

THE

SPIRITUAL TIMES

A WEEKLY ORGAN FOR THE PROMOTION OF SPIRITUAL AND
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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"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, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864.

ST. IGNATIUS, OF LOYOLA.

NO. III.

Around the characters of men like Ignatius a halo of idolatry is gathered. As the founder of a sect, he was regarded with no common admiration by many who were not of his faith, whilst those who were his followers naturally saw in him nothing but goodness. The desire to do his memory justice has often grown into infatuation, and the fact that he was simply a man has been lost sight of. Consequently there has been a tendency in the minds of his most faithful followers to worship the creature in his person, instead of the Creator, even whilst they believed that worship of their hero was acceptable to God. One of the most dangerous rocks upon which faith can split, seems to us, to result from this tendency to creature worship. Once allow the heart to fix its affections round an ideal, the voice of reason, silenced by the force of feeling, is stilled, and the silent, resistless influence of character upon character is felt. If the ideal be perfect the affections cannot hold too strongly; if on the other hand the ideal be human, i. e. imperfect, there is great danger of the weakest parts of the character idolized being the most cogent influences operating on the character of the idolator. We cannot be too careful in the choice of companions, because they must by a silent, unconscious magnetism affect us more or less. Neither can we be too careful in our choice of heroes; because our feelings, unguarded by a legitimate exercise of reason, may prove our worst foes. If we need to study the characteristics of those we select for our companions in the ordinary walks of life, we surely need to examine the qualifications of those whom we place in our hearts as the world's heroes. If we are only cautious and candid, and will be guided by facts, giving our judgments as well as instincts legitimate play, there will be little danger in looking at the full portrait of this man, St. Ignatius. That he was a true man, true to his own educated ideas of God and duty, that he was a

strictly faithful man, and one withal who could suffer in body and struggle in spirit, we freely admit; but that he was in all things a pattern for our guidance we deny. Therefore we can only admire and desire to imitate those characteristics he displayed, which prove him to have been faithful to faith, to reason, and to God. The beautiful flesh-tabernacle which held his spirit on earth was given to him for use not abuse. The self-imposed torture he endured seems to us a wicked and direct sin against His Maker. What right has the creature to mar and mangle the mechanism of the Creator? A subjugation of simple desires demands effort and sacrifice; effort on the part of the will to force the mental and bodily faculties into proper file. But where is the man, be he sinner or saint, who can claim the right to destroy, or in any way disturb, the healthy action of his body? Yet St. Ignatius, from a false sense of duty, performed upon himself bodily tortures of the most humiliating character. We say his example, in so far as he violated the temple of his Maker, is UNHOLY, even although the united voices of the Roman Catholic adherents should thunder out "*it is holy*." Although we present a running commentary of reported spiritual manifestations, which took place throughout his career, we by no means desire to convey the impression to our readers that we accept all these manifestations as proceeding from good spirits; we believe the evidences given only prove that spiritual agencies played a very considerable part in his life's drama. Our conclusion is that good and evil spirits were mostly with him, and that no good spirit would incite him to impose upon his own body a weight it was never intended to bear. Let us proceed to detail a few further incidents.

The Spanish and the French are at war. The way that Ignatius has to journey is beset with Spanish soldiers. Forced by the cries of the mob, he has no recourse but to proceed. Yet his heart for a while quails. Then, checking his fears, he gains courage from faith to advance. But he does not pass unquestioned and unmolested as he had done at Venice. He reaches a village, gets arrested as a spy, is stripped naked to his shirt, and is unceremoniously dragged before the captain. In this dilemma the captive knows not how to act. The soldiers talk of torture. What can he do? If he only mention his name, and speak of Loyola, he knows he shall escape, but this he considers a temptation of the devil's, and stands silent, like an idiot, before his persecutors. He is asked if he is a spy; "No," he replies, with a wild half idiotic expression in his glance.



This saves him from "the torture," but not from insult. The captain reprimands the soldiers who brought Ignatius before him, for not knowing an idiot from a spy, and commands them to give him back his clothes. The men obey but at the same time they strike him, spit upon him, and offer him other indignities. After this the pilgrim reaches Barcelona, and enters once more the house of Isabella Rosella. Here for a brief period the pilgrim has a cessation from his wanderings. Perceiving the necessity of a good knowledge of Latin, he prevails upon Isabella Rosella and her husband to put him to school, where he daily sits with the children conjugating verbs. He does not at first make satisfactory progress, but after a time he sets about learning with great diligence, and conquers many a difficulty. In a moment of utter despair at the slow progress he had made with his lessons, he proposes to the schoolmaster to treat him with severity, and chastise him as he did the children, when occasion called for it. He attended regularly at school and lodged in the house of one Agnes Pascal, who had a son named John. It was the saint's nightly habit to devote several hours to prayer. John Pascal used to delight to stand without the apartment occupied by the saint and through a crevice watch him pray. On most occasions he marvelled to behold the saint's face radiated with an ethereal light, and once he saw a beautiful phosphorescent halo about him whilst he was levitated. The intervals between study and silent prayer St. Ignatius devoted to the cause of salvation. He preached to the hardened and the reckless with an earnestness very successful. It was not his fate to be out of danger very long. Two Moorish slaves were hired to waylay and beat him, and a priest who happened to be with him. The stripes were given freely enough, which ended in prostrating the two victims. The priest died from their effects, and St. Ignatius very narrowly escaped death. Soon after remorse seized the breasts of the foremost conspirators in that ferocious onslaught. They came repenting, and throwing themselves on the ground before him craved his forgiveness. The Saint remained at Barcelona about two years, closely studying and earnestly extending his knowledge of the scriptures to others. And here he is said to have performed his first miracle.

"Two brothers, named Lisane, were engaged in a lawsuit. There was a mortal hatred between them. The one who lost the suit hanged himself from a beam in his house, and was cut down dead. Ignatius was passing by, and on hearing the outcry of the people, inquired the cause and went into the house. Faithful to his spiritual apprehensions, he viewed what he saw only in relation to the man's soul. Inspired by Him to whom all things are possible, he fell on his knees by the dead body, and prayed aloud. The crowd around him were astonished at his prayer; it came from his lips loud and distinct, and they waited—but not long. He prayed for so much life to this miserable man as would serve him to save his soul by a good confession. Immediately the still limbs moved, and the glazed eyes were filled with light, the current of life flowed once more in the lately stagnant veins. The brief experience of the parted soul had been fruitful of repentance, and the man lived to be reconciled to God. A priest comes, he makes his confession, and expires immediately."

