

SPIRITUAL TIMES,

A WEEKLY ORGAN FOR THE PROMOTION OF SPIRITUAL & PROGRESSIVE TOPICS,

A REGISTER OF PASSING SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA,

AND

A MISCELLANY OF SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

Spiritualism unfolds to our internal senses substantial realities; it presents us not only with the semblances, but with the positive evidences of eternal existence, causing us to feel that the passing shadows we speak of belong not to the Spiritual, but to the Material world. It is easy to imagine that we are dealing with the absolute and enduring, because we associate our thoughts with the external and apparently lasting, but, on reflection, we discover that the only absolute and enduring facts are beyond the tomb.

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SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1864.

PRICE 2d.

“The life that now is shapes the life that is to be.”
 “Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.”

The Spiritual Times.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1864.

WHAT WE HAVE DONE, MUST DO, AND ARE WILLING TO DO.

The next issue of the *Spiritual Times* will, we trust, commence a career of improvement in every way. Both Proprietor and Editor residing at Eastbourne, it was considered the only practical plan to have the paper printed there, in order that a personal supervision might be effectively exercised, to prevent, as far as possible, those ills (mistakes) that printers are heirs to. Various have been the experiences, dearly paid for, to convince us that after all there is no place like London to edit, print, and publish a paper that is to succeed. We discovered one difficulty after another, most annoying; firstly, our printer *could not* give us the benefit of an early issue, almost every week the paper was late, *sometimes* copies were worked off, to save time, before we could possibly send back *revised* proofs; hence, printer's and author's blunders passed current without the slightest possible chance of rectification; secondly, the paper reaching Paternoster-row late on Saturday, and even on Monday, the ordinary publishing channels were unavoidably closed, and its circulation strangled. Repeated communications proved that all was not well with us. We heard that this person and that person had ordered the *Spiritual Times*, but could not obtain it. Altogether, it was certain that some better arrangement must be made, or the paper must die. In this dilemma we consulted the proprietor, and we concluded to start together to London, in search of a printer. In the railway carriage we quietly introduced the subject of Spiritualism, for the consideration of a gentleman sitting near us. He proved to know little of Spiritualism, but much of certain leading spiritualists. He thought Spiritualism would be worth considering if it could be used for scientific and mercantile purposes. Spirits were of little use if they could not guide us in the ways of wealth and physical and mental improvement. He did not deem it a subject for *his* consideration, stating his reason thus:

“I should need a dozen lives to attend to everything.” We said: “one life surely is enough, being eternal.” Our first visit in London was to the office of Mr. Jones, 15, Basinghall-street, City. The committee of the Spirit-Power Institute and some friends to the cause were present. Mr. Jones filled the important position of president, and gave some interesting facts in connection with the movement. A number of phenomenal facts were mentioned, and altogether an interesting evening was spent. The Spirit-Power Institute is silently doing its work, its members number about 40 of both sexes. Everything external in London seems to wear a material aspect. The houses, shops, and manufacturing buildings, especially printing establishments, wear a sober-solid countenance. The spiritual would seem not to belong to modern London, if it did to ancient London. The people press by each other with business in front and business behind. From morning to night the one unceasing hum-and-drum discord of interest is the prominent characteristic of London. Whilst, therefore, it would appear as though the spiritual was entirely absorbed by the material, it also appeared that this absolute materiality might be the very best agent for giving full life to both the material and the spiritual part of the *Spiritual Times*. We wandered wearily enough, not seeking, like Japhet, for a father, but for a printer, and discovered one at last. Mr. Job Caudwell, 335, Strand, W.C., has undertaken to print and publish our paper, and afford other aid in the shape of an editor's box, &c. We shall, therefore, proceed to London, and perform our editorial duties to the best of our ability, within compass of its elaborated labyrinths of streets. Our friends will kindly forward all communications intended for the editor, under cover, directed to us, “*Spiritual Times* Office, 335, Strand, W.C.” Owing to the editor and proprietor, at the time the last issue was in hand, being from home, a large number of literal and editorial errors have unfortunately passed current. We hope our readers will do us the kindness, seeing that we are not omnipresent, and that printers are not infallible, to overlook for the occasion those defects. The arrangements now made are, we trust, such as to ensure for the future no repetition of such gross inaccuracies.

Everywhere we met spiritualists, and had opportunities of hearing their various opinions respecting the requirements of the *Spiritual Times*. We gathered sufficient encouragement from them to enable us to see a gleam of light in the cloud, a probability of keeping the paper alive, that is, if we con-



tinue to do as hitherto, find money and talent for the work. Of course, we had no opportunity of judging how spiritualists generally feel on the subject. We trust our new arrangements will soon prove that feeling favorable. It will be as well to make a clean breast by giving a few facts worth consideration. Mr. Cooper, the proprietor, has done a noble work already, but will he be able to continue it? He has found money to a very considerable amount, and must, under present arrangements, still do so for a limited period. Mr. Powell, the editor, having no money to give, has given its value in time and brain-work. He has done all he *can* do under discouraging circumstances, but will he be able to continue to do so? The paper will not fail for lack of earnest effort on the part of either proprietor or editor, but if it fail, the spiritualistic public will kill it with apathy. Let us hope this may not be the case. If the paper is needed, it is the duty of those who believe in Spiritualism to support it. A sale of little more than 1000 copies weekly would make the *Spiritual Times* self-supporting. Will not our friends use strenuous exertions to accomplish such a small sale?

As the case now stands, Mr. Cooper must continue to put his hand deeply in his pocket, and Mr. Powell must work on the paper without a salary, but if the spiritual friends would occasionally contribute, and subscribers would urge upon friends to subscribe, the material difficulties of our position would vanish.

We have put our hands to the spiritual plough, and after a few months' hard work, find instead of a lagging, an increasing enthusiasm. Nothing could better please us than to see the *spiritual cause* triumph. Nothing seems to us more certain than that Spiritualism is spreading, and must spread until its truths shall cover the earth as the waters cover the deep. We hope to aid the spread of these glorious truths. If we lack the highest culture we trust we are not wanting in vigour and earnestness. However, be our qualifications what they may, we shall continue to speak that which we conceive to be true; let who will find fault.

We have now to urge upon all friends to use their influence in making the paper self-supporting. We shall be in London and in readiness to deliver lectures on spiritual philosophy. Spiritualists living within easy distance from London may do well by holding meetings as they did at Maidstone. All we can say is that we only want a work to do and we shall be ready to do it, trusting to the liberality of our friends for the means of life. All institutions have bone and sinew, or they lack vigor. Why should Spiritualism hold its strength in abeyance? The battle must be fought; the battle cannot be fought without weapons; weapons cost money. Is money so scarce amongst spiritualists that they cannot spare a little towards propagandism? Or are they so lost to benevolence that having proved a truth for themselves they would fain circumscribe it to themselves? We do not believe they are. We rather indulge the idea that they only want to see the way to do the work, to cause them to cheerfully aid in its progress.

