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By FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG.

"He said, I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, make straight the way of the Lord, as saith the prophet Esaias."—*John* i. 23.

TO-DAY is the first Sunday in Advent time, the time set apart by the Christian Church that her children may give special attention to the Advent of Him whose coming into this world we hope to celebrate on Christmas Day next. Now, as John the Baptist, to whom my text refers, was the Lord's forerunner, I ask your attention to a sermon on his character and career; and I do so, not only because the topic is seasonable, but because I believe that if He "whose right it is" (*Ezekiel* xxi. 27) to reign, is ever to possess His own kingdom, in *fact* as well as by *right*, there must be a series of men like John, raised up from time to time, who shall awaken us out of our dangerous sleep of false security; and, as they remind us of duties to be performed, as well as rights to be enjoyed, say to us, in John's words, "Make straight the way of the Lord." The works of Josephus give us many particulars, of great interest, in the history of John the Baptist; but, for all practical purposes, we may very well confine ourselves to our own four Gospels, as our sources of evidence, for in those Gospels the portrait of the man is given us in unmistakably true and enduring outlines. Let us try to understand what this man John was, how the world

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shaped itself to him, what his conceptions of duty were, how he did his life-work, and carried his life-burden; and, unless I greatly mistake, if we can do all this truly, we shall be the better able to see the kind of men we in these days are so sorely needing, while the study of John's character and career may inspire in our hearts a prayer to "the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth many such labourers into his harvest."

It is often said, and said truly, that the Hebrew race is a great race; while in our estimate of the history and character of this wonderful people, we are sure to remember that they were set apart and trained by God to keep alive, in their own times, and hand down to their posterity, the threefold doctrine of God's unity, spirituality, and holiness, as opposed to the idolatries of surrounding nations, and the moral evils inseparable therefrom. But our remembrance of other facts is not always so vivid, firstly, that the promise given in Eden, "It shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel," was fulfilled through a *Jewish* maiden and a *Jewish* peasant, and, secondly, that to Abraham, the father of this race, was given the promise, "In thee shall all families of the earth be blessed"—a promise afterwards renewed when the Lord said to him, "Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them, and He said unto him, so shall thy seed be." (Gen. xv. 5.) It is impossible to understand the history of the Jews without taking into account the fact of the promise given to their father Abraham, and the powerful effect which that promise had in moulding their character and destiny. Throughout the whole of their fortunes, whether good or evil, painful or pleasant, this one thought of a Deliverer inspired them. They might know the pressure of heathen tyranny, they might be carried away captive by heathen kings, and be surrounded by heathen institutions; but nothing could rob them of their belief that they were the chosen people of Jehovah, and that the time must come when every enemy they had would be subdued beneath their feet, and they and their religion become triumphant and universal. Of course, their expectation of the anointed One, the Messiah, the Christ, would not take a uniform shape, because, entering into different minds, and looked at from different points of sight, the thing itself would be moulded by the interior life of the persons entertaining it. This, however, is true, that there appeared among them from time to time Prophets of God, men overflowing with the power of Divine truth, who, in speech flaming with the grandest imagery, rebuked the sins of the people, called them back to the one God of their fathers, and insisted upon the practice of justice and humanity as superior to the observance of all mere form and ceremony.

You cannot now read the record of their words without feeling that these men were heaven-sent messengers, moved by a Divine inspiration, who had a vision of those eternal principles, which to see and know is to see and know God as far as he can be known of man. But these very men held up before those whom they taught the vision of a golden age in the future, when under the reign of God's Anointed the people themselves should be righteous, their enemies be subdued, "the law go forth from Jerusalem," and Judaism be the religion of a regenerated world. But these immense blessings were to be preceded by the advent of a "messenger." In the prophecy of their last prophet, Malachi, it was thus written: "Behold I will send My messenger, and he shall prepare the way before Me, and the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His temple, even the Messenger of the Covenant whom ye delight in; behold He shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts. . . . Behold I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and terrible day of the Lord, and He shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse." These words of mingled hope and fear, gladness and terror, were dropped into the hearts of the Jewish people, and roused in them deep but vague expectations of the forms in which the prophecy would be accomplished. But generation after generation was born and died, and even centuries passed, and still the messenger had not come. Elijah the prophet had not appeared. At last "a certain priest, named Zacharias, a man well stricken in years, was one day executing the priest's office before God, in the order of his course, when there appeared unto him an angel of the Lord, who told him he was not to fear, that his prayer had been heard, that his wife Elizabeth should bear him a son, and he should call his name 'John;' that Zacharias should have joy and gladness, and many should rejoice at the birth of this child, for that he should be great in the sight of the Lord, and should drink neither wine nor strong drink, that he should be filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb, and that many of the children of Israel should he turn to the Lord their God." To all which these wonderful words were added: "And he shall go before Him in the spirit and power of Elias, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, to make ready a people prepared for the Lord." Of course it is impossible for us, after this lapse of time, and apart from special information, to know how far Zacharias and his wife Elizabeth informed others of the particulars I have just now mentioned. It may be that, like Mary, the mother of Jesus, they kept all these

sayings, all this startling and inspiring information, in their own hearts, watching in the meanwhile the course of events, and trying how far they might read in those events the fulfilment of the angelic predictions. All we are told of the childhood of John is summed up in one verse—"And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts until the day of his showing unto Israel." (Luke i. 80.)

We are not forbidden the play of a devout imagination in trying, as best we can, to reproduce from other facts known to us, the facts and surroundings of John's childhood: but in the absence of reliable tradition and information supplied by "The written Word," we must be careful not to give to our imaginations the authority of positive evidence. No doubt as the child passed into boyhood, and out of boyhood into manhood, that Holy Spirit with which he was filled even from his mother's womb, would work powerfully within him, developed and deepened by the teachings and example of his own parents, whom the narrative describes as "Righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." As John's mental eyes opened, and the scope of his intelligence and knowledge enlarged, he would look abroad upon the state of his own people, the people themselves, their rulers, their teachers, and their priests, upon the social and political condition of the people, above all upon their condition morally and religiously; while his young mind and heart would be fed with richest food and strengthened by richest inspirations, as he read from day to day the sacred books of his nation, with their blended history, poetry, and prophecy; history, which told them of a living God, who was also the Friend and Deliverer of man; poetry which was so living as to be able to express every alternation of the human soul; and prophecy, so vivid, so near to the heart of things, so true, and so inspiring, that the words of these ancient men seemed like so many echoes of the voice of the Eternal Himself. All this would create and deepen within him an intense loathing for the hypocrisy, injustice, ignorance, violence, and mere conventionalisms of rulers and ruled, the teachers and the taught, the shepherds and their flocks; until at last, moved, in all likelihood, by a Divine impulse, he went away into the wild and thinly peopled region westward of the Dead Sea, called in those days "The Desert or Wilderness of Judea." There he could commune with the Eternal God by direct prayer, and through the phenomena of nature around him; there, at least, he would be free from sights that continually insulted his moral sense and aroused his indignation; there, he might meditate upon the awful problems of God, time, eternity, duty, the soul of man, and man's destiny; there, as from a

watch-tower, he might look out and see in the distance how the battle was raging, and, as circumstances seemed to necessitate, speak forth his word of warning or his word of cheer. Very likely, like Banus, the teacher of Josephus, who retired into the desert, and there attracted to himself disciples, John, too, would exercise the same attracting power; men and women would come to see this man of simple learning, and hear his words, which were at one time "as hard as cannon balls," and at another as gentle as the lullaby which the young mother sings over her first-born child; they would hang upon his lips, as he told them, with all the force which personal conviction and profound feeling could give, what he thought of the condition of the people, and how little they were doing to make themselves worthy to receive the blessing which had been promised them, and which would never fail, except through their own wilful disobedience and consequent forfeiture of it.

And, now, one day, although under what circumstances it is idle for us to conjecture, "the Word of God came unto John, the son of Zacharias, in the wilderness." (Luke iii. 2). He had been separated from his mother's womb, and inwardly called by the grace of the Eternal, he had fed his spiritual life by meditation, obedience, prayer, self-sacrifice, watchfulness, struggle against self, and all pure and gracious forms of discipline; and now "the set time to favour Zion" had come, and "the man" was ready to meet "the hour." What a crisis in the history of this man! "The heart knoweth his own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." But what John's bitterness, and joy too, at this hour really were, are among the secrets of his own soul and the memory of God. What a crisis, too, in the history of his people! Judea was reduced to a Roman province, under a governor of the equestrian order, who was subordinate to the President of Syria; Pontius Pilate was that Governor; while Herod was the Tetrarch of Galilee; his brother Philip, Tetrarch of Ituræa and the region of Trachonitis; and Lysanias, the Tetrarch of Abilene. Throughout the country the publicans, or farmers of the tribute to Rome, were openly exercising their office of collecting a money tribute, far more vexatious in its nature than burdensome in its amount, because it went to the support of an idolatrous government; and the very appointment of the Jewish Chief Priest was a matter of political caprice, for he was being perpetually displaced by the order of some Roman Prefect, by what might seem to be the working out of a mere system, but which often had all the appearance of capricious and insulting violence. The country had suffered, and was still suffering, all the evils of insurrectionary anarchy. The Pharisees and Sadducees had renewed

their conflicts, sometimes one party, sometimes the other, obtaining the post of High Priest, and a predominance in the Sanhedrim; while, as for the people, as a whole, they looked around them, behind them, before them, they looked on all sides, but without hope, and were settled down into a state of sullen and fierce opposition to the Roman authorities under whose subjection they lived, and whose rule was a constant and bitter reminder of the contrast between what they believed to be their splendid destiny and the hard dry facts of their present condition.

At such a time John appeared on the banks of the great national stream, the Jordan, the scene of so many miracles, and at a place which tradition pointed out as that where the waters divided before the ark, that the chosen people might enter into the promised land. Look at this wild, "unkempt" son of the desert, with his black eyes, his swarthy face, his unconventional bearing. His raiment is of the coarsest texture, of camel's hair; his girdle is not of fine linen, embroidered with silver or gold, but of untanned leather; and his food is formed of the locusts and wild honey, of which there is so abundant a supply in the open and the wooded regions in which he has taken up his abode. No doubt, like the Psalmist of his people, he had often "kept his mouth with a bridle while the wicked were before him, and had held his peace even from good." But "his heart was hot within him," and he had mused so long that the fire had not only kindled but was burning clearly and strongly, and he must speak what it had been given him to say. To the crowds that gathered around him and listened to his every syllable with unutterable astonishment, his initial word was "Repent;" while he told them "the kingdom of heaven was at hand," that its King was in their midst, that they must prepare for His coming and the setting up of His kingdom, and be sure that their preparation was real and not merely nominal, moral and not merely ceremonial, filial and not one of reliance upon mere descent. He told them of a judgment, a "wrath to come," from which, if they would flee, they must "bring forth fruits meet for repentance," and throw aside their old formal reliance upon the fact that Abraham was their father, for that "God was able of the very stones" that lay upon the river bank "to raise up children unto Abraham;" that it was now a question of fruit, at the root of all the trees the axe was laid, and that the trees that did not "bring forth good fruit would be hewn down and cast into the fire." And "as the people were in expectation, and all men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ or not," he told them "there was One standing among them," so much his superior that he himself was not worthy to

perform for Him the humble office of unfastening His sandals, that the One to whom he referred would winnow the nation, burning up the chaff and gathering in the wheat, and that His power, compared with his own, was like wind and fire from heaven; for, while water was superficial in its influence, wind and fire were subtle elements, that would penetrate and search the nation to its very centre. Many of the Pharisees and Sadducees came to his baptism, and he said to them, as he said to the multitude, "O generation of vipers, who hath warned *you* to flee from the wrath to come?" Yes, these Pharisees, with their almsgivings, their prayers, their fastings; and these Sadducees, with their haughty contempt of the multitude, and their cold criticisms, were but "vipers" in the estimation of this man; men out of whom all solidity had been eaten by the rotting power of formalism; men, too, who had divorced intellect from life, and supposed correctness of perception was a substitute for every imaginable virtue; these men, in the view of the clear-sighted real John were, after all, only dangerous "vipers," that might bite those who handled them, but could never feed them.

Read the accounts that have come down to us of the words of this son of the wilderness. See how definite, suitable, sober, reverent of the past, practical, symbolical, and religious they were. One does not wonder that multitudes thronged him, that fears were awakened, that confessions were made, that baptism was submitted to, that the slumbering were startled, that the indifferent were aroused, that the self-satisfied were disturbed in their complacency, that the sneering critic found of how little avail his criticism or his sneer was, and that tax-gatherers and soldiers and teachers and the people generally should come to this man, questioning him, and hanging upon his lips for an answer, as if his answer contained their very doom. No wonder, I say; for the man saw clearly into the heart of things, and was self-reliant before man, because he was humble before God; the man was unselfish, courageous, truthful, and natural in every word and act of him. Yes, one in "the spirit and power" of the old Hebrew Prophets had at length been vouchsafed to the people; and, "casting no side glances at his own safety," but simply resolute to speak his own word, and do his own work, and abide the issues, he stood fronting the Eternal with his message, and, fearing God, feared none else. The work he did was an unpleasant work, a thankless, dangerous, misunderstood, and opposed work; but a work that John felt to be obligatory upon him, for had he not been set apart to it from his very birth, and had not the Providential training of the Eternal brought him to that very hour; and who was he, that he should be false;

who was he, that he should shrink ; who was he, that he should do less than the duty it was given him to do, leaving the consequences to Him who had ordained the duty ?

