

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 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, OCTOBER 1, 1864.

FAITH AND REASON.

NO. I.

The world has long been divided on questions involved in metaphysical and theological studies; but it has been more decided, perhaps, in holding specially by faith on the one hand, and by reason on the other; and, strange to say, instead of thinkers caring to ascertain whether or not the two can be associated, and made to work harmoniously, they have estranged them all they could, and around each of these great mental generals have collected human forces armed to the teeth in aggressive attitude. Thus Faith having its armies, and Reason having its armies, a conflict wages between them.

The pulse of spiritual existence beats true to Faith; the heart of material life throbs true to Reason. The one hal- lows the soul and sets its impulses to music; the other often harasses the mind with the dull, heavy, aspects of material things. Being in the present, we perceive with clearer vision the things of the present than those of the future. Nevertheless, we are linked by mysterious chords to the past and the future. What we gain from the past gives us experience and exercises reason. What we shall be in the future depends much upon the present, whether we fashion our lives by a sacrifice or a sanctification of faith. The past is buried, but its history lives. The future is unborn, but its promises are with us. We may possibly mistake the past, or wrongly interpret its chronicles; and we may but dimly perceive the future, or doubt its promises. But the present belongs to us, not we to it. There is such a matter-of-fact, positive, and heavy aspect about the present that we cannot close our eyes and open them again, and fail to find the hard material present around, below, and above us. Standing, therefore, upon the plane of the present, it is natural and proper that we should meet its bold facts, and gain its experiences. Hence the reason, stimulated by knowledge, finds ready voice—that is, where the faculties of the mind are not warped by false teachings. Taking man only in his single character

of a tenant of this lower sphere, we see him upon the sea of circumstance, tossed about like a cork: but gaining experience from the past, and studying the facts of the present, he learns to compare—reason—and finds the ways to success. He is wedded by necessity for a certain term to hard material philosophies. Science and experience are in his service. What can he do wiser than think and reason out his thoughts into true life action? But Reason alone does not serve. Faith steps in. New schemes take possession of his mind. Reason cannot act only to herald doubt, because these prospective schemes not being actualised, appear extravagant. But Faith is the sweet guardian angel which stimulates hope and incites zeal. Faith is strong. The schemes are tested, and new wealth is added to the mental and material treasures of the world. Every invention which has proved the superiority of man over the brute has undergone processes in the mental crucible which have called for the exercise of faith. Reason is cautious, and a capital guide over a known pathway; but Faith is the genius for new discoveries. The existence of Reason presupposes moral delinquency. It has a mission which, properly fulfilled, is of a reformatory character. Our imperfections speak for us. We need a guide; Reason is given us for that purpose; and possessing Reason, we have within ourselves the means of self-rectification, and are both progressive and responsible. But before Reason can operate freely upon our moral nature, Faith must pre- cede a reformation in the heart. We must have Faith in reason, and in the necessity for moral worth. Thus the intimate connection of faith with reason is perceived. As far only as the boundaries of the present earthly existence is concerned, we see that true harmonious life flows from the exercise of both faith and reason. But reason belong- ing more to the present, loses itself in the present, whilst faith, belonging mostly to the future, is lost in eternity. Man lives and acts; he cannot live without action, and performs his existence under penalties and dangers which have a sober, stubborn reality for him. He opens his eyes in the morning, and material fact is staring at him. He moves about his business duties; still material fact haunts him. He lies down at night, and falls asleep—his mind oppressed with cares growing out of material fact; but when he sleeps, visionary, fantastic, and unimagined beings are about him. He is in the fairy-land of Dream; and this is all that intercepts his actual life with hard material fact. With these experiences, would it be wise for him to disregard the voice of Reason? Certainly not. But



the danger comes because he so often disregards the voice of Faith. Reason plays its part, when wisely ordered, in the material life-drama; it sustains its character well, and is essential to the success of the whole piece. But the spiritual life-drama is beyond its present grasp. Faith holds supremacy here, and reason cannot dethrone it. There is a voice which speaks in the soul of man of the "hereafter." In his quiet reflective moments, and sometimes amid the turmoil of business-activity, he hears its solemn utterances, and fails to separate himself, with his deep unsatisfied longings, from its faith-compelling influence. What can Reason do? Simply excite doubt; but it cannot satisfy his insubduable desires, or even silence the internal voice, which speaks with power in every human soul. Something is wanting, hence restlessness, dissatisfaction, education and death ensue. Every movement we make indicates development. What for? To fit us to "lie in cold obstruction?" Absurd. How far off perfection the best of us die! Is death the fatal vortex of annihilation for man's spirit? Absurd again. Hath our Heavenly Father given us the noble attributes of mind and spirit to develop us only for death? We cannot rest satisfied with "so hopeless a creed." Our own soul-instincts, apart from the lessons of Scripture, and the light of God's revelations, given through ministering spirits, through prophets and poets, all forbid an affirmative response. Something is wanting which this world cannot supply. Other spheres of being where the half-developed faculties of the spirit may develop fully, and higher blessings than earth can yield may be its reward. Spiritualism brings to man here a foretaste of the "hereafter;" and it arouses his waiting faith, inspires his hope, and renders his reason subservient to its teachings.