Letter from an Anxious Enquirer to a Clergyman.

LETTER, No. 2.

I have read with much interest the little book you were so kind as to give me, on "Thoughts on the importance of special prayer for the general outpouring of the Holy Spirit." I have also reflected upon the conversations we have had together, and I propose to write down my ideas.

Your main objection to the spiritual manifestations appears to be that they are forbidden in the Mosaic law under the term "necromancy," and in answer to my remark that it is not on that account more binding upon us than the laws against eating fat, hare's or swine's flesh, and fifty other injunctions equally obsolete among Christians, you referred me to the 7th article of the Church, by which I understand that the question is resolved into one of morality or immorality; that is to say, such spiritual intercourse only as it is of an immoral character is forbidden under the Christian dispensation. Thus far we are quite of accord, but I maintain that in all cases where the spiritual influence or communion is sought properly, with true Christian feelings, the result and tendency are highly moral and good in every way, and therefore, whether the effect produced be good or evil depends upon the condition of the sower.

I observe in the little book the writer almost at the outset (page 6) cautions readers against expecting the Holy Ghost to manifest His presence by any extraordinary signs and gifts as of old, and there appears all through a disposition to discountenance anything of the kind. I cannot help thinking that to pray for the presence of the Holy Spirit with such reservation is a grave mistake, to say the least of it. To pray for the coming of the Holy Ghost is no doubt an important duty, but it cannot be right to dictate in what manner he shall come. The various revivals which have taken place in Ireland, America,

and in other parts of the world at different times have all been in direct answer to prayer, and they appear to have been always received by the clergy with either doubtful approval, cold indifference, or direct opposition, so that the spirit has been quenched, and its development in the souls of the people checked. I have just been reading a very sensible little book upon Revivals, written by a gentleman who is conversant with the spiritual phenomena, which I am induced to send to you for perusal, feeling sure that it will interest you if you can find time to read it.

That we are approaching critical times every one seems to have a presentiment, and that these spiritual influences which are now spreading so extensively throughout the world are destined to play a very prominent part in future events seems more than probable; it must therefore be of the greatest importance to individuals, and particularly to the clergy and teachers, that they should not neglect the subject, or take up a false position in regard to it. To my apprehension the great blot on the Christianity of modern times is its treatment of the Bible—ignoring its *necessary* imperfections, and practically putting it in the place of God in direct opposition to the first commandment. Instead of looking to God for inspiration *continually*, modern teachers limit inspiration to the Bible, which they call *infallible*, making it really God, for they deny all subsequent inspiration; indeed they practically say there *shall be* none other. God *shall* not henceforth talk with His people,—we will not listen,—he has said enough,—we will hear no more. The words of Christ, "He that believeth in me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go to my Father." "These words," they practically say, "*shall not be fulfilled*—neither *shall* the Holy Ghost come with signs and wonders as he was wont, he shall come silently, imperfectly, or not at all. As for miracles, so called, speaking with other tongues—healing the sick—visions—trances—angelic visits—inspired preaching, writing or dreaming—raising the dead, and the like, we will have nothing of the sort *now*,—we will not hear of it,—away with it—it is delusion, deception, devilish,—we will have none of it." May not this be that dread sin against the Holy Ghost "which will not be forgiven, either in this world or in the world to come?" and why? because it is in direct antagonism to God; its tendency and direct object is to keep man in ignorance and darkness—to enthral and debase and retard his soul, by opposing the enlightening influence of the Divine spirit within him, and thus hindering his soul's advancement in this life, and sending it into the next world stunted and deformed by prejudices and errors which it may be almost impossible to efface. The worst sins of the flesh, such as murder, theft, drunkenness, &c., however dreadful they may appear in this stage of existence, can have but a limited influence on the souls of others, but the spiritual sin of denying or rejecting the Holy Spirit and causing others to do so, and thus intercepting this holy influence upon the souls probably of numbers, must be a much more serious evil in regard to the world to come. The Jewish priesthood rejected Christ because he came not in the way they expected and taught, and I fancy the Christian priesthood of the present day have fallen into the same error—they reject the Holy Ghost the Comforter, and have rejected Him for ages past, because He comes not in accordance with their programmes.

Rebieto.

THE POET AND OTHER POEMS. By ASCHA W. SPRAGUE. London: BURNS, Progressive Library, Camberwell.

A perusal of these poems impresses us with sadness, because we cannot read them without thinking of the long-continued conflict with sickness and poverty which bounded the author's short existence on earth.

The "Poet" is lengthy, occupying some 180 pages of the present volume. It contains many striking and elevated thoughts, and will well repay perusal. A number of miscellaneous pieces make up the volume. Miss Sprague was an American trance-lecturer, and is spoken of by one who sketches her brief pilgrimage, as the "noblest woman it was his lot to know." In "The Poet" we see the spirit which animated her.

I would do something worthy life,—
I'm weary of this fruitless strife,—
Something that lends a golden ray,
Like sunset to the parting day.
Immortal longings in me rise,
An earnestness that never dies,
To smite the rock within my soul,
And make its living waters roll.

Thus, throughout her career she not only longed to "do something worthy life," but she actually *did* it, and that in the very midst of difficulties far too stupendous for a young, sick female, to surmount. It is not our intention of criticising minor defects in this book, we choose rather to dwell upon the sunny side of art, and bestow hearty commendation even were we fail to recognise the Master's hand; because what need is there to be querulous in the presence of noble endurance, exalted thought, and almost super-human devotion?

If Miss Sprague failed to attain the highest eminence of Poetry she has attained the more lofty elevation of true womanhood. Her life is a lesson for her sex, yet how few *should* undertake *such* mental labour as fell to her lot. She appears to have undertaken exciting mental labours at the time she should have reposed in order to renovate her exhausted physical powers. There is, doubtless, something unwise in allowing the aspirations of the soul to subjugate the neces-

sities of the body, but it seems, in Miss Sprague's case, to have been itself a necessity. There was ever a progressive angelic voice whispering to her, "Excelsior," and ever her soul caught the "music of the spheres," and responded in clear, quick, bold gushes of song, which make you feel that Heaven is somewhere near, and that injustice, ignorance, and demoniac wrong are not the only presences with which we are acquainted.

THE COMING TIME.

When men forget their love of gold,
And love their honor more;
When Truth is only current coin;
And counted o'er and o'er;
When men love Freedom for its sake,—
For all as well as one,—
And for the greatest good, their work
From day to day is done;
When men throw *self* aside, and live
For some great purpose high:
Then will the glorious era come,
When none will fear to die.