What the precise relations, public and private, between John and Jesus were, we do not know ; for John himself tells us he did not know Jesus to be the Messiah until he had seen "The Spirit descending from Heaven like a dove, and abiding upon Him ;" but that on seeing this sign, he at once "bare record that Jesus was the Son of God," and called upon his disciples to "behold" in Him "The Lamb of God who was taking (or bearing) away the sin of the world." At this point John the Baptist's special work came to an end. He had announced the coming kingdom, he had taught the conditions of preparing for its coming, and at last had had the supreme honour of pointing out the Lord's Anointed. The King had been introduced to His subjects, and all John could do was to retire from the post which had been Divinely assigned to Him, which he had filled so worthily, but the duties of which had now necessarily ceased. And so when certain people came to him, and told him "Jesus was baptising, and all men were coming to Him," John gave an answer, which, for tender beauty, entire unselfishness, and spiritual insight, has never been surpassed. He reminded them that he himself had always borne witness that he was not the Christ, but the one sent before the Christ ; and, then, taking up the figure of a marriage, he likened the people to the bride and Jesus to the Bridegroom, while he assigned to Himself the humbler position of the friend of the Bridegroom, and told them it was in the very nature of the case that there should be "increase" and "decrease," but that the increase must be on the side of Jesus, the decrease on his own side. (John iii. 22 to 36.) In a little while John found himself in Herod's court, and there fell a victim to his own fidelity. Rousing the wrath of a lustful revengeful woman, he paid the price of duty done, in the form of beheadal, which thousands have paid in this world, for speaking the true word and doing the right deed. But though he died as far as his body was concerned, he lived on, and lives to-day ; and just in proportion as men can honour thorough nobleness, so will John the Baptist continue to be honoured as one of the bravest and truest, one of the most real and valuable of all the servants of the Most High God, who have ever been sent into this world to work for heaven and earth. Men thought of him then, and many have done the same since, as a mere revolutionist, a mere "image-breaker ;" but it was just because he would save the people from undergoing a more terrible ordeal, that, therefore, he summoned them to repentance and true amendment of life ;

while his was the true Conservatism, which, in view of the future, and taking its stand upon the present, is still not blind to the past, but aims to use the past as an inspiration for present work and future safety.

Now, it has long seemed to me that the great urgent "want of the times" is a man, or rather a series of men, who shall work in "the spirit and power" of John the Baptist; not, of course, reproducing him in merely formal mechanical ways, but teaching as he taught, being such men as he was, doing their work as he did his, having his spirit, and speaking as directly to the needs of to-day as he spoke to the needs of his generation. In looking upon the face of English society there is very much to save us from despair. Science, art, literature, and education are being disseminated abroad to a greater extent, and some of them in more valuable forms than in any previous time of our history. Our civil and religious liberties are growing in number, width, and intensity; our material wealth is increasing, and we are storing up millions upon millions year by year; the necessities, conveniences, and elegancies of life are finding their way among all classes, and to an extent which could have been little dreamed of even thirty years ago; our benevolent agencies are constantly on the increase, and no form of human woe of the least pretension arises without some beneficent hands being stretched out to modify the woe or extinguish it. All sections of the Christian Church are more zealous to-day than they have ever been since the flock of Christ began to be parted off into so many folds; the study of theological, ecclesiastical, and purely religious questions is not now, as it once was, confined to the clergy and strictly professional persons, but is being followed by the newspaper writer, the ordinary literary man, and people of ordinary intelligence; the sectarian bonds which once enclosed each sect so thoroughly, and apparently safely, have been relaxing, and in many cases have been practically broken down; there is less of ignorant and stupid prejudice, less of sectarian rancour, less of the *odium theologicum*, less of the daring presumption which sits in judgment upon a brother's faith, and dares to consign a brother's soul to perdition for some difference of creed or church membership; while the routine faith of the past and the acceptance of whatever is, because it is, are being assailed, moment by moment, by the question which society in all her activities is putting to all institutions and all opinions, "By what right do you exist?" I for one, Conservative as I am, am glad that these things are as they are, and would not lift a finger to destroy them; although I am bound to say I would do very much, if I could, to modify some of them. But encouraging as all these aspects of the present age are, aspects which may

well save us from despair, there are too many of another kind not to humble us, and save us from presumption. The struggles between employers and employed, capital and labour, are becoming more intense and embittered every day we live; our competitive struggles with the trading and manufacturing interests of other countries is fast leaving much of our native industries in the rear, instead of their continuing to be as they once were, in the very front rank of all commerce and industrial labour; luxury and sensuality, refined and vulgar, are eating their way into the very vitals of our people; uncleanness, not only does not hide itself, and apologise for itself, but actually defends its right to exist, and refers to "great nature" for its authority; drunkenness, like some vast plague spot, is spreading itself over the whole of the surfaces of the body politic; we are more prodigal in our expenditure than any generation that has gone before us; and tens of thousands, of the artisan class at least, are living lives of chronic indebtedness, and paying fabulous interest for borrowed money; we have only to keep our eyes and ears open, to see the awful lack of those social reverences which once gave grace and dignity to our social relations; we need only the most common intelligence and knowledge, to know how wide spread and deeply ramified are our trade dishonesties; how compromise has been erected into a practical principle in the regulation of our lives; how intellect and wealth, simply as such, are worshipped with a constancy and sincerity which the worship of God does not always receive; and how, look where we will, on the general condition of our people, there is quite as much to alarm as there is to quiet us. And then, in addition to all these evils, think of another class. Materialism and Spiritualism are in the deadliest conflict, and, for the time being Materialism seems to be on the winning side; Atheism, or the denial of the Divine Existence; Positivism, or the denial of the Divine Providence; Pantheism, or the denial of the Divine Personality; and Pessimism, or the denial of the Divine Goodness, are openly professed, have their organised societies, their regular literature, and their adherents by thousands; while, go where you will, whether among the ministers of religion, the members of Christian Churches, or the people generally, you can far more readily learn what people do not believe than what they do believe, what they are in doubt about rather than what is to them a certainty. A majority of the masses of the people are not only outside of all Christian Churches, but out of sympathy with all the varied forms of religion; while, as for those who do attend our places of worship, and are nominal believers of Christianity, a large number of them are only nominal believers, and give their

Sunday attendance and their outward assent to religion, principally because they consider religion is a sort of political necessity, and, as Voltaire once said, "If there is not a God it would be necessary to invent one." These evils, and such as these, with an open denial of the supremacy and Divinity of Christianity, and a general unsettledness in the world of politics, in the world of Churches, and in the world of opinion, are very serious aspects of our modern condition, and may well lead us to ask ourselves what it is we want, and what it is that must be done. I, for one, am here to say that our one urgent want, "the want of the times," is the want of such men as John the Baptist, men of clear insight, of self-reliance, of utter unselfishness, of courage, of truthfulness and independence; men whose teachings shall be definite, suitable to the actual condition of things, sober, reverent, practical, and religious; men whose methods shall be their own, and not a mere inheritance; men who shall not shrink from work because it is unpleasant, or dangerous, or because they receive no thanks for their work, or are misunderstood, and, therefore, opposed; men who, above all things, shall feel that they have been consecrated to their work, set apart to it from their very birth, and must do it, at any cost, if they are to be faithful to the highest that is in them. We can dispense with the vest of camel's hair, with the girdle of leather, with the locusts and wild honey, aye, even with the baptism, if needs be; but we cannot dispense with "the spirit and power" of such men as John the Baptist: and, until we get them, society is bound to stumble on in her ignorant, blind, dangerous way, until at last she falls over some precipice or other, into the abysses of a horrible revolution. Only within the last three days one such man has passed from our midst;* "an interpreter, one among a thousand;" a man of rare gifts, of rare sincerity, of rare courage, a man who did his work with beautiful fidelity, and who will live in the grateful remembrance of all who knew him, and who can appreciate a true man when they find him. The departure of this standard-bearer only makes us feel all the more urgently "the want," and the duty "of the times." Let us pray for such men, let us encourage them when they appear, and encourage them as they labour; let us "hold such in reputation;" and, above all, let our own lives be worthy of such gracious gifts from the hand of God, who gives "the man" when "the hour" has really come, and who will answer the prayer of this great nation for similar men, when we do really and truly wish for them, and are willing to pay the price we must pay if we are to have them.

* The late Mr. George Dawson.

“Almighty God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which Thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day when He shall come again in His glorious Majesty to judge both the quick and the dead, we may rise to the life immortal, through Him who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, now and ever. Amen.”

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

WE PRAISE THEE O GOD!

LET us now in spirit lowly,
Render praise to God most Holy;
By every heart and every tongue
Let the Song of Praise be sung.
We praise Thee O God!

To Thee, our God and Father! Thou,
Whose tender love doth us endow
With life eternal! Praise to Thee,
For what we are, and yet shall be!
We praise Thee O God!

For all Thy blessings manifold
To every creature young and old;
For daily bread, for morning light,
And for the grateful shades of night,
We praise Thee O God!

For kindred, friends, and teachers wise
For all who by self-sacrifice
Redeem the world, that it may be
Christ-like, nearer our God to Thee.
We praise Thee O God!

O may this be our constant aim!
O may love's pure and sacred flame
Within us burn! So best to Thee
Shall praise ascend eternally.
We praise Thee O God!

T. S.

SHAM SCIENCE.

MAGNA EST VERITAS has a strange ring about it when assumed as a distinguishing motto of the modern school of scientists, who trace back our origin to the jelly bags of a primeval ocean. They are not to be silenced by silence; they must be heard and criticised, and that narrowly, and answered, for they appeal to the reader with much talent, learning, and polish. Within the last ten or fifteen years Materialism has changed its principal mode of attack upon our common faith, the old methods having been found too indirect and ineffective, and new methods must be adopted to face it. In the economy of the universe no doubt these scientists serve a purpose, and part of that purpose may be to wake us up from our indifference regarding the most solemn of subjects, and push us on with greater energy to obey the injunction, “Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.”

It is useless to disguise the fact, that Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, and Co., are a power in the world. They appear to imagine that they have found the fulcrum of Archimedes in the world of thought, able to move it. They are all bent upon one thing, and that is to put down the belief in the immortality of the soul and the existence of Deity. They have invented a complete vocabulary of new words having Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and other droll terminations, and phrases compounded out of them, which nobody, I daresay not even themselves, understand the meaning of. They want to divest many old words of their legitimate import, and banish others as excrescences upon literature. In the new vocabulary they would put into our hands, "God" would likely be defined "an old word now obsolete—a superstitious name for the powers of the universe—see archibiosis—eternal silences." *Soul* would stand, "a superstitious name long in vogue for the living principle in a dog, a man or any other beast;" and so forth. The thin edge of the wedge may be evolution or some other theory; but upon the principle that every little helps, no hypothesis but is welcomed with hosannas, and made the most of, provided that it tends in the right direction. I see, for example, by Darwin's latest work on Insectivorous Plants, that he has sent a new notion abroad, which it is expected will do some service. He has, *inter alia*, been performing some curious feats with "a little bit of human hair, 8-1000th of an inch in length, and weighing only 1-78740th of a grain." He tried the effect of placing it on the leaves of certain plants, and also on his own tongue! The former showed, it appears, most wonderful phenomena, but he expresses disappointment that there were no results obtained when placed on the tongue—he could not feel any. It is to be feared that at his time of life—I believe bordering upon 80—it is rather late in the day for him to make much of such experiments. To some, however, it may be important to cause the subject to be continued under more favourable auspices, and it too may help on the protoplasmal philosophy.

One cannot help noticing with what loving admiration these "men of learning" are everlastingly quoting one another, and how highly they rate one another's sayings. They are all profound thinkers, shrewd far-seeing philosophers—the leaders of modern thought. Their utterances are all brilliant discoveries, and their works and their fame are immortal, although their minds are perishable like the cats!

Just say Atoms or Molecules to such persons, and they are on. From the atom they pick up the thread forming the woof and warp of the whole fabric of the universe, and construct a

world in a jiffy. The atomic theory of Lucretius is at the present time the most popular auxiliary of evolution yet discovered. They hail its resuscitation as if they had struck gold, Now, in all gravity I would ask, do they gain one iota by seizing upon matter in its minutest conceivable parts? The difficulty is not overcome—it is only shifted from a larger to a smaller fragment of matter; or rather, to another of the same size; for in the scale of the universe there is no actual difference in magnitude between the atom postulated by Lucretius and Lucretius himself. I relegate them back therefore to the ordinary refractory materials of the world around us, which we see and handle. Deal with them. They have this advantage that they are real, while the others are imaginary.

