

THE Spiritual Magazine.

JULY, 1870.

DR. NEWTON.

THIS eminent healer continues his beneficent work with a success which transcends our most sanguine expectations. We are able to present only the barest outline of his movements. The instances of cure that are given must be regarded as specimens only of the bulk of those which are daily effected by Dr. Newton. *The Spiritualist* of June 15th, enumerates 105 cases of persons cured or benefited by Dr. Newton during the short time that he has been amongst us, stating in each case the nature of the disease, and the name and address of the patient, so that any who choose may make further inquiry, and verify the facts for themselves, or correct any inaccuracy which may inadvertently occur. And these 105 cases are but a fraction of the whole. It sometimes happens that a cure may not be so complete as it at first seems, or it may not be permanent. A correspondent writes us that this is the case in the instance of Mr. James Armstrong, reported in our last number; but even were such instances more frequent it would not invalidate the general fact that a large proportion of Dr. Newton's patients are cured or greatly relieved under his treatment.

The following remarks are made from personal observation:—

“When a person comes up to him, in many cases without the interchange of a word, he lays his hands on the seat of the disease, and says what is the matter; he also tells some of them at once that they are incurable; others, he remarks, he can cure at once, and he tells some that he will partially relieve them at once, but that they will be well within a given number of days. Some come up to him, and he does not know what is the matter with them, but asks them the nature of their complaint. Others consult him about sick friends at a distance, and in some cases

he suddenly stops the speaker, and accurately describes to him or her the sick friend. . . . Blindness when cured, was usually completely cured on the spot, with such suddenness as to coincide with the popular ideas of a miracle. Lameness, when cured, was usually so removed that the patient could carry his crutches away on his shoulders; but there was, as a rule, a weakness in the gait, which Dr. Newton often remarked would pass off in two or three days. In one instance, a little boy, rolled up like a ball in his mother's arms, and having an idiotic expression of face, was brought under the notice of the healer. Dr. Newton at once remarked—'This child is what in old times was called possessed by devils, but I will drive away the evil influences so that they shall annoy him no more.' He then made some passes over the child, whose limbs then slowly extended themselves, until at last they stood out straight. Dr. Newton then took his hands, and said, 'Come now, walk my little darling,' but although the legs were straight, they doubled up at the knees, in consequence of weakness there, and the child not knowing how to walk. Dr. Newton told his mother to take him home, to apply water as hot as he could bear it once a day to his back, and added that in a few days the boy would be quite well, and must be taught to walk."

DR. NEWTON AT CAMBRIDGE HALL.

After the first week at Cambridge Hall, the crowd so increased that Dr. Newton found it impossible to proceed, as the throng burst the barriers and closed him in upon all sides completely. The crowd in the street was considered an impediment to business, and the hall was refused for a longer term. Dr. Newton was thus thrown out of a place in which to meet the public, and at the moment we write he has not been suited with one.

We note a few of the cases which are reported:—

"Henry Teson, 96, Milton Street, Finsbury, had been given up by Dr. Walker as incurably lame. He was carried in to Dr. Newton, and after treatment could walk without crutches.

"Miss Lee had been a cripple for twenty-one years; she was cured by Dr. Newton.

"Miss Shaw, 5, Cambridge Road, Junction, Kilburn, walked bent and lame from the effects of carrying a child about when a growing girl. Dr. Newton rectified the hip-joint, making it snap. The next day she walked straight, and her limb was half an inch longer than before.

"Stephen Witherden, 38, Richmond Street, Edgware Road, driver of a cab No. 12,315. Had been blind of one eye for four or five years. Dr. Newton rubbed the blind eye a little with

his thumb, and at once the owner could see with it as well he can see with the other.

"Thomas Felstead, 12, Gospel Oak Road, Kentish Town, mat maker, eyesight so bad for the last two years that he could only read with glasses, and then with the utmost difficulty. Dr. Newton immediately cured him so that he can see to read small print with the naked eye."

Mr. B. Coleman, of Bernard Villas, Upper Norwood, under date of May 18th, writes:—"I met at Dr. Newton's first reception on Monday last at Cambridge Hall, Mr. George Pulsford, of 4, Vernon Square, King's Cross Road, who had just been operated upon for deafness in his right ear. He said he had lost the hearing of that ear for fourteen years, and was so deaf that he could not hear a pistol shot, and he could now hear a whisper. I tested him by asking him after he had closed his left ear, if he heard me, and though I spoke in the lowest tone of voice, he answered my question readily.

DR. NEWTON AT THE REPOSITORY, GRAY'S INN ROAD.

This place is of some interest to many as the once famous Labour Exchange of Robert Owen. From the 3rd to the 15th of June Dr. Newton treated the sick, here, free of charge, daily, from 10 till 12.

The following statements as to the relief received from Dr. Newton's treatment were taken down from the lips of the patients, usually within a few minutes after they came from under his hands, on Thursday, June 9th:—

"Mrs. Breakspeare, 73, Cromer Street, Gray's Inn Road. Her baby, twelve months' old, had curvature of the spine for last six months. The curvature entirely disappeared in one minute, under the hands of Dr. Newton.

"William Gage, 76, New Wellington Street, Holloway, bricklayer. Numbness of muscles of arm and hand for six weeks, so that he could not perform particular branches of his work. Cured at once.

"John Pearson, 17, Leek Street, King's Cross Road, tailor, chronic rheumatics. Unable to work at his trade for last ten years. Perfectly cured at once.

"W. Wallace, 105, Islip Street, Kentish Town Road. Severe case of rheumatics; could not walk properly. Cured.

"Charles Lenton, 20A, London Street, Paddington. Driver of cab No. 4,828. Intense suffering from rheumatics for two or three years, and had been under the hands of seven doctors. Cured at once, although he had been in incessant pain for several days up to the minute of coming under Dr. Newton's hands.

"Mrs. G. Way, 3, Circus Street, Marylebone Road. Painful lump on knee, about as big as a nut, caused by a fall. Lump and pain disappeared at once."

On the first morning a lame Irishman came, using a wooden leg, his natural limb projecting out behind him, bent at the knee; with much labour the doctor unstrapped the wooden auxiliary, and sent away the gratified and grateful Hibernian with it on his shoulder. A man who had just recovered his sight, stared about him evidently bewildered at so suddenly regaining the lost sense. We might fill this Magazine with striking incidents and cases. Mr. George Childs, of 21, Offord Road, Barnsbury, sends the following:—

"Mr. Browning, Great Yarmouth Villas, College Avenue, Hackney, had a stiff knee from slipping off the curb; a cancer on the left breast six to eight inches in breadth; had been five months in bed, and paid from two to four guineas weekly for medical attendance. He was taken in a cart to Dr. Newton at Cambridge Hall; the cancer burst the same evening; he has been walking about since, has a good appetite, and is fast recovering health.

"Mr. G. Richards, 58, Earl Street, Edgware Road, had left hand and arm paralysed for three years, was cured by Dr. Newton at Gray's Inn Road; and is daily telling all who will listen to him.

"Miss Matthew, 32A, New Church Street, Edgware Road, a member of Dr. Burns' congregation, had her spine injured, by a railway accident, so that the bone was much displaced. Had been under medical attendance for twelve months, and had to use a water bed for nine months. She went to Dr. Newton's house and had the spine rectified, and she can now walk about."

CASE OF THE REV. W. C. VAN METER.

The Rev. W. C. Van Meter, the Superintendent of the Howard Mission and Home for Little Wanderers, is well known as one of the most eminent philanthropists of America—the Müller of the United States. He has received thousands of destitute wandering and orphan children into the Home, where they are kindly cared for, and is now in London, hoping by his observations here to improve the methods by which the great philanthropic work of his life may be more efficiently promoted.

On June 20th, 1869, Mr. Van Meter slipped on a piece of orange-peel which threw him down, and two ligaments in his back were broken by the fall. He was confined to bed for some time, and was under the medical care of Drs. Wood and Palmer, of New York. The best medical advice in that city could do

nothing for him, and he was advised to go to Italy to see whether the climate would benefit his general health and promote a cure. He reached Paris, but was in such a weak state that he could not proceed further. He put himself under the care of Dr. Ricard, who did him some good, and he was enabled to proceed on his journey to Lyons, Marseilles, and Nice, where he resided one month. He determined to go to Naples, but got out at Genoa, and proceeded to Florence, where he remained one week; and to Rome, where he spent two weeks—all of which time he was under eminent medical treatment. He ultimately reached Naples, but the climate was so bad that he left it and went to Sorrento, then returned to Florence, where he suffered more than he had done at any period of his illness. He was advised to go the German baths, and, after nine days' painful travelling, he reached his destination. He took seven baths, which did him good; he could walk with the assistance of a cane. After he had taken seventeen baths, he left, much better, and proceeded to Paris, where he had a relapse, and again sought the advice of Dr. Ricard, who congratulated him on the general progress he had made; recommended him to try the Turkish bath, and told him to be of good cheer, and that after a long time he might recover. He came to London on May 20th, and took some hydropathic treatment. It happened that he met with Mr. Cowper, of Edgware Road, whose son was so successfully treated by Dr. Newton, as stated in the last number of this Magazine. Mr. Cowper informed Mr. Van Meter of his son's case; but Mr. Van Meter said he did not believe a word of it, and that it was all humbug. He had heard of Dr. Newton in America, and of his having cured one of his Sunday School attendants, but had never given the matter any attention, having contented himself with entertaining the popular notion that the Doctor's powers were of a delusive nature. Some one said "The power proceeded from the devil," and Mr. Van Meter replied, "Hurrah for the devil, then, if he can do good at the rate which is reported of Dr. Newton!" He was in doubts of being considered a fool for consulting Dr. Newton, and he determined on taking his friend, Dr. Smith, of Chicago, with him to see what took place. He accordingly came to the Progressive Library by appointment on Tuesday morning, May 24th, and Dr. Smith was present. The patient had walked with great difficulty from Euston Square, on his crutches, to Southampton Row—the lameness being caused by paralysis of the lower extremities proceeding from pressure of the last joint of the back upon the spinal chord, which caused him great pain as well as unfitted him for walking, except with great difficulty on two crutches. One of his legs was drawn up,

Mr. Van Meter was about to describe his case, but Dr. Newton immediately stopped him, and placed his hands on his spine, enabling him to walk at once as well as he had ever done in his life. He ran up and down stairs with ease and pleasure; went round to Euston and Tavistock Squares; visited various charitable institutions, and was now completely recovered from his painful illness.

This narrative was given by Mr. Van Meter himself in presence of Mr. H. D. Jencken, barrister, and other gentlemen, within two hours after the cure was performed. He had almost despaired of getting cured. He is now residing at 60, Euston Square, and is ready to attest the truthfulness of this statement. The crutches were left at the Progressive Library.

The Rev. Dr. Burns on the forenoon of Sunday, May 29th, after the sermon in his chapel in Edgware Road, said that having read the extraordinary cure of Mr. Van Meter in *The Medium* of last week, he waited upon that gentleman at his lodgings, and spent nearly two hours with him on the Saturday evening. He found him still enjoying the marvellous benefit he had received from Dr. Newton, having out-walked some of his friends on the previous day, and without any symptom of the old peculiar spinal pain that had compelled him to use crutches. He also stated to Dr. Burns, that Dr. Newton, when he applied to him, devoutly prayed for God's blessing to restore him, and said he felt the power present to restore him, and that this prayer was presented to God in the name of our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

The *Weekly Mail* of Cardiff publishes an account of this case and the following letter in reply to an inquiry:—

“ 60, Euston Square, June 2nd, 1870.

“ Dear Sir,—The principal parts in the article in the *Medium* are correct. Dr. Newton did place his hand on my spine, and relieve me in a few moments, and though for nine days I have been actively moving about the city, the pain has not returned, and I have been growing stronger daily. Should it return, I would ask the doctor to magnetise, mesmerise (or by whatever name you may call it), my spine again. There are certain affections which I think he can cure or relieve; but let me frankly say I no more believe there is a miraculous or spirit power in it than in a dose of pills that breaks up a fever. This hue-and-cry about spirits is ridiculous. Let the Doctor alone, and let him impart all the animal magnetism to the nervous he can, and many will be relieved.

“ With gratitude to God and Dr. Newton, I am, &c.,

“ W. C. VAN METER.”

Mr. Van Meter, it will be seen, is not a professed Spiritualist,

and this may perhaps lead some to attach the greater weight to his testimony. Whether or not Dr. Newton's cures are effected purely by animal magnetism is too large a question to discuss in this article. First, let us settle whether any such cures are effected, which it is the more important to do as some journalists deny them, and some men of science declare them to be impossible.

CASE OF MR. H. D. JENCKEN.

