

# The British SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

BEING A

MONTHLY RECORD OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

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No. 2.—VOL. II.]

NOVEMBER, 1st, 1857.

[ PRICE 1d.

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## THE BETTER LAND.

BY R. M. POTTER.

*From the New England Spiritualist.*)

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That sad comment on the consolations of modern Christianity, that Mrs. Stowe has given us, under the head of "Who shall roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre," recalls to my mind the time (and the only time,) when I stood by my mother's grave. Like the gifted lady, when she wrote the article referred to, I stood there in the darkness of heathenism, in open rebellion against God. The formalities of a sectarian funeral were senseless nummeries to me; my young heart was outraged with a calamity, mysterious and overwhelming, and I turned from the grave, never to visit it again. When the first wild burst of anguish was over, I reasoned the matter with myself, thus:—If my mother is in that grave she must be dead, and if so, she is no longer an individual, but she is gone back to the unconscious elements of matter from which she grew. On the contrary, if she originated from elements of intelligence, life, love and light, she could not exist among matter more gross than the form she once inhabited: but on leaving that form she would naturally, if she moved at all, go upward to more ethereal elements. One of the two things I felt was true. I had a mother or I had not; if I had a mother, she was not dead, and if not dead she was not buried, and consequently that grave was no more to me than any other spot of ground.

Thus, in early boyhood, I entered the "valley of the shadow of death," bound on one side by Atheism, on the other by Spiritualism, and for twenty-eight years I was a sojourner of that valley, as benighted in regard to all spiritual light and knowledge, as a Hottentot, a Fejee Islander, or a—modern sectarian. No

human hand was proffered, to lead me from the darkness; but when I began to climb the mountain, when the first faint rays of the spiritual sun beamed over the far-off summit, plenty of hands were ready to drag me back into the darkness.

As an individual member of humanity, allow me to speak as its representative, in the first person singular. I have wants, and I have desires, and none but myself can know when and how those wants and desires should be gratified.

I love, and my happiness depends upon being loved in return, and I have a right to be happy, for my very nature demands it as an essential of existence. I adore, and I approach the altar that the world bows down before, and pour out my offering of love; but the golden god of this world rejects the offering. Am I disheartened? For a moment I may be, but the angel of hope whispers in my ear, and I start up again, strong as ever, and firm as ever in the faith of a time, when every want shall be met, and every desire gratified. And I wander on with my spiritual eye fixed upon distance, and I see a land where the leaf never fades, and the atmosphere needs no thunder-storms and hurricanes to purify it, and the sojourners there are all serenely happy, loving everything and fearing nothing. I can live where I am, but I choose to travel on, and who shall say I may not seek my own happiness in my own way? Why Mr. Priestcraft of course. That old fellow is not willing that I should walk in a path untrodden by himself, though I transgress no laws, and trample upon no individual rights. So he meets me by the way and says, "young man, you are astray, you must be taken up, and empounded in the sheep-yard of the church; if there is nothing there to satisfy your wants, that is none of your business. If the glory of God requires that you should be entirely miserable, you have no right to complain; if God is selfish, and consults his own pleasure, and not yours, it is enough for me to tell you of it, and for you to pay me well for imparting this orthodox information." And I reply, "Stand out of my way, thou long-faced, stall-fed, brazen-vizaged hypocrite; retire to the shades of your gloomy theology, and chew the cud of necessity till you wear out your grinders, or masticate and digest a small supply of common sense." And he stands out of the way, for he knows by a kind of animal instinct, that a good retreat is better than a bad battle.