But whence the intelligence which guides atoms large or small? That is the main point, and I would press that point. J. S. Mill is a great authority here. Although he spent a long lifetime in the service of the most hardened materialism, the design in Nature brought him up, years before he departed this life, to rest at least in a hope, and to pass a high eulogium upon the faith of the believer, which, alas, he could not attain unto. For dead atoms, 'daundering' about through the universe in a primordial fog, to arrange themselves into the universe we now behold, is a wild assumption, forbidden by all analogy, and contrary to logic and sound common sense. If Tyndall imagines it would be possible for the letters of the alphabet, thrown up for an eternity, so to deport themselves eventually as to form his celebrated Belfast address, he might have some shadow of an excuse for penning it, but, until that day arrives, when sense and nonsense change places in men's heads, such a belief will never obtain in the world, and although it did, there would still be infinite odds against the atomic theory being true, inasmuch as the said Belfast address, covering about sixpenny worth of paper, with not very striking traces of intelligence in it, is but *one* of these famous infinitesimally insignificant molecules they are making such a talk about.

They won't admit spirit to be the prime mover, and why? Because they cannot understand what spirit is; they cannot lay hold of it and set it up to be questioned and cross-examined. But how can they expect to find a thing if they look for it where it is not, or conduct their search with their eyes shut, or keep looking for it as they would for an object at the point of the dissecting knife, in the focus of the microscope, or at the end of the telescope. The Apostle Paul sufficiently explained such hopeless researches to men 1800 years ago. If Tyndall and his confrères are in earnest, would it not be well for them to deal with the finite, leaving the Infinite until they have first

done what they can with the other—the human soul—and seek it as and where it is to be found? Study and report upon living man—while the spirit is in him and may be traced, and not look for it among the decaying fragments of the frail tabernacle after it is fled.

Here I am reminded of a report I read some three years ago in a London magazine exhibiting this very folly perpetrated by scientific men, and in the name of science. I should consider the story too horrible to be told, were it not that it was gravely narrated and held up as an experiment, out of which might have been gathered some “brilliant discovery.”

During the last Continental war, a certain unfortunate individual was sentenced to death. Some scientists, learning that there would be a possibility of obtaining possession of the body, resolved to hold a *post mortem* for the man's spirit. They were afforded the opportunity. Exactly three minutes after decapitation—that is, three minutes after life had fled—placing the head before them on a table, one man roared the deceased's name (a sound he would likely catch before all others, *if he was in*) in at the one ear; another, at the same instant, his name at the other ear, while a third fellow stared him in the face to see if he would wink or wince any!

If men, when they think they have done the subject justice and arrived at universal scepticism, would pause for a moment and do themselves justice next, they would soon fall into the right track. If the evidence they are in possession of is not satisfactory, if they are not sure one way or another, why will they not rather cast their lot *for* the Almighty than *against* Him, and cease their scribbling? Who, so situated—with the spirit, I mean the sense, of a man in him, with his infirmities present to him and a universe and an eternity before him—would not consider a refusal to do so, as conduct unwarrantable, impolitic, ungrateful, vile, and at once resolve to decide *for* the Almighty, even, I say, although “no man by searching can find out” the reality. “He that is not against us is for us.” Why will any sober man, on trial at the bar of the world, at the bar of the Infinite, deny *himself* the benefit of the doubt, if there be a doubt? Why not do himself the justice he would mete out to a fellow being—the justice which the laws of man, in mercy to a prisoner arraigned on insufficient evidence, declare to be the just privilege and right of that prisoner? A case of “Not proven” be it, who, I ask, has a right to the benefit of the doubt? Before Tyndall again assumes the responsibility of telling the world that he believes it is the sad destiny of man to “melt away in the azure of the past, like a streak of the morning cloud,” and that he “can discern, in matter, the

promise and potency of every form and quality of life," I would have him answer that question.

What would life be worth, what would life become, what would this world resolve itself into, if we were cast back upon the lore of Danton; whose philosophy, taken at its best and made the utmost of, at the time when it was most needed, only enabled him to exclaim to his hapless comrades, on the scaffold, "Cheer up, lads! our heads will meet in yonder sack?"

JOSEPHA'S HARP.

A Spiritual Incident from the Diary of a Physician.

(Translated from the German.)

THE Secretary Sellner lived with his young wife still in the spring days of their honeymoon. It had not been a light passing affection which had united them; ardent and tried love had been the seal of their union. They had been engaged to each other for a long time, but Sellner's moderate means had compelled him to postpone his marriage until he obtained an appointment he had long wished for, and soon after he introduced his bride into her new home. Having passed the long, tiring days of ceremonial calls, they could now enjoy, undisturbed by a visitor, the beautiful evenings in homely solitude. Plans for the future, Sellner's flute and Josepha's harp made the hours in which the young couple delighted fly only too quickly, and the soft harmonies of their music seemed to them a foretoken of happy future days. One evening when they had long enjoyed the sweet notes of their united instruments, Josepha began to complain of a headache. She had concealed from her husband one of these attacks which she had felt in the morning, and what was first an insignificant fever had been increased by the excitement of their music, and all the more as she had suffered from her youth from weak nerves. She could not repress it any longer, and her anxious husband sent for a physician. He came, and thinking her complaints only of little consequence, he promised perfect convalescence for the next day. But after an extremely restless night, during which her mind was incessantly wandering, the physician found her the next morning in a state which showed all the symptoms of a critical nervous fever. He employed his utmost skill, but Josepha's illness increased daily. Sellner was in despair. On the ninth day, Josepha felt that her weak constitution could not bear her sufferings any

longer. She knew that her last hour was soon to come, and she awaited it resignedly. "Dear Edward," said she, addressing her husband, "it is with deep grief that I leave this beautiful earth and the place in your heart, where I found the greatest happiness; but though I am not allowed to enjoy this life any longer, yet shall my love always as a faithful genius surround you, until we behold each other again in eternity."

After she had spoken these words she fell back, and a quiet slumber led her soul to God. It was nine o'clock in the evening. Sellner's grief was indescribable. After his first silent despair he fell in the deepest melancholy; his health was much affected, and when he recovered, after a long and serious illness, he had lost all the vigour of his youth. He had left Josepha's room in the same state as before her death—upon her work-table lay her last work, and the harp stood untouched in the corner. Every evening Sellner went into this sanctuary of his love, taking his flute with him, and leaning as had been his wont in the time of his happiness, against the window, he gave vent to his longing after his beloved dead in the sad notes of his instrument. One evening he was so occupied in Josepha's room. The bright moonlight streamed through the open windows, and from the neighbouring church tower he heard the clock strike nine. Then suddenly the harp began to sound, as if touched by a soft, spiritual hand. Marvellously surprised he stopped his own instrument and the harp also grew silent. Wonderfully moved by what had passed, he began to play Josepha's favourite song, and louder and louder sounded the harp, accompanying his own notes. In growing excitement he threw himself to the ground, extending his arms as if to embrace the beloved shadow, when he felt himself touched by a warm grasp and saw a pale, glittering light pass before him. In joyous raptures he cried; "I recognise thee, holy vision of my Josepha! Thou didst promise to hover around me with thy love; thou hast fulfilled thy word. I feel thy embrace, thy kisses upon my lips." In intense delight he took up his flute again, and now also the harp answered in long sweet strains as before. Sellner's whole mind was wonderfully moved by the events of this evening, the recollection of which haunted him even at night. Late and exhausted he awoke the next morning, waiting with impatience for the time which he could spend again in Josepha's room. He had already succeeded in soothing his excited nerves by the soft notes of his flute when the clock struck nine, and hardly had the last peal ceased when the harp began to sound. He stopped his own instrument and the harp also became silent, the pale, glittering light again passed him, and in his enthusiasm he exclaimed: "Josepha, Josepha! take me to your loving heart."

Still more enchanted than before, Sellner returned to his room. His deadly paleness startled the faithful servant, who was so much alarmed, that, in spite of the prohibition of his master, he hurried to the physician, who was one of Sellner's most attached friends. On his arrival he found him in a violent fever with all the symptoms of Josepha's fatal illness. The fever increased rapidly during the night, and in his delirium Sellner spoke of Josepha and her harp. Towards morning he became quieter, because his strength was exhausted. He related to his friend the events of the preceding evening and could not be persuaded that they proceeded from fancy. When the evening came he grew still weaker and begged that he might be removed to Josepha's room. His wish was carried out. With joy he looked round, greeted every dear recollection with silent tears and spoke of the ninth hour as being that of his death. As the time approached, he took leave of all who surrounded him and begged to be left alone with his friend, the physician. The clock from the church tower struck nine. His face grew radiant, and he whispered with deep emotion: "Josepha, come once again, in my last hour, that I may know you are near me." And the strings of the harp again thrilled in long, beautiful strains, and the dying man saw again the glittering light pass before him. "I come, I come!" he cried, and fell back in the agonies of death. Lower and lower grew the sounds of the harp. With a last effort Sellner once more raised himself, and when he drew his last breath, the strings of the harp suddenly burst, as if broken by spiritual touch. The physician was deeply moved, closed the eyes of the deceased, who looked peacefully slumbering, and left the house in great emotion. For a long time he could not banish from his mind the recollection of this hour, and he never spoke of Sellner's last moments, until in an interview with his friends he related to them the events of that day, and showed to them the harp, which he had accepted as a bequest from his dead friend.

DRAPER'S "RELIGION AND SCIENCE."*

BY AN AMERICAN JOURNALIST.

OF the competence of Dr. Draper for the task he has undertaken we have no sufficient evidence in this book itself. Assuredly he ought first to manifest a distinct apprehension of the question really at issue. If it be—as he sometimes, and in his preface

* *History of the Conflict between Religion and Science.* By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D. London: HENRY KING & Co.

specially, seems to intimate—whether science can expect patronage and help from the Inquisition, Papal Infallibility and Vatican Councils, it is too simple, and of too obvious solution to be discussed before a Protestant audience. That question has been so thoroughly elucidated by Mr. Gladstone, that Dr. Draper's position becomes not unlike that of the man that cometh after the king. If the question be, whether Protestants are so far identified with the intolerance of the Roman Church as to be entitled to a share of its odium, it is a question which Dr. Draper simply evades, and here discretion is wise. What, then, is the religion that conflicts with science, and for some sixteen centuries has continued to do so? It is simply a Proteus, that cannot be arrested long enough to be photographed. As we glance over these pages and endeavour to detect it, it assumes forms as various as the creations of classic fancy. And yet, if this conflict has been with recognized forces, we want to know definitely what they are. What is this religion—what is this science, that have fought each other for sixteen centuries? We know how a bigoted superstition banished Anaxagoras and murdered Socrates, but was that superstition “religion” in Dr. Draper's sense of the word? Then, on the grounds of both science and religion, we take part with Socrates, and in the superstition we recognize a common foe to both. Was it the ecclesiasticism that Constantine established as a State institution, and which could banish Chrysostom, or confer bishoprics as civil favours? Dr. Draper himself, as if ignoring the title of his book, states that in this case Christianity had been transformed into “a political system.” If the political system persecuted, what had religion to do with it? Most persons will infer, very little, indeed. Again, Mohammedanism bound up the soul in a death sleep by its rigid fatalism, but is the fatalism of the Turk the foe that we ask to have defined? The inquisition hunted down free thought, and crushed what vital Christianity it could detect. Was this “religion” persecuting science? Was it not, rather, self-interest domineering over religious freedom and aiming to exterminate religion itself? The reformation led men to study the Greek Testament and develop spiritual truths, which from Luther's lips pronounced the doom of Rome. In the conflict, when the Bible was on one side, and the ruthless extermination of sacred learning was the object of the other, how are we to recognize Dr. Draper's combatants as religion and science? Of late it has been felt that the Roman hierarchy, by the loss of temporal power, and certain threatening dangers from the spirit of the age, must, to secure itself, draw closer the bonds of spiritual allegiance and guard its unity. Hence the Vatican Council and the dogma of infallibility. It was the selfishness

of a corporation attempting to push back the tide of human thought, and stultifying itself in the attempt. But where was the "Conflict of Religion" here? Dr. Draper will need to shuffle it in—if any consistent and uniform meaning is to be attached to the word—as adroitly as some of the members of the Council of Trent accounted for the presence or absence of the Holy Ghost at their Council—it came and went in the Pope's mail-bag.

It is very plain that Dr. Draper's "religion" can only be recognized by an *alias*. He gives it the name, but in every instance it is something else. When he meets it in its genuine form—as in early Christianity—there is no conflict. He cannot find or make one. Even Tertullian passes muster then, and is eulogized. The "religion" of Dr. Draper cannot be located; it cannot be defined. Now it is at Mecca, now at Constantinople, now at Rome; but unfortunately, in every case it happens not to be religion.

And yet, Dr. Draper's "Conflict" is all built up on the assumption of the reality and identity of this Proteus. Expose the monster, and the book has nothing to support it as a unity but groundless and unjust analogies. Attempt precisely to state the question at issue—if from Dr. Draper's stand-point it can be stated—and nearly all that he has to say is *obiter dictum*. It has nothing to do with the real issue. There is indeed a live question underneath all this verbiage, but it is one to which Dr. Draper never so much as alludes, and which we are confident he will never attempt to handle. It is the question whether genuine religion, a spiritual Christianity, works in accordance with its own nature in giving and studying and toiling to promote learning, in founding colleges and universities, to which the world is indebted for most of what it knows of science?