As we battle with bricks and gold, we need hardy weapons it is true; and exercising our reasoning faculties, we discover the true science of living for this world. And if this world were the alpha and omega of life, philosophers who make a religion of figures, calculating the time when certain panics in commerce, or eclipses of the sun of bankdom, will take place, ought to wear the patriarch's robes. For who should be honoured if they who comprehend the value of scrip and gold (since these play so great a part as they do in the mechanism of society) should not? That is, if there is nothing beyond. Thank God, He has not left us without a promise, and the means for its realization. He knew that material necessities demand material agencies, likewise that spiritual realities require spiritual servitors, and he wisely gave us the faculties of reason and faith to aid us in the discovery of truth, both spiritual and material.

We cannot move, with any degree of confidence, in the walks of commerce without Reason directs us. Seeing this, we learn to disregard the higher attribute of faith; yet Faith is with us, nevertheless. Its mission is to inspire the soul of humanity, and set God up in its temples. We want Faith and Reason to work together as far as they can; but when Reason halts Faith ascends. Reason can but walk with us to the gates of Paradise; but Faith precedes us into the many celestial mansions. Reason looks with a clear eye as far as it sees; but it mistrusts all it does not and cannot see. With Reason for our guide, we can journey along this lower earthly pathway, and, failing to realise "a hereafter," deem ourselves wise as we prove wealthy in scientific knowledge. But added to the influence of Faith in the discovery and development of science, there is the mightier influence which elevates the soul by photographing upon it the images of eternal and divine things. We have need of Reason truly enough; but we "hunger after righteousness" when Faith properly blesses us. Without Faith we cannot truly be said to possess works, for works grow out of action, and action results from various motives, selfish or otherwise. But before the will sets the mind and body in motion, with a given end in view, belief in its practicability exists. The soul has faith in the works the life performs, or its action would lack vigour. The opinions of religious people are very various on points of doctrine; but the whole sects of Christendom may be divided into two in respect to the doctrines of faith and works. One half believe very earnestly that man's soul can only be saved by faith; the other half believe as earnestly that "faith without works is dead." These latter look to the tree for its fruits, and acknowledge the existence of faith—the tree decides its value by its works—the fruit. According to some, Christ is nailed for ever to the cross and ever the blood gushes from His wounded hands, feet, and side—they preach—(a work proceeding from faith)—that the blackest sinners may be washed clean in the twinkling of an eye, if, with the eye of faith, the sinner looks to the crucified.

Constantly they reiterate the stereotyped phrases—"The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin;" "Look at the crucified Redeemer, and your spiritual wounds shall be healed;" "Man must be saved by Christ; of himself he can do nothing;" "It matters not if he be a drunkard, a thief, or even a murderer; by looking to Christ at the eleventh hour there is hope of immediate forgiveness and reconciliation with offended Deity." Nothing is said in favour of self-effort for improvement; it is rather condemned or ignored. The fruits of such teaching are seen in prostration and moral helplessness. Others teach a doctrine more reasonable. They see Christ as a worker for humanity and God. He does not for ever bleed upon the cross, but after the cross He gains the crown, and still works. His example stimulates their faith, which is a reasonable one, and having faith in the goodness of Christ, and in the necessity for shaping their own lives, with His help, after His model. They ever delight to set the human heart beating with a desire to be Christ-like. We are burdened with imperfections and responsibility, and within us the voice of God speaks to us, bidding us hope and work for future glory. But why should we be held responsible if we can do nothing of ourselves in the way of improvement? The Almighty has given man faculties which are capable of infinite progress and improvement. He has likewise given Christ, the model hero, and others who have, in nobility of soul and self-sacrifice of desire, thrown a halo of divine life over the desert paths of human strife. These are set up on the thrones of history for our profit. Faith, Reason, and Individuality are with us, and it is folly to deny us the power of ourselves to practise righteousness. It is true, all we possess was given to us by the Creator, but having life and faculties for improvement, we are responsible, not Christ, or any other being, for our moral condition. Faith carries us where Reason, on account of its fitness for material life, cannot enter. Close faith out of our souls, and God will be estranged. Take faith away, and all progress will suffer—for faith is at work in all mental operations.