While wandering in ignorance along the borders of Atheism, I had many characteristics in common with the professors of formal religion. I was proud and had an exalted idea of what a spirit ought to be. Like church members in general, I supposed a spirit must be immaterial, that is to say, nothing. A revelation from the spiritual regions, to gain my approbation at that time, would have sunk a city or upset a lake. Nothing short of a compound thunder-clap, or a respectable earthquake, would have met my acceptance. Unlike formal religionists, however, I acquired a self-hood, a sort of moral independence, that precluded the necessity of calling upon a humbug or a devil to assist me in the maintenance of an educational dogma. I walked alone, and thereby learned to stand

alone or fall with decency. My popularity, respectability and subsistence, did not depend upon the preservation of my opinions. There was a great advantage. I could sneer with my brother skeptics of the church at the undignified manifestations of Spiritualism, but I was not alarmed for the majesty of tall steeples, and "sounding brass" church bells. Nevertheless, it may be that I put on somewhat of the pomposity of a "professor" when I accepted an invitation to attend a "scientific investigation" of spirit-rapping. My first seance resulted in a shadowy suspicion that the ancient and time-honoured old gentleman with the cloven foot was cultivating my acquaintance. A medical practitioner at the table turned pale with fear, and declined holding correspondence with Satan. At the third sitting I was forced to the conclusion that it was operating upon a battery that had connection with the better land. But in order to keep on good terms with my brethren of the church, I will admit that Satan was the operator at the other end of the wire. This I do for the sake of peace and argument. Now what follows?

I soon discovered that the old fellow was accomplished in the arts of poetry, music, and elocution. He gave the first rational, philosophical and elaborate description of the spirit-world that I ever heard, for previous to that time I had never met with a believer in a future state who had any definite idea, or who had even speculated upon the conditions, circumstances, surroundings, and geographical localities of the spirit-home. I transmitted this spiritual geography to paper, and preserved it for future reference, and in comparing it with the teachings of Jesus I find a harmony between the essential points of both. There is too much simplicity and equality in the narration to recommend it to that class of men who seem to consider themselves, in some way, the descendants of Balaam's donkey, and never feel so highly honoured as when ridden by a blind priest.

Coming from whatever source it may, this panorama of the better land is to me a continuation of the New Testament, and I expect to regard it as such till I get a better. But where shall I go for a better? Not to Dr. Dwight, nor Dr. Gordon, nor Professor Felton, for such men are doing more to perpetuate the gross materialism of the age, than all the Atheists in the country. If any man can see that I am deluded and stand in need of his aid, let him come to me with argument, and give me something to compare to my notes of spirit-science. The day of authority in matters of faith has gone by. In England men are sent to heaven by act of Parliament, but whether they get there or not, is a question not yet definitely settled. Now we are all interested in knowing something of that better land, of the way and means to gain it. The best way that I know of to acquire reliable information is to compare notes. We of the spiritual fraternity accept Jesus for what he claimed to be; we also claim to be the recipients of revelations from the spirit-world. Let those who differ with us no

longer waste their time by donouncing us as "infamous cheats," and other equally polite names, but rather let them become acquainted with our faith and practice, not from our traducers, but from ourselves, and then they will be prepared to institute a comparison between us and the teachings of the records upon which their own faith is based. Jesus said, "The kingdom of heaven is within you." Who then has the authority to say, that the kingdom of heaven can be buried in the grave and await a material resurrection?

As it is now, I expect to find a company in the spirit-world, when I go there, in a somewhat different state of society from what I find here on earth. It is written, "the first shall be last, and the last first," which is not very encouraging to men who wear black gowns and white neck-ties. There must be at least one thing there, for the malefactor on the cross had the promise, and theology says there is no progression after death. Now if the thief stands first, where will the wise men of the east (Massachusetts and Syria) find a place?

### RAPPING, NO NOVELTY.

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Mr. Baxter, in his *Historical Discourse on Apparitions*, writes thus: — "There is now in London, an understanding, sober, pious man, oft one of my hearers, who has an elder brother, a gentleman of considerable rank, who having formerly seemed pious, of late years does often fall into the sin of drunkenness; he often lodges long together here in his brother's house, and whensoever he is drunk and has slept himself sober, something knocks at his bed's head, as if one knocked on a wainscot. When they remove his bed it follows him. Besides other loud noises on other parts where he is, that all the house hears, they have often watched him, and kept his hands lest he should do it himself. His brother has often told it me, and brought his wife, a discreet woman, to attest it, who avers, moreover, that as she watched him, she has seen his shoes, under the bed, taken up and nothing visible to touch them. They brought the man himself to me, and when we asked him how he dare sin again after such a warning, he had no excuse. But being persons of quality, for some special reasons of worldly interest I must not name him. — *De Foe's Life of Duncan Campbell*, p. 107.