Mr. H. D. Jencken is well known to our readers, and is also somewhat known to the general public from the maltreatment he received in Spain last summer, an account of which was published in the newspapers. His sight was greatly injured by the brutal attack made on him. At the *soirée* to Mr. Peebles, Mr. Jencken publicly stated that Dr. Newton had fully restored his sight. On applying to him for a written statement of the case, we received the following reply:—

“Sir,—I have yours of yesterday. The facts are as follows:—I called upon Dr. Newton on the 17th May last, at his hotel (Euston Station Hotel) to pay him only a friendly visit. The scars on my face, however, soon led to my giving him an account of the cause of the injury I had received. He appeared greatly interested and spoke in a demi-trance state, partly addressing invisible beings, partly conversing with me. He said, ‘How extraordinary that you should have been saved; I can see the bright spirit that rescued you; your life was lost beyond hope but for this timely aid.’ I then named that my left eye suffered from the blow I had received on the left eyebrow,—that I had what oculists term ‘astigmatism’ setting in; *i.e.*, double vision, and sufficiently impaired to prevent my reading with the left eye, also that the field of view appeared of a brownish tint. Dr. Newton then said, ‘We will soon heal this,’ and proceeded to mesmerise me, pressing the eyeballs back into their sockets with the flat of his thumbs. I felt during the ten minutes that he mesmerised me a tingling sensation in the very centre of the eyeball. Dr. Newton finally bid me to stand up and shake off the influence, and with a benediction bade me God-speed in whatever my duties in life might be. On recovering myself, I at once put the matter to the test by reading a line or two in a newspaper. Mr. Watson, who was present, asked me to keep a record of the case; this I promised I would, adding that so soon as I felt certain that the cure was of a permanent character I would not hesitate to publish the facts. My sight has continued to improve ever since, and I can read the smallest print with the left eye. These then, are the facts; and

I unhesitatingly avow to the truth of having been cured by Dr. Newton.

"Since his arrival in England, Dr. Newton has effected many cures; a gentlemen named to me on Friday at the Royal Institution, that he knew of 23 well-authenticated instances; I will admit that these 23 cases comprise all Dr. Newton has done since his landing on our shores,—surely this alone would suffice to entitle him to the thanks of the public. The derision and noisy outcry that has greeted this healing medium, speak in volumes of the ignorance and narrowness of the public in all questions involving either new facts or new principles. If Dr. Newton cured only one in a thousand, the fact would remain, and all the gainsays in the world would not, could not affect the fact; and once that the fact of his healing power has been established, the cause—the active power that has produced, and does continue to produce, these cures—may become a fit subject for speculative inquiry.

"Truly yours,

"H. D. JENCKEN.

"June 11th, 1870."

CASE OF MR. JOHN BLACKBURN OF HALIFAX.

A very interesting case occurred at the Progressive Library on Tuesday morning, June 7. Mr. John Blackburn, the well-known medium, from Halifax, arrived in London, with a party of friends the day previous. John has been blind for eight years, so that he could only distinguish light from darkness, but could not discern any objects. Dr. Newton operated on his eyes, and almost immediately John could see the Doctor's face and beard, Mr. Burns' white waistcoat, his own wife, and in less than ten minutes a walking stick, when it was held before his face without his being apprised of its being so held. He walked about London all day, and could guide himself very well; and continues to improve. Some of John's friends were also treated for ailments, and received great relief. One from lung disease of eight years' standing, and another from very serious heart disease.

LETTER FROM MR. J. MAYNARD.

The following letter has been addressed to the Editor of the *Medium*:—

"Sir,—In reply to yours of the 28th instant, I must say that with regard to the cures performed through Dr. Newton's agency, that of James Davis, residing at 2, John's Place, North Street, Edgware Road, is very striking. He was formerly in the army,

and, about nineteen years back, he was crushed between two guns, and his hip was most severely injured. Afterwards catching cold, he found that he could not move the joint, and could not raise his foot upon a chair, and was always in very great pain, and always worked in misery. On the morning of Friday week last, I gave him permission to visit Dr. Newton, having directed him to see him. On his return to his work he could raise his leg with ease, and expressed his gratitude to me and thankfulness to Dr. Newton for the benefits received, as he says he has not been able to raise his foot from the ground more than a few inches for nineteen years. He can now touch his chest with his (formerly lame) knee with ease, and has not felt ache or pain since. His hip has resumed its proper position; there is now no protuberance as formerly. He is constantly under my eye, and I can vouch for the continuance of the cure. The little girl, Strut, of 14, Little Earl Street, who was so deaf that her parents had to halloo at her to make her hear, still continues to hear very readily. This case has been closely watched by Mr. Vere (Public House Missionary), and Mr. Moon (Secretary to Operatives' Christian Association), 35, New Church Street, Edgware Road, and although opponents, are compelled to acknowledge that the child is well. The name of Dr. Newton has been well and prominently brought forward by a man whose name and residence I have not as yet obtained. He was a frequenter of a public-house in New Church Street, kept by Mr. Hill, who used frequently to give 'Chaffy' (the name the man is known by) a shilling, on account of his not being able to use his right hand from a contraction of the joints. He is a farrier. Last Saturday he went into the house, and said, 'Look here, Mr. Hill,' at the same time opening and shutting his hand, 'this is what I can do, and all through going to see Dr. Newton.' Some persons laughed at him, and from what I can glean, they had to make themselves scarce for the time being. He is quite cured; and Mr. Hill can testify to its continuance.

"Yours, &c.,

"J. MAYNARD.

"24, Paddington Street, May 29, 1870."

DR. NEWTON AT SWINDON.

Pending the obtainment of a larger place for his operations in London, Dr. Newton paid a brief visit to Swindon, and on Sunday, May 29th, healed by the laying on of hands in the Free Christian Church of that town, given for that purpose by its pastor, the Rev. R. F. Young, who it will be remembered visited Dr. Newton in America in May, 1868, and was cured by

him. Mr. Young's narrative of his interview with Dr. Newton will be found in this Magazine for March, 1869. It is republished in the *North Wilts Herald* of the 4th ult., with the following observations:—

We make no comment upon this, for the simple reason that we cannot comprehend it. We quote it as the statement of a man who is known for his integrity and veracity, and who would be credited if expressing an opinion upon any current topic of the day or matter of business. We can vouch also for one fact, that whereas Mr. Young, previous to his journey to America, was a great sufferer, sudden attacks of illness prostrating him for days, since his return he has never been known to complain of indisposition. So patent is this fact, that many of his friends, who declined to believe in Spiritualism or healing by the laying on of hands, attribute his recovery to the beneficial effects of a sea voyage. Upon this point we can offer no comment, beyond the observation that the patient himself is the most reliable authority in such a case, and Mr. Young has expressly declared how and when he was cured. Finding Dr. Newton intended visiting England, Mr. Young extracted from him a promise that he would visit Swindon,—hence the proceedings of Sunday, which we are about to record.

The *North Wilts Herald* devotes upwards of two columns to an account of Dr. Newton's proceedings at Swindon. After commenting on the "downright ignorance and impudence" displayed "in that very peculiar print, the *Daily Telegraph*," it proceeds to shew "as a matter of fact," that similar claims of healing to those of Dr. Newton, "have been put forward at various times in the Christian era." It gives an outline of the very appropriate address in which Mr. Young introduced Dr. Newton to the congregation in his church, and of the remarks of Dr. Newton. It then says:—

We ought to add that Dr. Newton did not once in our hearing claim to be able to "work miracles," therefore to term him a "Modern Miracle-worker" is a misnomer. He more than once said he had a magnetic power which by divine aid he was able to exercise, and by its influence affect the nervous system of those he cured, adding that it was through the mind he worked. . . . It ought to be stated that Dr. Newton came to Swindon without fee or reward; that he refused to take money in any case, and insisted upon paying any expenses which might have been incurred by his visit.

Dr. Newton at the close of his remarks invited the afflicted to come on to the platform. The editor says:—

As we have felt it our duty in this matter to give only facts, we have obtained for publication a copy of a record in which is entered the name, address, disease, and opinions of the majority of persons who presented themselves to Dr. Newton. Whether they are cured; whether, if so, the cure is permanent, are questions we cannot answer. We simply publish the document for what it is worth. We will add a fact or two for which we can vouch. Thus, a man who came to the church walking with a crutch and stick, one of his legs being suspended in a sling from the neck, and requiring two men to help him on to the platform was greatly benefited. We saw him leave the church walking only with a stick, a young man bearing the crutch aloft in the rear as a kind of trophy. This person lives at Corsham, we believe, and we should like to hear from him as to his symptoms and present state. Then a deaf boy, after treatment, heard a whisper; a young man, who stammered, was able to speak with ease; a respectable tradesman of Swindon, who had a stiff knee, which he was unable to bend, was capable of kneeling with ease after treatment by Dr. Newton. In fact, he went on his

knee on retiring to his seat, at the request of friends sitting near. We also entered into conversation with a gentleman who had come some distance (from Portsmouth we believe), and who declared that he had been relieved and benefited by Dr. Newton. These are facts which came under our notice, and we give them as we witnessed. At the morning meeting the congregation was a reverent and interested one. In the afternoon the place was crowded to excess. . . . Subjoined is the list of persons who presented themselves to Dr. Newton, with a statement of their cases, &c. The record was kept by Mr. Jervis, who asked each person on entering the vestry after leaving the platform, "Are you any better?" The replies of each person are printed in *italics*. It may be stated that the entries were made in the exact words of the persons themselves, in the presence of witnesses. Here is the list:—

IN THE MORNING.

Alfred Jeffries, Paul Street, Corsham, paralysis six months—*came with crutch, walked out without it*. Charles Taylor, chapel keeper, Wesleyan Chapel, Swindon, sciatica—*"I can't say that I am."* Ann Wasley, 2, Westcott Place, stiff wrist and hand—*"He's done it good"* (crying out with joy and moving the hand). Richard Chanter, 2, Westcott Place, rheumatic hip five years—*"Werry much improved."* E. Iles, Regent Street, paralysis 17 years—*"I feel much better than when I came in. I can say that for a truth."* Mrs. H. Pafford, Portsmouth, extreme nervousness—*apparently composed, subsequently relapsed*. Thomas Howard, North Liddiard, heart disease—*"I don't feel like the same fellow."* Robert Adams, Cricklade Street, varicose veins—declined any statement as to publicity. Mary Hutton, Blunsdon, diseased heart and liver—*"My heart don't beat like it did."* William Hillman, 3, Church Place, asthma 10 years—*"Well, I feel better."* S. Leonard, Queen Street, rheumatic three years—*"I feel better."* Joseph Jacobs, Westcott Place, rheumatic for years—*"Oh yes."* Henry Carter, Shaw, eye bad from splinter—*"No better."* John Tilly, John Street, couldn't stoop 20 years—*"All right now; pick up anything."* William Stone, declined publicity. John Pilgrim, deafness 21 years—*"It's a great blessing"* (could hear low tones but not whispers). John Rowlinson, Bury, "singing" in one ear 25 years—*"I can hear a little better, but I feel the 'singing' yet."* Allen Hill, Reading Street, indigestion—*"I must prove it."* J. Reynolds, Bristol Street, deafness—*"Couldn't say."* William Nash, Mount Pleasant, tumour in neck—*not cured*. Thomas Money, Oxford Street, stuttering—*improved* (Mr. Money spoke fluently in the afternoon). George Pearce, Brunel Street, nervousness—*"Can't say I am."* Charles Prince, Uffington, stiff hip 10 years—*"I don't find it any easier than before, but still I think there's something."* William Burton, Fleet Street, defective vision—*"Very slightly."* Mary Morse, Liddiard Millicent, blind one eye—*"Can see out of it now."* Wm. Heron, Victoria Street, heart disease—*"Can't say."* William Affleck, Old Swindon, swelling at knee—*"I moved it better and knelt but cannot say as to continuance."* Eliza Stockwell, New Swindon, rheumatic—*"I don't feel it now at present."* Mr. Pafford, Portsmouth, rheumatics five years—(dancing) *"I'm better, I'm better, I'm certainly better."* J. Elliot, Queen Street, heart disease—*"I don't find any benefit."* J. James, Fleet Street, stammering—*"I must prove it by conversation."* John Yates, 4, Bridge Street, weak vision—*"I should have had to put the book closer."* Caleb Williams, Cambria Place, tic—*"Better now, I hope it will last."* Alfred Morris, Old Swindon, epileptic—*"I can't say I am."* William Ellis, Cheltenham Street, nervous—*"I feel better already."* William Wayne, Regent Street, nervous—*"I feel a little better."* William Harding, Shorthedge, crooked feet and weak legs—came with irons on. Could walk without them on coming, but replied, *"I feel ever so much better."* Mrs. Edmonds, Cheltenham Street, heart-disease—*"I think I feel better."* Ann Bowles, South Marston, bad eye—*"The light is too strong at present."* Jeffrey Robson, 27, Reading Street, deaf one ear—*"I can hear better."* J. Fairbairn, Fleetway, deafness—*"I think it's a little better."* (Dr. Newton told this gentleman that he had an ulcer in his stomach.) M. A. Croft, 3, Alma Terrace, deafness—*"I can hear you reading."* William Horstead, 1, Alma Terrace, heart disease—*"Feel breathing better, but cannot tell about lasting."* Mrs. Miller, Regent Street, swelling in throat—*"It is better, indeed."* Mrs. Millard, Westcott Place, rheumatic—*"Well, I can't find much relief."*

An equally lengthy list is appended of those who presented themselves for treatment in the afternoon, but as the cases were similar, and the proportion of those who acknowledged themselves benefited by it about the same, the foregoing may serve as a sample of the rest, and perhaps the reader will get a more accurate idea of the general results of Dr. Newton's treatment by examining a record like this, of a single morning's work, than from selected instances.

DR. NEWTON AT NOTTINGHAM.