Spiritualism comes to us to sanctify faith, and sanction good works—to present Christ before us as the medium through which we perceive God. When mankind learn the will of God, as it is taught by Spiritualism, they will recognise faith without works as *dead*, indeed; and will have faith in goodness—in God's merciful bounty—in earnest, human endeavours after the model, Christ; and in man's individuality and responsibility, and consequently, in his ability to direct his life.

SPIRITUALISM IN AUSTRALIA.

LETTER VII.

General remarks on the phenomena detailed in Letter V.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EMPIRE."

The next circle meeting which the writer had the privilege of attending, was held in Wollongong, but not in the writer's house, on the evening of the 16th of December, 1862, at the house of Mr—

The evening was calm, the sky slightly clouded, and the atmosphere dry. The table soon moved as an indication of the presence of a spirit, who announced himself as our old friend the loafer, to wit, Mr George Dunn. The table was a very heavy one and could not be moved by the pressure of one pair of hands superimposed on the surface of it, so that if it was moved, either consciously or unconsciously, by any person sitting at it, the mover must have caught hold of the edge of it, in such a way as to have a purchase on it. All the persons present were conscious that nothing of this sort was done, or, in other words, that the movements of the table occurred by means of and through influences originating outside of the persons in the room. The table trembled and vibrated strongly immediately before it tipped in answer to our questions, and several times it rose up on two legs, and then fell on the floor.

The spirit of George Dunn corroborated the information he had given at a previous *seance* respecting his death, and also informed us that the letter sent by the writer to Bathurst asking for information respecting him would be answered, that his statements would be corroborated, and that an answer would be received on Sunday, 21st instant.

A spirit then announced himself as Samuel Weaver, and spelled out a communication. The words communicated were "Be persevering."

One of the gentlemen present, wished to communicate with the spirit of a deceased captain, who, during his life on the earth, was well known in the colony, and shortly afterwards, the spirit of the gallant captain, or what purported to be his spirit, spelled out its initials, and upon asking the rapper, if it was the spirit of the aforesaid captain, very lively tips and tremblings of the table

responded in the affirmative. This spirit stated that it was in the fourth sphere, and was in a state of great happiness. There were objects in that sphere, as real to the spirits as trees and houses are to us. It was asked to tip out a certain volunteer's regimental number, and it tipped the correct number. It was asked if it desired to send a message to any one, and it gave an affirmative answer, and, upon being questioned as to whom it wished the message to be sent, it replied to Captain——, the successor of the deceased. The message was then spelled out, and ran thus:—"Right comrade, but be firmer." I suppress the names, but they are all well known.

The spirit of George Dunn then turned up, and we asked him to spell out a word which would convey to our minds an idea of the reason why darkness was favourable to the involvement of the phenomena. The table then tipped out "Power." We asked if light affected spirits electrically; and received some sort of confused answer. We asked if spirits operated through odyl or od-force, but got no answer. We were assured, however, that darkness was favourable to the production of the phenomena, and light the reverse.

Captain——, again announced himself, and the following colloquy took place.

Do you take a lively interest in the American war?—Yes. Yes.

Can you tell us anything about the war?—Yes.

Has a great battle been fought within the last 10 days?—Yes.

Which side was victorious?—The Federals.

Can you tell the number that were slain, or thereabouts?—25,000.

Who commanded the Federals?—General M'Clellan.

Where was the battle fought? Will you spell out a word that will give us an idea of the place?—Washington.

Do you mean to say that the Confederates besieged or attacked Washington?—Yes.

Could you fix the date of the battle?—Yes.

Please to do so?—The 11th of December.

We thank you for the information.

Finding that the table was too heavy to be moved readily, we placed a chair on the top of it, and then placed our hands on the chair. It was thus we obtained the remarkable statement respecting the battle alleged to have been fought in America. This prediction, or rather statement of facts, was given most emphatically and demonstratively. The terms of the statement are precise and explicit and preclude all chance of escape by means of subterfuge or far-fetched explanation. The spirit of somebody, or else some agent, force, or power, purporting to be the spirit of Captain—— assured us, in the most positive manner, several times, that a great battle was fought at Washington, on the 11th of December, 1862; that General M'Clellan commanded the Federals; that the Federals were victorious; that the people of the South were much dispirited in consequence of this defeat; that the number of the slain was estimated at 25,000, and that this number included the slain on both sides. Four hypotheses may be here laid down as all equally admissible in the present state of our knowledge.