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### WHY I AM A SPIRITUALIST.

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1st. Because the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments tell of *angels charged concerning us*, of guardian *ministering spirits*, of *angels strengthening us*; they tell of false spirits that are in the world, and we are commanded to try the spirits.

2d. I regard the physical manifestations as bearing the unmistakable evidence of *intelligence*, — not instinct, nor sympathy, but *mind*, and for obviously holy or virtuous ends, — as the highest order of evidence ; to us it seems the very handwriting of Heaven. I have known more than one case of this kind.

3d. I have known two cases of *prescience*, in children that told their mothers of my coming to them, of their seeing me in their halls, with an accurate and minute description of my person and dress, even to the button where the stay was seen ; the cure of their fits from my first visit, and of their spasms subsequently, four months before I was ever in that vicinity. The parents were not believers in Spiritualism, but I ascertained that these children were mediums. The coat, its color, its defect, were described the day after it was received from the hands of my tailor perfect, four months before it was seen by them, except mentally. I have a vast amount of intellectual testimony belonging to the same class.

I may be thought too severe in my distinction of mediums, placing too much stress on their intellect. If their minds are of a high order, they will look charitably on what I have here written ; for the wise and enlightened are ever liberal and tolerant. But this wide difference in mind ever must exist. In how many of us, if seated by the Windermere, where Wordsworth drew so much of his inspiration, or seated by Grassmere Lake, would the soul be lost to all but religion and poetry ?

Ah, sir, God, angels and ministering spirits are around us in all their sublimity and grandeur, whether we see them or not. Our fathers, our mothers, our companions and little ones, come to us laden with angelic beauty, freighted with loveliness and imperishable charms, cheering, counselling, encouraging our hearts, whether they hear or forbear. The fresh early splendors of the morning, the gorgeous glories of the evening sky, catch hues, and see tinged with new light from their presence.

In conclusion, I regard the wonders already disclosed but as the mere grey dawn of morning before a glorious rising, when every hill and valley, mountain-top and glen, will be filled, and the great heart of Nature throb with visions worthy immortal minds. The little germs of beauty that but a few short years since started amid cold neglect, have blossomed into life, and have turned their faces to the rising sun, and the far-off lands begin to sparkle with this light.

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### WAS IT SPIRITUAL?—WAS IT PROVIDENCE?

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There is an incident related in the account of that heart-rending and awful calamity, the wreck of the steamship "Central America," which I would commend to the attention of those who deny that there are invisible intelligences

which interfere in human affairs; and also to those who deny that the lower animals are the subjects of spiritual influx, or in other words, that they are "mediums." In the statement of Mr. Burch, who descended in the fearful depths with the sinking ship, and was afterwards picked up from the surface of the ocean, given in the *Baltimore Sun*, for Monday, Sept. 21, he says, "After having been in the water for about six hours, we saw a sail, and we all called until we were heard and the vessel came to us which proved to be the Norwegian bark "Ellen," and we were taken on board. *The captain stated that when he was about twenty miles distant, a bird appeared on his vessel, and flew three times in his face, which caused him to change his course two points, and thus he came to us.*"

Now if the bark "Ellen" had sailed into that forlorn assemblage of human beings, which the sinking of the steamship had thrown on the surface of the ocean, in the pursuit of her direct course, would it not have been wonderful, would it not have been singular, that she should have come upon the unfortunates in the pitchy blackness of that dreadful night? would not the "coincidence" have been remarkable? But the "Ellen" would have passed seven miles to the side of the sufferers, had she sailed in her direct course, and many a heart now beating in union with loved ones—a wife, a child, father, mother, sisters, brothers or friends—would now be motionless on the cold ocean bed, along with the great steamship. But by the medium of a bird the captain is made to change his course two points of the compass, which brings him right into the midst of the men floating on the water, in the midnight blackness.