Such is the account of a Roman Catholic writer; it is admirably filled in with means to an end. The doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church have here their supernatural defence. The phenomenon itself is not an impossible one. If spirits can enter into the bodies of live swine they can surely enter into dead human bodies. We see, therefore, no reason to doubt very strongly this recorded miracle, but we nevertheless urge a different view from the writer whose language we have quoted, as to the spirit which possessed the body of the hanged man, and the results. It may be, since like follows like, that spirits of a very decided Orthodox turn, who sympathised in all the Saint thought or did, were about him on that occasion. It is easy to comprehend the rest. Instead of the spirit lately disembodied returning to its late tenement, some strongly decided Roman Catholic spirit took possession of the deserted carcase, and set the limbs in motion. The confession to the priest was quite as easy as the speaking through Balaam's ass. The miracle would not have served the interest of the Church without the confession. The spirit knew that well enough, hence the *finale*. We have to do with Ignatius in so far as he was spiritually preserved and made the instrument of spirit marvels. The philosophy of his life, like the doctrines of his church, does not seem to us to contain the acme of truth. He had many noble traits of character; these we would imitate, but he could not, truly and fearlessly, be himself on account of his creed. Let us do him justice, and remember he lived nearly four centuries back. His descendants praise him, but imitate only a few of his actions, whilst they hold firmly to his doctrines. Taking for granted the recorded miracle took place, as detailed by his biographer, it is extremely reasonable to account for the phenomenon and its results, in the manner we have done.

We find St. Ignatius next at the University of Alcala; he is allowed to occupy the only vacant room in the University, which being haunted, had remained a long time empty. Here he sees horrible spectres, and hears the most frightful noises. He prays and he is troubled with them no more. He studies with increasing diligence, and gradually fits himself for his mission. He never tires of meeting with listeners, and discoursing to them about religion. But the high dignitaries of the church get alarmed; they are jealous for the church. Heresy has been stalking abroad; they have lately put down a sect known as the Illuminati, and suspicion has entered their minds against Ignatius. He is supposed to be imbued with the heretical virus, and is cast into prison. Nothing is proved against him, so after seventeen days he is again at liberty, but he is told by the Grand Vicar, who judged his case, that he and his companions must put on the dress of the scholars, and must forbear to speak to the people until they have studied Divinity four years. The injustice of this injunction determined the Saint to go to the Archbishop of Toledo, and submit himself to his dictum. Stopping before the house of a man named Lopez Mendosa, the Saint solicited alms. The man, pointing to him, exclaimed—"I will be burnt if that man does not deserve to be so." The coincidence was marvellous—Lopez was on the roof of his house, firing in honour of the birth of the Prince of Spain, when his wicked exclamation was literally fulfilled; the gunpowder ignited, and he was burnt to death.

The Archbishop of Toledo advised Ignatius to take his companions with him and finish his studies at Salamanca. There fresh troubles ensued. Ignatius preached with all his fervour of manner; people flocked to hear him; some went away edified, others pronounced his teachings heretical, and he and a companion named Calisto were chained together, with an iron chain, and locked in a cell. Then came the day for examination. The Grand Vicar of Salamanca entered the cell and catechised him. The Saint gave him his "Spiritual Exercises" to examine. The Grand Vicar, along with three doctors, sat in judgment on the book. After three weeks' confinement Ignatius and his friends were brought before the authorities to hear their sentence. They were considered to be good men, and were at liberty to preach. But Ignatius was not allowed to discourse "on the nature of venial and mortal sins," until he had studied Divinity four years. In this way, at every turn, the Saint was obstructed and abused. His only freedom consisted in flight. His next restingplace was France. His thirst for study increased, and a sensible thought occurred to him. He had wasted valuable time in begging for bread, which might have been devoted to gaining knowledge. Previous to starting to France, the Saint went on foot to Barcelona driving a donkey laden with books. Friends welcomed him, and offered him money, which he this time accepted. At Salamanca his companions had promised to accompany him to France on his return from Barcelona, but the pilgrim found them faithless. He had to journey alone, and to know how lonely the way seems when followers retrograde.

In the year 1528 Ignatius entered Paris and obtained lodgings, for which he had the money to pay. Some Spanish students lodged with him. He made one of them his banker and discovered himself bankrupt. Reduced to the necessity, he begged for his bread, lodged at an hospital a great distance from the University, and yet preached with his usual earnestness. Some Spaniards were so strongly impressed by him that they actually sold all they possessed of worldly things, apart from the clothes that covered them, and gave the money realized to the poor, and following Ignatius went to live with him in the hospital, and adopted his plan of begging. This caused considerable excitement. The friends of these Spaniards being unable to argue them into a return path, entered the hospital with arms and forced them away. Ignatius was looked upon as the cause of all this, and he was accused by a Spanish doctor, Peter Ortiz, of leading away young students. But when the Inquisitor sent to the hospital for Ignatius he was not there, and was nowhere to be found in Paris. This fact made suspicion only the more suspicious. Ignatius was not in Paris—where was he? Doing a deed which the angels could only applaud. He heard that the man who had robbed him at the University, his countryman who had caused him to sacrifice and suffer, and lose valuable time in begging and walking to and from the University, which caused a further loss of what he so much prized—knowledge, was lying distressed and destitute at Rouen. At the time he heard this, circumstances were working scandal on his name, but he did not know it. So he started on foot, over wearying lengths of hard soil, on level and hilly ground, not halting on the way even to beg a morsel of food. He performed that difficult pilgrimage with but one soul-absorbing thought—to serve the man who had wronged him. Before he reached Rouen he was weak and wasted, and ready to drop from excessive weariness. At that instant Spirit-aid was near him, and he suddenly became vigorous and refreshed. When he reached the Spaniard, magnanimity marked his conduct from the first. He did not sting his conscience with scorpion-like words, but he soothed him, and prayed for him, and even begged of the natives food and money for him, and then he obtained for him a passage on board a vessel bound for Spain, giving him letters of introduction to friends at Barcelona. We cannot pass by an act like

this without feeling that, deep down in that austere saint's breast, was the pearl of price—true Christian love. Magnanimous, without ostentation, in the case of the Spaniard who had robbed him, he proved himself a hero worthy to be sainted; for truly the deeds that sanctify are not scourging the flesh, nor devout rehearsals of set prayers and formularies, nor wanderings over weary miles with a pilgrim's staff and a pilgrim's monkish dress, but the living, active Christianity which displays itself in meekness, service, charity and love. These are vital, Christ-like virtues, sanctified of God, and full of saving grace to man.

SPIRITUALISM IN AUSTRALIA.

LETTER V.

On various theories and hypotheses invented to account for the phenomena of Spiritualism.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EMPIRE."