It would be worth while for a man, at once competent and impartial, to discuss the question, whether a man can at the same time possess the Christian and the truly scientific spirit. This is the only question which goes to the root of the matter. Dr. Draper has not only not touched it, but he has kept at a very remote distance from it. Indeed, taking his title for a text, he has produced a rambling and impertinent discourse. Most of his book is really about the conflict between Mahomedanism and Romanism on one side, and intellectual activity—not science—on the other. And when he puts a word that has so many *aliases* as religion in the place of Romanism, and then makes it serve for Protestantism, too, he is equally unjust in his compliments and his slanders. At one time he says, that in the early centuries Christianity was Paganized, and Paganism was Christianized, and they persecuted in turn; and at another he brings out Servetus and Calvin to illustrate persecution, and yet

all the while it is religion in conflict with science. Verily, a man must wear green glasses who can see religion in pretty much every thing objectionable that turns up in history. Unfortunately, he sees science a naked angel, while religion never appears except in the garb of Pope, Inquisitor, a Political System, a Paganized Christianity, or some other *alias* among the ten thousand parodies on the *religion* of Jesus of Nazareth, the only religion about which civilized men have much concern to-day.

But may not a rambling discourse, that has very little to do with its text except to leave it or mock at it, have merit as a history? Assuredly; and Dr. Draper has merits of style which have attracted readers and made his works popular in many quarters. His merits in his own sphere of science, none but a carping critic will call in question; but one thing is quite clear, and that is that future generations will learn not to quote Dr. Draper as authority in Saracen history. This, however, seems to be his chosen field. In his "Intellectual Development," to which he complacently refers, this was also the case. He refers to Saracen attainments in science with a romantic enthusiasm like Burke's when he bemoaned that the age of chivalry was past. Over the vanished glories of the Mahommedan middle ages he lingers like one who had imagined that he had found there the millennium of the world. His admiration for the Saracen *Als*—Alchemy, Algebra, &c.—is unbounded. But his pictures, unfortunately, do more credit, in some cases, to his imagination than to his scholarship. We have some familiarity with portions of the period he traverses, and the philosophies that he passes under review, but we confess that at times we can scarcely recognize them under his handling. We are at a loss to know what authors he has read, or where his authorities—which he never gives—are to be discovered. We have been sometimes disposed to credit him with profound acquaintance with the Arabian Nights—drawing from these his poetry, and from Gibbon or Ockley his prose. But we can find nowhere anything to bear out the extravagant statement that under Mahommedan dominion the world was flooded with learning, and "the Saracen empire was dotted all over with colleges."

Much is said by Dr. Draper in praise of Arabian learning. To students ordinarily familiar with the subject, this praise will seem excessive. They will recall, for instance, the statements of Gibbon, who certainly was not prevented by prejudices in favour of Christianity from doing justice to the adherents of the "Prophet." Admitting that the Saracens had possessed themselves of Aristotle, and that they dexterously wielded his syllogism—"more effectual for the detection of error than the investigation of truth,"—he adds, "it is not surprising that new

generations of masters and disciples should still revolve in the same circle of logical argument."

The ancient geometry, to which the Saracens added nothing, was resumed in the state in which it had been transmitted by the Italians of the fifteenth century, "and whatever may be the origin of the name, the science of Algebra is ascribed to the Grecian Diophantus, by the modest testimony of the Arabs themselves." The Saracens did not venture to renounce the astronomical hypothesis of Ptolemy, nor did they advance "a step towards the discovery of the solar system." Indeed, astronomy was overlaid by the vagaries of astrology. Some discoveries were made by the Saracens in chemistry, but their most eager search was "for the transmutation of metals, and the elixir of immortal health." One certainly would scarcely infer from such statements what is implied in the assertion, that "the Saracen empire was dotted all over with colleges.

We are somewhat at a loss under what head to class one of the attempts of Dr. Draper to state the question at issue. He says—and this is probably in his mind a leading phase of the "conflict"—"we are now in the midst of a controversy respecting the mode of government of the world, whether it be by incessant divine intervention, or by the operation of primordial or unchangeable law." If Dr. Draper has tried, as he professes, "to present a clear and impartial statement of the views of the two contending parties," and to this end, to "identify" himself with each, he has in this case been singularly unfortunate. We presume that he intended to place on one side the Christian doctrine of a Divine Providence, and yet he has only succeeded in substituting for it a gross caricature. "Incessant Divine intervention" may very correctly answer to his idea of the doctrine, but it only confirms the impression made by other portions of the book, that he either does not understand, or ignores, the real issue.

An ordinary well-read scholar will not be able to proceed far in the book before discovering that it has much more of the show than the substance of learning. Of Aristotle's "inductive" philosophy, which he eulogies in a style that would have exasperated the leading member of the Royal Society two centuries ago, he seems to have very inadequate conceptions. He very gravely tells us that "Vedaism developed itself into Buddhism." His criticism of St. Augustine is perhaps as sweeping as anything in literature, for he says, "His works are an incoherent dream." That single sentence lets a flood of light on the critic, instead of darkening the fame of the greatest and most brilliant thinker of his age. Whenever Dr. Draper wanders from his thread of scientific discovery, he excites our distrust.

There is something plausible, perhaps, to many, in an argument so constructed as to credit every discovery and invention of these last centuries to what is called science, and then to represent religion as taking a position opposed to them all. A man may have been as devout a believer as Newton or Faraday, but his science is wrested from him and turned over to one camp, and his religion, as the foe of science, is necessarily turned over to the other. This may perhaps, be called impartiality, or, possibly, learning, but it seems to us the very mockery of argument, the *reductio ad absurdum* of the method pursued by Dr. Draper. Science does everything in the abstract. Religion does everything in the concrete. "Science" takes in Luther, when the fight is with religion as represented by the Papacy. But it disowns him the moment that he is not needed for the service of the argument. Leibnitz, in his day, was reputed as a champion of Christian belief, yet he, as inventor of the "Calculus," is passed over exclusively to the jurisdiction of science. Bacon, who declared that he would "sooner believe all the stories of the Talmud, Alkoran, and Legend, than that this universal frame is without a mind," has been generally regarded as something of a philosopher, but, whether for that reason or some other, he is not a favourite with Dr. Draper, who says that to Leonardo da Vinci, and "not to Lord Bacon, must be attributed the renaissance of science." All that the great and honourable Robert Boyle and the Royal Society of England accomplished, is of course credited by Dr. Draper to his favourite "science," and he is either ignorant of the fact, or conveniently omits to state it, that the leading members of that Society, with Boyle, Newton, Granville, and Ray at their head, were devout believers in Christianity, and zealously prosecuted their studies and discoveries, that they might lay a richer tribute on the shrine of religion. Their aims were religious, and what they did for the world is to be credited to their religion.

We protest then against the misrepresentations of Dr. Draper. It is not creditable to his learning if he did not know the facts. It is discreditable to his impartiality if he marshalled them in such a way, by bringing some in the foreground and keeping others in the background, as to leave a false impression.

In his whole book there is nothing, so far as we can discern, to indicate his hearty belief in God, or the immortality of the soul. His paragraphs on the latter point seem calculated to leave the impression that he favours the theory that the soul is finally absorbed in the original substance from which it was derived. The immortality which he finds suggested in nature, is not necessarily the immortality of conscious being. He tells us, with a curious use of words, which seems to *suggest* the

inquiry what he *means*—"Nature has implanted in every man *means* which impressively *suggest* to him the immortality of the soul and a future life." But in inquiring further, we find what suspicious company his doctrine of immortality keeps. It marches abreast with Pantheism. What else can we infer when we read—"Is there, then, a vast spiritual existence pervading the universe, even as there is a vast existence of matter pervading it—a spirit which, as a great German author tells us, 'sleeps in the stone, dreams in the animal, awakes in man?' Does the soul arise from the one as the body arises from the other? Do they in like manner return, each to the source from whence it has come? If so, we can interpret human existence, and our ideas may still be in unison with scientific truth."

Comment on such language from us is superfluous. We will only allow Dr. Draper to make his own comment. Elsewhere he asserts that the questions "What am I? Where am I? What, can I know?" are questions "which men in all ages have asked, but which never yet have been answered." He suggests a Pantheism, by which we "can interpret human existence, and our ideas will be in unison with scientific truth."

We confess that we have been sadly disappointed in this book. Its preface contained a thrice repeated profession of impartiality. Its statements of the question at issue showed how these professions, to be accepted at all, must be qualified with the concession that he was incompetent to state it fairly. Its presentation of "religion" is a series of caricatures, making Paganism and Romanism and self-interest and the basest passions its representatives. Its claims for science ignore any relation of religion to it but that of antagonism. It betrays repeatedly a strange ignorance or confusion of historical matters, combined with exaggerations, and an incompetence to judge a writer like Augustine. And this is a volume of the "International Scientific Series," put forth by a respectable publishing house, in a land that owes nearly all that worthily distinguishes it to the Christian faith.

It is well to know how the war is carried on against Christianity. If we can judge by this specimen of the series, it is a war of fair professions, but unfair stratagems. The conflict, as we read it, is not that of religion with science, but of false representations and travestied history, with truth itself. Religion—what the true followers of Christianity receive as such—is not what Dr. Draper paints it, dealing with it as inquisitors with heresiarchs crowned with mock mitres covered with pictures of the devil. Religion, first of all, implies a love of truth, and it welcomes truth, come whence it may, finding in Him who spake as never man spake the incarnate truth, whose words no man can darken without putting out a light

such as science never kindled, to guide the feet of the feeble and the trembling and the erring back to the love and peace of God. We welcome science, and all the truth it reveals, and all the discoveries that it makes; but when deeds of religion, in the genuine sense of that abused word, are told as fairly as Dr. Draper assumes to tell the deeds of science, it will be found that it has carried light and hope to homes and hearts that mere culture or learning never could reach, and that upon its future ministries of charity, and humanity, and cheerful self-denial depend that brighter future of the world, without which science only guides the soul into a dreary Pantheism, and such an immortality as is no better than blank annihilation. His view of man is that described by Campbell:

The creature of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,

qualified only by another relationship developed in the pages of Darwin and Huxley. For ourselves, we are not prepared to find our God sleeping in the stone or dreaming in the animal, nor for us has that view of the soul any special attraction which bears us back to the communion of the ancient Stoics.

HYMN FOR THE "CHURCH OF THE LORD."

"COMFORT THOSE THAT MOURN."

Oh! tried and distressed one, thy Saviour is near thee,
Though clouds may obscure His beneficent smile,
These soon will disperse and His presence shall cheer thee;
Be patient, submissive and faithful meanwhile.

The process is painful that purges thy spirit
From worldly and selfish and sensual dross;
But yet it is needful if thou wouldst inherit
"The purchased possession, the fruit of the Cross.

O, think what He suffered of pain and privation!
"Despised and rejected" by even "His own!"
His object alone to secure thy salvation
And raise thee to bliss near His heavenly throne.

Thy home is not here; but an earthly sojourner
Thou needs must thy heavenward journey pursue.
What if part of the way thou must pass as a mourner?
The "mourners are blessed;" here's comfort for you.

Ah! deem not thy "peace" here can "flow as a river,"
If pride and corruption still linger within;
Yet peace, too, is promised, and He is the giver
Who sends us a sword to do battle with sin.

Then rouse thee, dejected one! rise from thy sadness,
And clad in faith's panoply wrestle again;
Thy foes being slain, thou shalt go forth with gladness;
With Christ having suffered, with him thou shalt reign.

E. P.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MAUDE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TWO WORLDS."

WHEN an angry divine is worsted in controversy, his last shift is generally publicly to pray for our "poor, misguided brother," which is understood to be the proper way of being piously spiteful; the next previous step having been to fling a Scripture prophecy at him, of course properly "interpreted" to fit the case. This is the stage at which William Maude, of Birkenhead, has arrived in his controversy with Spiritualism. To the regular expert, his process is as simple as is "cooking accounts" to the managers of a bubble company, or the dressing of poultry to a French *cuisinier*. First, as the cookery-book says, "catch your hare," then, using the Bible as a razor strop on which to sharpen the critical knife, cut away and remove whatever is found to be unpalatable, roast well before the fires of popular prejudice and passion, season with a proper amount of pious phraseology, and haven't you a dainty dish to set before a bishop or an Exeter Hall *gourmand*? In other words, having fixed upon your subject you proceed to manipulate it. You set out to prove that the obnoxious system against which you set your theological lance, originates with a certain mysterious personage not often mentioned in good society, but of whom occupants of the pulpit, interpreters of prophecy, and others of the "unco guid," often speak as familiarly as if he were a sworn brother. Of course you must show that the system you combat is pantheistic and immoral—that it is Antichrist, and has the mark of the Beast, and is everything else that is obnoxious and abominable. To do this, you must look over the writings of its advocates. Out of a large mass of literature, you must be very stupid if you cannot find some crude or foolish thoughts, no matter that they have no necessary connection with the subject, or that they are merely individual opinions, discredited by the general body to whom you would impute them. Again, you can easily pick out passages from accredited writers, that, with skillful handling, may serve a similar purpose. You need not inquire too curiously into the general argument of the book in question, or of the context of the passages quoted, or the known opinions of the writer, and if you can dexterously throw in a text or two *that* may help to settle the business.