Then will the human soul grow strong,
And wise, and grand, and free,
Shall rise the coming race, O God,
A fitter type of Thee!
Then shall Thy seal, and only Thine,
Be set on every brow,—
Ay, none shall wear the mark of Cain,
As millions wear it now;
Then shall the Eden bloom again,
Then shall the angels stand,
And with new Adams and new Eves,
White-robed, walk hand-in-hand.

In some of Miss Sprague's compositions there are a broadness and strength which seem to subdue her sex. One might suppose that some strong man wrote them, and not a sick, suffering, struggling, enduring woman.

The following is simple and beautiful:—

BURY ME UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Bury me, friends, where the flowers shall wave,
In the early spring, above my grave!
Where the earliest birds their songs shall sing,
And the lark towards heaven its flight shall wing.
Bury me under the greenwood tree!
'Tis the only place of rest for me.
I could not sleep in the dark, cold tomb,—
I should pine in its mould, its damp, and gloom!
Bury me, friends, where the violets grow,
Where close at my feet the brook shall flow,
Where the soft winds whisper among the bowers,
And the mosses sleep with the brightest flowers.
Bury me under the greenwood tree!
'Tis the only place of rest for me.

Come, when the flowers are in earliest bloom,
Come with the earliest spring-birds, come!
Come when the leaves are fresh on the trees,
And they softly sigh to the summer breeze.
Then every flower like my eye shall seem,
The song of the bird like my life's first dream,
While the whispers aloft in the leafy tree,
Shall all seem voices that come from me.

And do not weep for the dust that's laid
In the dim, cathedral, forest shade.
Think of me only as truly blest—
That I've found at last my promised rest!
Bury me deep in the forest lone,
Where only of Nature I'll hear the tone,
Where the foot of man has seldom trod,—
Bury me there, alone with God!

There is little in Miss Sprague's poems to excite other than heroic instincts. She is evidently the embodiment of heroism, and having laid her earth-life on the altar of progression, it remains a sweet incense typical of sacrifice and love.

We have a vast period opened up to us under the faintest light. But it is light, and it just discloses an epoch that upsets conventional chronology, and tells us that the origin of man is, like his future, a mystery. Here he is found, complete, developed, fully fashioned, in company with extinct animals, and in formations which were once thought to have been deposited before he came into the creation. Immense questions are started by such revelations—questions which a Roman cardinal does well to try to stifle at their birth, but which Religion, that should comprehend and court all Truth, has no cause to fear. We may be led from page to page of these new volumes of human records, to see infinite development behind our generation; and there seem endless capabilities and stages before us. We cannot be led to harm, if we are led to veracities, whatever theory they overturn, or whatever views they impugn.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Correspondence.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.]

Spiritualism versus Orthodoxy.

FIFTH ARTICLE.

SALVATION AND REGENERATION, REDEMPTION AND DEVELOPMENT.

To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

SIR,—Having in my last article laid before your readers a short but distinct statement of the question of miracles, and the teachings and theories of Spiritualism in contrast with the theories and teachings of the Churches, I proceed in the next place to show the teachings of the spiritual theory in contrast with that of the supernatural theory, on Salvation and Redemption, Regeneration and Development. All religions suppose a FALL of some kind. That there is a fallen creature, that he is not in harmony with the higher laws of his being and the spiritual portion of his nature, is an admitted fact, recognised alike by all parties, orthodox, heterodox, and Spiritualistic. To give a full outline of all the theories of the fall of man, of his primeval state, of the golden ages, of the copper age, iron age, silver age, and again a future golden age to come, of anti-human theories of evil, and inter-human theories of evil, superhuman theories of evil, and spiritual and harmonical theories of evil. To give a full exposition of these theories would, like the question of miracles, fill a large and ample volume. Let it suffice our purpose in the present article to give a brief outline and "bird's-eye view" of the orthodox and spiritual teachings on the fall of man and his redemption and salvation. We have, in the first place, the orthodox view as taught in the popular creeds. Man was placed in the Garden of Eden a perfect, pure, and sinless and innocent being, free from sin and sorrow, and a full and perfect image of his maker. But this state was only conditional, and depended upon his obedience to the Divine command, not to partake of the forbidden fruit in the midst of the garden, Adam's apple. That malicious spirit, the serpent, beguiled the woman Eve, she beguiled the man Adam, they both partook of the forbidden fruit, and fell from Paradise, from innocence, from purity, and were both ignominiously expelled from the Garden of Paradise, by an angry and offended Deity. Man thus fell, and with him all the human race through coming ages of time. Man had committed an infinite sin against an infinite Creator, and was lost for ever, had not Deity itself, in the second person of the Son, come forward as a "vicarious sacrifice," to appease the wrath of the first person of the Deity, the offended Father, God. Jesus Christ, as the second person in the Divine Trinity, was promised as the "seed of the woman that should bruise the serpent's heel." The death of the "God man" should satisfy and give compensation and atonement to the wrath of the God Father, that man might through this atonement escape the eternal damnation that awaited him and all his posterity. That such a partake of this salvation and have a share in the "merits of the blood of Christ" will be saved, and such as do not partake of this blood of atonement, will be doomed everlastingly in hell-fire, throughout the endless ages of eternity. That thousands—millions, are gone to hell for ever, and millions more will follow, for whom there is no salvation, no hope, throughout the countless ages of eternity, as the wrath of the Father God will never be satisfied, throughout all eternity. That it is difficult to say who will be saved. Divines are divided on the question. Some say only the elect will be saved, those whom God hath chosen as His own vessels of honour, before the foundation of the world, that these are safe; all the rest will be eternally lost. Others say that all may come who will come, and that if any are eternally damned it is their own fault; that some of the Pagans and good heathens will slip through and get to Heaven. Others more stern and exacting deny this, and condemn all infants and babies together to the flames of eternal hell fire if they die out of the pale of our creed and our church. Such is the gloomy, dark, and monstrous creed of orthodoxy, that requires a God infinite to shed the blood of Deity upon the cross of Calvary. The anxious enquirer, the truth-seeker, exclaims, Is this all true? Is this the true christian's faith? Is this the divine gift of a 'loving father' to His erring and sinful children? It cannot be. Reason condemns it, the moral sense repudiates it, the spiritual nature rebels against it. It cannot be true. God cannot die on a cross to satisfy himself. Is this the teaching of Scripture? Let us enquire. Let us go to the law and the testimony. "Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." That is, Christ lived, and taught and suffered, and died, that we, by His teachings and example, might be redeemed or saved from all iniquity. "Who gave Himself for our sins that He might deliver us from this present evil world." Gal. i, 4. It does not say from the wrath of God, but from the present evil world he died to save us. The whole force of the argument turns upon the meaning of the "for" in the texts which state that Christ died for us, and suffered for us, and shed his blood for us. If that word necessarily signifies "in our room," or "instead of us," then the orthodox explanation is feasible. But such is not the case. There are in the Greek language, which is the original language of the New Testament, several particles which are indifferently translated by this little word "for." One of these particles (*anti*) generally signifies in the room or stead of another, but the particle *anti* is never used in the New Testament when the sacred writers speak of Christ having "died for men." The words

