Monck, and written by a well-known and respected Spiritualist, Mr. T. M. Simpkins, whose evidence before the Dialectical Society appears at Page 129 of the cheap edition of the report issued by Mr. Burns. The *Staffordshire Advertiser* and the *Wolverhampton Express* give favorable reports of Mr. Monck.

LETTERS RECEIVED FROM: Manchester, Wolverhampton, London, Liverpool, Heckmondwike, Dublin, Birmmgham, Uttoxeter, Budleigh Salterton, Newry, Ballymena, Exeter, Paris, Nottingham, Margate, Yeovil, Oxford, Bristol, Middleton, Glasgow, Otley, and Bradford. Correspondents will be pleased to note this.

NEWSPAPERS, BOOKS, &c., RECEIVED—WITH THANKS.—*National Reformer*, for April 19.—*Englishman*, for April 25 and May 2.—*Liverpool Mercury*, for April 28.—*East and South Devon Advertiser*, weekly, for April 25.—*Newcastle Critic*, weekly, for May 5.—*Peterborough Advertiser*, for May 2.—*Progressive Spiritualist*, for February 28 and March 15.—*Manchester Evening Mail*, for May 15.—*Exeter and Plymouth Gazette*, for April 24.—*Wolverhampton Chronicle*, for May 13 (four copies).—*Banner of Light*, for March 28.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*, for April 25.—*Sacramento Bee*, for April 25.—*Fortnightly Review*, for May.—*Contemporary Review*, for May.—*Liberal Christian*, weekly.

POETRY.

THE BROAD CREED.

TRUTH is one ;
And in all lands beneath the sun,
Whoso hath eyes to see may see
The tokens of its unity.
No scroll of creed its fulness warps,
We trace it not by schoolboy maps,
Free as the sun and air it is
Of latitudes and boundaries.
In Vedic verse, in dull Koran,
Are messages of God to man ;
The angels to our Aryan sires
Talked by the earliest household fires.

Nor doth it lessen what He taught,
Or make the gospel Jesus brought
Less precious, that his lips retold
Some portions of that truth of old ;
Denying not the proven seers,
The tested wisdom of the years ;
Confirming with his own impress
The common law of righteousness.
We search the world for truth ; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul ;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the book our mother read.
And all our treasure of old thought
In His harmonious fulness wrought,
Who gathers in one sheaf complete
The shattered blades of God's own wheat,
The common growth that maketh good
His all-embracing Fatherhood.
Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms had opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,
I see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head !
I trace His presence in the blind
Pathetic gropings of my kind—
In prayers for sin and sorrow wrung,
In cradle-hymns of life they sung,
Each in his measure but a part
Of the unmeasured Over-Heart ;
And with a stronger faith, confess
The greater that it owns the less.

Nor fear I aught that science brings
From searching through material things,
Content to let its glasses prove
Not by the letter's oldness move
The myriad worlds on worlds that course
The spaces of the universe ;
Since everywhere the spirit walks
The gardens of the heart, and talks
With man as under Eden's trees,
In all its varied languages.
Why mourn above some hopeless flaw
When scripture every day afresh
Is traced on table's of the flesh ?
By inward sense, by outward signs,
God's presence still the heart divines !
Through deepest joy of Him we learn,
In sorest grief to Him we turn,
And reason stoops in pride to share
The childlike instinct of a prayer.

—Whittier's "Miriam."

OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

No. 43.

"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen."—2 Cor., 13 c., 14 v.

1. The original, according to Griesbach, reads thus : "e charis tou kuriou Jesou Christou, kai e agape tou Theou, kai e koinonia tou Agiou Pneumatou meta panton umon."

2. How often have these words been chosen as a battle field, upon which rival theologians have mustered their forces, and fought their mimic battles. And yet it is a very significant fact, that the prayer of the text is a prayer for a divided and disgraced church. Paul offers it because he knows that if it be answered in the experience of the Corinthian Christians, there will be an end to their factions, and the abuse of Christian liberty will become impossible.

3. "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ." Like all other things associated with religion and Christ, the word "grace" has its mystical meanings. But, practically speaking, it means a gift : 3 Ephesians, 8 v.—a good disposition : 1 Peter, 2 c., 3 v.—goodness itself : 2 Titus, 1 c., 1 v.—favor or approval : 1 Corinthians, 15 c., 10 v. and 2 Corinthians, 12 c., 9 v. St. James uses the word to denote beauty, see 11th verse of his first chapter.

4. "The love of God." Does this mean God's love to us, or our love to Him? If it means our love to Him, it must mean the love of God's character ; God, who, Christianly speaking, has revealed Himself in Christ.