These arts are specially resorted to, if the system or theory attacked is open to the suspicion of novelty. There is a sort of

* *Spiritualism Prophetically Considered.* By WILLIAM MAUDE. London: PARTRIDGE, Paternoster Row.

theological Toryism which specially hates and dreads innovation. It conceives that new ideas can originate only in an uncomfortably hot region. Your theological Tory exercises no mental hospitality; he reverses the Apostolical injunction. He is careful *not* to entertain strangers, lest, perchance, he entertain a *demon* unawares. He reminds one of a cartoon that appeared in *Punch*, in which two roughs are in conversation as a gentleman passes at a little distance. The following is the dialogue:—*Bill*. Who's him? *Jem*. Oh, him's a stranger! *Bill*. Well, then, heave a brick at him! So, when parson calleth to prophet, and Maude respondeth unto Nangle, the colloquy as to the stranger usually ends with—"Heave a text at him!"

Nothing can be more offensive to a well-regulated mind than this heaving of texts. We remember a tract that used to be thrust into the hands of respectable people, headed—"Are you a sheep or a goat?" We have no doubt the simple-minded writer was actuated by good intentions; but we doubt if any theological "goat" was ever converted into a "sheep" by this very pointed and personal interrogatory. If anything can add to the offensiveness of this practice, it is to be found in rash, unauthorised interpretations of prophecy, to intensify theological antipathies or eke out a polemical exigency. Mr. Maude's pamphlet is useful in this respect; it is an example of what ought to be avoided. He is both a prophet, and an interpreter of prophecy. In the former capacity, Maude is not likely to rank so high as Murphy. He should have first tried his "prentice han'" with Zadkiel or Old Moore, before he ventured to set up on his own account. It is, however, not with Maude as a prophet, but with Maude as a heaver of texts and an expounder of prophecy, that we have to do at present. The first text quoted by him at length is from that mystic record of spiritual visions and experiences, the "Revelations of St. John the Divine," chap. xvi. (The italics and parentheses are as given by Mr. Maude.) "I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the *spirits of devils* (*lit., demon spirits*) *working miracles*, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty." Now, can any other than a prophet see in this any application to modern Spiritualism? The Revelator saw but *three* spirits, while those among us cannot be numbered. They were "like frogs," but the spirits who attend *séances* neither wear the form nor assume the characteristics of frogs, or of any other amphibious creature; while both in form and character they bear out their claim of being our friends and kindred. Who

are the three mediums answering to the "dragon," "the beast," and "the false prophet?" Are they the Fox Sisters? or the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay? We feel curious to learn, and take it rather unkind that Mr. Maude does not inform us. We hope, however, the text may be a warning to him of the terrible risk he may run as a "false prophet." We are not aware that the modern spirits go forth, in particular, "unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world;" but possibly Mr. Maude may receive private and confidential information from these high quarters. All that we can say is, that in that case, if he can get liberty to send authentic particulars of these royal *séances*, we shall be happy to engage him as "Our Own Correspondent," and publish a special edition for these important telegrams.

Really, Mr. Maude, this sort of thing will never do! Try another "heave!" You must, though, next time have a better pebble in your sling than that, if you are to do battle against this Philistine giant of Spiritualism, or you will fare no better than did Old Nick, when he encountered the holy Saint Medard, by the Red Sea Shore. According to the legend (*vide* Thomas Ingoldsby)—

Nick snatch'd up one of those great, big stones
Found in such numbers on Egypt's plains,
And he hurl'd it straight
At the Saint's bald pate,
To knock out 'the gruel he called his brains.'

* * * * *

But the stone bounced off from St. Medard's head,
And it curl'd, and it twirl'd, and it whirl'd in air,
As this great big stone at a tangent flew!

Just missing his crown,
It at last came down
Plump upon Nick's orthopedical shoe!
Oh! what a yell and screech were there!—
How did he hop, skip, bellow, and roar!—

Oh dear! oh dear!
You might hear him here,
Though we're such a way off from the Red Sea Shore!

But the text which Mr. Maude specially delights to "heave"—which he considers a particularly heavy one—indeed, a regular paving-stone, is the following from St. Paul's First Epistle to Timothy (chap. iv.)—"But the Spirit expressly saith, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, *giving heed to seducing spirits*, and doctrines of devils [*teachings of deceiving spirits and demons*, as rendered by Mr. Maude] *speaking lies in hypocrisy*; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; *forbidding to marry*, and commanding to abstain from meats." "This, as we all know," says Mr. Maude, "has by Protestant divines usually been considered to find its fulfilment in the

doctrines and practices of the Apostate Church of Rome." And that it has "a partial and accommodated application to that Antichristian system" Mr. Maude has "certainly no intention to deny;" but, if we may be pardoned for using University slang, he considers this as only the "little-go," the "great-go" is now being played out at the exhibition of the Brothers Davenport, and at Dr. Slade's *séances*. In Spiritualism alone is it to have "its ultimate and plenary fulfilment." Let us look at the several clauses of this passage, that we may judge of the value of this latest exegesis. How does Mr. Maude know that these are "the latter times" spoken of? There has scarcely been a generation, from the first Christian century to the present, that has not regarded its own as specially "the latter times." To go back no further than Protestantism. How many sects of Millenarians, believing the end of the world to be at hand, have we not had—Anabaptists, Fifth-Monarchy men, Southcotians, Shakers, Mormons, Millerites, and interpreters of prophecy generally, attached and unattached? Are we quite prepared to believe, on Mr. Maude's authority, that these are the very last latter times, and, as Mr. Owen once said of *his* oft-promised millennium, "and no mistake this time!" "Some shall depart from the faith." But of what age can it be truly said that some have *not* departed from the faith? We know, on Apostolical authority, that the Christians of their time expected the world to come to an end, and that they would be caught up into the air, that many had even then departed from the primitive faith of their Master, and hence the injunction, "Try the spirits whether they be of God." Indeed, the whole passage under consideration has an evident application to the time and circumstances in which it was written. The Apostle was evidently thinking more of heretical Christians in Rome, Corinth, and Ephesus, than of future Spiritualists in London, Paris, and New York. What is "the faith" from which, in these "latter times," men are now departing? It may be from that of St. Athanasius, or from that of "the Church as by law established." But the faith of Christ? Christendom has departed from that so long ago, that it has well-nigh forgotten all about it. It believes, now-a-days, in "scrip" and "three-per-cents," in *laissez-faire* and the devil take the hindmost,—in rifled cannon costing four thousand pounds a-piece, to fire shots costing twenty pounds each; but as to the religion of "Peace on earth and goodwill among men," surely, Mr. Maude, you must be joking! Men cannot be departing from that faith, for they don't hold it, and none but a very insignificant fraction ever did. As to Spiritualists "giving heed to deceiving spirits, and teachings of demons speaking lies

in hypocrisy;" we need only say that Mr. Maude quotes (not always fairly) from Mr. Howitt, Mr. Brevior, Mrs. De Morgan, Mrs. Crosland, M. Bertolacci, and other Spiritualists, but he does not and cannot quote a sentence to show that they give heed or recommend others to give heed to "deceiving spirits," while he might have filled his pamphlet with quotations showing that Spiritualists urge that by our own earnest aspirations and endeavours after truth, we should draw around us spirits only who are pure and truthful; and that all communications, whether from spirits departed, or spirits who occupy pulpits and write pamphlets, should be *judged of solely on their intrinsic merits*.

No doubt there are deceiving spirits. Spirits in the flesh who deceive by their printed statements are very likely, at least, until they become wiser, to deceive, after they leave the flesh, by communications through mediums, if they have the opportunity; but this is no reason why we should give up either books or spiritual communications. It only shows that we should "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." But, says Mr. Maude, some of the spirits have confessed that they tell lies, and that other spirits are no better than themselves. This is about the closest parallel I have met with to the famous classical story of the man who said that all Cretans were liars, but then added "I am a Cretan." Mr. Maude's logic is somewhat funny. Does a spirit put forth unexceptionable and Christian sentiments? That is only a proof of the "subtilty of Satan;" of the "deceivableness of unrighteousness;" of demons "speaking lies in hypocrisy." But does a spirit—perhaps fooling the questioner to the top of his bent—confess that he is a liar, *that* is unexceptionable evidence that he speaks the truth, and that his word is to be credited.

As to Spiritualists "having their conscience seared with a hot iron," Mr. Maude says nothing, and we may draw our own inference from his silence: when we consider the uncharitable and unfounded aspersions at times cast upon them for asserting what they know to be facts, and avowing the convictions to which these facts have led them, it may be thought by some that this clause of the text is possibly exemplified at the present day in a very different direction to that indicated by Mr. Maude. We next learn from that gentleman that Spiritualism "forbids to marry," in proof of which he quotes the *Times'* correspondent, that one of the most important subjects discussed at a convention of American Spiritualists was "free love." But neither he nor the *Times'* correspondent mentions that the subject was discussed only to be condemned and repudiated, and branded with ignominy. It is, by the way, a little odd that Mr. Maude should consider freedom in the marriage relation a forbidding to marry. What should we think of a man who told

us that the Mormons, for instance, prohibited marriage because they practised polygamy? As to "commanding to abstain from meats," our author virtually gives up the point when he tells us that "even if it is not *already* practised, there is a high probability it may belong to the future development of Spiritualism." Into the region of prophecy—of his own prophecies in particular, it would be perilous to follow him. Possibly he may have a better knowledge of divining than of divinity, but if so he is at present but an "undeveloped medium."

As to the latter, this pamphlet supplies evidence that he has a very imperfect appreciation of even its elementary principles. Thus, in speaking of the modern evidences of man's immortality, he asks (in italics), "What is the *soul-value of this conviction?*" In other words, what is a man the better for believing that there is a future state, if his belief extends no further, or if it be coupled with intimations which effectually neutralise its moral influence?" The meaning of this last insinuation is brought out more clearly a little further on, where he tells us, "Men may, by means of Spiritualism, be made Pantheists, Socinians, Swedenborgians, Universalists, but *Christians*—never. Satan does not cast out Satan, nor is the kingdom of darkness divided against itself." The meaning of all which is—the belief in the future life and its related truths is of no use, unless you also believe in the Gospel according to Maude;—and a more shabby, seedy Gospel was surely never uttered by any articulately speaking biped in any age of the world. And this language he employs with the avowed knowledge that "Spiritualism, even in England, can number among its converts able ministers of religion, eminent men of letters, successful physicians, acute lawyers, and men and women of high intellectual cultivation and refinement." We should think our modern prophet had just been reading *Hudibras* when he penned the foregoing passage, and had taken to heart the couplet—

Lay it on thick,
And some of it will stick.

But he seems not to have been aware that when an unskilful workman lays on the mortar *too thick* it is apt to drop off altogether.

The fact is, Mr. Maude, if we may be allowed to say it to you in confidence, we are terribly afraid that you are one of those who, in these latter times, have departed from the faith which enjoins, "Judge not, lest ye be judged, for with what measure ye mete shall it be measured to you again." You have, alas! "given heed to deceiving spirits;" those, namely, in our days named *Dogma* and *Sectarianism*; and to "teaching of demons," called *Intolerance* and *Bigotry*. It is a sad case, my erring brother, but "Go, and sin no more!"

CONCERNING GEISTS.

BY THE REV. T. L. HARRIS.

(*From a New Work, entitled, "The Lord; the Two in One."*)

1.—CONCERNING the nature of Geists, it is permitted to make an extract from a volume, still in manuscript, entitled, *The Annunciation of the Son of Man*; which may, perhaps, succeed the series now in course of publication.

2.—“Death does indeed open a way out of the natural world; but it is broad, not narrow; descending, not ascending; easy, not difficult. It tends to a great catastrophe, not contemplated in the primitive structure of that wonderful creation made in the image of God, male and female, and endowed with wisdom and power of rule over all creatures of air and earth and sea. The truth of the Christian is the despair of the philosopher. Cultivated nations garnish the sepulchres; when Christ’s redemption shall be fulfilled there will be no sepulchres.

3.—“After the decease of man he divides into two parts, the spirit, which is personal, and the geist, the shadow-man, which is impersonal. The geist holds in its fine structures the man’s whole life—every thought, every act, every condition through which he passed—the whole story of his days. The pre-historic rain-drops still leave their imprints in the soft clay on which they fell, now become rock. Whatever the man’s spirit did, in and through its natural body, is more than dented in the geist, or shadow-body; it is builded in—for good or for evil. This shadow-body is endowed with its own shadowy consciousness in which, by continuity, is retained the more natural consciousness of the spirit of the man; but, as it were, in a moonlight mist of recollection—a vague, tremulous semi-dream. The geist after decease is not taken, as the spirit is, by angels; it drifts out of the body. The cord is cut by which spirit, body, and geist made one in the flesh; and the geist, by its own levity, floats away, softly and easily, as thistle-down. Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

4.—“These geists are, in many instances, visible to clairvoyants. She of Endor saw the geist of Samuel, and declared that she beheld men as gods, rising up out of the ground. As was the man, so his geist is, representatively; and the geist thinks himself the man, in a sort of semi-wise and semi-foolish manner. If a man possessed great intellectual faculties, and put them forth through a long life—since character tells everywhere—he has built a great geist, if not a great name; he has sent forth a splendid representation of himself into the world of

shadows. The majority of the geists, however, may be classed under the general name of imbeciles; imbeciles as compared with, or measured against the power of the child.