Dr. Newton has also, during the past month, paid a brief visit to Nottingham to heal the sick. The following is from the *Nottingham Journal*:—

I did not go to the Assembly Rooms on Sunday at 9.30 a.m., but a sceptical friend of mine, who had been at the Mechanics' the night before, gave me an account of what he saw. He said he went with a thorough determination to believe Newton to be a humbug and an impostor; but that he saw some cases so wonderful and so inexplicable, cases of men known to him as ailing for years, and from apparently incurable diseases, that in the end he did not know what to think. He saw one man come into the room on crutches—having used them to his knowledge for a length of time; and he saw the same man walk out of the room crutchless. Further, he said that as there were fewer people present he had a better opportunity of studying, so to speak, the features of each case. He was convinced not one of the cases were got up, and that there was no collusion whatever between Dr. Newton and the men and women he cured. My friend is not a Spiritualist; never attended a *séance*; and is a hard-headed man of the world, who likes to have reasons for everything he hears or sees.

In the afternoon at 3.30 I went to the Assembly Rooms myself. There was a moderate audience, and from first to last I should think Dr. Newton passed thirty or forty persons through his hands. Some of them said—one woman, a sober, grey-haired, working woman, who stood close to me, among the number—that they felt better. One old man said that a pain in his back which had tormented him for months was "quite gone." One man, while the doctor was operating on him, appeared as if he was going to have a fit, but on recovering, burst out into a kind of song of praise over the mighty works which had been wrought in him. Several children were operated on; also one man nearly blind and half lame; he said he could see better, and apparently he walked better.

THE PRESS.

A generous notice of Dr. Newton appears in the *Nonconformist*. It says:—

So far as our observation extends, neither is he an impostor, nor have his efforts at healing been in all cases without instantaneous beneficial results. From cases which came within our range of vision, it appeared to us that the success of Dr. Newton was most palpable where the patients who presented themselves to him suffered from weakness of the limbs or general debility. Partial deafness, hoarseness, stiffness of the joints, lameness, partial blindness; all these disorders were removed, or appeared to be removed, in our presence in numerous instances. There was no conspiracy to defraud on the part of the patients; but there was unusual excitement, and a great straining to realise an improvement was equally evident. Certain it is that the prevailing mental atmosphere of the crowded room was one of faith in Dr. Newton's power to heal certain diseases, and that this faith was strengthened by the testimony of many who had undergone a cure. One woman was so

overcome with gratitude to the "healer" for straightening her little finger and restoring sight to her eye, which she asserted was closed when she entered the room, that she said to some one who was expressing doubts as to the genuineness of the cures, "Perhaps you think me an impostor too; I should like to kiss him, that's all." Another instance of affection called forth by the use of his healing power was that of a poor old man, who suddenly interrupted the flow of his discourse about love by throwing himself into his arms and weeping tears of joy over his shoulder, an expression of affection which the doctor seemed quite accustomed to, and returned by an equally warm embrace.

"We do not, of course, assign any of the cures, supposing them to be genuine so far as they go, to a supernatural agency, but it is more reasonable to suppose that a magnetic influence is thrown out of the body of the so-called "healing medium" than that the whole affair is a farce from beginning to end.

The *Christian World* remarks of Dr. Newton:—"The man cannot be an impostor;" but for the most part, the Press-gang goes on in the usual course of suppression, misrepresentation, and scurrility. One would have imagined that a man who had left home, family, friends, and country; who had come more than three thousand miles to heal the sick poor free of charge, and hired public halls for the purpose at his own expense, would at least be treated with common civility. But truth, and even decency of language are forgotten by our journalists in their blind rage against all who at this day lay claim to the exercise of any spiritual gift. What can be thought of a daily London journal, boasting of 'the largest circulation in the world,' having the effrontery to write of Dr. Newton in these terms:—

"The man must be stopped—by public opinion, if he is a mere crazy visionary; by Scotland Yard, if he is a rogue. We have had, of recent times, too many Yankee tricks in which there has rarely failed to be a strong infusion of disgusting blasphemy. Such jugglers have pandered long enough to the vanity and credulity of the fools in society. They have brought about quite enough of madness and misery in private life; and there is a latent inference of Spiritualism in the spurious prodigies of 'Doctor' Newton.' *He has cured no real ailment; he is obviously powerless, by the miraculous means he has the audacity to invoke, to remove a chilblain or a bunion.* His appearance under the scandalous circumstances of last week's exhibition is at once an insult to the civilization of the age, and a humiliating proof that—notwithstanding all our boasted enlightenment—a vast number of persons remain as grossly credulous, as idiotically superstitious, as the African idolators who bow down before fetishes and worship Mumbo-Jumbo.'"

Newspaper writers must indeed count largely not only on the ignorance, but on the gross credulity of their readers, or they would not dare to openly violate the eighth commandment in this reckless fashion. For our own part we would rather with the African idolator worship Mumbo-Jumbo than pin our faith to such a lying oracle as the *Daily Telegraph*.

THE REV. DR. BURNS ON "THE HEALING POWER IN THE CHURCH OF GOD."

On Sunday evening, May 22nd, the Rev. Dr. Burns, Baptist Minister, of New Church Street Chapel, Edgware Road, preached a sermon in his chapel on the above subject, taking as his text, 1 Cor. xii., 9—"The gift of healing by the same spirit." He gave a rapid review of the Scripture evidences of this gift in all ages, by Moses, the prophets, and by Jesus and his apostles. He contended that there was abundant evidence that this power was manifested in the church during the whole period prior as well as subsequent to the Reformation. He instanced the cures wrought by St. Bernard, Savonarola, and the Cure d'Ars, near Lyons. He referred also to John Wesley's journal, where various diseases, and, among the rest, cancers, had thus been cured, and where names and dates were given by that eminently holy man. He noticed the visit of Dr. Newton, whose life had been so signally useful in America, and had recently exhibited in a most remarkable manner this healing power in Liverpool, London, and other places; and defended his reputation from the aspersions of sceptics and revilers. To some of the objections he thus replied:—First, that it was mere mesmeric influence on the imagination, which he thought was as good a way of curing as any other, and much cheaper and better than by drugs, &c. Second, that Dr. Newton did not cure all; neither, said he, did Jesus. Third, that many intelligent persons did not believe in Dr. Newton: so it was with the intelligent Scribes and Pharisees, and Jesus Christ's disciples would have prevented the man casting out devils because he did not go with them whom Jesus defended, and would not forbid his work of mercy, as it was in harmony with His own good doing. (Luke ix., 4.) He concluded by saying that he had neither seen nor heard Dr. Newton, but he had seen those who had been benefited by his healing power; and as he devoted his life and strength to this, without money or any worldly advantage, we could do no other than wish him success in his work of humanity and mercy.

Dr. Burns has had the great kindness to place his chapel in New Church Street, Edgware Road, at the disposal of Dr. Newton. On and since Monday, June 27th, the Doctor has treated the sick there daily, from ten till twelve. We hope to give some account of his success in our next number.

WHAT IS A MIRACLE?

ONE result of Dr. Newton's visit to Swindon has been a revival of interest—not only in Swindon, but all around it—in the question of Spiritual gifts and “miracles.” The *North Wilts Herald* has a long and very excellent letter, headed “What is a Miracle?” from “A Spiritualist, but an Anglican,” and which has some pertinent remarks upon “the gifts usually considered miraculous.” He says:—

“If I take up my Bible, I find that our Saviour distinctly promised that power, together with other such gifts, not only to His disciples, but to the Church of the Future, without limitation of time or country, faith being the condition of their reception. He even assured them that when He should be gone to His Father, when He should have vanquished death and ascended on high to “receive gifts for men,” that He would so pour upon them His spirit and influence, that they should be able to do “greater things” than those they had seen Him do. So, that though that time has not yet come, it is scriptural to hope that an age may arise when the earth may so be filled with an enlightened faith, when the knowledge of God may so ‘cover it,’ that Christ, exalted as He is to the highest heaven, may be able to pour down upon men, and they may be able to receive such a fulness of His power that marvels of love and mercy may be accomplished, superior even to those He was able to perform while in the flesh in the condition of the world's faith at that period. The Apostles not only exercised the gifts of healing and other powers called miraculous themselves, but they evidently considered them the heritage of the Christian Church. They exhorted their converts to desire and pray for ‘spiritual gifts,’ preparing them to expect them to be various in different individuals, subject to the sovereign will of God. St. Paul distinctly enumerates these desirable gifts: prophecy, healing, speaking with tongues, discerning of spirits. It never seems to have occurred to him to suppose that these gifts would cease with the Apostles or their century. It would be as reasonable to say that the apostles believed that all their teaching applied only to their own time, as to say that the possession of these powers was limited to it by them.”

Referring to the “frequent appearance of the healing power through the Christian centuries,” and the unbroken succession of persons so gifted from the days of the Apostles to our own,” he says:—

“There may have been seasons of darkness and eclipse of faith; times when materialism was so rampant that the spirit

was quenched, and when, as of old in Israel, the 'word of the Lord was precious (or rare), and there was no open vision.' But, nevertheless, now and again, in spite of the world, the flesh and the devil, there arose a prophet, or a healer, as a witness to the truth that spirit is greater than matter, and kindred with Him who 'is a Spirit.' The legends of the saints of the Roman Church, though they may contain exaggerations and in some cases impositions, are yet most often those of the lives of persons of high aspirations and great holiness, possessing frequently those spiritual gifts mentioned by St. Paul as objects of desire and prayer."

He shews that since the Reformation, and amongst Protestants as well as amongst Romanists, these gifts have from time to time been manifested. And after thus giving a cursory view of the subject from its religious and historical side, he continues:—

"Allow me to glance, though briefly and very imperfectly, at its philosophical view.

"The teaching that healing power or any similar endowment is contrary to natural law, and a breach of it—the speaking of such events as *miracles* and *supernatural*—has done much to raise doubts, often most painful and agonizing doubts, in minds of the highest intellect and earnestness.

"Doubt is not a moral crime. It is the most terrible of trials. If there be a sin at all in the matter, it too often rests with those who check investigation, and insist upon the arbitrary reception of that against which reason and conscience revolt. To a person to whose mind God has been revealed as 'not a man, that he should repent' but as one 'without variableness or shadow of turning,' the idea of a breach of law is contrary to his highest conceptions of God. The God in whom he believes is incapable of suspending or breaking, as a mere exhibition of power and caprice, laws which, as the outcome of His nature, must be perfect.

"Moreover, physical study shows him that as a fact law is unalterable and inviolable. So that when required to hold a theological opinion at variance with the best perceptions of God, and with his scientific knowledge, he naturally and rightly refuses it. He would rather disbelieve in miracles, than disbelieve in God's perfection. And so he gets called an infidel. And though, because faithful to the reason and conscience through which God has revealed Himself to his being, he is far from deserving that opprobrious name; he yet loses much, by rejecting, together with the unreasonable form in which the dogma has been presented, its inner meaning or soul. He rejects not only all idea of breach of law; but in refusing to accept the facts and truths contained in the doctrine of miracles,

denies the occurrence from time to time of events indicating the possession of powers by the human soul which link it with the unseen; and fails to realise the grand harmonious working of the laws of a personal God—some higher, some lower—but all His, and all natural and orderly; some physical, some spiritual, but all in their course, and all pulsing with His presence in ‘whom we live and move and have our being,’ and ‘who is not far from any one of us.’

“The only solution of the difficulty appears to be the recognition of a gradually ascending scale in the realm of law, arising from the most palpable and demonstrable form of physical law to a more subtle and ethereal but equally inviolable form. The higher naturally subjects the lower. Miracles, or apparent deviations from the ordinary, tangible, and visible forms in which law manifests itself, can only be referred to the operation of a higher law, or rather to a higher form of the one great principle of universal law. One of the most earnest as well as popular writers of the day has explained clearly that one law, or one phase of law, holds good, and is infallible, until crossed and contradicted by another. He says something to this effect: ‘By the law of gravitation an apple having fallen from the tree will inevitably reach the ground. But how if I put out my hand and prevent it falling? Has law been broken or destroyed? Not at all. But another and a superior form of it has intervened. The law of my will has interrupted, it is true, the ordinary course of nature, but my will acts through the agency of physical law, and not independently of it, or in opposition to it.’ With all reverence the same may be said of the Divine Will. The law of what the Apostle calls ‘spiritual gifts’ appears to be a law so subtle and so ethereal as to be ‘border-land,’ so to speak, between the domains of matter and mind—linking them together, harmonising them so completely that it is hard to say where the one ends and the other begins, and throwing floods of light upon the old battle-grounds of the philosophers. For want of a better name we call this law *magnetic*. Magnetism is an all-pervading *world* principle, a *finer* and higher form of electricity. Some substances and some beings are more susceptible to its influence than others. Some absorb and some impart it. Some persons are, as it were, enveloped and clothed in it, and can emit its efficacy to others. It is life-giving, and therefore it can heal, soothe and restore. It is the atmosphere, rarer and purer than the heavier gaseous air about us, in which alone spirits out of the flesh and clothed in an ethereal and magnetic body can communicate with us, be they our kindred and brethren within the veil or higher angels sent on missions to earth. Through it they can influence us in dreams, by inspiration, and under certain

conditions make themselves visible to us. We see as yet 'through a glass darkly,' and know but little of these conditions. The knowledge of magnetic law, its circumstances and extent, is yet in its veriest infancy. Firmly, however, and rejoicingly do we believe that we dimly see the principle of the physical or *semi*-physical law through whose agency it has pleased God to act in the region called 'miraculous,' but which in reality is as little so as any other manifestation of the Creative Mind. In one sense, everything is a miracle. In another, nothing is miraculous. Everything is *supernatural* in one sense, for all comes from the Great Divine Mind which guides nature. Yet in another sense, there is no supernatural, for all His workings are harmonious, gradual, orderly and natural. There is nothing sensational or magical in His laws.