In the first place I do not know whether I have anything to reply to or not. I have seen certain printed symbols, which have led me to believe that spirit-rapping is a delusion of the senses, and I have heard people say that it is a delusion of that sort, and nothing else. My senses may, however, have deceived me. The senses deceived Nicolai, of Berlin; they deceived Mrs. A., whose case is recorded in Brewster's letters on Magic, and they may have also deceived me. What am I that I should not be deceived as well as other people? Again, hundreds of people have been deceived by their ears, and, therefore, I may also have been deluded by my sense of hearing. I cannot be sure that any person ever told me that the evidence of the senses was not to be believed, because I have no other means of ascertaining whether any person ever said so or not, but the aid furnished by these very deceptive senses. Strictly speaking, there may, therefore, be no such hypothesis in existence as the one under consideration, and my labour in refuting it may be like that of the thresher who beateth the wind.

Some short time back, I had, or fancied that I had, the pleasure of visiting Sydney. I believe that I felt a most unaccountable sensation during the passage, and that I experienced a very decided relief from that sensation when I got inside the heads of Port Jackson. I remember, that is, I think I remember, that I landed at the Phoenix Wharf, and proceeded thence to an hotel, and that, afterwards, I sauntered through George-street, and amused myself by looking into the shop windows, wondering at the bustle and hurry which appeared everywhere, and speculating on the manifold curiosities which met my gaze at almost every turn. I saw, that is, I thought I saw, horses, men and women, and omnibuses, shops and signs of shops, and all the multifarious manifestations of business and life of a great city. But now, if not a sadder, at least I am a wiser man. Those who deny the facts of Spiritualism have taught me that my senses ought not to be trusted. Nicolai saw phantasmal appearances; Blake, the painter, was deceived by his own imagination; and so may I have been. There is no such place as Sydney. There is no evidence for the existence of such a place. The only evidence we have for the existence of such a place is that of our senses, combined with the testimony of the senses of other men; but, as both kinds of evidence are deceptive, neither ought to be believed. There are not any people residing on the alleged site of this fabulous city; the *Herald* and *Empire* offices are delusions; the School of Arts is a castle in the air; Government House is a myth; and the present Parliament the most outrageous sham that was ever imposed on the credulity of a free people. Really, I begin, to think that nobody exists but myself. I certainly have no conclusive evidence for the existence of anyone excepting myself. Sometimes I feel doubts as to the fact of my own existence. Certainly, feeling cannot be trusted as evidence, and therefore, its testimony goes for nothing; but as self-love and a little spice of vanity prevent me from utterly extinguishing myself, in despair I clutch at the *cogito ergo sum* of the philosopher of the vortices.

A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* for October, 1860, takes great trouble to convince the readers of old Maga that the senses of the Spiritualists may be trusted, but that their understandings are at fault; and that hence scepticism should fall, not upon what the Spiritualists see and hear, but upon the inferences they draw from the facts they witness. This writer considered a long and laboured article necessary to substantiate a very obvious truth, with which we hope every advanced schoolboy is acquainted, namely—that there is an obvious and radical difference between fact and inference. This is the fulcrum of the lever which he applies to Spiritualism—"When a man avers that he has seen a ghost," says our critic, "he is passing far beyond the limits of visible facts into that of inference. He saw something which, he supposed to be a ghost. But we have a right to ask him if he knows what a ghost is, that he can thus readily recognise one? And what proof does he offer that what he saw was not something else?" I concede all that our critic asks for, but, in return, claim the right of asking him if he knows what a ghost is, that he can thus perceive that what another man takes to be a ghost is not a ghost? If *a priori* knowledge be necessary in the one case, it must be equally necessary in the other; so that those who say they see ghosts, and those who say that ghosts are not seen, meet on equal terms. According to his own argument, unless he knows what a ghost is, he cannot prove that the thing which another man takes to be a ghost is not one.

The greater part of the article in *Blackwood* is admissible. The positions which the writer labours to illustrate are commonplace and understood by everybody. The mountain truly labours. He makes it evident that men often reason falsely. Whoever doubted the fact, or

supposed the contrary? He shows that men often draw wrong inferences from facts, and use those inferences as indubitable postulates in reasoning. Surely it was not necessary to waste much time in proving this. Then, having triumphantly proved that men often reason falsely, and that there is an obvious distinction between facts and inferences, he attacks the real question at issue between himself and the Spiritualists, contending that inability to account for the facts is the sole reason which leads Spiritualists to attribute the phenomena of table moving and spirit-rapping to spiritual agency. Our philosopher here conceals a large portion of the truth. In this respect he, like all others who have attacked Spiritualism, reasons most disingenuously. It is not because we are unable to account for the facts, that we attribute them to the agency of spirits, but because the facts indicate intelligence we infer that they are produced by the agency of intelligent beings. When we read our author's article, we infer that he is intelligent, because we perceive marks of intelligent agency in his article; when we hear a bell tolled, we infer that a bell is tolled, because experience assures us that a certain sound indicates the tolling of a bell; and in precisely the same way do we reason as to the nature of the agency that produces spirit-raps. We ask the rapping agent a question, and it gives us a distinct and intelligible answer. We fear that this answer comes from the pressure of our own hands on the table, and straightway the raps remove to some other part of the room, as if the agent that was making them perceived our doubts, and wished to remove them. We ask questions respecting distant places and events, and we receive correct answers. The rapping agent, in reply to our queries, assures us that it is a spirit. Here are indubitable marks of intelligence. These marks of intelligence must come from an intelligent agent. Who or what is that agent? By the adoption of every conceivable test, I have proved, to my own satisfaction at least, that it is not human; and hence I infer it is what it purports to be, namely a spirit. It may be something else. It may be as the *Saturday Reviewer* asserts, a wild beast from the planet Saturn. On that point I can give no opinion, simply because I have no facts to induce an opinion from. The rapping agent, however, assures me that it is a spirit, and not merely so, but that it is a human spirit. In the absence of better knowledge I accept the averment of the rapper. The evidence which attests the fact of the raps being produced by spiritual agency is just as potent, and, moreover, is exactly of the same nature as that which attests the existence of human intelligence. No man can see human intelligence; no man can hear or feel human intelligence; but, when human intelligence operates on objects that are perceptible to our gross senses, we can then discern in that operation, and in the traces it leaves behind it, the marks or symbols of intelligence; and hence we infer the existence of the intelligent agent that produced these marks. In another state we may possibly have higher faculties, and know even as we shall be known.

All inquiries into causation necessarily involve more or less of doubt. This arises from the imperfection of our faculties, and not from any uncertainty in the world of causes. We can experiment with electricity in a great variety of ways, and we can ascertain the modes in which it invariably operates; but when we attempt to go further than this our faculties break down, and our speculations become doubtful. So is it in other departments of science. We do not know, and we have no means of inquiring into the hidden nature of things. Yet our sceptics require us to be acquainted with the nature of the spirits before they will allow us to attribute certain facts which we have witnessed to spiritual agency. What ought a disciple of Bacon to think of an argument of this sort? What would an electrician say, if we were to assure him that he must understand the nature of electricity before he has any right to assume that the phenomena of his science are electrical? What would an astronomer say, if he should be told that he is not justified in attributing the perturbations of the planets to the law of attraction until he can tell what gravity is? The inductive, philosophy of modern times deals only with effects, and with the modes in which effects are produced; but the world of causes, for the most part, lies on the side of the circle that circumscribes our researches.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient Servant,

F. S.

Wollongong, May 19th, 1862.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DISTURBANCES OF GLENLUCE.