which they actually use have a more comprehensive signification (*pro, upe,*) imply what indeed all Christians do believe, viz: that Christ died for the good of men, in their cause—on their account. Let us take another passage, John i, 29: The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. It is to be observed here that Christ is spoken of in this passage, as in almost all the texts, to take away the sin of the world. His death is not spoken of as saving us from sin. His name shall be called Jesus, because He shall save His people from their sins. So He is the Lamb of God to take away the sin of the world. And only in this manner does He save us from the punishment due to sin. Next passage, Hebrews ix, 26: He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. Here again the object of the sacrifice is in view. It was self-sacrifice to put away sin. Such a Saviour teaches to put away selfishness, as He laid down His life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. Christ suffered for us, lending us an example. What a pattern of benevolence and goodness is displayed in such self-sacrifice, self-surrender, and self-denial! Here is no "vicarious atonement," no appeasing of a father's wrath; and if space permitted, we might go over all the "proof-texts" for the monstrous doctrine of a God dying to satisfy Himself. No such doctrine, no such teaching, can be found in the New Testament. It is in the creeds, not in the Gospel of the Divine Jesus, and there we will leave it. God is love, God is one, and Jesus Christ came to bring us, who were "afar off," nigh to the Father, through the instrumentality of the Gospel. Here is the "key-stone" to the true doctrine of the atonement. We will now see what light Spiritualism casts upon the doctrine of salvation and development. It is a doctrine of both the Scripture and of modern Spiritualism, that man has two natures, one, the outer or animal man; the other, the inner or spiritual man. By animal man is not meant merely the visible, ponderable body, which has no life in itself, but also the *animus* or *soul*, sometimes called spirit, which is the life or animating principle of the body. We may again state that man is in reality the "Trinity in Unity," consists 1st of the animal body, 2nd, the electrical body, and 3rd, the "spirit" or inmost. The three combined make the man on earth, and the two combined make the spirit-man beyond the grave. The inmost life is divine, and will always remain so; the midmost life is derived from the parents, and its character is in accordance with the combination of temperaments in parents. This is the sinning part, the one that requires salvation and development in both this world and the after life beyond the grave in the spheres. The outside or "superficial life" is derived from the sphere of circumstances by which he is moulded and fashioned after birth, and the outward character thereof is likened unto the character of the circumstances which gain ascendancy over his feelings, and sway his judgment. Thus man has *three characters*: an "external character," an inward or "middle character," and an inmost or "celestial character," answering to the natural, spiritual, and celestial degrees of progression, in the regeneration and development of the human soul. Here I must rest, and extend this subject into another paper before I close this article.

Yours respectfully,
D' ESPRIT.

Spiritual Dottings.

To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

SIR,—The extracts below are from the writings of Mr. John Scott, an excellent man, and a medium for spiritual teachings of a high order, in a little book, entitled "Divine Illumination," and in other tracts. They appear to embrace what has been lately a subject of discussion in your paper.

London, June 24th, 1864.

I remain, respectfully yours,

B. D.

"Spirit teaching is not always accompanied with such tangible evidences as to compel the human mind to embrace it, and which leave no room, no possibility for doubt and incredulity.

"Spirit teaching does not extort assent, and compel conviction. And how absurd it is to suppose that it should be attended always with such strong proofs, that no one could resist believing it. Where is the moral or spiritual truth which comes to the human mind with such overpowering evidence? where is the moral and spiritual truth which some minds have not doubted and denied?

"If men were to believe no phenomena but those which compel belief, and from which no one could escape, then they must resign the foundation of all science—then they must give up and abandon the fundamental truth of the universe, the existence of God; for many have become so mentally paralysed, blinded, and perverted, as to deny and reject this central truth of the universe. Spirit teaching does not admit of the tangible and all cogent proofs and demonstrations of mathematics, precisely because its province is an infinitely higher one—that of mental and moral conviction,—that of the spirits consciousness, intuitions, and perceptions.

"But on this very account spirit teaching demands an entire freedom of thought and judgment—the most complete fairness and candour,—the unsubduable love of the knowledge of truth. On this very account it requires for its full reception and powerful communication, a free and vigorous mind, and spirit teaching may indeed, from and by the very brilliancy of its light, cause occasional inconvenience and uneasiness to earth-born *theology*, to all crude, contradictory, and irreconcilable statements of human-made creeds, to all deficient philosophy.

"Still, it is to spirit teaching that men must look for a complete deliverance and protection from one of the greatest evils, from one of

the deepest calamities which afflict multitudes of mankind in the physical state—the inability to perceive and believe in—the actual disbelief of truth itself—which inability proceeds from the paralyzation of the spirit's consciousness, from the diseased state of its intuitions and perceptions."

The lines at foot are from the writings of the Rev. T. L. Harris, spiritually communicated.

SONG OF THE HEAVENLY NUPTIALS OF ROBERT BURNS AND HIGHLAND MARY.

We are married, we are married,
And my dearie's all my own:
For the moment long I tarried,
With the white rose in my zone.
When on earth my dearie anguished,
And for Highland Mary sighed,
While his heart for sorrow languished
O'er the sod that hid his bride,—
O'er the sod that hid his bride,—
And for Highland Mary languished,
I was standing by his side.

We are married, we are married,
For the moment came at last;
And the watching angels tarried
Till his dying grief was past.
And I met him in the shining
With the red rose on his breast;
And he felt my love entwining,
For his heart to mine was prest,—
For his heart to mine was prest:
Oh! he felt my soul entwining
Round his own, and was at rest.

We are married, we are married,
And my Robin sings above;
For the bridal's long I tarried—
I was constant in my love.
You can hear his spirit singing,
He is mine and mine alone,
To his faithful Mary bringing
All the joys by angels known,—
All the joys by angels known,—
You can hear my Robin singing,
He is mine and mine alone.

Mrs. Downing's Ghost.

Mrs. Downing, an old woman lately deceased, is said to have re-appeared in ghostly guise, and to have made herself visible to several persons.