5.—“They neither grow nor decrease; as the tree falleth, so it lies. The man’s spirit made them, in such sense that they are a secondary creation, modified after a fashion not implied in the structure of the primordial germ.

6.—“The geist inhabits the last state of the man whose geist he is. That last state is reproduced in a shadowy, fantastic image-world, whose vacuities seem to geist-vision such things as the bed whereon it slept, the money it hoarded, the house it lived in, the clothing it wore, the ornaments and jewels—each reproduced, as images are in sleep.

7.—“It can hardly be said that the geist either suffers or enjoys; he reproduces, with a sort of vague, shadowy effort, the recollection of the things that were wrought in and through his structure. He tends to an endless reproduction of his former owner’s habits, manners and ways.

8.—“The geist of Homer talks good Greek, sonorous, resounding. He is a geist in the Homeric style; but when he comes in contact with a medium, he will, for the time, be drawn into the medium’s body, and come out again a Homer, who communicates in the tongue of that ‘inspirational’ person. He will, if left to himself, fill the chinks and crannies of the medium’s natural mind. ‘It is Homer; it is the divine Homer that possesses me; now I shall compose a new *Iliad*.’ Soon the geist goes about his business, and of that ‘new *Iliad*’ the world hears no more.

9.—“The geist at once shuns and seeks human society. If you will leave him alone, and not bother him, or trouble him with your troubles, or vex him with your anxieties, or twist him into an awkward form, through the operation of your psychic will upon his shimmering, shivering, moonlight structure, he is glad to be with you; to sun himself, through your eyes, with the light of natural day; but if you fret him, he is gone; and he has means of redressing himself against any injury or slight inflicted upon him at the hands of mortals.

10.—“The geist never infests. Why should he infest? He has nothing to infest with; but he may be infested, that is troubled. The will of the magician or magnetist pierces into his shadowship here like a lance; and when that will draws itself back into the world, it draws the geist up after it. There are conditions here, however, that must not now be spoken of. Then the geist is forced trembling into the magician’s presence. There are ways by means of which he can be compelled to unroll the picturings of events that are inscrolled into the layers of his frame. This is

unlawful, but possible, and frequently practised at the present day. The geist will lie, as any mesmerized subject can be made to lie. Men who practice biology upon the poor helpless creatures, know not how terrible a sin they are committing against order, nor what terrific consequences must inevitably follow them in the rebound of that violated order to its place.

11.—“The geists eat and drink, but only as geists—not as spirits. ‘We have dined,’ they say ‘sumptuously.’ A vapour-breath makes them a table, and another covers it with shadowy images of food. They retain, with the shadow of the habits of the master, the shadow of his friendships. Geist Cromwell consorts with Geist Hampden. Old comrades in the battle field, or the chase; in literature or art; in nature or occult studies, draw together even in their shadows. The geist of the suicide is always impelled to show ‘how he did it.’ Murder will out. If dead men tell no tales, their geists will tell them, if they find opportunity. The poet’s imagination touched the chord of truth, when he said :—

‘The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath,
And these are of them.’

12.—“They are seen sometimes travelling in the dim light, in long lines like flying ocean birds. These are the geists of travellers. They are seen in thousands of attitudes;—like Romeo beneath the balcony; or Orlando carving the name of Rosalind on some tree in Arden; like poor crazed Ophelia—chaste as the frozen snow-drop—love surviving in the reason’s dim eclipse, immortal there in that lovely woman-geist; her lips breathing forth the shadow of a sound—her song of ‘Willow, willow.’ There, too, Cleopatra, gorgeous and resplendent; but to her old real self, a cloud emptied of its rain. The arms that would embrace her clasp nothingness. It is here, it is there, it is gone. So the geist grows neither old nor young. For him there is neither good nor evil; reminiscence takes the place of reality.

13.—“Nevertheless, organization is the one potent fact throughout the universe. Wherever there is organized structure in the human form, *that* will not lose itself in the undistinguishable nothingness; it is structurally great, being big with possibilities. My armour is not I; but if I am naked, Achilles, that suit of armour that I once wore will be my distinguishing mark. Yon spear is nothing, standing disused against the wall. But what shall it be when Achilles finds hand to grasp it? The geist, or shadow-man, holds latent the infinite possibilities of matter, as the spirit, who once filled the geist, holds latent the infinite possibilities of spirit. The Power that disunited them can alone re-unite them; but if united, lo! the Resurrection of the Dead.”

ANN FROST'S GHOST.

THE following story may be relied upon as authentic. The incidents narrated were given to me by the farmer in whose house they occurred some fifty years before. At the time they happened he was a young man residing with his wife and children in the northern part of Yorkshire. He had been brought up respectably and could read and write and knew a little arithmetic—an amount of education not common at that time with men of his class. In addition to being a man of strict integrity, he was a professing Christian, and I believe a sort of local preacher amongst the Methodists. The extent of his reading was small, being confined to the Bible, the hymn book of his denomination, an odd volume of Wesley's sermons, a few religious tracts, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and an occasional newspaper. Works of fiction he was completely ignorant of. Anything of a supernatural character as occurring in modern times he was in the habit of treating with contempt and describing it as "old women's tales." And he was probably too robust, healthy, and matter of fact in his mind to be the victim of optical illusions or clairvoyant experiences.

It was towards the close of a warm midsummer day that a certain buxom servant girl, in Mrs. Neal's employ, came to her mistress, as the latter stood beside her husband, admiring the antics of a young colt, who was trying its legs in the meadow for the first time, and said, in a very earnest way, "I'd like leave this afternoon, Missus, if you please. Mary says she'll get the tea, and I haven't seen my mother this three weeks."

"You may go, Ann," said Mrs. Neal, kindly; "but you'll be sure to be home to-night, for to-morrow is washing day."

"Oh, I'll be home, ma'am," said Ann. "And to tell the truth, ma'am, I want to go, because I hear mother's behind with the rent, and I want to take her my wages. It's been hard for her since poor father died, with all them little children."

"Yes, poor soul, it must have been," said Mrs. Neal; "and you may take her a dozen new-laid eggs, and the pat of butter in the stone jar, and a loaf of our cream bread for her tea."

Ann, with a grateful "Thank you, Missus," ran away to get herself ready for her walk, and soon reappeared with a straw basket on her arm. In this, as her fellow-servant knew, she had her quarter's wages in a handkerchief, and above it the good things her mistress had sent to the widow.

"That's a good girl," said Mrs. Neal, as she watched her on her way up the road. "It isn't every one that would save for the

mother's sake as Ann does. I'll give her a new stuff gown for her Christmas present."

After that no more was said of Ann Frost. The family had tea, and after it was over a friend dropped in, and when he had gone the children were put to bed, and the servants were heard trudging up to their garret overhead. All was dark, for the moon rose late that night; and Mrs. Neal, as she looked at the clock and saw that its hands pointed to the hour of nine, said, "Ann's a foolish girl to stay so late. She'll hardly find her way along the road by this light."

"Maybe she'll wait for moonrise," said Mr. Neal.

"Then she'll be out later than a decent woman ought," said the wife; "and I'm too tired to sit up all night for her; and I won't leave the door unlocked. She can just wait in the shed until day breaks."

"Don't be cross, mother," said Mr. Neal, good-naturedly. "Go to bed. I'll just sit up a bit and read, and she'll be home soon I've no doubt."

Mrs. Neal took her lord's advice, and went to her room, where she was soon asleep. He, for his part, lit two candles, seated himself in a big arm-chair, opened his book, and went to sleep over it.

"When I wakened up," he says, as he tells the story, "It was with a start like. I'd been asleep a long while, I could see, for the candles were burnt clean down to the sockets; and there was the moon, big as a bushel basket, and yellow as gold, staring in at the window. I felt queerish, as if I'd had a bad dream that I couldn't remember; and while I was rubbing my eyes and shaking myself, the clock began to strike. It struck twelve. 'Ann is never coming home to-night,' said I. 'I'll go to bed;' and with that the candle-wicks dropped one after another into the hot grease, and began to fry. I snuffed them out, and went to the window to draw the shutters to and bar them, and just as I'd got my hand on one, our old dog that always slept across the door on the porch, set up such a howl as I never heard him give before. You know they say, in our part of the world, a dog's howl is a sign of death. I don't believe such stuff, but I thought of the saying, somehow, and it didn't make me comfortable. I felt angry at the dog, and I was making ready to throw a bit of stick at him, but before I could hurl it from my hand, I saw Ann Frost standing close beside the dog, who was crouching low and shaking all over. 'The next thing I'd have hit you,' says I, putting down the stick. 'You're late enough to night, what's happened you?' For somehow she looked white and strange in the moonlight, and I thought she might have been ill. Then I took my head in from the window and opened the door, and Ann came in across the sill; and I remember just

how she stood in the white moonlight, white as snow herself, and how the dog lifted up his head and, trembling all over, howled again—three long, awful howls that made my blood run cold.

“Well, Ann, what’s happened you?” I says again, and I felt stranger than I ever felt before that minute. Queer little prickles flew all over me, as they do when you catch hold of that electric machine some doctors have. And I was frightened—I couldn’t say at what, unless it was the dog. ‘Haven’t you a tongue in your head, Ann?’ says I. ‘What’s the matter?’

“‘The matter, master?’ says she, looking into my eyes. ‘Oh, master, don’t you know I’m dead. The man that killed me is Jack Humphreys, and you’ll find me behind Carston Cliff.’

“‘You’re a pretty sort of dead person,’ says I. ‘I never thought you’d take to drink, Ann. Go to your bed now and I’ll talk to you in the morning when you’re sober.’

“She passed by me as I spoke, and I turned to bar the kitchen door, and when I’d done it she was gone—to her own room, I supposed, and I went to my bed and went to sleep—thinking what a fool I had been to feel half frightened by the howl of a dog and the words of a tipsy woman.

“‘Your fine servant came home crazy drunk last night,’ I said to my wife, when I got up the next morning, ‘and told me she was dead and buried behind Carston Cliff, and that some Jack Humphreys or other killed her.’

“‘But you shouldn’t have sent her away in the dead of night like that,’ says the wife.

“‘I sent her to her bed,’ says I.

“‘She’s never touched it,’ says the wife. ‘She’s not in the house.’

“She was not; and none of us ever saw Ann Frost alive again. She had not been to her mother’s: and they found her body jammed amongst the rocks at Carston Cliff next day. The loaf of bread, and the eggs, and the pat of butter were in the grass. The basket was floating in the water below. They thought she’d fallen over the cliff at first; but the coroner’s inquest showed she’d been murdered for the money she had with her, most likely; and the queerest part is to come. They found that man that did the thing, chiefly through marked money that my wife had paid the girl with, and a ring she had—a gold ring that her sweetheart, who had gone to sea, had given her; and the fellow’s name was Jack Humphreys, and nothing else.

“It’s not for me to say I saw Ann’s ghost,” said Mr. Neal, in conclusion. “I’m bound to believe there’s no such thing as a ghost, for better I arnt people than I am say so. But what I did see that night is more than I can tell. If it warn’t a ghost, what was it?”

MORNING TEACHINGS IN SIMPLE LESSONS.

BY THE SPIRIT-GUIDES OF THE AMANUENSIS.

I.—THE TWOFOLD NATURE OF MAN.

There is a way unto Eternal Life which is not of the world; it is to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself. It is not meet that you should do those things which are forbidden by the law of the flesh; but in all things serve God by performing His will.

MUCH is written in the Book of Life to show that the nature of Man is twofold—of the Earth in its foundational structure, of the Spirit in its heavenly form. It is not of the Earth earthy, but of the Heaven heavenly. The course of nature in Man is this:—Man being formed after the image of God, in Spirit and in Truth, rises from the bondage of sin and ignorance unto Life Eternal, by the indivisible power working in Him continually and for ever. No man is condemned to death. All live in Christ. The Godhead is infinite, and Man through all relations of existence tends to the infinite. Though dead he shall rise again, rise in spirit through countless myriads of years to Life Eternal in the Heavens. Lord, what is Man that thou art mindful of him? Man is the creature of infinity, an atom, a spark of the Divine effluence given to the clay to revivify and restore it to its lost originality or brightness. Man is a being of twofold greatness, of power on Earth and power in Heaven, a constellation, a mark of Divine glory, living through all and in all, for ever and ever. Can you measure the fathomless? Can you sound the depths of the earth? or can you count the myriads of stars in the firmament? Much less can you comprehend the nature of Man in its infinitude of aspects, and powers, and purposes in the Divine economy of Nature. It is not for Man to seek to know the secret power of the Great Architect of the Universe. His feeble power though of infinity cannot reach the infinite—the never-ending “On, On.” But the car of progress never stops. Onward to eternity and still it is in progress; the valve is not closed; the wheels cease not to move: Time is far behind, but the car of progress still goes on its way. What is Man? can only be answered by the question, What is Infinite Power? What is Love? What is the wonderful and boundless power of God? Who made the mountains rise, and the waters to cover the earth? Man is the creature of God’s power, the progressive being of eternity, destined to for ever do the work his Creator has set before him, to replenish the earth and improve it through all generations. When shall the end be?