Oh! but, says the sceptic, why did not providence arrange that the steamer should have arrived in safety? or, if it was Spirits that drove the bird in the captain's face why did they not contrive to get the "Ellen" there before the steamer went down, and so many hundreds found a watery grave, or at least to have gotten there earlier? But this is ever the way with the sceptic. He refuses to look at what is to be seen, and asks to see what is impossible to be seen. Doubtless Providence would have brought the steamship in safety to port, if it could have been done without violating the freedom of the will. But because God can not consistently with the principles of freedom and accountability break the human will, they deny that he ever seeks through the ministration of angels and Spirits to bend it to his ends. They deny Spirit power, because, forsooth, Spirits have not all power. Doubtless the Spirits of departed husbands, wives, children, fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, hovered over that ship during that dreadful storm and suggested many things which, had they been done, the result would have been different. Doubtless when the liquor was passed round, and flowed like water, they revived many a pious precept and the recollection of many a sad tale to warn them in the hour of danger. Perhaps in the very beginning of the danger they strove with the ship's officers and crew on this point, for it is not improbable that to the demon alcohol the whole disaster is due, for the account

of the wreck shows gross want of foresight and management. And when all was over on that ill-fated ship, and loved ones were drifting in the gloom on these merciless waves, these loving Spirits did not despair, but sought aid from the nearest source. They said that a vessel was about to pass some seven or eight miles from the objects of their solicitude, and that by aid of a bird they could act on the fear, superstition, or other property of the captain, and send him on an errand of mercy.

When will men awake from their stupor, and lift their eyes and hearts from the gloomy earth to the bright world above? Citizens of a brighter land stand above, and call and beckon, but the would-be-thought wise cry, hold down your heads, and neither see nor hear, for we consider it disreputable even to admit the existence of a spiritual world.

O that men would begin to lift up their eyes to the fountains of existence and receive the heavenly influx! What blessings would flow from the conjunction of earth and heaven! In how many hours of danger, might our Father's angels of mercy wrap their protecting wings around us! Suppose the six hundred persons on that steamship had laid up their "treasure in heaven," and had had their "citizenship above," with hearts unspotted from the world, and seeking "for a closer walk with God"—could the waves have fought with such a body of men? I tell you nay; that the combined spiritual force of such a body of the sons of God would have been irresistible. Such need have but rebuked the winds and the sea, and said, "*peace be still*," and they would have obeyed them,—  
*Partridge's Spiritual Telegraph.* JOSHUA.

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### AWFUL FULFILMENT OF A DREAM!

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A young man, named John Gray, residing at Cinderford, who for some years past since the death of his father, has been the support of his sister and widowed mother, before he went to his work as usual, at the Crump Meadow Coal-pits, on Monday morning the 8th, told his mother that he had dreamed he was at his work and that a large stone fell upon him and killed him; and though his mother made rather light of it, it was with reluctance he went to his work, and that, not before he had twice returned to wish her good bye, for fear his dream would come to pass; he then went to his employment, but had not been in the pit many hours before an immense block of stone, as much as four or five men could move, fell upon him. On the removal of the stone, his body presented a shocking spectacle, been crushed in the most frightful manner. He lingered somewhat less than an hour in the most indescribable agony, when death released him from his sufferings. A coroner's inquest has been held, and a verdict of "Accidental death returned. Thus has an aged mother been deprived of her only supporting son, having had another killed in a similar manner about four years since.