Gilbert Campbell's son was a student of philosophy in the College of Glasgow, after one Alexander Agnew, a bold and sturdy beggar, had threatened to hurt the family, because he had not got such an alms as he required.

Gilbert Campbell was often hindered in the exercise of his calling and yet could not know by what means this was done. Janet Campbell, going one day to the well, to bring home some water, heard a whistling about her ears, which made her say, "I would fain hear thee speak as well as whistle." Hereupon he said, "I will cast thee Janet, into the well."

About the middle of November, the fiend came on with throwing stones in at the doors and windows, and down the chimney; yet, by God's providence, there was no person in the family hurt. This necessitated Gilbert Campbell to reveal to the Minister of the parish, and others, that which hitherto he had suffered secretly. Notwithstanding this, his trouble was enlarged; for not long after, he found oftentimes his warp and threads cut, as with a pair of scissors; and not only so, but their apparel was cut after the same manner. In the night-time something came and pulled their bed-clothes off them, leaving their bodies naked. Next, their chests and trunks were opened, and all things in them strewed here and there. Their working instruments were also carried away, and

hid in holes, where they hardly could be found. Nay, whatever piece of cloth, or household-stuff, was in any part of the house, it was carried away, and so cut and abused, that the good man was necessitated to remove the rest to a neighbour's house; and he himself compelled to quit the exercise of his calling. Yet he resolved to remain in his house for a season; but some persons counselled him to send his children out of the family, to try whom the trouble did most follow: assuring him it was not against the whole family: but against some one person in it. This advice he too willingly obeyed. Yet, for the space of four or five days there were no remarkable assaults as before. The Minister hearing thereof, shewed him the evil of such a course; and assured him, that if he called not back his children, he might not expect his trouble would end in a right way. The children being brought home, no trouble followed, till one of his sons, called Thomas, came home. Then the devil, on the Lord's day following, set the house on fire; but by the help of some neighbours the fire was put out. The house was again set on fire on Tuesday, about nine o'clock in the morning; yet by the speedy help of neighbours, it was saved again.

The weaver being thus vexed both day and night, went to the Minister, an honest and godly man, desiring him to let his son Thomas abide with him for a time, who consented; but withal assuring him, that he would find himself deceived. And so it came to pass; for notwithstanding this, they that remained in it were sore troubled, both day and night so that they were forced to walk about till midnight, and sometimes all the night. During which time those in the family suffered many losses; as the cutting of their clothes, throwing of peats, pulling down of turf from the roof and walls of the house, and the pricking of their flesh with pins.

Some Ministers having convened at the place for a solemn humiliation, persuaded Gilbert Campbell, to call back his son Thomas, whatever might follow. The boy returning home, affirmed, that he heard a voice speak to him, forbidding him to enter within the house, or in any other place, where his father's calling was exercised; yet he entered, but was sore abused, till he was forced to return to the Minister's house again.

Upon Monday the 12th of February, the rest of the family heard a voice, but could not tell from whence it came. The Minister went to the house on Tuesday, being accompanied by James Bailie, of Carphin; Alexander Bailie, of Dunraged; Mr Robert Hay, and a gentlewoman called Mrs Douglas. At their first coming in, the devil said, *Quum Literarum* is good Latin. On this they all went to prayer; which being ended, they heard a voice speaking out of the ground, from under a bed, in the proper country dialect, saying, Would you know the witches of Glenluce? I will tell you them; and so related four or five persons' names that went under a bad report. The weaver informed the company that one of them was dead long ago. The devil answered it is true, she is dead long ago, but her spirit is living in the world. The Minister replied, though it was not convenient to speak to such a person, The Lord rebuke thee, Satan, and put thee to silence; we are not to receive information from thee, what fame any person goes under; thou art seeking but to seduce this family, for Satan's kingdom is not divided against itself. After which, all went to prayer again; which being ended, the devil threatened the lad, who had come back that day with the Minister, That if he did not depart out of the house, he would set all on fire. The Minister said, The Lord will preserve the house and the lad too, seeing he is one of the family, and hath God's warrant to tarry in it. The fiend answered, He shall not get liberty to tarry; he was once put out already, and shall not abide here, though I should pursue him to the end of the world. The Minister replied, The Lord will stop thy malice against him. And then they all went to prayer again; which being ended, the devil said, Give me a spade and shovel, and depart from the house for seven days, and I will make a grave, and lie down in it, and shall trouble you no more. The good man answered, not so much as a straw shall be given thee, through God's assistance, even though that would do it. The Minister also added, God shall remove thee in due time. The spirit answered, I will not remove for you: I have my commission from Christ, to tarry and vex this family. The Minister answered, A permission thou hast indeed; but God will stop it in due time. The devil replied, I have a commission, which perhaps will last longer than your own. The minister died in the year 1655, in December.

(To be continued).

SPIRIT MESSAGE.

How beautiful are all those mighty worlds above, that are constantly doing and yet are never exhausted! How grand are all those workings; how harmonious do they go all working together like one mighty machine; they are all controlled by one power, and are all doing the will of one God! But is it not always the will of God that is continually controlling all things? World after world is He constantly creating and sending them forth to do His mighty will. Ah, the will of God. Little does man know, little does he appreciate the will of God. One class of men especially talk much of the will of God, but how little do they understand what is the right meaning of the word they use! Do they scan the mighty ladder of knowledge and wisdom to read the will of God as it is written in pure characters by the great Omnipotent? in other words, do they seek to find out the laws of creation and compare them to the attributes that are known as infinite wisdom, infinite love, and infinite power, or do they seek other and more feeble means for their knowledge and wisdom? Is it wisdom, think you, to trust to ancient misconceptions and all other writings that are actually degrading and positively untrue in every sense of that word? Why do they not seek to know the truth as it is written? Nay, not written, for men never could describe the ineffable beauties and magnificent truths that are existing in the unbounded universe. What! a mind dwelling within its fleshy casement to make an attempt to condense those inexpressible beauties and incomprehensible truths into thoughts, and then again into words, and then scribe them down upon paper. What an insignificant doctrine to revel in; how small and dwarfed must be those minds that profess to put their faith in such supposed mysterious truths; how much mind, how much wisdom, does it require to see through such a doctrine of mysterious truths. Truth, no; that cannot be applied to such imaginative and erroneous conceptions. How often do they sing too of God's love and wisdom towards men, but alas, how little do they know of the grand principle that is meant to be understood by the words love and wisdom. The will and wisdom of God is not to crush those beautiful and true soul-affections that we see manifested in man, nor is it to chain those lofty thoughts that would otherwise reach into heaven itself, and pierce the veil through and through, so that the rich blessing might flow abundantly into the souls of earth and elevate them above the low sphere in which they are grovelling now. If this could be, there would be something done toward obeying the will of God; but no, they will not obey the principle that is implanted within their souls. They say, how monstrous to suppose that God would allow his fallen creatures to mount the hill of wisdom even to heaven, which some impostors have presumed to. How much like the devil's delusions! Not fitting that we should have this privilege; if so, what need have we of a Saviour if this can be done by our own efforts? What did Christ die for? No, my friends, we cannot believe this, neither will we, because it is the devil's will, and not the will of our Saviour and Lord Jesus Christ, and to the last name they all bow their heads.