"The difficulty in receiving the miracles of the Bible has been to many very great, because they supposed themselves required to believe that mind or spirit had subdued matter without the action of physical law. And this in a region of physical facts they considered impossible. This appears, from his celebrated 'Essay,' to have been Professor Baden Powell's view of the case. Does not magnetism, which is a force physical, though so refined as to be impalpable, throw a ray of light upon these difficulties? Ignorant as we are of the wondrous workings of this mighty force, one thing is certain, that the possession of it and the capability of using it has *nothing whatever to do with goodness*, either as cause or effect. This should be distinctly remembered. It is easy to understand this, if we bear in mind that it is a force of a physical character, although of a rare and refined quality. History, sacred and secular, sustains this fact. In all ages there have been prophets, healers and seers; but they have not always been good men. We read of Balaam, of false prophets, of men who sold their powers for reward, and of those who communicated with devils or evil spirits.

"It must have been a strange sight in these unbelieving days—in this matter-of-fact age, where hearts are often 'dry as summer's dust,' and the gentle dew of faith and imagination has passed away—that eager, expectant throng of half curious, half hopeful sufferers—the blind, the halt, the lame—crowding to a man who had come from beyond the sea on a mission of healing; crowding to him as of yore men crowded round St. Paul, at Ephesus, to touch him or be touched by him, and even to imbibe his influence through garments which had received his contact.

"Knowing nothing personally of Dr. Newton, and having small sympathy with what I have read of his views and opinions, I do not write to support him individually. But being fully persuaded of God's power and presence yesterday, to-day and

for ever, and believing that what we call the miraculous is as simply and naturally in the order of His government as the commonest circumstance of every-day life, I would appeal to your readers not to turn contemptuously from these statements, but to receive them with the same wise and reverent patience which one of old time displayed, when he quieted the excitement of the assembly with the remarkable words, 'If this work be of men it will come to nought; but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.'

"The powers called miraculous have been from the beginning. Christ did not give these gifts for the first time; but He, as the Restorer and the great Healer of soul and body, taught men their highest aim and object—the restoration of men, spiritually and physically, the individual and the race, so as to establish the kingdom of God on earth.

"That these powers exist now, in some degree, as they have always done, is, to my mind, clear as daylight; that they would increase in quantity and quality, were there more 'faith in the earth,' I also earnestly believe. Faith, or imagination (if that name be preferred)—the faculty which makes distant things present, and which realises the ideal—may be (how know we not?) the law that augments that magnetic atmosphere in which and through whose agency these things happen. Some deep thinker has said that 'spirit makes substance.' If that be so, may not faith act upon and increase magnetism? But ours, alas! are not 'days of faith;' they are, for the most part, days of the sheerest and grossest materialism. Love of the outward, the transient, the unreal, stamp and characterise them. Nevertheless, the gift of healing and the power of communicating with the unseen lives yet in our midst, and is, or ought to be, a witness to the truth of the sacred records, and another proof that God is not dead, or asleep like Baal; neither is 'His arm shortened that He cannot save' now in the nineteenth century, as of old in Israel. I grant fully that, in an age such as this, great caution should be used in exercising such powers. We know so little about the conditions under which they may effect good, and so much harm may be done by failure, that to boast loudly of their possession is to exhibit a zeal untempered with discretion. Every opportunity for fair investigation should be given. Admitting the possibility and probability of these facts, there always remains the necessity for testimony and proof. Whether the cures attempted by Dr. Newton in your town will abide strict scrutiny, it is not in my power to decide. Except in the case of Mr. Young, their permanency, at least, has not been proved."

FAREWELL SOIRÉE TO MR. PEEBLES.

ON Thursday evening, June 9th, a *Farewell Soirée* was given to Mr. Peebles at the Cavendish Rooms, previous to his departure for the United States. Nearly 300 persons were present. Flowers, plants, and evergreens, with spirit-drawings and paintings decorated the rooms. Many objects of art and interest were exhibited, including some choice photographs, and a collection of crystals and mirrors, and some rare and valuable books and MSS. on the occult sciences. The speeches were interspersed with music, song, and recitation. During the evening Mrs. Varley, on behalf of the ladies, presented Mr. Peebles with a purse of gold, and a photographic album containing portraits of the Royal Family, and of many of our leading statesmen, artists, and men of letters. After tea the chair was taken at 8 o'clock by Mr. H. D. Jencken, Barrister-at-law.

Mr. JENCKEN, in opening the meeting said :—" We have met this evening to say farewell to Mr. Peebles, to whom we are so much indebted for the exertions he has made in the cause of Spiritualism. He has not only organised the Sunday evening services in this room—services of no sectarian type, but free, liberal, and comprehensive; but in many provincial towns—at Norwich, Halifax, Bradford, and elsewhere, he has promoted similar services, and successfully laboured to make the truths of Spiritualism better understood. In a few days, however, he leaves us, which he does with our heart-felt wishes and kind words, bidding him speed safely home; but also to come back to us, when we shall again meet him with a hearty welcome."

Mr. Jencken then read the translation of a letter to Mr. Peebles from the President of the " Société Parisienne des Etudes du Spiritisme," which concluded with remarking—" It appears to us exceedingly important that, instead of remaining divided by national differences, all those who are animated by a common faith should enter into a communion of heart and of intelligence, and that the great movement of Spiritualism should thus assume an international character. Moved by this sentiment, our society desires to count you among its members, and begs you to accept the title of Corresponding and Honorary Member, which it is happy to offer you."

The CHAIRMAN then called on Mr. Thomas Shorter to propose the following resolution :—

" That this meeting heartily expresses its warm appreciation of the distinguished services of Mr. J. M. Peebles as a lecturer, author, and eloquent expounder of the important truths and high moral teachings of Spiritualism."

Mr. Shorter said :—" I have great pleasure in being with you this evening, to express, in the terms of the resolution, my warm appreciation of the distinguished services of Mr. J. M. Peebles as a lecturer, author, and eloquent expounder of the important truths and high moral teachings of Spiritualism ; and in that expression I am sure you will all most cordially concur. I feel the more satisfaction at being present on this occasion as I was unavoidably absent at the reception given to Mr. Peebles on his arrival in this country. I have, however, an advantage now which I could not have had then. I, indeed, knew him as an elegant, scholarly writer—an earnest and able worker, always spoken of to me by mutual friends in terms of the highest commendation ; but I had not then the privilege of personally knowing him, and of witnessing in social intercourse those frank and genial qualities, that cheerful disposition and kindly nature, which have so endeared him to us all. Of the value of his public ministrations in this place you, who have attended them during the last four months, are fully qualified to judge. I have not been able to attend them regularly, but I have attended them sufficiently to make me regret that I have not been able to avail myself more fully of those opportunities of hearing the excellent discourses Mr. Peebles has delivered. The predominant impression left on my mind by those I have heard has but confirmed that received from personal intercourse with him to which I have referred. It is not so much what he has said, though he has said many excellent things, which we should all do well to remember, and be all the better for remembering, which we should not only carry about in our memory, but carry out in our life ; but that which has most impressed me has been the true catholic spirit, the Christian temper he has evinced,—combining firmness in the assertion of principle with suavity and gentleness in so presenting it as to win the affections no less than to convince the judgment. He has presented truth in the spirit of truth—which is the spirit of charity. He has given us an example of absolute mental independence—the utmost freedom of thought and expression combined with the most reverential feeling and with all respect for those whose theological opinions may, in some important respects, differ from his own. He has shown not only that these qualities are compatible, but that they blend in perfect harmony—that the one is the natural product of the other ; for an enlightened reverence—that highest reverence we owe to God—naturally leads us to respect all whom He has formed in the image of His own Divine nature and who therefore are, measurably, partakers of His spirit ; and to look with charity even upon what we may regard as the errors of those who still are seeking more perfectly to know and to do His will. This

union of knowledge and reverence, this blended action of free intellect and religious feeling seems to me pre-eminently the great need of our present age. We have many men who know much of many things; who can count the stars of heaven, and classify the products and inhabitants of the earth and of the sea; who can tell why the grass is green and why the sky is blue, and talk learnedly of the genesis of life and its developments; but who seem touched with no sense of awe and unutterable wonder at the mystery which life presents, no feeling of reverence as before an Infinite Presence—a Holy and Eternal Love which, like the blue sky, bends over all;—One in whom we live and move and have our being;—One with whom we can hold communion, and in whose faithfulness we can trust;—a consciousness which, when deeply felt, thrills the heart, causing it to raise the grateful prayer or hymn of praise, or to muse in silent worship. On the other hand, how many persons there are of sincere and fervent but narrow piety, with no ample stores of varied knowledge, no large and liberal culture, no intellectual expanse with horizon stretching out towards the infinite, but who sluggishly move through life, pacing round and round and never passing out of or beyond the old narrow tracks of custom and tradition. We want neither an undevout science nor an ignorant devotion. It is not good, but most harmful to the individual and to society for either the spiritual offertories or the intellectual faculties to remain thus torpid. Let us not pamper any one portion of our nature, and allow another to go lean and starved. We want both mind-culture and soul-culture:—

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music.

That is the true music of the spheres. The music of angels—music to the heavenly song of ‘Peace on earth, good-will to men;’ for these will naturally flow from a well-balanced, harmoniously developed nature. That is the true ‘Harmonial Philosophy,’ whether it be that so-called or not; and this is the philosophy of which, if I rightly interpret him, our friend is the able exponent.

“We have to-night on the platform our good brother Dr. Newton, who is doing so much in the cure of physical disease; but there are other diseases and infirmities than those of the body, and which are more difficult of cure. To unseal the blind eyes of ignorance, to unstop the deaf ears of prejudice, to restore vigour to the paralyzed affections, and cause the vital currents of spiritual life to freely flow through all the veins and arteries of the moral nature—this, indeed, so far as we can be

mediums for its accomplishment, is more truly 'miraculous' than any healing of bodily disease, for spiritual disease is of our inner nature, and has its source and spring in the very fountains of our life. This is the other side of the gift of healing, its necessary complement and completion. This spiritual healing is the work in which our honoured guest has been as it seems to me more especially engaged amongst us. He has sought to allay irritation of feeling, to soften the asperities of controversy, to exorcise the evil demons of anger and resentment, to do the blessed work of the peacemaker, and to enforce the importance and urgent need of working out those essential truths in which we agree, instead of wrangling over those things concerning which we differ.

"There is one consideration which qualifies the pleasure of our present meeting. This is a *Farewell Soirée*: there is always a tone of sadness in that word *farewell*—and yet it has another side—it is a word very beautiful and full of meaning; with us, at least, I am sure it is most appropriate and expressive; for wherever our friend may be, whether personally present with us, or absent from us, our hearts' sincere wish towards him is, and will ever be—fare you well! It is true we anticipate with lively satisfaction that our friend will ere long return—we hope with renovated health—to carry on the good work he has so well begun—not only here in London but in the provinces. It is however barely possible that all within the sound of my voice will ever on earth meet again; but it is one of the consolations of our philosophy and our faith that no bodily absence, no mountain barrier or interposing ocean, or even change of worlds can effectually separate those who are one in sympathy and in soul. The 'Communion of Saints' affirmed by the Church is but the theological form of expression of a universal truth. It is to me one of the most beautiful and beneficent dispensations of Providence that gradually, as we advance in life, the balance of attraction changes, drawing us with steadily increasing force from the natural to the spiritual world. In the early hours of our brief day of mortal life we are surrounded by kindred and playmates, friends and lovers, all is hope and promise, flowers spring up in our path, the lark carols joyfully his matin-song, and no cloud dims our bright blue sky; but as the sun passes its meridian and the shadows lengthen before us, and the cool hours of eventide draw on, friend after friend departs, the father's protecting arm is no longer around us, we feel not the mother's nightly kiss upon our cheek, nor hear the ringing laughter and the merry voices of our early home; the balance has turned, and now dips ever more heavily to the other side;—as this world recedes from us, the other looms larger and draws nearer, and as our pilgrim feet near the broad and shining river that rolls

between, loved voices call to us, and the angel-forms of the departed stretch forth eager arms to welcome us, and we are ready to exclaim with Simeon of old, 'Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace!' We need not, however, wait for the Death-angel to usher us into the heavenly kingdom; we may, if we will, enter into heaven here, and now; or, rather, we may let it enter into us; for, as a great philosopher has said, 'Certainly it is Heaven upon Earth for a man's mind to move in Charity, trust in Providence, and rest upon the poles of Truth.'"

Mr. WILLIAM TEBB, in seconding the resolution, said:—"Like my friend Mr. Shorter, I had not the satisfaction of being present at the reception given by the Spiritualists of this metropolis to our guest, Mr. Peebles, last September; but I am happy to second the resolution which has been proposed, and to unite my testimony with that of others to the value of the services he has rendered to the cause of Spiritualism during his sojourn amongst us.