In her life-time she inhabited a small house or hut near the sea, Eastbourne; bulls-eyes, spirits, and beer forming her stock-in-trade. She managed by dint of illicit commerce in spirits to make money, and made the sweet-stuff bull's-eyes serve the purpose of a *ruste* to the exciseman. Her memory does not appear to be a sweet incense in the nostrils of her neighbours, some of them speaking of her conduct in strong declamatory terms. One thing is quite certain, the old woman made a deal of money and displayed a miserly greed in her general dealings, even curtailing her own supplies of meat and other articles of diet. She lent a man a heavy sum of money, which he seemed disposed to refrain from repaying, denying the loan. The affair went through a process of law, which ended in Mrs. Downing regaining her money. Mr. Cook, living at the present time in Mrs. Downing's house, and who never saw her while she was on earth in the flesh, saw her apparition standing by his bed side about one o'clock in the morning, some time in the month of December, 1863. He related the circumstance to Mr. Hide, a nephew of Mrs. Downing, and afterwards to others.

About half-past five that same morning, Mr. Hide and his two sons were out. The morning was dark, yet the three could distinguish plainly the figure and features of Mrs. Downing. She appeared in a dark cloak and her old cottage bonnet, and seemed to have something in her hand.

I put several questions to Mr. Hide, who gave intelligible and apparently truthful answers.

"What distance do you suppose there was between you and the apparition?"

"About fifteen yards."

"You say the morning was dark?"

"So dark that no human being could have been observed at that distance."

"And yet you saw her plainly?"

"Yes, as plainly as I ever saw her in my life."

"Did both your sons see her at the time you did?"

"Yes; but I advanced a little in front of them, towards the figure, and shouted 'Holloa!' which shout was heard by a neighbour."

"You got no answer?"

"No; but I said to my boys, still looking at the shade, 'I'll see who you be,' and I immediately advanced quicker towards it, and it receded as quickly from me."

"What took place next?"

"The figure, which was looking at me full-faced, turned side-faced."

"You mean you saw the profile?"

"Yes; and then a kind of fire, a luminous 'halo,' came about it, which made the form and features the more distinct,—then it vanished."

"Do you think there is reliance to be placed in the statements of Cook respecting the apparition?"

"Yes, because Cook described her so vividly to me, and he never saw her in life."

"Has any one else seen the phantom?"

"Yes, a Mrs. Knight."

"What motive could Mrs. Downing have, do you suppose, to cause her to make her appearance here?"

"I don't know. It was just such a figure I don't wish to see any more. I never done the old woman any wrong. She assisted all the others, but would never let me have a penny to do me any good. The reason of it I don't know. She knew I was a staunch teetotaler."

"Do you suppose she appears out of remorse for her selfishness towards you?"

"It may be so, but I certainly prefer that she should make no second visitation, although I expect she will."

Nothing could induce Mr. Hide to admit the possibility of his senses being deceived. He said he never saw an apparition before, and why should he have seen this if there had been no reality in it?

The testimony in this case is so satisfactory that there is no escape from the conclusion that the apparition was genuine, without concluding that Mr. Hide and his two sons were played upon by fancy, or allied to propagate a series of wicked lies. It is very unlikely, indeed, that three persons at once should be made the victims of a delusion by fancy at the same time, and that the delusion should possess similar characteristics to all. The fact of Mr. Hide being a teetotaler will at least settle the stale remark that "people who see spirits without, have plenty of spirits within."

At a sitting which took place soon after the rumour went abroad that Mrs. Downing had been seen, we called for her spirit, and received affirmative responses alleged to have come from her.

"Is it true that you made your appearance to Mr. Cook?"

The table gave an affirmative response.

"Did you likewise present yourself to Hide?"

Another affirmative trio of knocks.

"Are you happy?"

A single negative knock.

"Will you state the cause of your unhappiness?"

Three knocks.

"Will you communicate it through the alphabet?"

On receiving the affirmative response the letters were called over, and the bold word BRANDY was signalled out, to the amusement of some and to the surprise of others.—From *J. H. Powell's "Spiritualism its Facts and Phases."*

Spirit-Photography.

Gènes, the 23rd February, 1864.

Very honourable M. Piérart,—I owe much gratitude to Dr. Gatu, who has very kindly lent me several books on Spiritualism. It affords me much happiness and consolation, in being a new convert to this doctrine, which has already done me much good, although I have not yet had any material proofs. My conviction, which I do not care about concealing, has already procured for me strong jokes on the part of some of my friends, who, knowing little but of Materialism, could not come again to hear me speak of spirits. But I did not care what they said, and I walked on full of hope.

Amongst the books which I have read, I have found your estimable *Revue Spiritualiste*, for which I feel myself honored to be a subscriber, and among the numerous facts which I have found there, that which has struck me the most is, the spirit-photography, for it recalled to me a curious incident which happened to one of my friends, a photographer. It is now nearly a year since, and I had completely forgotten it on account of not having had a satisfactory explanation. Here is the true story. M. Curzio Paulucci, my friend, practised photography at Chiavari, a little village not far from Gènes, and he received at his house, amongst others, a young doctor, who amused himself in the manipulations of this art. One day a lady came to have her portrait taken, with her two children. Her husband was with her, but he would not enter in the group; and whilst the photographer was cleaning his plate, the doctor, as he often did, focussed the lady and her children, observing that the lady appeared struck and terrified at his physiognomy; this the lady confirmed afterwards. During this time M. Paulucci had in his dark room prepared the sensitive plate; he then arrived, and proceeded to expose it in the ordinary manner, whilst the doctor retired to a gallery in a little room, from whence he could not see the sitting-lady, and he began to read a journal. All this passed in the sight of the husband of the lady, and of several witnesses. Whilst my friend began afterwards to develop the latent image, he was astonished to see with the portrait of the lady and the children a fourth personage, but as there were several spots on the bottom, he did not continue the development, contenting himself with fixing the plate in the hyposulphate of soda, such as it was. Well, on the plate when brought to light, was seen the true portrait of the doctor, nearly on the same place as that of the lady. They saw his moustache, his eyes, his hair parted on one side, the cravat partly hidden by the collar, the white corner of the shirt; and the shoulders, the head of the lady was on the bosom of the gentleman, and his body hid the rest. All of them were truly astonished, and could not believe their eyes.

M. Paulucci wrote and told me this fact, as I now relate it to you. I showed the plate to several of my friends fully competent to judge of such a matter, who all declared that there was there a human figure, and not spots, as I had at first supposed before seeing the glass. I confess I should be the last in the world to come to a resolution on the idea that the strong impression of the thought of the lady by the doctor could produce a modification on the sensitive plate, according to the manner of material bodies illumined by a convenient light. I supposed at first

sight that which would be an analogous phenomenon to that of the images of Mösie, that the plate could have rested by mistake on the portrait of the doctor, and that, without figures, the image was traced on the glass.—Translated from *La Revue Spiritualiste*.