When all is chaos. What is chaos? It is void. There can be no void, no vacuum, and nature is perfect, never-ending. You are pursuing a subject which is ungraspable, incomprehensible; for ever it is "I am the Beginning and the End."

Man is a microscopic being in the vast panorama of Life, filling his part in the great indivisible whole. He is eternal in his littleness, as in his greatness; a mote in the great lucid ray which shines over all. Man in his littleness is an atom of wonder, in his greatness an atom of immensity, controlling and subjugating other atoms to their destination. No phase of life is without its purpose and destiny; all are parts of the great whole. Man cannot stand alone in this accumulated state of atomic force; he is swayed to and fro by contending atoms, which compel his action in eternity's great mechanism. Man is no more a creature of circumstances than if he were a piece of wood which had to form part of a machine, which must of necessity be shaped and moulded to its purpose; so is Man in all his bearings obtusely or clearly made to adhere to that portion which he is fitted for. A man is an epitome of the universe in himself. He is a marvellous being, with all his parts in true position, each tending to the perfection of the whole. He is a wonderful piece of mechanism, which caused the Psalmist to exclaim, "Lord, what is Man that thou art mindful of him?" In this beautiful and loving exclamation we see the power expressed of the incomprehensible wonder of the universe. "What is Man that thou art mindful of him?" Yet Man in his blindness, his self-vaunting of creeds and dogmas turns from the sublime to the ridiculous, to the worship of the work of his hands. Ignoring the light his Heavenly Father has set before him, he lights his small taper to see the way. Man is infinitesimal in mind. He is as a puny weakling. He requires pampered food; he cannot take the pure milk of the Word; he must be fed with many flavoured foods; thus does Man spurn from him the light and truth which would make him free. There is a portion given to Man which is of heavenly mould, but he rejects it because of the restrictions which are required to unfold its beauties to his view. He therefore adopts or takes unto himself another mould of his own fashioning, which he sets forth as the true one. Thus he impregnates society with his impurities, which bring forth abundantly. Hence the various dissensions and contentions which are performed before heaven in mockery of its name. How long, ye nations, will ye take the name of the Lord in vain?

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

DR. SEXTON ON "INSTINCT AND INTELLECT."

THE *Ulverston Mirror*, of January 20th, contains a very lengthy report of Dr. Sexton's lecture (which it characterised as "eloquent and masterly") on "Instinct and Intellect," delivered in that town on the 16th ult., under the auspices of the Ulverston Lecture Association. We should have transferred the report to our pages, but that we may hereafter give the lecture in full in the *Spiritual Magazine*.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A new monthly publication, to be called *The Faith*, and to be edited by George Sexton, M.A., LL.D., will be issued shortly. It will contain, *inter alia*, Papers, on Modern Science and its Relation to Religion—The Evidences of Christianity—Present Aspects of the Various Forms of Scepticism—Biblical Criticism and Exposition—History of the MSS. and Versions of the Scriptures—Ancient Religions, their Real Value and Place in God's Dispensation—The Church and the World; and other subjects connected with the religious aspects of the times. Reviews of Religious Books will form a conspicuous place in its pages, and Reports of the Sermons of great Preachers will occasionally be given. It will also contain a record of the Editor's Labours in Defence of Christian Truth against the various Forms of Unbelief. Further particulars will be announced hereafter. Persons feeling an interest in such a publication should communicate with Dr. Sexton, 75, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

THOMAS CARLYLE ON MODERN SCEPTICAL OPINIONS.

It would appear that Thomas Carlyle has no great confidence in what is called the advanced thought of to-day, for he is reported to have said to Professor Huxley: "You Darwinians are spending your lives in trying to prove that men are descended from apes; and it needs more than our civilisation to prevent them from being ogres." The *Ardrossan and Saltcoats Herald* publishes the following extract of a letter written to a friend by Mr. Carlyle:—"A good sort of man is this Darwin, and well-meaning, but with very little intellect. Ah, it's a sad, a terrible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women, professing to be cultivated, looking around in a purblind fashion, and finding no God in this universe. I suppose it is a reaction

from the reign of cant and hollow pretence, professing to believe what in fact they do not believe. And this is what we have got to. All things from frog spawn; the gospel of dirt the order of the day. The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the catechism, which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes:—‘What is the chief end of man? To glorify God, and enjoy him for ever.’ No gospel of dirt, teaching that men have descended from frogs through monkeys, can ever set that aside.” Our contemporary adds:—“Some time ago Mr. Carlyle was heard to say that he was seeking his way back to the simple faith of his childhood, convinced that there was more in that than in all the wisdom of the *illuminati*.”

PROFESSOR BARRETT ON “SYMPATHETIC VIBRATIONS.”

Professor Barrett lectured, on Thursday evening, January 4th, at the London Institution, on “Sympathetic Vibrations,” and in the course of the lecture, which was fully illustrated by experiments, led up from simple pendulum vibrations to those in which, where several pendulums are hung on the same rod, the vibrations from one pendulum set in motion are communicated to others of the same length. The way in which tuning forks, without being touched, will respond to the vibrations of those in tune with them, and columns of air will likewise give audible vibrations in reponse to notes with which they are in tune, was illustrated, and the behaviour of sensitive flames was shown by many interesting experiments. After concluding the subject proper of the lecture, Professor Barrett went on to speak of the suggestions thrown out that sun spots might be due to a state of sensitive sympathy produced by the feeble influence of neighbouring planets. Much in meteorology, likewise, is to be explained by such a line of study. Nor need we stop at inorganic nature. Our bodies and our minds often resemble a resonant jar or a sensitive flame, and a very slight disturbance, if it is synchronous with our state, may produce unlooked-for effects. The Professor went on to say that during the last six months he had collected, far and near, testimony that makes him believe we are on the threshold of great knowledge of the action of mind on mind. It hardly shows a wise or scientific spirit, he urged, which leads certain philosophers, to whom the public look for instruction in psychology, to talk confidently about the impossibility of the existence of any at present inexplicable phenomena. Such philosophers themselves become the slaves of a dominant idea. They should be willing to relinquish ideas they find out of harmony with facts.

KRISHNA.

We have at times heard many of our anti-Christian neighbours enlarging on the transcendent moral excellence of an Indian semi-deity Krishna, the name of whom they frequently dishonestly spell Chrishna, in order to show some sort of resemblance to Christ. There appears to be a different opinion among even the Brahmos on this question, for we learn that at the Bombay Prarthana Somaj, Babu Sattayendranath Tagore recently preached a sermon, in which he denounced Krishna as "a rake and a thief at once, and a politician of the most unscrupulous sort, as loudly proclaimed by the Puranas," finishing off with the exclamation, "could he, in truth's name, could he, the gallant cowherd of Gokul, who vitiated the morality of Gopis, be the image of the pure and all-loving Deity?"

MR. M. D. CONWAY AND CHRISTIANITY.

We have frequently had occasion to point out the egregious ignorance displayed by Mr. Conway on the subject of Spiritualism, and the misrepresentations that have occupied so conspicuous a place in his American Letters when this topic has been dealt with. Recently he has issued a small *brochure* on Christianity, a subject about which he seems to be as well informed as he is on Spiritualism. The *Christian Life*, a most ably conducted weekly Unitarian journal, edited by the Rev. Robert Spears, one of the leading ministers of that denomination, had a week or two since a somewhat lengthy review of Mr. Conway's book, from which we extract the following:—

"There are many good things in these chapters. Their weakest side is their dealing with matters of history and criticism. Mr. Conway is evidently not provided with the requisite apparatus for entering upon such points at all. He blunders grossly in his discussion of the very term which he chooses as his title.

"The name Christianity is first found used by the opponents of the Christians—such as Pliny the Younger, early in the second century—but used as a name for a crime, not for a system of doctrine; as meaning that it is much later."

"The truth is that *Christianismus* is first used by Tertullian, in antithesis to *Judaismus*; while *Christianitas* occurs primarily in the imperial codes of the Christian Cæsars, and means neither a crime nor a doctrine, but a *profession*, and in particular the clerical profession. Pliny the Younger does not know the term at all, though he is familiar with *Christianus*. How then did Mr. Conway fall into this strange error? The presumption is that he read Pliny's famous letter through the medium of Melmoth's translation, which does interpolate the term, more

than once, in the course of a somewhat free rendering. We do not know what university did itself the credit of conferring Mr. Conway's M.A.; or whether that honour implies the power of reading Latin or not. It certainly implies no great acquaintance with Greek. The verb *σαλεύειν* (which Mr. Conway's printer has accented for him in an extraordinary fashion) does not mean to *persecute*, but to *swagger*; the verb *παύσασθαι* (why given in the 1st Aor. infin. does not appear) does not mean to *protect*, but to *cease*. The proposed version of the last clause of John viii. 44, is grammatically inadmissible; although it manages by haphazard to stumble on a sense which is closer to the original than our authorised translation. Scripture is throughout very loosely referred to. It was not the Baptist, but Pilate who said, 'Behold the man.' What can be looser than this reference: 'In Col. ii. 2, "God even Christ," —"Christ" is a gloss?' The actual verse ends thus in our version, 'the mystery of God, *and of the Father and of Christ*;' where *all* the words we have italicised are spurious. Church history fares equally ill at Mr. Conway's hands. He speaks of 'the two great Nicene Councils (A.D. 325 and 381.)' It is true that there were two general councils held at Nicæa, with an interval of 452 years between them; but the council which Mr. Conway refers to, in 381, was held at Constantinople. 'Nicene' seems to be a very stumbling-block with Mr. Conway. He tells us that 'the Nicene Creed declares its objects of worship incomprehensible.' It is cruel to rob St. Theresa of her famous Dream, by assigning it to the heretical Madame Guyon, in a later century.

"We do not desire to dwell on these and the like errors which we have noted; except as indicating a curious deficiency of pains or of acquirement for so great a survey as Mr. Conway has here attempted. We rise from a perusal of his *brochure* with a decided impression of his ability and of his good intentions; but with an equally decided impression that his subject is somewhat beyond his powers."

The importance and value of this criticism will be greatly increased when it is remembered that it is from the pen of a brother minister in the same denomination to which Mr. Conway belongs.

"APT ALLITERATION'S ARTFUL AID."

In the Anglo-Saxon times what Churchill calls "apt alliteration's artful aid" was constantly employed by the poet. The most perfect specimen of this style of writing extant is probably the following, the author of which is unknown. It has

a reference to the "Eastern Question" of that time, and may therefore be interesting to our readers at the present time.

" An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
 Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade;
 Cossack commanders cannonading come,
 Dealing destruction's devastating doom.
 Every endeavour engineers essay,
 For fame, for fortune, fighting furious fray.
 Generals 'gainst generals grimly grapple. Good!
 How honours heaven heroic hardihood!
 Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
 Kinsmen kill kinsmen, kinsmen kinsmen kill.
 Labour low levels loftiest longest lines;
 Men march midst mounds, midst moles, midst
 murderous mines.
 Now noisy, noxious numbers notice naught
 Of outward obstacles opposing ought.
 Poor patriots partly purchased, partly pressed,
 Quite quaking, quickly "Quarter, quarter," quest.
 Reason returns; religion's rite resounds;
 Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.
 Truce to thee, Turkey! Triumph to thy Train,
 U unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine!
 Vanish, vain victory; vanish, victory vain;
 Why wish we, wherefore, wherefore, welcome we
 Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xaviere?
 Yield ye, ye youths, ye yeomen, yield your yell,
 Zeno's, Zarputus', Zoroaster's zeal!
 And against all-assailing arms appeal!"

A MONDAY CHRISTMAS.

The Christmas just past fell on a Monday, as did also the Christmas days of 1871 and that of 1865. In the last named of these years some one copied the following lines from the Harleian MS., No. 2,252, folio 153-4;—

If Christmas Day on Monday be,
 A great winter that year you'll see,
 And full of winds both loud and shrill;
 But in summer, truth to tell,
 High winds shall there be, and strong,
 Full of tempests lasting long;
 While battles they shall multiply,
 And great plenty of beasts shall die,
 They that be born that day, I ween,
 They shall be strong each one and keen:
 He shall be found that stealeth aught;
 Tho' thou be sick, thou diest not.

The year 1866 was the year of the Austro-Prussian war, a year of disastrous gales, and a year of cattle plague. Again, in 1871, the twelvemonth following Christmas day saw us with cattle plague in the North, and some great storms; but as to 'battles' we must go back a few months in 1871 for the capitulation of Paris and the conflict with the Commune. We have now again had Monday Christmas for the third time within a dozen years. What events may follow upon it remain to be seen.

SCOTCH SUPERSTITION.