"At the meeting held in this hall last Sunday evening, Mr. Peebles gave us an interesting *resumé* of the course he has adopted at these Sunday evening meetings, which, I am bound to say, he has faithfully carried out. He has brought before us some of the most interesting and remarkable facts in the history of modern Spiritualism, some of which have occurred in the speaker's own experience, while others have been authenticated by men and women whose testimony on any ordinary subject would be admitted by any court of justice in the world. He has also explained to us the philosophy which underlies those facts, and shown us that Spiritualism teaches the law of unceasing progress in the spirit world. In these discourses Mr. Peebles has said little concerning dogmas of the churches, the belief in which is supposed by many to be so essential for our future happiness:—I mean the dogmas of original sin, total depravity, vicarious atonement, endless misery, and the like. I fear his orthodoxy would scarcely pass unchallenged if tested by any of the accustomed standards: Indeed, I am not sure but that, like one Paul of old, he would be considered a pestilent fellow and a setter-up of strange doctrines. But somehow, in these discourses, he has contrived to tell a good deal concerning those Divine teachings enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount about righteousness, peace, purity, and mercy. If he has failed to read us the accustomed lessons from the sins of Nebuchadnezzar, and the Jews, he has not forgotten the shortcomings of our own time, the greed for gain, the worship of fashion, and the spirit of *caste* which prevails amongst us, drawing hard and fast lines of demarcation between one human being and another, to the detriment of all; and I think that this direct preaching—this appli-

cation of the teachings of Christianity and Spiritualism—to the evils that surround us is just what we most need, and is best calculated to further our real progress.

“We may not agree with all that Mr. Peebles has said. Some of us may have felt that our religious convictions have been at times rather severely dealt with, perhaps because they were a little misapprehended, or not fully understood; but all will admit that he has awakened a greater interest in Spiritualism, and we all regret that circumstances compel him to leave us. Mr. Peebles has so often expressed the kindest feelings towards Englishmen both in public and in private conversation during the time he has been with us, that I cannot refrain from telling him how deeply and sincerely his good wishes are reciprocated, not only towards himself, but towards Americans generally. If there is one nation to which we are bound by stronger ties than another that nation is America, and I hope and believe those bonds will never be broken. We all know that there has been some angry feeling arising out of complications connected with the late war-- or, as I prefer to call it, the great slaveholder's rebellion—but these difficulties I hope are in a fair way towards amicable settlement. America has lately emancipated four millions of human beings, and is now sending an army of teachers from the Northern States to instruct them. England has just extended the franchise to the householder, and the Government this year will, it is believed, pass an Educational Bill adequate for our needs, so that the English householder and his children be not left behind the enfranchised American negro. Both nations have enough to do in the work of social improvement and the promotion of international good-will. If there is to be contention and rivalry, let it be in the extension of commerce, the promotion of arts and sciences, the spread of education, and in all those civilizing influences which go to make up the happiness of nations. I conclude by wishing Mr. Peebles ‘God-speed,’ and assuring him that he carries with him the warmest sentiments of friendship and good-will towards himself and fellow-countrymen.”

The resolution having been unanimously adopted, the Chairman called on the Rev. Jabez Burns, D.D., of Paddington, to move as the second resolution:—

“That Mr. Peebles be cordially invited to return to this country as soon as convenient to him, to further the good work of spiritual enlightenment and organisation in London and the provinces, which he has so devotedly and successfully inaugurated during the last four and a half months.”

The Rev. JABEZ BURNS said:—“The resolutions that have been read by the Chairman I heartily concur in. I am not accustomed to attend your meetings, in fact, I may say I find

myself in a new circle to-night. I have not had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Peebles' addresses, but with Mr. Peebles I am charmed and delighted. In fact, I may say that, on our introduction I fell in love with him at first sight. I was exceedingly delighted with the first address delivered from the platform. It thoroughly met my views of promulgating truth of any and every kind. I am sure whatever in Spiritualism is true will abide, and if there be anything in your movement that may not be exactly true, I am sure you do not wish it to abide. If you are advocates of truth, so am I—and of every kind of truth. I not only *ask* what is truth? but wish to *find* it, and I anxiously *seek* it, and I am willing to pay for it; for the truth must be bought, and is never gained except at a sacrifice. Prejudices and a great many preconceived views must be surrendered; and then when we have found the truth, let us be honest enough to avow it. It not only requires great self-denial to possess it; but great courage to profess it. Let us be manly enough to profess what we believe to be true and not be ashamed of it—then the God of truth will not be ashamed of us. I have been especially pleased with what has been said as to the spirit in which truth should be advocated. It is possible to have truth, yet by being harsh in asserting it to be its bitterest enemy—for truth is bathed in love and if sought in love then truth will be lovely. I shall be rejoiced to hear that Mr. Peebles comes back from America. I know that country. Twenty years ago I was one in a deputation of ministers to that country, and when we left America we had a *soirée* in Boston, when many ladies and gentlemen were present and wished us adieu, therefore I can sympathise with Mr. Peebles in the position in which you have placed him. Now I pray for the uninterrupted continuation of peace with America. I have often heard it said, 'America and England against the world,' but I say America and England for the world, in commercial enterprise, the advance of science, trade, and the happiness of the world. The nations of the world are nearer each other than they have ever been before. I should like to return to America to travel the length of the great line of railway that has been recently opened. It would not then take many days to go to China, and it would then be but a short distance to Japan, and thence one could return home by way of New Zealand and Australia. All this could be done in less time than it took Whitfield to go to the United States.

"I hold that it is one of the grand fruits of your mission to bind men and women together in holy charity. The kingdom of heaven is a spiritual kingdom that cometh upon us sweetly and gently as the dew, as the light of heaven, whose silent movement breaks upon our world, dispersing the darkness of the night, yet

comes with such gentleness that it does not disturb the sleeping of the infant. All light, especially spiritual light, must have this meekness, loveliness, and gentleness. Now, let us seek the truth; and, having obtained it, hold to it, and have the manliness to profess it, and by God's grace, let us all labour to make the world happier. I am fond of reading to my own congregation of healing in the Church. I bless God that I stand on the platform with one to whom God has been so gracious in giving this gift. God bless Dr. Newton, God bless Mr. Peebles—thank you for your patience—I heartily move the resolution.”

Mr. JAMES BURNS, in seconding the resolution, said :—“ I do not repine at Mr. Peebles leaving us, but rather am thankful that he ever came. To grieve would be selfishness,—ingratitude ; but my heart is full of joy and gladness at the wealth of affection which I feel for the guest of the evening. And I know that this love I can retain for ever, unless it is forfeited by my own unworthiness. Mr. Peebles is a living embodiment of the cosmopolitan genius of Spiritualism which owns all men as brothers, and the wide universe of God as the home of the human soul. I hope to see Mr. Peebles in London again soon, but I know that he is under the constant and special care of dear friends in the spirit world, who through him, have a work to do for humanity. I feel, therefore, that it will be well with our friend wherever he may be. God and good angels are with him.” Taking Mr. Peebles by the hand, the speaker concluded in the words of the motto on the wall :—“ I live in hopes to see thy face and grasp thy hand again.”

The resolution having been carried with acclamation, Mr. PEEBLES spoke as follows :—“ It seldom falls to the lot of a mortal to experience a moment so full of real enjoyment as this—when rising to return thanks for the honour you have done me upon this occasion—an occasion to me of both joy and sadness. It is not so much myself you intend to honour as the heavenly principles of the spiritual philosophy of which I am but a humble advocate. Your terms of commendation, I fear, are above my deserts, however sincerely and conscientiously I may have advocated the truth and discharged my duty as a public teacher. Still, fully appreciating them, I shall most gratefully treasure your kind words and expressions of goodwill in the silent memory chambers of my soul's sanctuary—treasure them as the generous overflow of hearts that beat in unison with mine, and whose aspirations are to promote the best mental and spiritual interests of a common humanity. Looking around, it quite overjoys me to see so many familiar faces, so many noble-souled Englishmen, some of whom have already made their mark upon this illustrious age in science and literature—so

many kind-hearted and earnest believers in the ministry of angels—those angels of God who delight in returning to earth to demonstrate immortality and aid their mortal brothers and sisters in their weary journeyings towards the shores of the better land. The sympathy and friendship of such a congregation as I see before me this evening constitute the proudest laurels a man can win. Be assured I shall wear them in my heart of hearts till I meet you in the upper kingdoms of eternity, where affection is power, where love is life, and life a perpetual growth in the good, the beautiful, and the true. The presentations are most acceptable. I shall endeavour to prove myself worthy, not only of your friendship, but of the valuable gifts which you have been so kind as to tender me.

“The address of the Rev. Dr. Burns, when speaking of Whitfield, reminds me of this anecdote. Whitfield, when speaking once, in one of the States of America, suddenly stopped and turned his eyes heavenward, exclaimed, ‘Father Abraham, are there any Baptists in heaven?’ ‘No!’ was the response. ‘Are any Methodists in heaven?’ ‘No!’ ‘Any Presbyterians?’ ‘No!’ ‘Any Churchmen?’ ‘No!’ ‘Any Unitarians?’ ‘No!’ ‘Who are in heaven then?’ Father Abraham replied, ‘They are all Christians—that is, good men. They have left their sectarian names and dogmatic theologies all behind them.’ Beautiful is this spirit of charity which crops out from progressive souls in all lands and climes. I cannot let this occasion pass without thanking the ladies for their efficiency in conceiving and executing the arrangements upon this occasion. It has been truthfully said that woman is first in every good word and work—it is certain that she was last at the Cross and first at the grave of the risen Saviour. Woman’s influence has swayed sceptres, dethroned rulers, and ever exercises an uplifting, a healing, and holy influence. Though oceans roll between us, though mountains lift their hoary heads to separate us, I shall never forget the warmth of English hearts, nor the social enjoyments of English homes; and though I should never meet you again face to face upon the shores of mortality, it is to me a beautiful thought that I shall meet you, know you, and love you in that world of immortality where farewells are never heard, and where friendships and soul unions are eternal.”

The CHAIRMAN said he knew they would all be glad to hear a few words from Dr. Newton, and related his own cure by Dr. Newton, as given on another page of our present number.

Dr. NEWTON said:—“Many thanks to the Chairman for his kind words. Although a vast amount of good must have been done by me, I do not claim the honour: it is not I that do these things; the angels tell me so and I believe them. I believe also

that the same power to do good exists to-day as in the olden time. Christ said, 'Verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, greater works shall he do, because I go to the Father.' And now He has gone to the Father, and we can do like Him if we live like Him. The healing power is a great gift, and one that will yet work great wonders in your land. I have dropped a little leaven amongst you; it is working, and will continue to work. Like ripples on the water, the healing influence passes from shore to shore, even to the ends of the earth. I thank you for your kind reception of me, and I thank you still more for your kindness to Mr. Peebles."

The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to the Ladies' Committee and all who had co-operated with them in the arrangements for the *soirée*, and to the Chairman.

THE LATE MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

IN the *Spiritual Magazine*, March 1867, I spoke of Mr. Charles Dickens in the following terms:—

"I am one of the multitude of Englishmen who feel proud of the well-earned fame of Charles Dickens, but I have ever felt a deep regret that he should have allowed the pages of his excellent miscellanies to be marred by the puerilities which have from time to time been contributed on spiritual subjects by his subordinates, and still more so that he should have himself descended to ridicule a truth which he had not investigated, and which as a consequence he could not understand; and now when his acknowledged genius stands above the world's contumely, if he has discovered his error, *as I have reasons to believe he has*, it is painful to think that he has not the moral courage to avow it. . . . Are we on the eve of another *revival* in this kingdom, whose centre shall be this modern Babylon, and its leaders the materialistic writers of the present day? . . . I ask the question, however, in solemn earnestness, *for I know of one case at least of marvellous character, but of which I am not permitted to speak at present*, and there are doubtless others, of which we shall hear in due time."*

The allusion I have marked in *italics*, refer to a very significant incident which occurred to Charles Dickens a few

* Sir David Brewster has proved to be one of these cases. See *Spiritual Magazine*, May, 1870, p. 206.

years ago, and which, with the original letters before me, I am now about to explain.

In the year 1861, there appeared in *All the Year Round*, No. 125, p. 580, "Four Ghost Stories." Mr. H——, with whom I am personally acquainted, and who was not at that time a Spiritualist, wrote to Mr. Dickens to say that the first story relating to the strange experience of a "well-known English artist, Mr. H——, was *his* story, and that it was very imperfectly told; in proof of which he sent Mr. Dickens the original MS., and expressed a fear that there had been a betrayal of confidence on the part of the only person to whom he had entrusted it, with a view to publication, and who had returned it, as "it was far too extraordinary" for the general tenor of his publication.

Mr. Dickens replied to Mr. H—— in the following kindly terms:—

"Gad's Hill Place,
"Sunday, Fifteenth September, 1861.

"Dear Sir,—Allow me to express to you the sincere regret I feel that your most remarkable story (which I have read with great interest), should have been innocently presented in the pages of my journal. At the same time, I must add that your own version of the experience is so very curious, and so much more striking than the account sent to me that I shall be happy to publish it in *All the Year Round*, if you should feel disposed to entrust it to me for that purpose.

"I received the story published in that journal first among the 'Four Ghost Stories,' from a gentleman of a distinguished position, both literary and social, who, I do not doubt, is well known to you by reputation. He did not send it to me as his own, but as the work of a young writer in whom he feels an interest, and who had previously contributed (also through him) another ghost-story). I will immediately let him know what correspondence I have had with you, and you shall be made acquainted with the nature of his reply.