[The following is in course of Signature.]

THE UNJUST EXPULSION OF MR. D. D. HOME FROM THE PAPAL STATES.

The Undersigned, indignant at the unjust expulsion of Mr. HOME from the Papal States, not only without having been guilty of offence, but without any charge of wrong-doing being urged against him, desire to record their sense of the persecution to which he has been subjected.

The Foreign Minister having vainly sought to obtain redress for this outrage on the rights of a British subject, and Mr. HOME having incurred considerable pecuniary loss by a sudden and forced ejection from Rome when all his arrangements had been made with a view to pursue his studies as a Sculptor, we have entered into a Subscription to relieve him of such pecuniary loss, to which we invite the co-operation of those who consider his case one of indefensible and gross opposition.

We desire also to place on record our confidence in the integrity of Mr. DANIEL D. HOME; and thus give expression to the sentiments of respect and esteem with which we regard him.

Subscriptions will be received by WM. EGLEY, Esq., 8, Montague Street, Portman Square, W.

The Church is a very good profession for a rich man, and not a very bad one for the sort of man who is extremely anxious to be considered a gentleman, and who, if he had been employed by a bustling shopkeeper, would never have had any chance of being taken into partnership. For an ambitious, able, intellectual man, who is also poor, no profession can well be worse.—*Saturday Review*.

The Hon. Judge Kelly, of Philadelphia, in addressing the Washington meeting, said:—"I don't think the ladies deserve all this scolding, but really their dresses remind one of an inverted peacock. They should not thus hide their feet, for any man of marriageable age knows every lady has two feet, and I have known of ladies with homely faces who got husbands because of their pretty feet, and the nimble manner in which they used them. They do not appear in the streets in foreign countries in long dresses, and why should you do so, taking home in your trail that which should be left for the scavenger. Women who dress plainly will always command respect."

BANEFUL EFFECTS OF FALSE DOCTRINES.—In the early part of the present century there lived in the beautiful town of Chesterville, Me., a puritanical divine, whose name was the Rev. Jotham Sewell, familiarly known as "old Father Sewell," of whom the records say he preached more than a thousand sermons in the said town. He was particularly noted for his eccentricities and soundness of faith in his creed. Upon one occasion he was called upon, as was the custom, to preach the funeral sermon of an only son of a widow, who was well known for his kindly disposition, sobriety, truthfulness, and in fact, gentlemanly deportment, moral and upright character, but yet was not a member of his or any other church, nor was his mother, as far as I am aware. The mother felt her loss very severely, and naturally looked to the man of God to give her some consolation in the hour of her trial. In his discourse, they not being of his church militant, and consequently not of the elect, he said there was not a shadow of a doubt, according to the teachings of the Holy Bible, the express word of the living God, and he had not a doubt of it but that this boy, who was yet so young, and, as men count goodness, was so good, was eternally damned into hell-fire. The mother, upon hearing this—her last hope being destroyed—threw up her hands, and exclaimed, "O my God!" and became a raving maniac the rest of her days. Providing the one thousand sermons were each, directly or indirectly, as fruitless as this, what will be the summing up—what will be the record? How many orthodox prayers did it or will it take to make amends for these long years of earthly bereavement and anguish of this poor stricken mother?—O. W. TRUE, Farmington, Me.—*Herald of Progress*.

The heavens have been opened to us, and what shall we behold? Not the golden streets—not the sapphire gates—not the king crowned and his subjects prostrate in lowly abjection before him. No; we have seen beaming eyes of love; we have heard tender voices of appeal; we have looked upon beautiful scenes, and into our hearts has come the blessed assurance that what we most love is ours by laws as eternal as God; that the universe knows no such word as loss. As we have seen this, has it done nothing for us? Has it not quickened our love? Has it not stimulated our noblest desires? Has it not been an inspiration to nobleness, and to heroic action? If not, oh! better by far it had never come to us. If ye should all answer me nay, yet can I not credit ye. It must be, it is true that as one revelation of truth comes to our spirits, its entrance gives passage to still higher, still sublimer truths. And so this revelation of spirit intercourse, springing, as it does, from the great laws of life, has brought to many a soul beautiful revelations of love, that link themselves unto heaven. We do not need to go back and say how old dogmas dissolve, and how, one by one, the superstitions of the past leave us free and untrammelled to search for great principles, and to aspire after divine truths. They leave us—those errors—naturally, and the benign inspirations of heaven take their place. We no longer stand divorced from the Paternity of God—we dwell in it. And now our hearts open themselves and express their sympathetic oneness with the true, the pure, and the good.—E. L. H. Willis, in the "*Banner of Light*."

Poetry.

LIFE IN THE WORLD.

I saw thee borne, dear mother, in stillness from our door,
And heard it said, in sadness, "she will come to us no more."
Then a great grief shook my spirit, as winds the mountain pine,
And I murmured, in my anguish, oh! *would thy grave were mine!*

Since then in grief I've wandered o'er the fair and lovely earth,
Ever sighing for thy presence, and the music tones of mirth.
Mother! angel mother! while the fading sunset gleams,
Come, and whisper to me softly, through the golden gate of dreams.

Thus prayed a lonely orphan, 'mid the stillness of the night—
When lo! a blissful vision dawned in beauty on her sight.
Through the open portals gliding, came a soft and silvery light,
And 'mid the wavering brightness stood her mother robed in white.

On her brow were fairest garlands, on her bosom glowed a star,
Whose love-light, warm and steady, through the chamber shone afar.
Then o'er the lonely orphan a holy calmness stole,
And the dove of peace returning, found a nest within her soul.

While the angel-mother, bending on her child a look of love,
Smiled fondly, and then pointed to a land of light above.
"Mother! angel-mother!" the weary orphan cried;
Yet ere the words were spoken, the vision left her side.

Yet the memory of it lingering in her lonely heart became
A star of hope whose brightness beamed with a steady flame,
And lighted up the darkness that gathered on her way,
And gave each cloud of sorrow a soft and silvery ray.

Then peace above her spirit, like a banner was unfurled,
And with joy her heart repeated, "*Life, Life* is in the world;
Life, Life, not Death, is victor, when the spirit quits the clay"
Thus sings the lonely orphan in gladness every day.

BELLE BUSH, in the *Banner of Light*.

THE MEDIUMS.

AN ORIGINAL SPIRITUAL TALE.

By J. H. POWELL.