Ah, they little think how they make the pitying angels weep; they little think how much they resemble the old Pharisees; they are constantly encouraging the same spirit of persecution as the Jews manifested towards their kind and benevolent Jesus of Nazareth, and this they continually put forth as the will of God.

So much for the conceptions of the mighty will of God, and the love of God. It is so much above their conceptions that it would be impossible to explain it to them. But man must know more of infinite love; consequently we will try to illustrate a part of that lovely principle. People of the earth talk about the love of God, but seldom think what it is. If they feel that love within themselves at any time, they fly to the book, which we have before alluded to, and try to ponder over its pages to find out how God manifested his love to them, but finding there no free and unbounded love, they shut up the book and sink into despair, thinking whether there is any love for them or not, and that principle that prompted them to inquire is thus cut off from their souls by the cutting and cruel expressions that are contained in that book, which they are taught to believe as the express law of God.

It is well for them that such is not true—no, God's love flows spontaneously through all things. If the love to man as it is written in the Bible were all, how much would there be for those that never saw this Book? How many millions would perish, and consequently receive none of this beautiful element or principle. No! such a thing could not be, since it is a universal principle and like other principles it exists in all things everywhere—in the man, in the beast, in the fowls, in the fish, in the waters, in the earth, in the heavens, through the heavens, in fact, throughout immensity. Man can receive it by obeying the laws of his being, and giving attention to things around him which are abounding with it. He can attract it from all things; he is a magnet, so to speak, which will attract those particles that are of the same nature, such as will associate with its peculiar composition. Man is born into the world with love, and it is a part of his being, and as he attracts small, invisible particles to himself which go to compose his body, just so does he attract that element—love, which goes to compose his spirit; and as sure as he does not partake of sufficient food to sustain his bodily development so sure will he fail to receive sufficient love to develop his spirit. Consequently he cannot be happy; he is unsatisfied, because he cannot attract this happy principle into his being; he is diseased, and is often sick; he is mournful and full of grief; he is not like the angels, because he cannot feel this healing principle; he cannot go forth and seek a physician to give him instruction; he cannot drink of those waters that are pure; he cannot feed from that food that would satisfy his craving soul, and all because he will not allow his soul to expand and receive those elements which God, in his unbounded love, has plentifully bestowed throughout his glorious universe. Never allow your soul to be crushed by any man, book, or doctrine. If you feel yourself attracted towards anything, no

"THE ENGLISH LEADER," MR SPEAR, AND "THE NATIONAL REFORMER."

"The English Leader," a few weeks ago, gave a notice of Mr Spear; its editor stating that he had not the slightest evidence of a spiritual world; but he thought, nevertheless, that Spiritualism should have a hearing. We admired the liberality of "The English Leader." But "The National Reformer" does not—it is angry, astounded, or uneasy about the matter, using the fact *against* poor Mr Editor of "The English Leader." It is a responsibility for men of strictly material views to be courteous and liberal to Spiritualists. Because "The National Reformer," purely material, will be sure to be on the alert, and then see the consequences.

matter what, seek to find out the love and wisdom therein contained. If you have a desire for heaven seek for it, and you will find it. If you desire love, seek earnestly. If you desire wisdom, make yourself acquainted with the causes of things manifested around you; remember God's love is in all things, and the wisdom of God is manifested in all things, and the laws of God keep all things in their proper order. If man is not happy it is because he is not obeying the laws of God. If he is not good and lovely, it is because he is not acquainted with good and lovely things, or principles. If he is not wise, it is because he does not seek wisdom in its proper light. Therefore, seek these things, for it is the will of God that his children should be happy, and it is His wisdom that they should be wise; and it is His will that they should obey His laws that are constantly being manifested throughout the universe. It is the duty of man to seek to find out those laws that govern himself, and as soon as he has done this, then will he be happy in every sense of that word.

Now abandon all faults, books that teach erroneous things; and seek for the truths as they appear everywhere around the spirit of man; remember you are a spirit as well as a man, and can see spiritually as well, and far better than materially; therefore seek to cultivate your faculties by attracting all grand thoughts and good principles. Fill your spirit to the brim with good and holy principles, and then you will be happy and wise, and will never require a physician; you will be as the angels, good, pure, and happy, because full of happiness, and happiness is all that is required.—Through the Mediumship of W.

THE LITTLE WINTER GRAVE.

(Composed on the burial of a child in a grave three feet deep in snow.)

Our baby lies under the snow, sweet wife,
Our baby lies under the snow;
Out in the dark, with the night, sweet wife,
While the winds so loudly blow.
As a dead saint thou art pale, sweet wife,
And the cross is in thy breast,
But the snow no more can chill, sweet wife,
Our little dove in its nest.
Shall we shut the baby out, sweet wife,
While the wintry winds do blow?
Oh! the grave is now its bed, sweet wife,
And its coverlid is snow.
Our merry bird is snared, sweet wife,
That a rain of music gave,
And the snow falls on our hearts, sweet wife,
And our hearts are each a grave.
Oh! it was the lamp of our life, sweet wife,
Blown out in a night of gloom,
A leaf from our flower of love, sweet wife,
Nipp'd in its fresh spring-bloom.
But the lamp will shine above, sweet wife,
And the leaf again shall grow,
Where there are no bitter winds, sweet wife,
And no dreary, dreary snow.

Sheldon, Chadwick.

PROPHECIES OF 1867.

The Rev. Dr. Cumming, the late Rev. Edward Irving, Mr Scott, in his "Outlines of Prophecy," and many other distinguished writers direct the attention of their readers to the year 1867 as a marked epoch. Jesus forewarned his disciples of marked events to transpire during their generation. We learn that several mediums, in different nations, have been made to speak of the above year. In a late address, through Mr SPEAR, at Eastbourne, attention was called to that year thus:—"To the merely external eye, to the mere literalist, it appears that the world is to end in 1867. The prophecies of the past point to that year as a marked epoch; but the hills are everlasting—man is immortal. This earth is not to be destroyed, neither is literal fire to purify it; but there is to be a fire which is to consume the dross, separate the chaff from the wheat, and which is to show man the nature of eternal truth.