## A MEDIUM IN 1789.

*Extracts of a letter from a gentleman at Fishkill, dated March 3, 1789.*

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"Were I to relate the many extraordinary accounts of the unfortunate girl at New Hackensack, your belief might perhaps be staggered. I shall therefore only inform you of what I was an eye-witness to. Last Sunday afternoon, myself and wife went to Dr. Thorn's and after sitting some time we heard a knocking under the feet of a young woman that lives in the family. I asked the Dr. what occasioned the noise. He could not tell, but replied that he, together with several others, had examined the house, but were unable to discover the cause. I then took a candle, and went with the girl into the cellar; there the knocking also continued: but as we were ascending the stairs to return, I heard a prodigious rapping on each side, which alarmed me very much. I stood still some time, looking around with amazement, when I beheld some lumber, which lay at the head of the stairs, shake considerably. About eight or ten days after, we visited the girl again, the knocking still continued, though much louder. Our curiosity induced us to pay the third visit, when the phenomena were still more alarming. I then saw the chairs move; a large dining table was thrown against me, and a small stand on which stood a candle, was tossed up and thrown in my wife's lap; after which we left the house, much surprised at what we had seen."

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## MONTHLY SUMMARY.

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We will first proceed to lay before our readers a few more extracts from private letters which will serve to shew how far we shall meet the wishes of our subscribers by our present arrangements, and it will also afford us an opportunity of replying to some of the questions raised and the suggestions offered.

The following is from an esteemed correspondent in

### L O N D O N.

"Your plan of Local Circulars may answer very well for small country places, but not for London and other large towns, and as such circulars would have only a local circulation, they would not supercede the necessity of a general organ, and if your's is discontinued, I don't see any likelihood of any other; for my own part I am quite willing to continue my co-operation both as a subscriber and literary contributor, and I think I might venture to say for myself and friends in London, that in addition to our subscriptions, we would be willing at the end of the volume, to contribute toward making up any deficiency, should



there be any. I think it would be much better to continue the *Tel.* weekly, in its present form, if possible, but of course if this cannot be done, a monthly publication would be better than none.

I would suggest that those subscribers who have sets of surplus copies, should obtain from you volume-wrappers, get them stitched, and lend them about in their neighbourhoods. This would be a cheap and effective mode of advertising, and of spreading a knowledge of the subject, and they would be better read so than in single Nos.

Why might not a shilling subscription list in support of the *Telegraph* be kept open, and the sums so received acknowledged on the last page of each No."

From the above it will appear that there are no pecuniary gains connected with the carrying out of this organ. Our literary contributors not only furnish us gratuitously with matter but also willingly subscribe for a number of copies and then generously offer to make an additional subscription if necessary. Let one tenth of the Spiritualists of Great Britain manifest the same zeal, and no fear need be entertained of the permanent success of, at least, one general organ.

The suggestion of our friend respecting covers shall be attended to for those who choose to avail themselves of its advantages. And now we must come to the last suggestion, viz., "a shilling subscription list." We must confess that we have a peculiar notion of independence, from which emanates a dislike to any thing in the shape of almsgiving or charitable support, and as far as we are able, we wish to conduct the *Telegraph* on this principle. We duly appreciate the suggestion of our friend, and, on the following condition, would be glad to carry it out, viz., that each subscriber shall receive, in return, a stitched volume, or, if he will furnish us with the address of any other friend in Great Britain to whom he desires it to be forwarded, we would gladly comply; or if he named two friends to whom six copies each should be forwarded (in all cases post free) we are ready to respond. If 100 Spiritualists would do this, it would indemnify us from actual loss during the first twelve weeks of Vol I.

### BIRMINGHAM.

"In reply to your circular, I may inform you that I am willing to repeat my former subscription, in order to help to keep the *Telegraph* alive. I am sorry to learn that it is so very little remunerative.

I think the subject is worthy of persevering, serious, rational, scientific investigation, but it does not appear to develope. What more do we know about it than we did seven years ago? Sceptics ask "What good do you get from it?" I am not aware of any very clear answer to that question, notwithstanding what Mr. Scott and some others may say. However let it be studied."

The above is from an highly esteemed friend who does not profess to adopt, in toto, the conclusions drawn by Spiritualists in reference to these phenomena. The facts he does not doubt, but the conclusions, he seems to regard, as not sufficiently warranted. In answer to the question "What more do we know about it than we did seven years ago?" we may cite the fact that thousands have been led to experience in their own persons or presence, the reality of a power

of which they were previously ignorant. The conditions necessary to obtain these phenomena are, we think, much better understood ; and with respect to the good we get from it (which is a very general question) this entirely depends upon ourselves.