When Mr. Peerless saw how completely his wife was fixed in her chair he told her it was only her own imagination and rose to prove it so by endeavouring to lift her from the seat. He was a strong man and well able to lift any two persons possessed of average strength from a sitting posture, but to his complete dismay, he found his great strength utterly puny for the task he had undertaken. He made a second failure in attempting to get his wife on her legs, and sat down in a state bordering on fear. Mr. Forbes kept his eyes upon all present, especially on Mrs. Peerless. After comparative silence was restored, that worthy member of the bar brought his nose near the table, saying deferentially, "kind spirits, oblige us by releasing the lady." That moment Mrs. Peerless stood up, much to her relief. No sooner did Mr. Peerless see his wife free than he laughed aloud.

"You will, I should say, acknowledge now, Mr. Peerless, your own wife has been blown upon by the bellows, and she has been fixed in her chair so firmly that you could not release her, that there is some very powerful mysterious agent at work," said Mr. Forbes.

"No, indeed, I do not see but what imagination has played with us in this matter; that is *my* opinion."

"But," reasoned Mr. Humphrey, "imagination could never hold a person's body so tight down to a chair that a strong man like yourself cannot release it."

"If I *imagined* myself blown upon by the bellows, and further imagined myself fixed to my chair, I must only *imagine* myself released and sitting at ease here," rejoined Mrs. Peerless.

I am not quite so sure, Charles, that imagination cannot perform more wonders than merely causing a person's body to keep a rigid position. See what curious cases of intrepidity have been performed under the direct influence of mental excitement."

"Then you positively believe Mr. Peerless, that the bellows did not blow, and that imagination gave extraordinary strength to Mrs. Peerless while you were unable to move her," said Mr. Forbes.

"Exactly, that is my belief in total," replied Mr. Peerless.

They all sat round the table again. Mr. Humphrey asking his father-in-law if he remembered which side he placed the bellows. He explained that he had placed the nosel towards his wife. "Then you had better make sure it is not shifted," said Mr. Humphrey, feeling the air himself in a cold, quick stream.

Mr. Peerless looked under the table and discovered to his great surprise the nosel was turned in the direction of his son-in-law, and the bellows were working vigorously without any visible agent.

When he looked up, his round red face was full of emotion.

"How in the world, Charles, did those bellows get shifted? I declare they are working, and yet no one touches them."

"Nonsense, nonsense, my dear; it is all imagination," retorted his wife with a ready laugh, which was contagious for Mr. Humphrey and Mr. Forbes, in spite of their gravity, took up the echo.

"You need not tell me they are working; I know *that* without looking, for my legs are assailed with such a persistent gust of air I fear I shall get the cold shivers if it does not desist," replied Mr. Humphrey.

Mr. Peerless tried to give out a few of his bluff, jolly jokes, with their usual accompaniment of genial smiles, but his humour was out of tune. He nevertheless composed himself as well as he could, and determined "to find it all out" as he said.

"Suppose, Mr. Forbes, you ask the spirits to turn the nosel of the bellows towards *me*," he added.

"By all means do so, Mr. Forbes," exclaimed Mr. Humphrey, "I shall be delighted to get rid of this inconvenient current of air about my legs."

"Oh, pray, do sir, for my part I shall be very very grateful to the spirits if they will only give Peerless a good weight of atmospheric pressure," rejoined Mrs. Peerless.

Mr. Forbes got his nose near the surface of the table again and solicited the required favor. The bellows ceased working, relieving Mr. Humphrey. "Blow away, come, do," cried Mrs. Peerless; but nothing in the shape of cold air came upon him.

"Why, what is the matter with your spirits, Charles; they don't puff as much wind out of the bellows as would suffice to blow a feather away," he iterated with irony.

"Why the spirits do not give you a good dose of wind I cannot say, but I am quite certain they have given me one," replied Mr. Humphrey.

And so I am they gave me one," rejoined Mrs. Peerless.

"Well, all I can say is, that if they be spirits, as you say, let them prove it by puffing away at my legs."

"But in the event of their declining to do so, I am at a loss to understand how you arrive at the conviction they are not spirits," replied Mr. Humphrey.

"I thought, Mr. Peerless," interposed Mr. Forbes, "you had promised to allow the *seance* to end before you entered into argument."

Mr. Peerless laughed and said good humouredly "let us see all there is to be seen; I will sit it out quietly if I can, but mark I am sure to find it all out."

"Suppose you place a concertina or an accordeon under the table if you have one Mr. Peerless, possibly the spirits may give us a little music," said Mr. Forbes.

Mr. Humphrey's hand was shaken, and he wrote—

We wish to entrance Mrs. Peerless.

"But will you not first give us a little music," inquired Mr. Forbes.

Mr. Humphrey wrote—

No, not now, another time.

"What do they mean?" desired Mrs. Peerless, with anxiety in her face.

"They wish to entrance you, that is, put you into a mesmeric condition, and cause you to give expression to their thoughts. You need have no apprehensions, madam; I have been entranced hundreds of times," explained Mr. Forbes.

"Well, if it is all the same to the spirits I shall thank them if they will entrance you now instead of me," she said.

"I have not the least objection if the spirits have not," replied Mr. Forbes, as though going into the trance were the

simplest and pleasantest thing in the world. He brought his nose again near the table.

"Will the spirits allow Mrs. Peerless to escape and entrance me in her stead?"

Mr. Humphrey's hand flew across the paper—

Yes; all sit quiet.

Mr. Peerless was disposed to be quiet for the sake of satisfying his curiosity, yet he could not hide the ludicrous expression of his red, round face, as he sat wondering what piece of self-deception was to come uppermost next.

His son-in-law was all nervousness and expectation. Mrs. Peerless, wondering and pleased at her escape, waited in patience and silence. All eyes were suddenly turned upon Mr. Forbes, who began to quiver and shake his head and give certain spasmodic movements. He then, with closed eyes and placid demeanor, spoke,—

"You must all of you remember that true peace is not found in the midst of worldly pursuits: there are higher spheres for the exercise of thought. If you set your affections on that which is material, your souls will partake of grossness, and spiritual blessings will be far from you. I warn you of your danger, having myself passed through it. Now I am happy in the sixth sphere, and can behold beauty and perfection in God's eternal love. Oh, friends, do not neglect opportunities for spiritual influx when they offer themselves. Evil spirits are as numerous as blessed ones. If you hold communications with angels you must be yourselves like angels, and if you are like devils depend upon it you will draw down upon your souls demoniac influences. Strive to follow in the footsteps of Jesus. Be as little children sitting at the Saviour's feet. He offers you mercy, forgiveness, and happiness; be it your task to accept them with prayerful gratitude. If you cast away any of His offerings you do so to your own destruction. Either you will love the good or the evil—you cannot love both; then be prepared in your lives for those divine blessings which the Almighty pours down upon those that love him. Angels are about you when you are good, and devils when you are wicked. You cannot conceive how spiritual influences silently and mysteriously operate, urging you to good and evil actions. Be ye therefore prepared, for in an hour ye think not, temptations may come and triumph over your better natures. My friends, do not, for the love of heaven, allow material philosophies and present self-interests to absorb your lives. The hard matter-of-fact realities of the world which appear to your finite comprehensions so important, have absolutely only a temporary abode with you. Yours are pilgrimage-souls which have to pass through sloughs of despond, and over mountains of ill afar off—into the eternal spheres. I warn you of the error of disobeying God's holy laws. I entreat you to set your affections on the everlasting, unchangeable, things of eternity, instead of reposing your interests on the temporary and material shadows of earth."