"There is a time and a tide in the affairs of men; so there are grand epochs—there are moral, spiritual, and religious agitations. These necessarily affect in a greater or less degree the whole businesses of life. Commerce, in a high sense, is useful; manufactures are a necessity; agriculture is the basis of all other labours, but when war comes, business, manufactures, and agriculture are in a greater or less degree all disturbed. Spiritualism in a high sense is to be the mighty power which is to disturb old relations—domestic, commercial, and national. Everything now in the New World and in the Old shows that there is preparation for events of a most extraordinary character. Whoever has studied American history must have perceived that a Democratic government is a failure; they must have perceived that chattelism must die; and he who has studied European Monarchies must have discovered with equal clearness that they favour the few, while the masses are miserably lost sight of. While then, on the one hand, democracy is a failure, monarchy on the other is not suited to man's present stage of progress. Hence, while there is great agitation in the new world there will be not less disturbance in the old. Sensitive persons, prophets, presentimentalists, and others, often feel and foresee events, and it is important that these be so clearly stated, and the time be so distinctly named that excellent persons, believers in immortal truth, may be forewarned. That time is the year 1867.

"The spiritual movement will, in the future, take a more organic form; and Spiritualism will act more upon the inner life; and the

mere phenomena, as phenomena, will pass away, but there will be persons impressed to speak, others to write, gatherings will be held, the sick will be healed, the lame will walk, and these will be the evidences of spiritual power. Phenomena do a work so far as they may arrest attention, and are useful, but unless the spiritual manifestations shall reach the heart, shall bring out the affections, shall cultivate the religious powers, shall bring man into closer communion with God, shall lead him to deeper love of his race, they are of little worth. But it must be remembered that 1867 is to be a marked epoch in human affairs, and he who is out on the great business-sea of life, unwarned, or if warned unbelieving, is in danger of being lost, while others forewarned and believing, when the storm comes will be prepared, and so far from being wrecked will be in the port of safety and of peace."

In 1853 Mr Spear was made to utter the following prophecy, which in part has been fulfilled, and the balance, for aught we know, may be.

1st. Several nations holding important and highly influential positions will soon be engaged in most acrimonious and sanguinary strife.

2nd. The American nation will not be excepted from the great commotions which are at hand.

3rd. The more especially oppressed, enslaved, and hunted, will of absolute necessity be emancipated.

4th. There will be dissolutions, and unions, and new governments, as necessary results of the mighty national struggles; and among these unions and divisions there will be a union of the United States with the Canadas and the neighbouring provinces. These unions will cause a dismemberment of some of the now Confederate States, and as a consequence of that dismemberment, there will arise a new and glorious Republic, which shall have for its basis "Justice, Equality, and universal Freedom."

5th. Prominent persons will be placed at the helm of the new ship of state, whose motto shall be "Eternal Principles, not parties."

6th. A new religion shall take the place of dead forms, which shall lead to high energetic action, and to win endeavours to elevate the oppressed, and to instruct the ignorant.

7th. The new Republic will invite to its broad shores the greatly enlightened of all the nations of the earth, and by new combinations of character, of thought, and of action, there shall be a new and higher order of beings than has at any former period inhabited this earth.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE CHURCH, ITS CONSEQUENCES.

The following is an extract from a letter sent to us by a Clergyman. We purposely keep back the name, because we have no right to entail upon him more persecution:—

"I thank God that I have been instructed in the truths of Spiritualism, and among my own family and friends have had such revelations as would astonish the world were I free enough to publish them, but, alas, I am tied down through my public position, and have a large family. Already I have suffered through the tyranny of my immediate superiors in the Church when a curate in a large and growing town in the North, on account of Spiritualism, so that I and my family would have been thrown upon the world to starve had not the Lord just at the last moment put me in a superior position, from which, I thank God, I cannot be easily moved—and now, as far as I can with propriety, considering my present position in the Church, I teach and preach the blessed and soul-comforting truths of Spiritualism, but am through circumstances, obliged to be very cautious, lest that my good be evil spoken of, and our Pharisees and Sadducees should triumph."

COMETS:

A TRANCE DISCOURSE, THROUGH PASCAL B. RANDOLPH.

Comets? A comet is an aggregation of vapoury elements thrown off from contracting and condensing solar bodies. A comet is a world in germ—the parent of a planet—a body of elementary substances, from which earthy matter, &c., is developed. The constitution of a comet is one that embraces much of the element of light. Light is a substance distinct from all other substances. Light is the positive of the odic-light, the universal element. The sun rolls in space, gives off substances in the form of light and heat; heat residing in the bodies of all suns,* but this heat is not the heat perceived by you. "Solar heat" is the result of combustion in your atmosphere accompanying light in its travel to the earth. There is a universal lessening of all suns by their continually giving off, and by their gradual cooling; and as this happens, their attractive and repellant powers become modified, inducing change of climate, and subordinate effects in matter and mind. A certain sort of exterior crust of the sun cools. The pressure from within bursts this crust, and some of the escaped substances form a comet. The sun revolves on its own axis. The motion of the sun and the outgoing motion of the escaped mass give the comet a motion. The crust, a cooled fire-vapour—not gross matter—forms the nucleus of another planet. Similar bodies fly off from other solar bodies. There are "broken planets" in space. Sixty or seventy revolve between you and the stars visible to you. Comets become more condensed, attracting certain portions of matter in space, progressively impeding their motion. Gradually, the orbit becomes less and less, and another planet is formed without the rest. It cannot form a planet to any other sun than that from which it was derived. A comet is lighter because it comes from the interior of a sun. Planets from comets will become more and more numerous. Your planet is getting bigger. All space is filled with nebulous matter, and the formed planets attract it, purifying space for spiritual purposes.

* It was here remarked in parenthesis that there are suns in the universe which shed no illumining rays, emit no luminiferous ether—no light.

Comets are of varying orbits necessarily; but they ultimately become planetary. Thus are all planets made.

Cometary bodies are fire, and yet not ordinary fire-heat or pure caloric; the fire I speak of transcends all your ideas. The electric light, the galvanic flame, approach somewhat the condition of comets. Light is a substance of itself, distinct from all that you have an idea of; it is an absolute existence. Light is the menstruum filling all space, but not sensibly developed, yet forming an intimate relation between your spirit and soul, and between you and the Mind of minds. You know the effect of the absence of light upon beings.

Comets are masses of fire-mist. You have no idea of the heat of a comet. Let me help to a notion of it. Take steel make it red hot, raise it to a white heat, heat it still more, it will still be cold to the heat of a comet. One hundred and twenty miles from the surface of the earth you have an excess of ignogeneity, (to coin a word.) At three hundred miles there is no matter, it is simple ignogeneous unparticled substance. The inmost heat of the earth is as the cold of ice to the heat of a comet. Matter and spirit are substance in two conditions. The chain is complete between matter and mind; suns fill space with particles, they give off particles, themselves unparticled.