The late Dowager Lady Lyttelton, in a note dated 16th September, 1846, observed with reference to the taking possession of Osborne House by the Queen, that "Lucy Kerr (one of the Maids of Honour) insisted on throwing an old shoe into the house after the Queen as she entered for the first night, being a Scotch superstition." Mr. Theodore Martin states "The practice is universal in Scotland on such occasions, and also when a bride leaves her home. When the Queen arrived at Balmoral for the first time, in 1855, one of her old servants did what Miss Kerr had done at Osborne. To have omitted the custom would have been regarded in Aberdeenshire as of evil omen."—*Theodore Martin's Memoir of the Prince Consort*, vol. i, p. 340.

Obituary.

MR. ANDREW LEIGHTON.

WHEN a Sonnet to A. L. recently appeared in this Magazine I little thought that the subject of it would so soon enter upon that new world to which it contains allusion. I spent a pleasant hour with him toward the close of the year, and he then seemed in better health than I had seen him for some time past, and recited with rare taste and feeling, and to the delight of many friends, his brother's poem, "The Baptisement of the Bairn." I was then painfully surprised at receiving from a friend on Monday evening, January 15th, a post card saying—"Mr. Andrew Leighton died yesterday, Sunday morning, at his house in Liverpool, of hemorrhage of the lungs. The funeral takes place on Thursday."

I hope a fitting Memoir of our friend may be written by some competent and loving hand; but in any case a present notice of him in this Magazine, however brief and inadequate, is required, and is all I can now attempt.

Mr. Andrew Leighton was one of the earliest advocates of Modern Spiritualism. His mind had been prepared for its reception by a familiar acquaintance with the higher phases of Mesmerism, an instance of which had come under his immediate and careful observation. He wrote an excellent Introduction to the English edition of the Rev. Adin Ballou's *Spirit Manifestations*. I think the first volume favourable to the subject published in England. He became personally acquainted with its author, of whom he always spoke in terms of affectionate commendation. In passing I may here remark that I well

remember an interesting conversation he and other friends of that gentleman had with Mr. Ballou's son in spirit-life, Adin Augustus Ballou, through the mediumship of Mrs. Tappan, a short time before that lady's departure from England for the United States. Mr. Leighton contributed many articles on Spiritualism to the public journals. To the controversy in the *Leader* about the year 1852 he contributed a letter which deservedly attracted much attention. Among his articles in this Magazine, to which he was an early contributor, may be specially mentioned a series of "Notes on Spiritualism and Spiritualists in the United States in 1866."

Although his mind had recently been greatly harrassed with perplexing commercial affairs, he found time for an extensive correspondence in the London and Liverpool journals on questions of public interest; these letters being written chiefly in the railway carriage during his long and frequent business journeys. His interest in Spiritualism was unabated to the end. One of his latest compositions on the subject being a letter to the *Inquirer* which that journal declined to publish, but which I hope the readers of this Magazine will shortly have the privilege of perusing. His varied information made him a most interesting companion, and his benevolent, genial nature endeared him to all who were privileged with his intimate acquaintance. He possessed a rare courage which made him regardless alike of popular prejudice and even of personal danger. As an instance of this may be mentioned that when the brothers Davenport were assailed, and their cabinet broken to pieces by an infuriated mob at Liverpool, Mr. Leighton stood forward on the platform in their defence, and was believed to be the means of preventing further and possibly fatal violence.

He never lost an opportunity of doing a kind action, and frequently made sacrifices which he could ill afford, even to the extent of embarrassing himself by his benevolent and disinterested intervention. His devout religious nature, his trust in the perfect goodness of God, and his faith in the unseen world enabled him to meet the change which he felt imminent with calm and even cheerful fortitude. His mind was to the end perfectly clear and collected, his last words were messages of affectionate remembrance to various friends. In allusion to his brother in the spirit-world, to whom he had ever been most deeply attached, he said, "If you have any message to send to Robert, I will take it." And in this serene mood his gentle spirit quietly passed into the better world beyond.

Since the above was written, the following letter, written by Professor Campbell, Principal of the Normal College for the Blind, addressed to a mutual friend, has been handed to me, and

it so well indicates the qualities of character of Mr. Leighton, to which I have referred, that I take the liberty of appending it:—

“The Roses,” College for the Blind,

Jan. 18, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. T.,—I presume that you have already heard of the sudden departure of our dear Leighton. A noble spirit has left the known for the unknown. After all his trials and disappointments what a rest it will be, what an unfolding to his earnest love, his beautiful faith, his abiding hope! It is a blessing to have known such a man. One of his very last acts was in making an effort to obtain clothes for James W., one of the Liverpool pupils. Please accept our greeting on your return home. If it were possible we would give you a personal welcome.

Yrs. faithfully,

F. J. CAMPBELL.

I little deemed when last we met
’Twould be our parting here;
Or how fulfilled—ah, better yet
The wish—“A glad New Year!”

A glad New Year on you indeed
Has dawned, my dear old friend;
If right its calendar I read,
Thy trouble all must end.

I know that thou wilt surely find
Thy true congenial sphere;
And labour still for human kind
In thy New Golden Year!

T. S.

Correspondence.

MAGIC.

To the Editor of the “Spiritual Magazine.”

SIR,—The Roman Poet, Horace, describing one Canidia, an enchantress, suggested that as a witch she had enchanted him. A poetical translator thus interprets the poet’s description, *viz.*:—

“My youth has fled, my rosy hue,
Turn’d to a wan and livid blue:
Blanched by thy mixtures, is my hair.
No respite have I from despair.
Nor can I ease, howe’er I gasp;
The spasm, which holds me in its grasp.”

As to this, Mr. Theodore Martin observes, “Here we have the well-known symptoms of a man under a malign, magical influence.” He alleges that Canidia claims the power to waste life as the waxen image of her victim melted before her magic fire, and he refers to Middleton’s “Witch:” where Hecate assures to the Duchess of Glo’ster, “a sudden and subtle death,” to her victim. Thus:—

“This picture made in wax and gently molten,
By a blue fire kindled with dead men’s eyes,
Will waste him by degrees.”

Also, in Theocritus, a deserted lover resorts to a similar restorative. (*see Idylls*, ii. 28.): “As this image of wax, I melt here by aidance demonic—Myndian Delphis shall so melt with love’s passion anon.” In *Ovid* (Heroides, vi. 91.)

Hypsile states that, as to Medea, "The absent she binds with her spells, and figures of wax she devises," and "in their agonized spleen fine-pointed needles thrusts." A.D. 1441, an accusation of sorcery and treason was brought against one Ellinor Cobham, her alleged crime being that she had framed a waxen statue of Henry VI., and it was alleged she intended to torture and destroy him by magical applications to this image, thereby afflicting this monarch. She was sentenced to perform a penance, and one of her three clerical confederates was executed for the crime. King Richard III. accused Jane Shore of sorcery, apparently of a similar character. Other cases of this species of alleged sorcery would be interesting and useful. With reference to the vision mentioned in your Magazine, Vol. I. Series 1—as seen in a Dorsetshire house, I find that the first Marquis of Towsend died on the 27th July, 1811, and his daughter, Lady Elizabeth, who with her husband General T., saw the vision, died on the previous 21st day of March. Her sister the Duchess of Leeds, who also saw the vision, died some years since. The second Marquis died some years after the year 1843.

Yours obediently,

Swalcliffe, Oxon, 10th January, 1877.

CHR. COOKE.

ERL-KING.

(From the German of Goethe.)

Who gallops so late on a night so wild?
 A father it is with his own darling child
 Wrapt up in the folds of his cloak, close and warm,
 Protected as well as it can be from harm.

"My son, why bury thine head in such fear?"
 "O, father, and saw you not Erl-king appear,
 The giant Erl-king with his crown and his train?"
 "My son, 'tis a mist and a sign of rain!"

"O, darling child, come, come with me!
 Such beautiful games I will play with thee;
 There are exquisite flowers in my garden displayed,
 And my mother in purple and gold is arrayed."

"O, father, dear father, and do you not hear
 The soft words of promise he pours in mine ear?"
 "Be quiet, lie still, 'tis your fancy, my child;
 Through the sere autumn leaves doth the wind whistle wild."

"O, beautiful child, come, come away!
 My daughters shall nurse thee, and with thee will play;
 My daughters at eve o'er the revels preside,
 They will sing, they will dance, and shall rock thee beside."

"O, father, dear father, and do you not see
 The daughters of Erl-king are beckoning to me?"
 "My son, my son, I can see far away—
 In the distance, the willow trees shining so grey."

"I love thee—thy form is bewitchingly fair;
 And be thou unwilling, my power, then, beware!"
 "O, father, dear father, now grasps he my arm,
 I feel that Erl-king hath done me a harm."

The father then shudders, he loosens the rein,
 And clasps to his heart his child, aching with pain;
 Home is soon reached, but the spirit hath fled
 From that beautiful child—in his arms it is dead.

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REASONS FOR RENOUNCING INFIDELITY,

Being Two Sermons, Preached in Augustine Independent Church, Clapham, on
Sunday, September 13th, 1876, by

GEORGE SEXTON, M.A., LL.D.

*Honorary and Corresponding Fellow of the Italian Society of Science, Naples ;
Honorary Member of L'Accademia die Quiritti, Rome.*

"These are two remarkable Discourses by a remarkable man. The Author is well known as a man of letters and high scientific attainments. He is not only a vigorous and independent thinker, but an able Author and an eloquent speaker. The Discourses themselves are of a high order of thought and expression; they are in no sense manufactured sermons, mere pulpit compositions. They are not the mere ideas or speculations of the Author,—they are his burning convictions, convictions which he has reached by a long and terrible experience, and the public proclamation of which has cost him no small amount of painful sacrifice. The second of these Discourses we heard delivered, and seldom were we more interested, intellectually satisfied, and morally excited. Dr. Sexton, who is yet in the prime of life, has, we have no doubt, a bright career before him. We should be sorry to hear that he had settled down as the pastor of any church. Such a man is wanted by all the churches, to quicken the pulse of thought and swell the tide of holy sentiment. To some of us Ministers in London, pressing invitations are constantly coming from our brethren in the country, urging us to preach anniversary sermons, and many of them we are bound to decline. We know of no man in England who would more effectively supply such services than Dr. Sexton."—*Homilist*.

"The progress of Dr. Sexton from scepticism to faith by successive stages of thought manifested in the daylight of continuous public Services, is an event worthy of careful notice, and, from our point of view, of devout thankfulness. We believe that no conversion was ever effected less influenced by outside considerations, more characterised by the pursuit of dry light and truth. The results are succinctly given in a shilling book, entitled *Reasons for Renouncing Infidelity, &c.* The argument is in itself a good contribution to apologetic literature, but it is also an interesting narrative of the progress of a thoughtful, philosophical mind from doubt to belief. We hope that the work will reach the hands of many of our readers. But for the pressure upon our space just now we should support our opinion of its merits by large quotations."—*Freeman*.

"These are two very able Discourses, partly autobiographical in their character. Having commenced life as a Christian minister, Dr. Sexton drifted into the ranks of the Freethinkers, and was prominent as a lecturer and writer amongst them for twenty years. Five years ago he returned to his earlier belief, and is again a preacher of Christianity. These Sermons, stating in outline the reasons which have brought him once more amongst Christian believers and preachers, were delivered by request at Dr. Thomas's church in the Clapham Road. They briefly review some of the leading aspects of modern sceptical thought with respect to the existence of God and the claims of Jesus Christ. The argument is often put with much felicity and force, and is illuminated by apt quotation and reference. The little book may be commended to those who have to argue with infidels, or who themselves feel the pressure of objections to Christianity in their modern form."—*Literary World*.

"Many may have known Dr. Sexton as a foremost man amongst 'Freethinkers.' He has within the last five years discovered the utter fallacy of his sceptical views, and in these two Sermons he states clearly the reasons for the change in his opinions."—*Public Opinion*.

"Dr. Sexton, formerly well known as a leader amongst the 'Freethinkers,' has published his *Reasons for Renouncing Infidelity* in two Sermons recently delivered by him at Clapham. These Sermons are thoughtful and earnest in tone, and well deserve the attention of those who still remain among the doubters as to the truths of Christianity."—*Rock*.

"We are always glad to welcome any work from the pen of Dr. Sexton: for we are sure that whatever theme he writes or discourses upon will be treated with a dignified gravity, with deep learning, and in an honest and truthful spirit. The Doctor, as we learn, doubted at one time the truth of the Christian Creed: and he now seeks to atone for his disbelief, as far as he can, by putting before the world the reasons which induced him to lay aside Scepticism, and become a firm believer in the Divine nature of 'the Man of Sorrows.' We recommend his work with all our heart. It is a small but a most suggestive Volume: made to fit into the pocket; and we do not know a more useful literary companion to be taken about with one than this golden treasury of reasoning, argument, and religious thought."—*Englishman*.

"In these two striking Sermons the author, who is presently sojourning among us, sets forth clearly and cogently the leading reasons by which he was himself driven to abandon infidelity, and to close with the leading doctrines of Christianity. There is moral as well as mental power in the utterances of Dr. Sexton; and his views are all the more noteworthy as those of a man who for years was in the front rank of sceptical authorities, and of whom the Secularists were wont to boast as one of their greatest lights."—*Aberdeen Journal*.

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