1. There was no spirit present at all, but the communication was given by od-force, the apparent intelligence being supplied by the automatic action of the brains of the persons at the table.

2. The spirit, purporting to be that of Captain—— told a wilful and deliberate falsehood.

3. The spirit was deluded, so as to believe that a battle had taken place, when nothing of the sort had occurred, and hence expressed its own fantasy as a literal statement of facts.

4. The statement of the spirit was substantially true.

Should the news brought by the February or March mails confirm the truth of this spiritual telegram, so far in advance of the ordinary means of obtaining news, the fact will for ever rank amongst the wonders of the world, and go a long way towards establishing the truth of Spiritualism.

But supposing the news by the February or March mail should not confirm the statements of the spirit, then, as philosophic thinkers, we must reject the fourth hypothesis, and nothing more. All that can be inferred from the facts will simply be that the communicating agent made a statement that was not true. It may have told this falsehood intentionally, knowing it to be false, and for the express purpose of deceiving, or it may have been deluded itself, and have believed that its false statement was a true one; or, the source of the phenomena may not have been spiritual at all, but some occult material power, governed by the automatic agency of some human brain or brains, and taking on any fictitious personality which the preconscious thoughts in those brains may have impressed on it. Viewed in any light the facts are very remarkable, and eminently suggestive of the littleness of our knowledge respecting the unseen agents, or agencies, which are constantly operating in the worlds of mind and matter.

When the *seance* was about to close we asked the spirit to raise a chair clear from the table, and the chair, with all our hands resting on it, rose fully five or six inches from the surface of the table so as that no part of it rested on the table. The chair remained suspended in the air for a few seconds, and then fell on the table.

In the course of the sitting the spirit of the captain informed us that the American war would eventuate in the formation of two

republics, and that on the 17th of next March, we should have some visual and musical manifestations of a very remarkable character.

At our request the chair was then moved towards each of us, as representative of good night, and the sitting terminated.

During the sitting one of our questions was answered in a very remarkable way. Our hands were all resting on the chair at the moment, and some doubt having been expressed, I think by myself respecting the value of answers received through the tipping of a body which we could all so readily move, the next answer was given by the heavy table, on which our hands were no resting, moving in one way, while the chair moved in the opposite direction. To the minds of all present this was conclusive.

The next time the circle met there were three persons present, but the medium soon left, as he had business of some sort to transact elsewhere. George Dunn signified to us that he was present, but did not wish to communicate. In answer to the question why do you not wish to communicate? he replied by the alphabet, "*Busie*," and when we asked if he meant *busy*, he very decidedly tipped in the affirmative.

On Monday the 22nd of December, 1862, we met again for the purpose of evoking spiritual phenomena. The medium wished to be present at the commencement of the *seance*, but was not able to stay more than a few minutes, owing to the pressure of another engagement. George Dunn manifested his presence, and when we taxed him with having deceived us a second time, in having told us that we should receive on the previous Sunday a reply to the letter we had sent to Bathurst respecting him, and asked him to give us a communication that would explain the motive that had prompted such deception, he very decidedly tipped out the word "Revenge." We then made some sort of apology for certain discourteous expressions we had previously applied to him, and soon afterwards the spirit tipped out the words "*Forget my Joke*." The medium went away soon after the word *Revenge* had been spelled out and thereafter the manifestations of spirit presence gradually became weaker and weaker until they finally ceased.

F. S.

Wollongong, December 29, 1862.

THE CROCK FOUND IN THE RATH.

If any of our English readers are unfortunately ignorant of the social position of tailors in the remote districts of this country, let them hereby learn what Brian Neill, the unlucky hero of this narrative, when he arose on Monday morning, betook himself to the farmer's house where his services were required, took the measures of his clients, sat on the large kitchen table, kept his goose in the turf fire, mended and made clothes, chatted with the women, and there remained till his business was finished. He then repaired to some other farmstead where his presence was desirable, and thus his life glided on.

Brian was employed as mentioned one afternoon on Mrs Rooney's great table. He had been remarked all the day for an unwonted silence, and had just begun to acquaint Mrs Rooney with the subject on which his thoughts were employed. "Be this, and that, ma'am, it's very strange that I should have the same dream for the last three nights. There it was, in the rath of Knoc-mor, I saw, as plain as I see you now, a big gray stone, and an old thorn tree and the hole between them, and the crock at the bottom of it. I declare to you I can't stand it any longer. I'll take a spade and shovel and try my fortune, and have it off my mind. You needn't tell anybody where I'm gone."