We know that very many valuable prescriptions have been obtained through these phenomena ; yet those prescriptions never take effect unless applied. So with all the other advice derived from this source.

No one who has had any considerable experience in these matters, can possibly fail to recognise that all-pervading feature of these communications, calling upon us to abandon those sectarian views which tend to array man against his fellow-man under the false idea of "doing God service."

It has been the song of poets and the dream of philosophers, that "There's a good time coming," but the means to introduce "the good time," seems to have been overlooked. Now we are not ignorant of the efforts that have been and are at present being made to introduce a new social order, by those who, in their movements, recognise no Spirit influence ; yet there are certain facts ranging before our mind's eye, of which we would not lose sight. And first we would instance the Society of Friends, who profess to be guided by the "light within." It is true that possibly they may regard their "light" as being of Divine origin, yet we think it is also true that many of them regard it as being handed down to them through God's "ministering Spirits." And amongst which of the sects in Europe shall we look for that fellow-feeling or common brotherhood which characterises those people ? Another class to which we would call attention are those known by the name of "Shakers." Here we have a people existing under communitive arrangements, who profess an entire subjection to spiritual directions. The efforts of those two classes of people seem to be far more successful than any of the purely secular schemes of which we have any knowledge ; and though we are willing to admit that each of those classes of people may have, in their arrangements, some defects ; yet whether those deficiencies are attributable to the source from which they emanate, or in some way are attributable to those upon whom they operate, to our mind at present, is a matter not clearly settled. Exertions of a similar nature are now common amongst the Spiritualists in America, and strong indications of a like nature seem to characterize many of the communications received in England.

As a proof of what they are effecting in this direction, we will here quote from a private letter received by an eminent minister, whose life is being spent to establish God's "will on earth as it is in heaven." The writer says : —

"Some three or four years ago, I had seemed to have lost all hope of the communitive life ever being established at all, for when I looked around me, look in which direction I might, whether to the East, West, North, or South ; there I beheld in this old individual state of society, the interest of one man arrayed against the other ; and I can assure you that my very soul sickened within me, at the sight ; and to attempt to remedy such a state of things, by any other means than by the establishment of the communitive life, and the diffusion of the spirit of love, and justice among men, is a utopia to me : but since the commencement

of *Spirit manifestations* among us, I have thought differently : for it seems intended by him, who hath all power, both in heaven and in earth, to the ushering in of that most glorious time of all times, when his spirit shall be poured out upon all flesh, and when we can worship him in spirit and in truth, none daring to make us afraid.—Oh that the day may break forth, when the bright Sun of Righteousness shall shine upon us, and when all shall know the Lord, from the least to the greatest : and all shall behold his glory.'

If then we admit, that through those Spirit manifestations new sources of knowledge are opened up, medical prescriptions obtained, sectarianism snubbed, social compacts for the extermination of crime and poverty dictated and partially carried out ; the believers in ancient christianity brought from the slough of despond ; their faith renewed and their hopes established ; is it not sufficient to warrant us in declaring that we can, and do "get good from it?" But apart from all this, is it not worth all the labor bestowed upon it though it should do nothing more than furnish an answer to the almost universal and anxious enquiry, "If a man die shall he live again?" Or is it of no moment that an intercourse should be established between men on earth and those who have preceded them into the regions of futurity ? The earnest throbbings of the bereaved parent, of the orphan child, seem to answer like a thunder clap—YES.

### LEICESTER.

I reply to your circular, and beg to assure you of my support in whatever course you may adopt ; a large *Monthly* would be preferable. It is lamentable to see so little unanimity among Spiritualists !

I shall be glad to receive Part II. of "Divine Illuminations" also "Ballou's" shilling book.

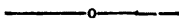
Could you help in procuring a second-hand copy of Andrew Jackson Davies' "*Nature's Divine Revelations*?"

Should you begin a New Series I wish you would accept subscriptions towards making the publication known by means of advertisements in the leading papers of the day.