In light God resides, the internal life of matter. There is another substance the negative of light. All things are in a duality. The other substance is in a condition of intense heat. Particled matter is thrown off by the sun, but before it is unparticled. Imagine a mass of fire, homogeneous, having centres and circumferences, giving off fiery mists of light, of substances coming into this state by coming in contact with the menstruum in infinite space.

WHAT TWO SPIRITS DID AND WHAT THEY CAUSED ME TO DO.

BY J. F. LANING.

One evening while my family and myself were at the tea-table, a voice whispered these words in my ear—"I—wish—you—to—go—up—stairs!" I thought, how singular it is that a spirit should make such a request of me, as it was my usual habit to go after tea to my room; but while thinking thus, which was only for a few moments, it was said in the same manner, with a little more emphasis, "Go!—go—now!" I immediately left the table and started for my room, which was in the third story, and as I reached the landing on the second floor my hand involuntarily took hold of the knob of the door that opened into another room, which was used as a sleeping apartment, and there I beheld a little girl who had been left at play all alone. She had lost some of her playthings on the floor, and had taken a small fluid lamp to light her in search for them, and in doing so had set on fire the fringe of a table cover which she was endeavoring to put out with her apron. I saw at once the danger, and soon extinguished the flames without further injury being done. Of course my thankfulness was great at such a remarkable providence. Some two or three hours after, I was alone in my room, and not thinking of the circumstance, it was again whispered in my ear by the same voice, "Spirits—love—little—children."

Some time after this occurrence I had another incident, which did me more good than any sermon I had ever heard preached. I had a friend who was the chief support of his widowed mother and two sisters. He was a good and thoughtful young man, although not what is called by the church people pious, who, after the death of his father, took the care of the family upon himself. He, too, died, and left his mother and sisters to struggle along as best they could.

One night, in a busy season of the year, I had been writing letters of business until about twelve o'clock. After I had done, and was about to go to bed, while seated in my chair, I closed my eyes to think if I had written all the letters I intended to write, when of a sudden I saw before me a small table, on which lay a piece of bread, that reminded me of a similar one I had eaten in the evening at tea-time. As I looked at it, there came beside it another piece, which was smaller, and much darker in colour. I thought, while beholding it, that it was a lesson the spirits wished to teach me, that I should eat bran instead of wheaten bread. While thus thinking, a voice, which I at once recognised as that of my departed friend, said distinctly in my ear—"My—mother—wants—bread," and immediately the scene vanished from before me.

I said, mentally, I would see to it in the morning. In the morning, however, I was much engaged in business, and could not well spare the time to attend to what I had promised the spirit I would do. After I had gotten through with what had occupied my time all the fore part of the day, I was at my desk making an entry in my order book, when I heard the same voice saying, "Don't—forget—my—mother." A I was yet too busy to go and see her, I thought of a grocer who owed me a bill, for which I was to take his goods in exchange. I made out a memorandum of what I thought would be useful to her, and sent it to him, with the request that he should send the articles named therein at once, which he did in less than an hour.

In the evening, before going home, I called on my friend's mother, who received me with tears of gratitude in her eyes. In a few minutes she began to talk of her son, who had been such a comfort and support to her. And she related to me that on the

night before, she had gone to bed with a heavy heart, having spent all her money in the purchase of flour that day, and dreamed she was in the market, and saw her son, who asked how she was getting along since he was gone. She replied to him that she had just spent her last money for flour, and that the Lord only knew where the next was to come from. I questioned her as to the time she had her dream, and she said she did not exactly know, but supposed as soon as she had gone to sleep, which was somewhere about ten o'clock. Now I have no doubt but that her son in that dream of his mother's, learned the condition of her temporal affairs, and that he made use of me, because he could make an impression on my mind sufficiently distinct to have the desired effect.

A TRUTH SEEKER.

An American secular paper offers the following remarks on Spiritual Manifestations.—"We believe thus far, that such demonstrations of a future state of existence is in the highest degree necessary and reasonable. Necessary, because infidelity and atheism are fearfully on the increase in the world. Man seems to die like the irrational brutes, unregarded and unnoticed; he is gone and we hear no more of him. It is true the Bible says he has a never-dying soul, that immediately enters upon another state of existence, but it has been nearly two thousand years since the Bible was written and miracles—those irresistible appeals to our corporeal senses—were discontinued, and nothing has appealed to the senses, feeling, sight and hearing, since, in this long period of time, to prove to man his immortality; what wonder then if he has grown sceptical, and is unaffected with this stupendous fact? He lives in the world like a brute, only to eat, drink, and sleep, and goes out of it the same way, without scarcely seeming to know that he has a soul; and thus, generation after generation, in countless millions, mankind are driving towards the precipice of death. How necessary does it seem then, that undeniable, plain demonstrations, suitable to the most unlearned and ignorant, should be vouchsafed to keep in them a knowledge of their immortality.

We believe it is reasonable, because it is not at all contrary to reason, but what we might easily believe, that the spirits of departed friends, if they have souls at all, might manifest themselves to, and converse with their incarnate friends on earth. If a man has a soul, love, sympathy and friendship belong to it, and will follow it into the other world most surely, and it is easy to see this would prompt them to visit us, if the Almighty permitted them, and hold converse with us. Spiritual manifestations seem to be no ways contrary to revelation and the universally received opinions of the first christians. The witch of Endor brought up the spirit of Samuel, which conversed with Saul. When the disciples saw Christ walking on the water, they were afraid, for they thought it was a spirit, thereby showing that it was a settled conviction with them that departed spirits might again visit earth; and when they were doubtful as to his identity after he arose from the dead, he told them to handle him, for a spirit had not flesh and bones as he had. By this, Christ plainly implied that they took him for a spirit, and he did not at all discourage the belief that spirits might and did visit earth. If they might not, this was a good time and occasion to disabuse the minds of the disciples of this belief; but the Saviour himself, takes it for granted that they might and did. Moses and Elijah appeared in audible conversation with the Redeemer on the mount of transfiguration a thousand years after they had departed this life, and a great many other instances could be named, showing that it is not contrary to the Bible, and the faith of its inspired writers.

But yet, there is one great drawback to our faith in the modern manifestations, and that is the foolish, unimportant nonsense they are said to do when the spirits manifest themselves, such as moving chairs and tables about from one place to another, lifting men up and carrying them through the air, taking umbrellas and walking-sticks, and tapping people on the heads with them, and such like senseless proceedings. If the Almighty permitted the inhabitants of the eternal world to visit us, common sense and reason would suggest that they would do or say nothing that was not great, and worthy of note.