"You may be quite certain I feel sure that there has been no betrayal of confidence on the part of any one connected with the magazine for whom you reserved your story. It must have been repeatedly told (though probably never correctly) in more circles than one. It happens that Mr. Layard is staying here with me, and instantly recognised the version printed in *All the Year Round* as a version of a story he heard at Sir Edward Lytton's, in Hertfordshire, some time since.

"As I do not feel myself authorised in retaining your MS. without your consent I beg to return it herewith. But I am anxious to repeat my readiness to purchase it for publication in *All the Year Round* as the authentic story. Its interest seems

to me to be heightened, rather than impaired, by its having been imperfectly told.

"Again expressing my regret that I should have been, however innocently and unconsciously, the cause of a moment's annoyance to you.

"I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

To this very courteous and considerate note Mr. H—— replied, stating how flattered he felt by Mr. Dickens' desire to publish his story, but still he could not bring himself to think that the MS. had not been seen by the person who sent the first version of the story, for the reason that the exact date, 13th September, 1858, had been given. Mr. Dickens' reply enhances the value and adds to the strangeness of this very remarkable story.

"Gad's Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent,
"Friday, Seventeenth September, 1861.

"Dear Sir,—I think I can shew you in a very few words not only that your lingering suspicion is groundless, but that everything associated with your strange experience would seem to be extraordinary.

"In the version I received and published *there was no date*. All that was set down as to time was 'late in the autumn'*—when I came to revise the story in the proof for press, the need of some precise date was so clear to me, that I myself inserted on the margin of the proof the date you find in the published narrative. Why that date should have come into my head rather than any other I am profoundly unable to say. Mr. Layard remembers that it is more than a year since he heard Sir Edward Lytton tell the story, and he says he has a strong impression that he laid it on the table in writing. Moreover, Mr. Layard is convinced that he has since seen it in print, though he cannot recollect where. I have written to Sir Edward to ask him how he came of it. His answer will, no doubt, have an interest for you, and I will let you know the purport in due course. † I read Mr. Layard your own account, and he was quite clear in his remembrance that Sir Edward's version of it fell as far short as my contributor's does. I think it would be best to call it 'Mr. H——'s own Narrative,' or 'Mr. H——'s own Evidence,' and I will introduce it with a few lines referring to the version already

* It was shown to Mr. H—— afterwards that the first MS. came to Mr. Dickens with these words: "Late in the autumn, in the memory of persons still living," so that it might have referred to any time within half a century.

† In a subsequent letter Mr. Dickens says, Sir Edward Lytton received *his* version in writing from Mr. Edmund Ward.

printed, and calling attention to it as being the authorised story given at first-hand. There is no doubt that it ought to appear as soon after the wrong version as possible. I will therefore place it in the number I shall make up to-morrow, which will be published to-morrow fortnight. I will send you a proof from the office in the course of to-morrow, and must ask you to have the kindness to return it on Thursday, as we publish simultaneously in America and London, and the sheets go across the Atlantic by the next mail.

“Dear Sir, faithfully yours,

“CHARLES DICKENS.

“I observed in your narrative that you mention the young lady’s eating the beef and drinking the claret. Do you remember whether the joint was placed on the table, or carved on the sideboard? and whether you seemed to see the figure served as the three mortals were, or seemed to find it already carved without noticing the process?”

“Mr. H——’s own Narrative” was transferred to the pages of this Magazine (Vol. II., December, 1861), with some remarks by the Editor, tending to shew that he was inclined to look upon it as a clever fiction:—“There are two incidents in this narrative which require a good digestion. The hearty meal which the spirit is said to have made, and the entire silence observed by Mr. H——, who does not appear to have addressed a single observation to his mysterious travelling companion during the time he sat with her at table. Mr. Dickens, however, has allowed the story to pass without comment, and it would ill become us to be too critical. Had *we* ventured to originate such a story, it would have been treated by the outside world as pure fiction.”

But the Editor of the *Spiritual Magazine*, like myself, is not “a medium.” Charles Dickens *most probably was*, and as such he would be more ready to accept this mysterious story, which may have been akin to others of a similar character of his own experience. It is certain that of late years he has encouraged the dissemination of spiritual or ghost stories which would have been more suited to the pages of this Magazine than those of his own journal,* and it remains to be seen, when his biography shall be written, whether he had not, like Sir David Brewster, a *dual* nature,† with one side of which he fostered popular prejudices, and the other he gave to the serious consideration of more

* See for example the Christmas number of *All the Year Round*, 1867, “The Signalman,” by Charles Dickens, and “The Engineer,” by Miss Edwards.

† Mrs. Gordon, Sir David Brewster’s daughter, who has just published his biography, says:—“His character was peculiarly liable to misconstruction, from its distinctly *dual* nature.”

recondite subjects, which he could only discuss with such men as Lord Lytton and Mr. Austin Layard.

No "chapter of accidents," or "singular coincidence," would reasonably account for the extraordinary fact of Charles Dickens fixing upon the exact date when revising the first version of Mr. H——'s Narrative; and probably that more than one such incident has occurred in his experience which can only be explained by the spiritual theory, and these mysterious occurrences coupled with his splendid genius prove, to my mind, that Charles Dickens was—though perhaps unconsciously for a great part of his life—a highly-gifted medium.

He had always a leaning to ghost stories, but he generally destroyed their value by accounting in his way for all mysterious sounds and spectral appearances, and in the earlier discussions on Spiritualism in this country, he exercised his powerful pen to satirise and cast ridicule upon the whole subject.

With a man of so candid and generous a disposition, I am forced to believe he was honest in his opposition, the more so that since the staggering incident of 1861, "which he was profoundly unable to explain," and which probably awakened him to a sense of the reality of other mysteries, Charles Dickens wrote nothing, and I believe published nothing to discredit Modern Spiritualism or the general history of the supernatural.

MANIFESTATIONS OF MUSIC, VOICES, DIRECT DRAWING AND WRITING.

IN recording my memoranda of these manifestations, in June, September and December last year, I left readers to make comments for themselves. I may permit myself, however, to say here that these manifestations bring home to me more than any others the fact of the fineness of the veil between the visible and invisible. They also vividly stamp into it the truth that they who have passed to the other side of the veil have not lost the mental characteristics common to humanity. Some have objected that such manifestations are not high; that means, I suppose, not high enough for the objectors. Some people seem unable to comprehend the distinction between high and high-flown. Facts are of high or low value according to the use they are put to; some are useful in the foundation, others in the superstructure of a high or spiritual philosophy, and hence all are equally worthy of observation and study. But this particular order of manifestation has to me this special value, that in it the *active* participation of the medium is at *nil*, and the passive at *minimum*.

With respect to the darkness objection, enquirers have to learn to see with the eye of the mind; a preliminary, or simultaneous, study of spirit-phenomena in which absence of physical light is not a condition is in all cases advisable.

I now resume the current of my Notes :—

Oct. 14.—Present this evening—Mrs. Fossett, Mr. Maurice, of the Dialectical Society, Mr. Morse, Mr. Bertram, Mr. Derryman. Mr. Edward Childs was the medium. We heard, as soon as the gas was lowered, four voices—those of Amos Ferguson, Joseph Campion, Ebenezer Wyatt, and Alonzo Bates. After the usual introductions between them and the strangers, Amos called for “light,” and on the table in front of Mr. Derryman was lying a high office stool which had been noiselessly removed from a corner of the room. On the light being lowered, Amos said they wished to prove their presence to Mr. Derryman; then he call for light again, and we saw the medium seated on the floor and his chair on the stool. Amos seemed to know that this sort of evidence suited Mr. Derryman’s mind, and the chair and stool were noiselessly removed here and there several times, until the medium said he had had enough; and to prevent the chair from being taken from under him again, he drew his handkerchief round his arm and chair back, and knotted it. Immediately the gas was turned off, the medium called out; he was again on the floor, and his chair with the knotted handkerchief on it, as he had tied it, upon the table. This sort of thing ceased on Mr. Derryman saying that he was satisfied that these evolutions were done by invisible agents.

In addition to the expected singing and recitations, Alonzo recited some verses which he designated the “Sceptic’s Alphabet,” embodying the hostile comments upon the case of “Lyon v. Home.” It was original to all present.

Oct. 29.—This evening a circle assembled more numerous by one-third than any I had been at. Mr. Edward Childs was the medium. No manifestation until some of the greatest strangers withdrew; then, on lowering the gas, the usual voices came freely. Amos devoted his attention again to giving further evidence to his “honest sceptical friend, Mr. Derryman,” and so the noiseless evolutions of the stool were repeated. The stool was then placed feet upwards on the table, and hyacinth glasses from the mantel-piece perched on its feet; then noiselessly the glasses were replaced and the stool laid on the floor on its side by Mr. Derryman’s chair.

Ebenezer, while this was going on, had smart things to say to every one. Alonzo recited for Mr. Luxmoore, who was present, the “Sceptic’s Alphabet.” Ebenezer said the sceptics must not have it all their own way, so he had asked Amos to

compose a reply from a spiritualist's point of view. Amos said the influence was disturbed by our thoughts referring to those who had withdrawn, and before Alonzo repeated that he must ask Mrs. Verkrützen, a lady present, to harmonize the influence by singing. Mrs. Verkrützen sings charmingly, and we all expressed our thanks, but the warmest were those of the invisibles, and they asked her to sing another and another, Alonzo singing alternately with her, ending with the recitation of the "Spiritualist's reply" to the "Sceptic's Alphabet."

In the course of the evening, Mr. Childs asked Amos if the excluded visitors might return; Amos said he was sorry to say their presence would cause a cessation of the power.

Mr. Morse, a seeing medium, was present and described the personal appearance and dress of some of the spirits, and his description was agreed to by two of them—Ebenezer and Alonzo.

Nov. 11.—The visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Crookes, Mr. Mc Millan, and Mrs. Verkrützen. Many minutes elapsed before the raps came, which is the signal for lowering the gas. When we heard the voices, Amos said the reason of the delay was from Edward's anxiety for Austin's coming; that he must dismiss him from his mind. Mr. Mc Millan was invited by Amos to sit close to the table, as they wanted to test his influence. The movements of the office stool and hyacinth glasses were repeated; when the light was lowered, while they replaced the objects, we heard the glasses fall, one of them on to the floor; Ebenezer's voice said, "You'll see that we know how to prevent falling things from breaking." The glass was uninjured. Amos said, "It's Mr. Mc Millan's influence that has enabled us to move the stool and glasses. Edward can't settle down from Austin's not coming; will Mrs. Verkrützen kindly harmonize the influence by singing?" She did so.

After repeatedly thanking her, Amos said, "George, Mr. McMillan is a medium for music. Put the instruments on the table. A pupil of Sancto's is here and he will attempt to play. Tune the violin. Now, Edward, hold it in the direction of Mr. McMillan, as near to him as you can." The instrument, thus held resting on the table, the shoulder upwards, was bowed and fingered very correctly, and piece followed piece in better and better tune, until one out of *Il Trovatore* was so much admired that a repetition was solicited. Just as our new player was getting fervid, a messenger came for one of the circle, this disturbing the influence the manifestations were brought to a close. The profession of the mediums is very foreign from music, indeed they know nothing about it except that they like it as most people do.

Nov. 18.—The visitors Mrs. Verkrützen, Mr. Chinnery of

Paris, Mr. Ivimey, Mr. B. Coleman, and Mr. Field. The mediums Mr. E. Childs and Mr. Mc Millan.

In addition to the usual six voices, giving the established kind of manifestations we had another to-night giving imitations of well-known actors of Shakespearian characters, and of some of the speakers at the Gower Street Conferences, all remarkable for their exact reproduction. On the invisible speaker ceasing the imitation of Mr. Pearce, who related the particulars of the realization of a dream by his grandmother, Alonzo said, "My friend has made a slight omission in Mr. Pearce's speech which with his permission I will fill up." He did so, and the omission was called to mind by those who had been present.

The phenomena had lasted an hour and a half when a visitor, who had more than once commented coldly upon the efforts of our invisible friends, suggested some different manifestations, when the phenomena ceased rather abruptly before the usual time.

Nov. 20.—Mr. and Mrs. Childs called on us this evening, announcing a friendly call of our three medium friends, who presently followed. After supper, we sat as usual, and were soon made sensible of an addition to our constant invisible band, announced by Amos as Penelope Mills. Penelope exhibited a certain superiority of tone and manner of speech. After her introduction to us all, I said, "As our friend Austin is here may we not also expect our old friend Sancto?" Amos said, "We are now expecting him." Presently, while conversation was going on with our new introduction, Ebenezer called out "Mr. Sancto's carriage!" Then Amos, "Mr. Sancto, Mr. Sancto!" Then a tuning-fork, which I had laid on the table, was energetically sounded. Alonzo said, "Mr. Sancto's signal." After mutual expressions of good will, our old friend played in his brilliant way a few of his stock pieces on the concertina. Norton Wyatt's stentorian voice joining Ebenezer's at intervals in joking until we expressed impatience. Sancto said, "A few kind words, a few kind words will be quite sufficient to check them." I think the quiet Amos and Sancto would not bring them if their power were not necessary for their operations.