5. "The Communion of the Holy Ghost." Following Biblical language, the Holy Ghost (or Spirit) may mean God Himself, who is a spirit and who is holy ; or it may mean the miraculous gifts conferred upon the Church ; or, and probably this is its meaning here, God in contact with man, God, that is to say, in man, and working freely through him. The words may also mean a desire for actual personal communion, as between the human spirit and the Divine one.

6. Now, then, what is the prayer of the text? Observe the order of the text, how "the love of God" is placed in the centre as the governing power, controlling and subordinating all other things to itself. May this "grace," this "love," this "communion" be with or in you, even you, and all of you. What honor and blessedness must they have who realise such a prayer as this!

7. The prayer of the text is a prayer for our worship, our life work, our relations, for every sphere of duty, at birth, at marriage, at death. For what are we without these blessings, one and all? Which of them can we dispense with? They are the real "Trinity in Unity."

8. It was St. Paul's wish that his friends should enjoy these blessings, but it was theirs to obtain them. When the Christian Church has learned the deep significance of this prayer, and risen out of its mere letter into its spirit, the prayer of the Lord for the unity of all His disciples will be accomplished.

F. R. YOUNG.

(Preached at Swindon, Manchester, New York, and East Brooklyn).

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE General Public are respectfully informed that the Special Lecture on the "SPIRITUALITY OF HUMAN INTELLIGENCE," published in the September number of the *Christian Spiritualist*, has been read and discussed in various Academies of Science, not only in Europe, but in America. That particular issue has already had a very large circulation at home and abroad, a few copies only remain, and may be had, *Gratis*, of the Lecturer himself, whose Works will be shortly Re-published in Twelve volumes octavo, or thereabout.

Address—WILLIAM HITCHMAN, Physician, 29, Erskine Street, Liverpool.

TO INQUIRERS.

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

"Where are the Dead?" by Fritz.

Howitt's "History of the Supernatural."

De Morgan's "From Matter to Spirit."

Sergeant's "Planchette."

Brevior's "Two Worlds."

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

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

Massey's "Concerning Spiritualism."

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

Phelps's "Gates Ajar."

Gillingham's "Seat of the Soul."

Gillingham's "Eight Days with the Spiritualists."

Carpenter's "Tracts on Spiritualism."

Fudge Edmonds' "Spiritual Tracts."

*Home's "Incidents in my Life."

*Ballou's "Modern Spiritual Manifestations."

*"Confessions of a Truth Seeker."

Wilkinson's "Spirit Drawings."

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

Dialectical Society's "Report on Spiritualism."

The above works can be obtained of, or through, Mr. James Burns, Publisher, 15, Southampton Row, London. Mr. Burns, however, writes to tell us that the items in the above list marked with a star (*), are "out of print." We are very sorry to hear such bad news, but hope that persistent search after them may, at length, be the occasion of "out of print" being exchanged for "second edition now ready." There are none in the above list that should cease to be published. The Editor of this periodical does not, of course, pledge himself to every single statement made in any one of these books ; but he does consider them to be worthy of perusal, and most of them invaluable aids to those who do really wish to know what Spiritualists have to say for themselves, and the grounds upon which their belief reposes. If it be said that this list gives the names of those works only which are on the side of Spiritualism, omitting those which are against it, we have only to say that the public are better informed of what our opponents have to say than what we ourselves have to advance in reply. It is a comparatively easy task to get a man to read what is thought to be an exposure of Spiritualism ; but it is not so easy to get what we have to say read, and read with candour.

STANDING NOTICES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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" (Old)	-	Miss Ann, Cricklade Street.
Worcester	-	Mr. Morgan, Little Angel Street.

Other names, if sent to us by readers or booksellers, will be inserted. Readers and subscribers would greatly oblige us if they would make inquiries of booksellers and newspaper agents, as to their willingness to allow their names to appear as selling the *Christian Spiritualist*. Show bills can always be got direct from our Publisher in London, and should be asked for by trade collectors of country parcels.

Advertisements.

SPIRITUALISTIC.

THE SECOND SERIES of Public Meetings at Gower Street and elsewhere, take place in the Autumn. The discursive energies shown in Spiritualistic matters during the past few months render the earlier delivery of the series unnecessary.

We rejoice that the First Series was so useful, though not even Twenty Shillings had to be subscribed.

We regret that the "camp-followers" of Spiritualism are going about with begging caps for subscriptions and donations. We recommend that a deaf ear be given to applications.

When Autumn comes, a combined movement worthy of Spiritualism may be made. Then purses may be unclasped. In the meantime, arrangements are maturing without the aid of either subscriptions or donations. We need not be more explicit.

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PERSONS wishing to join the Association, and Local Societies wishing to become affiliated, are requested to communicate with the Assistant-Secretary, Mr. THOMAS BLYTON, 12, High Street, Bow, London, E., from whom copies of the Constitution and Rules, &c, also all necessary forms, may be had upon application.

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