Give us a firm, unshaken belief in a future state of existence, and we ask for nothing else on earth; no, not all the gold the mines of California have or can yield. Anything, therefore, which has a tendency to accomplish this great object, when we are so deeply sensible of the need of it, will not be prematurely rejected, and treated as false. Light upon the mist and darkness that envelope the unseen world, and a certainty of the fate of those whose remains have turned to their original dust is all we ask. Annihilation, like a grim spectre more terrible than hell itself, has long "put its miseducated front athwart our way," and with an icy, sickening sensation of horror made us shiver. Immortality! how sweet the sound!—

"'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,
Amidst life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can satisfy, elevate and fill."

Who does not feel this from his inmost soul?"

NOTE BY THE EDITOR. — Did it never occur to our contemporary that of all articles of household economy a table is one which is the most common and at the same time the one around which cluster the most sacred of social enjoyments? Hence, with a view to attract the attention and provoke inquiry, what more

fitting instrument than a table, to effect the purpose. The family sit around the board, and there participate in the temporal blessings provided. Here it is, that social affection has its free scope and gratification, and here is a convenient and simple method by which the great truths of spirit-life may first be brought home to the attention of men. And there is wisdom in commencing with this A B C method. The tipping of the table and the raps without visible agency necessarily excite the wonder of those who are witnesses, and induce an examination into the cause. This leads to the investigation of the phenomena, first by natural laws, but when these fail to explain the intelligence of the communications (for all know that magnetism and electricity are not intelligent agencies) then the mind looks beyond and upward for a solution. As a stepping-stone, then, to the temple of Spiritualism, and an entrance into its inner courts, the "table tipping" and "rapping" are useful. Whether we can account for them on a dignified plane or not, the facts are indisputable; nor are we at liberty to reject them, simply because they may to some persons appear undignified and trivial. For somehow it happens that there are very many undignified operations carried on by Nature, and some trifling and unseemly, nevertheless, they are permitted and ordained to subserve some useful purpose in the divine economy. When we have discovered why all impressions upon our olfactory nerves do not afford the same pleasures as the perfume of the rose, we shall be able, perhaps, to see a significance even in the music of the "raps," or in the gyrations of the "table."

THE MEDIUMS.

AN ORIGINAL SPIRITUAL TALE.

BY J. H. POWELL.

CHAPTER XV.

The Southampton and the Isle of Wight newspapers contained advertisements announcing a course of lectures on Spiritualism, to be delivered by Mr Humphrey. There was a deal of conjecture in vogue. Respectable business men, who knew the shipwright and knew nothing about the convictions which had operated on his life, grew wondrously wise in asserting that he would be sure to denounce the infamous and blasphemous heresy of "Spirit-rapping." Others, who knew nothing whatever about him, declared that he intended to play a hoax upon the "Islanders," and were the more confirmed in their view when they discovered that he was a resident shipwright at Southampton. Why did he not first lecture in his own town, where he was known and respected? It was self-evident he meant nothing short of a hoax. In the face of similar rumours to these, Mr Humphrey kept the "even tenor of his way," and introduced himself to a small audience at Ryde. He was honoured with the presence of several reporters and men of learning and distinction. The former took notes of his lecture, the latter smiled incredulously, and nodded out negatives and gave signs of much uneasiness. Still, the apostle of Spiritualism was undismayed; he stood forward in defence of truth, and was strong where otherwise he might have been weak. He briefly ran over the incidents already before the reader, and connected them in a lucid, interesting manner. Having traced his own career from scepticism to belief, he met the various common objections, and then endeavoured to show the superiority of the teachings of Spiritualism over all materialistic philosophies. Mr Humphrey was a little nervous, owing to the novelty of his position, but he was so earnest and well-read in his subject, that even his unsympathising audience could not fail to cheer much that he said. His appearance on the platform was commanding, and the expression of his face benevolent and full of decision. Those who listened to him felt his influence, despite of their prejudices. Yet they were not all respectful or even gentlemanly towards him. During the recital of numerous historical evidences favouring the spiritual hypothesis, Mr Humphrey observed an old gentleman shifting from his seat in a very restless manner, and occasionally whispering to a lady who sat behind him, who added to the grotesqueness of her appearance a pair of spectacles, which she peered through with interest as she listened to the lecturer. The crown of this old gentleman's head was bald, and the hair which covered the other portions of the cranium was silvery white. The lecturer continued, warming with his subject; but the silvery-haired, bald-crowned old gentleman grew the more restless.

Mr Humphrey substantiated his position by relating the most prominent of the facts of his own experience—arguing that, if he could not attest the facts or testimony of history which he had endorsed, he *could* rely upon his *own* experiences.

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed an approving young man, with a turndown collar and an extremely long face. The silvery-haired, bald-crowned old gentleman turned round on his seat like a pivot, and gazed upon the long-faced individual with deep surprise, if not disgust. Mr Humphrey was red in the face from the exertion of his lungs, yet he gave instances of spirit-power in his own life, sufficient to compel submission to his theory, if his word might be taken. But what was his word to persons who did not know him? A hundred suspicions and reasons came into the brains of some few of his audience. Especially into that of the silvery-haired, bald-crowned old gentleman. He thought the lecturer a charlatan, who was disposed to gull the Islanders, but had found it no go. He was quite settled upon the point that he either took his audience for a set of asses or fools. In fact, he whispered to the lady in spectacles words to that effect. But the advocate of Spiritualism finished his lecture, without the faintest idea floating through his excited brain that any person was present who did not coincide in all he said, or perfectly recognised his honesty. The intense earnestness of Mr Humphrey's manner, excepting the occasional shiftings of the silvery-haired and bald-crowned old gentleman, had completely subdued any audible expressions of disapprobation from the listeners. But they were none of them quite satisfied. Mr Humphrey told the truth; even the long-faced young gentleman, although he had expressed a few "Hear, hears," was by no means convinced that Spiritualism was exactly the thing the lecturer stated it to be. The reason why he gave approving expressions was this. He did not like the manner of the silvery-haired, bald-crowned old gentleman; consequently, when Mr Humphrey made a sensible remark it gave him an opportunity of annoying the restless old gentleman and keeping a clear conscience.

One hour and a half tested the patience of the listeners and brought the lecture to a close. Most things have an ending as well as a beginning. Mr Humphrey only obeyed a common law by sitting down. He did so like a man conscious of having performed a duty. The restless, silvery-haired, bald-crowned old gentleman hastily whispered a few words in the ear of the lady in spectacles. His manner annoyed the long-faced gentleman in the turn-down collar, who rose suddenly and paid a tribute to Mr Humphrey's cleverness; adding his conviction that the learned lecturer was sincere, but he nevertheless felt called upon to say there was not the slightest proofs given of spiritual re-visitations.

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