The medium rubbed his hands over his head and eyes, gave a few shudders, and was disentranced. He looked about like a man unconscious of the passing events of the last hour or two, at least he betrayed in his manner a certain indefiniteness of memory which rather puzzled Mr. Humphrey and Mrs. Peerless, but which caused Mr. Peerless to look only the more sceptical.

"Well, well, Mr. Forbes, this is a new phase of manifestations," began Mr. Humphrey, "I had no idea persons went off in that manner, but you have certainly surprised me, having delivered a most philosophical and well-meaning address.

"Indeed, Mr. Forbes, we are much indebted to you for your kindness. No one I am sure, not even excepting Peerless, could listen to you without feeling a halo of delight at the sublimity and point of the language," expressed Mrs. Peerless with evident earnestness.

"I am only too pleased, madam, to learn that something satisfactory to yourself has come out; all I can say is your thanks are due to the spirits and not to me. My part was that of an automaton; I did not speak but was made to speak—neither my brain nor my tongue being under the control of my will."

"Will you tell us Mr. Forbes," enquired Mr. Peerless, his round face full of incredulity and smiles, "that we are to accept your word for that?"

"Peerless! Peerless! have you no regard for courtesy?" exclaimed the lady.

"Now my dear, do not be so ready; Mr. Forbes understands me I have little doubt, and will not accept the rough

objections of a rough diamond in a supercilious light," said Mr. Peerless, a little piqued, for he was disposed to think his wife on this occasion had betrayed more than ordinary interference, and having been used to a more tacitly submissive spirit from her was much surprised.

"Of course, Mr. Forbes, who has mixed much in society, will overlook any hasty exposition which he may have reason to ascribe to the singular extravagance of his own assertions," said Mr. Humphrey.

"Most decidedly; I allow Mr. Peerless full licence to say what he pleases, providing he only allows me the opportunity of reply."

"Do you then, really, without joking, mean to assert that you knew nothing of what you said in your address, and that in fact your powers of brain and speech were not under your own direction? If you do, all I can say is, that I cannot believe you. So you have it as I feel it, sir, and I hope there's no offence." As Mr. Peerless gave expression to the last words he looked as incredulous as ever in the eyes of Mr. Forbes, who, without the least apparent concern said—

"Mr. Peerless, I never take the least trouble to convince people of the truth of spirit-manifestations by argument. I am always pleased to shew them facts, and then if they don't see as I do after witnessing them, I cannot help it; it is perhaps neither their fault nor mine. I was made to say what I said; I was unconscious of even speaking, and had no more control over my powers of memory and speech than a little child. If you do not believe me I am content; if you do believe me I am not in the least degree favored." This was said in an austere tone and with such evident meaning that Mr. Peerless felt abashed.

"Well, well! Mr. Forbes, perhaps there is wisdom in your plan; but for my own part, I think it better even to take the trouble for the sake of others. Men educated in certain schools are not to be despised for holding firmly to the skirts of old opinions. As Christians we should submit to higher laws than those of selfishness," said Mr. Humphrey.

"When you have had the experience in this matter which I have, Mr. Humphrey," replied Mr. Forbes, "you will see the subject in quite another light to the one which now dawns upon you. The fact is, the more one strives to reason people into a belief in spiritual phenomena, the further one gets from comfort, and the more hardened people become. I have tried the persuasive plan long enough, and I can assure you that I would now sooner sit a couple of hours, and get some striking manifestations, than I would spend five brief minutes in vainly trying to reason people out of their pet prejudices, which they seem to caress with as much fondness as certain old maids bestow on their pet lap-dogs."

"There is no mistaking your capacities for reasoning, Mr. Forbes, therefore I think you are throwing away golden opportunities for doing the good cause good. To me there seems a great need, not only for striking manifestations, but for powerful reasoning. The more stubborn the difficulties, the greater is the need of vigorous effort to surmount them. If a light blow won't break a stone, a heavy one will. Little by little the rock may be chipped away. It is the mission of enthusiasm to inspire to effort, and of indomitable will to do the work. The history of all reforms is one complete argument in favor of perseverance. If we are only true to ourselves, depend upon it, hard as is the rock of scepticism, the spiritual hammer and chisel shall yet cut it piecemeal.

"You have complimented me, Mr. Humphrey; I must compliment you by giving in. You know I have forsworn philosophy altogether, and cannot even be accused of possessing a spark of self-sacrificing principle for what you term the good cause. Let us now turn our attention to the spirits." Mr. Forbes directed his nose towards the top of the table, and desired the spirits to show them something striking.

"Ah! let us have something striking," exclaimed Mr. Peerless, quite restored to his original mood of mind, and allowing his jolly red face to smile up into the faces of the others. "It strikes me, Mr. Forbes, your so-called spirits are weaker than English brandy well diluted with water. Here! is there any spirit knows me, or any other man, if so, please strike me with some striking manifestations." There was no response. "It strikes me," exclaimed Mr. Peerless again, "I am no favorite with your spirits."

(To be continued.)

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ERRATA.

A few of the most important errors in last week's *Spiritual Times* are as follows:—First column, article "Progress," line 15, for *grows a plant*, read, *grows to a plant*; line 17, for *his strength*, read, *its strength*; last line, for *working the way*, read, *working in the way*. Second column, line 12, for the word *possesses*, read, *progresses*; line 27, omit the word *of*; line 35, for *to the light*, read, *to its light*; line 36, for *the truth*, read, *the trunk*, for *while it lies on the earth*, read *while it lies, the earth, &c.* Second page, first column, line 23, for the word *sancti*, read *sanctimonious*; line 33, for *His ways are not my ways*, read, *His ways are not our ways*; line 54, for the word *settle*, read, *settles*; line 60, for *misery desired by the Almighty*, read, *misery designed by the Almighty*. Fourth page, second column, for the signature *Thomas Macfarlane*, read *William Macfarlane*. A quotation from the *Brighton Guardian*, fifth page, last column, should be headed *Full-blown Materialism*.

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