"SINCERITAS."

Any friend having a copy of Davies' work will please communicate.

The suggestion of our worthy correspondent, to aid in advertising the Telegraph, is a good one. Any sums forwarded for that purpose, shall be thus appropriated.



## SUNDRY SPIRIT-POWER CIRCLES.



### PORTAFERRY.

"I am prosecuting my enquiries now and then, and with a good deal of satisfaction, but for so far have not received communications, although several

knocks have been heard by us: lights are invariably seen every night: (I am beginning to see them faintly myself) shadows and figures often make their appearance to two that sit with me: but until I get something more decided in the shape of intelligences, I'll not be content. I am, as it were, yet groping, not having ever joined in a good circle, well developed,—besides it is possible that owing to the peculiar nervous organization of those who sit with me, the manifestations may be of another than the usual one. For one whom I put in the Clairvoyant state two nights ago, went so far into it that she appeared to travel in interminable space, and saw clearly numerous ethereal or cloudy transparent figures flitting past her, and when spoken to, gave a start and said "Why did you bring me back?" telling us how pleasant it was and what she saw and felt.

### KEIGHLEY.

The original Circle continue their sittings on the Sunday and Wednesday evenings. On Sunday last, a few friends from Halifax were present when the name of the communicating Spirit was announced to be "Andrew Combe." Amongst the questions submitted by our visitors were the following:—

Question. "Can the prayer of a finite being influence the Infinite?"

Ans. "Prayer is necessary and unavoidable; but not as a means to influence the Infinite. Prayer is not an influence operating upon the Infinite, but on the finite."

Question. "Are Spirits fallible or infallible?"

Ans. "There can only be infallibility where there is omnipotence. Spirits are not omnipotent."

The same Spirit is giving a communication on prayer which we may possibly publish when completed.

The Christian Spiritualists continue to meet at their room on Sundays, morning and afternoon; they are also issuing their first Tract, consisting of communications. In size and price it will be same as the *Telegraph*, viz 1d each, or six copies, post free, for 6d.

### SPIRITUALISTIC UNION.

The second General Meeting of this Union took place on Sunday Oct. 4th, at 81, Wells-st., Oxford-st., W. (where for the present the society holds its sittings) The meeting being of a strictly religious character, only those known as believers were invited. The afternoon was spent in experiments and conversations, in the rationality of religious life,—on the goodness of Almighty God, and on the duty of elevating man, by a system of politics founded upon religion and science, in accordance with Spiritual teachings. No formulas were adopted or used, but every friend present expressed himself or herself as he best pleased from his or her own convictions, no priest being paid to expound, each became his own, and found in his own heart an altar on which to consecrate a peace-offering to the Everlasting. Thus religion found expression, and rational liberty, a sound basis—and, until man shall find and understand the application, universally, of individual constitution and right, religion must remain what it ever has proved in practice: the destroyer of man—a thing of creeds. He who has the courage to take his thought out of the blundering explanation of paid priesthoods, shall find

access to God easy worship, pleasant and acceptable, and himself armed to combat the mistakes of that infidelity which, beginning by rebellion against the tyranny of the churches, seeks to destroy the existence of the future life—the bright and pleasant hopes towards it, which exist in this, and the Author of all existence with it. This pleasant Union it is to be hoped will be soon again renewed, as all present expressed their unqualified happiness at having spent an afternoon so rationally, so religiously, so happily. A well-arranged Tea, under the kind superintendence of the Hostess, was served during the proceedings.

W. TURLEY, *Sec. pro Tem.*

### DUDLEY.

I intended to have sent you the account of my late Partners last moments and an account of her passage from this Sphere to the World of Spirits but I understand that Mr. Shaw of Bradford intends to publish it with all that we have got in connection with it, and as Mr. Weatherhead is the Printer, I think it would be useless for me to write it over again because I have not the least doubt but that you will be allowed to publish whatever you may think fit in the Telegraph [You are perfectly right. We have full authority from Mr. Shaw to extract any articles we think fit. The correspondence you refer too will be published by Mr. S. in No. 6 of his series, which, we believe will be ready on Saturday Nov. 7th.] but I send you an answer from one of the communications I received from Bradford, from my wife (through Miss Shaw.) telling me the next time we sat she would try to put me or some one of the circle to sleep.