Sancto asked for the flute; it was laid upon the table and played upon, each medium saying that it was not touched by him. Sancto then said, "Now, Mr. Millan, please hold up the flute, but first magnetize it." "Magnetize it?" asked Mr. McMillan. We told him to draw his hand down it and breathe in it. Some fine duet playing followed, the violin being taken by the "pupil of Sancto" of the previous sitting; then solos, at our asking, on the concertina, Ebenezer accompanying some of them on "the camelodion." Alonzo sung some of his songs, and was accom-

panied by the instrumentalists, who occasionally indulged in various musical eccentricities as if excited by our applause.

In the concerted play, Sancto selected sometimes one instrument and sometimes another, calling upon Mr. Austin to "Change instruments with Mr. Millan," and he continued to call Mr. McMillan by that name until corrected by Amos, when he apologized. Amos had also to correct Ebenezer for misnaming one of the tragedians who was imitated by the unknown in the pauses of the music. Mr. Childs remarked with what rapidity and animation one manifestation followed another. "So much power, George," said Sancto, "Give us a battery by joining hands all round," and we heard the violin, while chords were thrummed upon it, whirl round the room over our heads. "More power than we want. We must work some of it off." To do this, various things were done, mechanically or dynamically, but noiselessly, with sofa, cushions, and chairs. This strength of power seemed to rouse Norton and Ebenezer out of their quiet state, and they begun to take a loud part in the conversation, when suddenly their voices sounded outside of the house, then again in the room. "We wanted to shew you," said Ebenezer, "that outside and inside make no difference to us." After more music we broke up with farewells, our attention having been kept incessantly upon the alert for more than two hours.

Nov. 25th.—Present with the usual circle Mr. and Mrs. Crookes; the mediums Mr. Edward Childs, and Mr. McMillan. Amos told us this evening that our new violinist was named Peletier. We asked if he were Italian? "No, Belgian." "Be so kind as to spell the name." "Peletier." He plays well, but with a touch not equal to Sancto's. We wanted him to speak to us, but Amos said he was not able to do so at present. Penelope seemed to be the medium between Peletier and the rest. She said he was music-master at the school in France where she was educated. At her wish, Alonzo sang one of his songs and Peletier played the accompaniment. I observed that, at the end of one verse, the singer went into the next, until the symphony checked him, just as one might see any time among mortal singers and players. Amos gave us a general recommendation to wish for good music, and to think closely of any air which may be playing; for wishing and thinking thus helped the the player.

The imitator of tragedians, called by the others "The Unknown," repeated some of his striking imitations.

This evening the battery was asked for again, and on our joining hands all round the violin went thrumming around over our heads. Then Ebenezer announced an imitation by Peletier of one of the Davenport airs. "Now listen to his imitation of my own performance on the camelodion." That over, and it

was not a good imitation, Ebenezer said, "I have written my name for Mr. Crookes." The autograph was written on a piece of paper previously marked.

Dec. 9.—The same mediums. Visitors, Mrs. C. Pearson, Mrs. Fielder, Mr. and Mrs. Crookes. Same spirits as last. Amos said, "Some time will be required to collect the power. I will ask Mr. McMillan to sit close up to the table." It was a rainy evening. After a few minutes Ebenezer begun to speak more quietly than usual; his tone and manner is more subdued than it was at first, and he improves in taste and expression on his camelodion. He had some encounter of wit with Penelope, Ebenezer retreating at length by proposing to play a duet with Peletier, who is getting better manipulation of the violin. Peletier also played this evening upon the flute; Penelope saying that he could play better upon a flute that had not been so long out of use. It has scarcely been used for ten years. One of the ladies present, aside to me, said, "It is quite pleasing to observe the interest which Penelope takes in Peletier." Ebenezer said aloud, "I think I violate no confidence when I announce that Penelope is Peletier's wife." "Then why Penelope Mills?" "Oh! that's her professional name." "Now, Ebenezer, how can you!" ejaculated Penelope, "I wish you to join Peletier in imitating certain incidents of the Cattle Show." Here followed farm-yard *music* on violin and camelodion. "Have you been there?" we asked. "Why not?" "And paid your shilling?" "Oh no, we're on the free list."

Alonzo gave a new recitation in verse, embodying the character of Dr. Cantwell. No one present had ever heard it; but Alonzo said it was not original. Music as usual followed, and when some one asked Alonzo to sing a particular song of his *repertoire*, Amos said, "I'll fetch him." Presently Alonzo's voice said, "I went because I saw how interested all were with the duet music." Amos had been quite fervid in calling attention to the progress of his *protégés* Ebenezer and Peletier, declaring that "their play that evening exhibited a degree of excellence for which he had not been prepared, and I attribute it to the harmony of the circle and the affability of the reception accorded to the performers."

Dec. 11.—The mediums Mr. Edward Childs and Mr. M. Present with the usual circle, at my house, my friend and neighbour Dr. Roberts. All the usual voices of our invisible friends were heard; and besides, Amos introduced another under the name of Mr. Dennis O'Brien, who is endowed with a rich brogue and whose wit and anecdotes are of fine Milesian order. Ebenezer seemed to undertake the task of drawing him out by speaking slightly of Ireland and its inhabitants. I confess I was glad

when they suspended their attacks and rejoinders for my head and side's sake. Peletier's play, Alonzo's recitations and songs, and Penelope's sharpness, all furnished occasion for wit and anecdote from Denis O'Brien.

To night we also had another novelty in the form of two vignette portraits, which are very charming, done by direct spirit agency, in darkness, upon my imprinted note paper, and two pieces of direct writing, one addressed to me and the other to Dr. Roberts.*

Dec. 17.—Present with the usual circle, Mrs. Mayne, Mr. and Mrs. C. Pearson, Mr. Morse, Mr. Overton, mediums Mr. Edward Childs and Mr. Mc Millan. The evening was raining and gusty. Amos said the power was good through congeniality of the circle. On the introduction by name of the new visitors to the invisibles, Ebenezer showed that he was in great punning force. For instance, he hoped Mr. Overton had a seat suitable to his weight. He said of Mr. Pearson that he was a connoisseur in art, Mrs. Pearson a connoisseur in old china. The lady confessed that she was an enthusiast in that direction. I said Mr. Pearson admired the vignettes of the previous *séance*. Amos said they had produced others, which Mr. Childs could shew him. In a pause, in the course of the usual spontaneous manifestations, Mr. Childs asked Ebenezer to repeat his reminiscence of school-boy days, suggesting that Dennis O'Brien should extemporise a part for the schoolmaster. The questioner and answerer were worthy of each other. Dennis gave another recitation—the well-known one of the "Irish Schoolmaster," before the close of the sitting.

Dec. 18.—This evening Mr. and Mrs. Childs called on us with Mr. Edward Childs and Mr. Mc Millan. In the course of the *séance* the "Unknown" gave another imitation, that of Phelps in Othello's speech to the senate. Peletier played imitations of the absent Sancto on the violin, Penelope inviting us to agree that although Sancto could be imitated, yet he had never brought out such effects from the instrument as her Peletier had that evening.

Dec. 23.—The visitors this evening were Mrs. Morris, of Hammersmith, Mr. and Mrs. Crookes, and Mr. Carter. The mediums Mr. Edward Childs, and Mr. McMillan. All our invisible friends (the voices of seven were distinguishable) were in a state of exuberance. Penelope said, "George, I feel in quite high spirits to-night!" The wind was from the north, and the air dry and fresh. They not only greeted us separately but one

* I have sent these two specimens of spirit-art to Mr. Henry Dixon, of Albany Street, Regent's Park, No. 112, to be photographed, where they will remain for a time, and from whom photographs can be obtained.

another as if just meeting; their wit and repartee at the expense of one another were as remarkable as their performance was declared by us. Sometimes three would be carrying on a colloquy together. Amos commenced, after the first exuberance had subsided, that as the present was a festive season, several novelties would be introduced, the first being a recitation by the Unknown. This recitation was taken from the Ingoldsby legends, about three pages long, and delivered without pause or faltering, with fine dramatic intonation. As if to economise the voice it was delivered through one of the card board tubes lying on the table; occasionally we heard a blowing through the tube, as a flute-player breathes through his instrument. The next novelty was a dialogue from apparently some old tragedy not known to any of the circle, sustained by Alonzo and the Unknown. But it must not be thought that between these novelties the other invisible performers were quiet—not at all—all seemed emulous in the intervals to shine in their accustomed parts, with solo and duet playing on flute, violin, and camelodion. Penelope ever pressing for Peletier's play being recognized as equal to the absent Sancto's.

The third novelty was the very antithesis of the previous, for it was a conversation at a morning call, between a simpering inane lady, and a modern empty-headed gentleman, the Unknown taking the gentleman's, and Alonzo the lady's part. I had been to the Polytechnic a week before to see the great electrical machine, and being there I saw the Wardroper brothers' entertainment, "Peculiar People of the Period," I said "This is a scene out of a Polytechnic entertainment." "O Doctor," said Penelope, "there's no keeping anything from you; we were there two days ago." "Well," I said, "the reproduction is most exact, but I think Alonzo's rendering of the lady's part sounds more life-like than the original." Alonzo, "Thanks for the compliment, my friend will change parts with me and let me shew what I can do as the gentleman." Both were exceedingly well rendered. It was easy to follow Alonzo into the part which he took from a peculiar lisp which he has.

We had been sitting about an hour when Mr. Austin called to speak upon business with Mr. Edward Childs, and was prevailed upon by him to join the circle. On entering, without our turning up the gas, he was vociferously greeted by Alonzo and Ebenezer. Penelope said, "O, you naughty man, for not coming before." Dennis said, "Austin, my boy, I've been waiting to see you for five weeks." The two last, with Peletier and the Unknown, are introductions since Mr. Austin had been able to be present at the *séances*. Having recomposed ourselves, Sancto's familiar loud whisper was heard saluting us, then the

stentorian voice of Norton. Amos said Sancto was ready, if we pleased, to play some of his concertina music; we were all more than willing. His execution was characterized by the usual precision, force and brilliancy. Sancto said, "With permission, I will now play a fantasia composed by myself for the occasion, with vocal parts by the Brothers Wyatt." Sancto's part we could have listened to for any length of time, but the accorded, and sometimes discorded vocal parts became louder and louder until the mediums protested. Mr. Childs threatened to close the *séance*, when they subsided into a quiet at once. Sancto, who had originated and supported their noisy fun, said, "George, you are right; the Brothers are very well in their place, but if they go too far they must be checked." Amos said, "The power is so strong, they get excited." Norton said, "I'll be quiet now; I'll be bandmaster." Ebenezer said, "Excuse us, George, we were only used to the gallery." Penelope said, "Such a horrid noise! and so nicely as we were getting on before they came in. Oh, do add your entreaties to mine for Sancto to join Peletier in a quiet duet." We said nothing would please us better. But Mr. Austin asked if he could not hear some of the new recitations that had been given in his absence. The "Sceptic's Alphabet" and the "Reply," and other *morceaux* by Alonzo, Dennis, and the "Unknown," were repeated for Mr. Austin's sake, the reciters seeming to throw all their power of personation into the characters. At the laughable points, I think the mediums laughed the loudest. In one of these outbursts Amos said, "Be passive, be passive." One of them said, "It's all very well to say be passive; but who can help laughing?" Amos said, "Laugh if you will, but do not shift your positions." Amos has said that he and his coadjutors take their stand in the physical sphere of the mediums, and there operate their effects. Amos, at the end of the recitations, said, "Now we have just time for a final selection before we break up." Sancto and Peletier then played duets on the flute and violin, changing instruments occasionally, and Sancto from time to time asking the mediums to change places "to equalize the power." Sancto was also solicited to give some of his concertina pieces, and in some of these Ebenezer joined very well on his camelodion.

At length the time announced by Ebenezer for "catching our train" arrived, and we had to interchange acknowledgments and farewells.

8, Great Ormond Street, W.C.

J. DIXON.



NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC HEALING "MIRACLE" IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE *Banner of Light* of May 7th has the following letter:—

"EDITORS' BANNER OF LIGHT—Hearing of a 'miracle' that had been performed upon a young girl at St. Joseph's Catholic Hospital, I met her, and will give her own statement briefly, showing how she was cured through the spiritual agency of a priest (which they will not acknowledge).

"My name is Irenia Palmatra. I was living with my grandmother in Delaware, and at the age of nine years I was returning from school one day, when I was attacked by a cow, her horns penetrating my back near the spine. I was taken home perfectly helpless, and remained in bed six months. I finally became able to leave my bed, and walk around the room; but for five years suffered severely, and at the age of fourteen was again confined to my bed, being unable to move my body, and my limbs were paralyzed from the knee joints down. Medical assistance was of no avail, and after months of suffering, I requested that I should be sent to St. Joseph's Hospital, Philadelphia. While there I received medical aid from several of the first physicians of the city, but obtained no relief, my spine requiring a constant application of ice. I bore my sufferings patiently, always cheerful, and from the first I seemed to have no desire to get well. I received such kindness at the hands of the sisters that I desired to become a Catholic, and made that request to the sisters, and also to Father Champie, who visited me daily. I also made the request to my father, who afterwards visited me at the hospital. He and my family are Methodists. He gave his consent, thinking I would never get well. I was afterwards visited by my cousin, bringing with her a Methodist preacher, at the same time bolting the door, and informing me I must be baptized. Finding I was positively opposed to it, he commenced shouting and praying, telling me he was the greatest man in Philadelphia, and that he had shouted many a 'soul' into heaven. He finally left me amused and disgusted at his proceedings. .