We met the same night, and after trying sometime to operate on me, she gave me several slaps on the neck (as much as to say; "I have tried all that lays in my power to put you to sleep but cannot" Presently Mr Ginder one of her old friends' and one of the old Circle. said, I feel a very peculiar sensation all over me, especially in my arms; but it soon left him; finally I was induced by some peculiar power, to ask his, Mr. Ginder's daughter, to come and sit; in a few minutes after she came to sit, she went to sleep and my partner spoke a few words through her.

The next night we met again, and with the same result. But the third time we met, I was impressed to leave my seat and to go and sit opposite the medium, for what purpose I could not tell; soon after she went to sleep and then a kind of vapor or steam came over the table, and settled in a kind of cloud so that we could not see the Medium with the exception of her brow: then the cloud moved gently from the face, (and to my surprise) *the face of my partner* in place of the Medium's was visible. I called Mr. and Mrs. Ginder to come and look over my shoulder (as they could see nothing but the cloud where they sat.) They did so. But still they could see nothing but the cloud. Presently the cloud moved the second time; and again her face became visible. Mr. Ginder saw the face this time; but Mrs. G. and the rest of the circle could only see the cloud. *Then she appeared the third time*, exactly as she was a few minutes previous to her leaving the flesh, with a smile on her countenance, but none saw her this time but me—but all the circle saw the Medium enveloped in the cloud and could see nothing of her but her brow. Then she raised her hands over her head and said "Duffill, I told you I would make myself visible to you, did I not, if I was permitted? I have now done so; I will do so to Mrs. Ginder, Mr. Rowley, &c. as soon as I possibly can." She then disappeared, and the cloud also.

I need not try to tell you how I felt, for words could not express my feelings; suffice it to say, I felt more in the Spirit-world than in the material. This much has come from reading the Telegraph!! *What will it come to?*

My partner has been (in the hands of God) the means of proving, beyond a doubt, *the immortality of the human soul*. I hope every person now living will have the same proof.

## LIFE'S PURPOSE.

I have seen all the works that are done under the sun, and behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

For what hath man of all his labour, and of the vexation of his heart wherein he hath laboured under the sun?

For all his days are sorrows, and his travel grief; yea, his heart taketh not rest in the night. This also is vanity."

*Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher.*

"Then wherefore Life; " I questioning said,  
 "Since sweetest love brings bitterest pain;  
 Spring's rosiest hopes do earliest fade,  
 And all our toil of heart and brain

Finds speedy end: Ambition, Fame,  
 Wealth, Pleasure, Power, the scholar's lore,  
 The Poet's song? Fool! Fool! How vain  
 Thy dreams; Thine's waves roll o'er

Life's fleeting sands; thou walk'st each day  
 O'er new made graves. Death's prison door  
 Stands open wide. His fearful sway  
 Rules every clime from sea to shore."

Here paused I, for methought, a voice  
 Like music sweet, made answer then:  
 "Thy words are wild, I gave thee choice  
 Of wiser counsels. Once more again

To earth I come from out the spheres  
 Seraphic, yet unseen by mortal eye.  
 I come to teach:—to calm the fears  
 Of earth-born men. For God doth aye

In deepest love still chasten men;  
 Life's empty gauds, life's bitter tears  
 But teach his lessons: yea e'en when  
 They blindly grope, and all the years

To come seem darken'd, and a thankless boon  
 The breath of life. Earth is but a school  
 Where God doth send his children: soon  
 He calls them home; and then, more full

And clear, purged from all mists of earth,  
 In radiant streams His light and love  
 Shine forth undim'd, and all the worth  
 Of earthly tasks revealed. Death opes the gates above.

"Knowledge by suffering entereth;  
 And life is perfected by death."—MRS. BROWNING.

T S,