"One day, feeling more cheerful than usual, I asked one of the sisters to stay and sing with me. She told me I would not be so cheerful if I knew Father Champie was going away. I asked if I could see him. She consented, and on taking leave of the sick, he visited me, and passing his hands before me, he blessed me, telling me he would return to me before he left. On his return, he came to my bedside, and looking me in the face, he again passed his hands before me, blessing me; and as he lay his hand gently on my breast, I jumped straight up in bed.

commenced beating my back with my hands, exclaiming, "God has given me a new back!" They thought I was dying, but imagine their astonishment when I asked for a comb and brush, and arranged my hair, not having raised my hands to my head for fourteen months, or moved my body. A few days after this, while taking communion, I heard a whisper, saying, "On All Saints Day you will walk." Where it came from I could not tell, as no one was near me. I told one of the sisters what I had heard, but she said she feared I would always be a cripple. My father came to see me, and seemed glad to find my back entirely well, and prevailed upon me to go home, promising me all home comforts. I was impressed that he was deceiving me, but consented to go. On my arrival home, he told me he had me now, and I must give up my Catholic faith, and become a Methodist. I refused, and remained with him until the night before All Saints Day, when I awoke in the night, and finding I could use my legs, I jumped out of bed and put on my shoes and stockings. My father, on perceiving this, told me I must give up my faith, or leave his house. "It was all the works of the devil." I left his house, walking a mile, and have had no pain whatever since. Since my return to Philadelphia, I have been visited by my cousin, who informs me I shall be taken home, and have my faith *beaten* out of me, which I have no fears of, as my friends here will prevent it.'

"I can vouch for this statement being true.

"Yours respectfully,

"J. F. BRYAN.

"Philadelphia, March 31, 1870."

THE RESULT OF TWENTY YEARS' TRIAL OF THE "POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY."

Mr. John Beattie, of 2, Westbourne Place, Clifton, Bristol, in an excellent letter in the *Spiritualist* of May 15th on "The Bible-Spiritualist Controversy," gives the following testimony:—"I believe the Bible, because after twenty years trial of the Positive Philosophy I found my inner constitution starved, and on being drawn back to the philosophy of the Bible, I found in it all that my spiritual nature required." And he adds, as a result of his experience of mankind:—"I find something more deeply rooted than 'ignorance or error,' something which tells us we want Divine succour and influence coming within us with creative power, not primarily to bring us into conformity with some model that is placed before us, but to revive the Divine image within us, so that by its radiation we shall produce around us the halo of all that is Christ-like and good."

A CHILD'S VISION OF HER SPIRIT-MOTHER.—A PREMONITION.

Mr. Andrew Glendinning, of Port Glasgow, sends us the following anecdote:—"In Port Glasgow there lived a lovely little child of twenty months old. Her mother had gone to the spirit land six months before the occurrence I am about to name. But the little one did not know—did not experience the greatness of her loss, as do most children who are similarly circumstanced. Amongst the anxieties of the mother's position, there had fallen to her lot constant attendance on a business which took her away every day from home duties and home pleasures. In her absence her child was carefully tended by a young woman, who loved the little child greatly. The love was mutual, and basking in the sunshine of that love, the child soon forgot the separation which death had effected for a time. The lapse of six months had served to seal anew in her imagination the relationship of mother in the person of the nurse. One day, while playing in the kitchen, apparently in her usual good health, she turned away from her nurse and her aunt, and ran forward with open outstretched arms and joyful countenance, exclaiming, 'Mamma, mamma!' Her aunt wept; shew as deeply impressed, and is still, with the mysterious character of the scene. Both aunt and nurse sought to remove the impression from the mind of the child, but it would not go at their bidding; the spiritual perception of the child was more fully developed than theirs; no word, no whisper of her mother's name had given scope to fancy, *she smiled the smile of loving recognition*, and directed the attention of aunt and nurse, as if she wanted them to join with her in welcoming the one whom she again named endearingly, 'Mamma, mamma.' Though then apparently in good health, she became suddenly unwell, her throat became affected, and within twenty-four hours she went to her mamma."

THE DIRECTION OF LIFE ALL IMPORTANT, NOT THE MORTAL CLOSE.

The single event or hour of dying—what is it? What does it decide? When Jesus went to raise Lazarus, his friend, he told the weeping sisters that he had come "to wake him out of sleep." That was the word that he always used when speaking of the hour that closes the earthly life. New Testament language is all in keeping with this manner of the Saviour's speech: all of it sounds a note of victory, is full of hope, and brings the promise of a greater life. Is there anything in it all that ought to be called by the sad name of death? Better accept the Christian thought, and look upon it as the soul's release,—a moment of

sleeping, and then the grand awaking, the bright dawning of heavenly day.

According to Christ, the *end* of life involves no spiritual experience or truth. Death in our religion is divested of all moral and spiritual character, and reduced down to the simple *natural* plane of being. It is a test of nothing moral, and a pledge of nothing; only the opening of a door into another sphere. Christianity lays all the stress on the *direction*, the general course of life; not on its passing earthly and mortal changes. In the manly, devout, true life, is contained the great and sure promise of immortality. *That* being right, all the rest is safe. . . . Therefore in our world let us spend all our anxieties on the spiritual direction of life, and fear no more the hour or the change of its earthly close.—DEXTER CLAPP.

A STRANGE STORY.

The *Cork Examiner* says:—"A correspondent who sends us the account of the death by drowning of two fishermen off Darrynane, makes the following curious addendum to his narrative. The casualty occurred by the striking of their boat upon a sunken rock, and out of eleven men who composed the crew two were lost. The rescued men say that when embarking they were called on by some unseen person to return. Not heeding the warning they rowed on, when they heard a horn sounded, to which also they paid no attention. A few moments before the boat upset they say they heard laughter and other sounds quite close to them, but the darkness rendered every object invisible. There is we believe no doubt of the good faith in which these statements are made, or that the men themselves are fully convinced that they heard the noises they describe."

AN IMPRESSIVE DEATH.—SPIRIT MANIFESTATION AND TEST OF IDENTITY.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge gives the following narrative: its impressive incidents and lessons need no comment:—

A very interesting ceremony took place on Wednesday, April 20th, at North Bridgewater, Mass., namely, the funeral rites of a venerable and respected inhabitant of the place, who had passed into spirit-life under very remarkable and impressive circumstances. Mr. Benjamin Kingman was the head of a family prominent for their high social standing, respectability and public spirit.

Mr. Kingman, during the last few years of his life, enjoyed the light of Spiritualism, and, as a full and earnest believer in the faith, laboured to disseminate its truth in his own neighbour-

hood by contributing to the maintenance of spiritual lectures whenever they could be given in North Bridgewater. Several members of Mr. Kingman's family shared his belief, whilst others equally near to him were unconvinced of its facts and truths. These diversities of opinion never affected the noble gentleman's conduct, although they doubtless pained his kind heart, especially as he felt it his duty to bestow more of his time and attention on the Spiritual meetings, and less on the services of the orthodox church, to which some of his companions were devotedly attached. During the past month of April, Professor Denton and Mrs. Emma Hardinge were engaged to lecture at North Bridgewater, and on each occasion the venerable old gentleman was amongst the first present at the meetings, and foremost to express his sympathy and interest in the addresses delivered. At Mrs. Hardinge's first lecture she was introduced to Mr. Kingman, who expressed his intention of listening to every address she was to give in that place with an earnestness so marked as to call forth an expression of cordial thankfulness from the speaker *that one so very near the shores of eternity should be there to support her*. Exactly one week after this pleasant greeting, Mrs. Hardinge was to lecture in North Bridgewater again. On the day appointed, Mr. Kingman, who seemed in unusual health and spirits, busied himself earnestly in urging his son and others of his household to make ready for the meeting. He lingered, indeed, before his son's gate to accompany him to the hall, and, having entered it, inquired anxiously if the speaker had arrived. Being answered in the affirmative, he mounted the stairs briskly, took his seat in the midst of his dear ones, bowed his venerable head upon his breast, and without a single sigh or groan, passed into the land of light and immortality! Even as his son's wife looked upon him he was gone.

The scene which followed is perhaps not less remarkable testimony for the unbroken continuity of life beyond the grave, than any that the records of Spiritualism can present. Mrs. Hardinge had not yet quitted the ante-room when Mr. Kingman's lifeless form was carried out of the hall. A gentleman in all haste rushed to the ante-room in the first moment of confusion, and, snatching up a glass of water, ran out with it, crying, "Mr. Kingman is dying!" As he spoke Mrs. Hardinge mechanically replied, "He is dead!" but instantly a voice, which Mrs. H. recognized as Mr. Kingman's, said in her ear, "There is no more death! Go on with the lecture!"

Acting under the impulse of the spirit presence, Mrs. Hardinge urged the friends present to calm the excited audience by stating that Mr. Kingman had but fainted, and was removed to his home. The music was then resumed, followed by the

lecture and questions, which proceeded to the openly avowed interest of all present. The address was highly commended, and a recital of the funeral exercises of a venerable old gentleman at West Sandwich, at which Mrs. Hardinge had just been officiating, was listened to with intense emotion. At the close of the lecture the well-known voice of Mr. Kingman again addressed Mrs. Hardinge, saying, "I have heard every word of that lecture; I have not missed a word."

The lady with whom Mrs. Hardinge stopped in North Bridgewater, on the following Monday visited Mrs. Julia Friend, the celebrated test-medium of Boston. The parties were entire strangers to each other, and the lady from Bridgewater had no thought or expectation of hearing from Mr. Kingman, whose mortal remains were still awaiting their return to mother earth. Yet there, in that stranger's room in Boston, on the arm of the medium, appeared the name of "BENJAMIN KINGMAN," whilst her lips were moved to repeat the very words uttered in the hour of mortal dissolution, "*I heard every word of that lecture! I did not miss a word!*" Was not this reduplicated test indeed a glorious illustration of the risen spirit's declaration, "There is no more death?"

Mr. Kingman had long expressed a wish that whenever the hour for his transition should come, he might be permitted to pass without the previous preparation of sickness, a wearisome death-bed, or any of the mortal pangs which attend earthly dissolution. His desire was moreover frequently expressed that Emma Hardinge should perform his funeral services, and he had repeated this, fearing lest her departure to the West, or a return to England, might interfere with his request.

One wish of the beloved of his Heavenly Father had already been gratified, in the peaceful and holy transition which had liberated the bright spirit in the very moment when he was performing his best service to his cause and his faith. The second desire seemed even anticipated by the presence of Emma Hardinge at his departure, and her entire willingness to put off all her other engagements to attend to this sacred duty.

At the Borter Evangelical Church, North Bridgewater, on Wednesday, April 20th, the largest audience that has ever assembled together in North Bridgewater or the surrounding districts, listened to the funeral services or rather the rites of "the soul's birthday," performed by Emma Hardinge, celebrating the entrance of good Mr. Benjamin Kingman into his immortal inheritance. The services consisted of appropriate readings from the Old and New Testaments, prayer, singing by the choir, and a benediction. The venerable gentleman departed in the seventy-seventh year of his good and useful mortal pilgrimage.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE EARTH-WORM.

Dedicated to the "A priori Philosophers."

A butterfly hung on the hawthorn spray,
 Gemm'd with drops of the morning shower;
 Coiled in the mud an earth-worm lay,
 In shadow of leaf and flower.

"Come from your bed," the butterfly said,
 "Spring is abroad in meadow and brake;
 The sky is bright as a flower o'erhead;
 'Tis time, brother worm, to awake.

"The life that is music in bird and in bee,
 That spreadeth in light and descendeth in shower—
 The life that gives gossamer wings to me,
 And fragrance to each fair flower,

"Is busy below in the swelling bud,
 Silently lifting the moist, warm earth.
 Feel you it not in your languid blood,
 The pulse of a second birth?

"Come forth, for the winter is over and fled,
 The season of terror and doubt and gloom;
 You live, but your life is the life of the dead,
 Come forth, brother worm, from the tomb!"

The worm said, "Pooh! and who are you,
 A hair-brained dreamer of flimsy dreams,
 In pert defiance of sense and science,
 To urge your mad-cap schemes?

"Long since I took my earth degree,
 And by the science of earth declare,
 There are no such things as birds with wings,
 And there's no such thing as air.

"I've heard before this vapouring stuff
 Of light and air and summer skies:
 Short is our life, but long enough
 To scatter your glozing lies.

"Shall science stoop to weigh the dreams
 By folly out of nothing spun?
 'Twere needless to prove there are no *sunbeams*,
 When there's no such thing as a *sun*.

"Give me the earth and a changeless truth!
 Fantasies perish, but earth endures.
 A worm I knew, a credulous youth,
 Whose talk was of spring, like yours.

"He died in his folly, as every fool dies;
 I can shew you his husk—can you shew me his wings?
 Where now are his dreams? Where the fabulous eyes
 That beheld the invisible things?"

"Whence come those dreams," the other said,
 "If dreams they be, and whither tend?
 Behold in me, you deem as dead,
 That very worm, your friend!"

The worm turned back to his wormy track,
 And won a mighty worm renown;
 Worm-world averred he had spoken the word
 That would shame the nonsense down.

J. LE GAY BRERETON, M.D.

Sydney, New South Wales, April, 1870.