About three hours afterwards he returned in a very dismantled condition, his hair in moist flakes, his eyes glassy, and his whole appearance betokening one who would drop in pieces if some strong power were not keeping him together. "Oh ma'am honey!" he faltered out "let me lie down somewhere; I think I'll die." Mrs Rooney had him put into the bed belonging to the servant boy, and good-naturedly brought him a warm drink of whey in a quarter of an hour or so. She then sat down by the bed; and when he had refreshed himself, and seemed somewhat restored, she requested to know how he fared after he had left the house. This is the account he rather reluctantly gave after some pressing:—"When I got to the rath, ma'am, I was all through other to find the stone and the old thorn just as I dreamed they were. Bedad, I took off my coat, and fell to, and dug and shovelled, and shovelled and dug till my poor arms were tired. I rested myself for a little while, and then fell to again. Well, I think I was down three or four feet, when I felt something hard against the spade. I cleared away the clay carefully from about it, and what was it but a heavy crock, just like the very one I saw in the dreams. I lifted it out on the heap of clay I threw up, and was going to get the cover off when I felt myself as weak as water. I was trembling indeed, and my heart fluttering from the first touch I gave it with the spade. Well, what would you have of it! I fell down in a stugue, and don't know how long I was in it; and when I came to myself the very sight of the crock brought my heart to my mouth. I done nothing but crawled back as well as I could. I suppose all happened to me because I did not say e'er a prayer, or take any holy water with me to sprinkle a ring round the place. I think I'll go asleep now, I can't keep my eyes open."

So he slept soundly, and never woke till next morning, and the first thing he was conscious of was a strong inclination to go to the rath again, and recover the crock, if it still remained there. He went in all haste, found the spade and shovel, the heap of clay and the pit, but no sign of the crock or its cover. He came back, overpowered with vexation at the silly way in which he had behaved the day before, and begged Mrs Rooney to give him his crock, and promised her a good handful of its contents. "Crock!" said she, "what are you talking about?" "Sure I am talking about the crock I dug up in the rath of Knoc-mor yesterday, and that I told you about after you gave me the drink of whey in the bed." "Oh, my poor man, you are raving! I gave you a drink, sure enough, but this is the first time you opened your mouth about a crock." "But, sure, if you come you can see the hole and the clay, and here is the spade and shovel that I used." "And if they are, is that a reason I should have your crock, that I never heard of till this blessed hour."

There was great commotion in the neighbourhood. Several people, including Mr and Mrs Rooney, went to the rath, and saw the hole and the clay, but that did not prove that Mrs Rooney got the money. All that the sharpest neighbour could make out was the absence of the farmer and his wife from their house for about an hour on the evening in question. It all resulted in poor Bryan losing his reason, and coming to vituperate Mrs Rooney about once a week at her own door. We will say of her that she always gave him something to eat on these occasions, and a coat or breeches when his need was sore for good clothing. By degrees the farm was improved and more land taken. Her children were well provided for, and so are such of her grandchildren as are now living. Ill-got money does not in general produce such comfortable results.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

THE DYING SEAMSTRESS.

I long to roam o'er meadows mild, where soft gay daisies grow,
To breathe the free pure zephyrs in the Sunshine's ruddy glow—
To feel my feeble pulses beat in sudden raptures wild,
And view again the pleasing scenes that lured me when a child.
The other night, beneath the lamps, while stars were looking down,
My dear, devoted Willie said he'd take me out of Town;
He drew a picture of the sea, its beach and rocky glens,
And one of London's gilded palaces and dismal dens—
I almost deemed the streets transform'd to meadows, hills, and sea,
As if some proud magician's wand had changed my destiny!

Must ever Labour round my head but wreath a crown of sadness,
With thorns that pierce my heart and brain, and exile thoughts of gladness?

All day I sit and hem and sew, and for repose I weep,
But scarcely dare complain, or sigh, or give myself to sleep.
The air within my room doth make my appetite grow weak,
But still I hem and sew, like some machine that cannot speak;
The ladies' dresses come in fast, and mistress thinks me slow,
But God knows how I suffer for the sake of Fashion's show!
I long to roam o'er meadows mild where soft gay daisies grow,
To breathe the free pure zephyrs in the Sunshine's ruddy glow.

Upon her couch of pain, she beckon'd to her friends most dear,
Her thin, pale hands were clasp'd in prayer, and angels hover'd near:
'Dear Mother—sisters—Willie true! I'm dying, kiss me—all;
Some other hands than mine must make the dress for Monday's ball.
I longed to live for Willie's sake; and now 'tis sweet to die—
I hear the angels calling me, dear loving hearts! Good-bye!
What, tears? I part from sorrow, sickness, anxious hopes and hours,
And freely yield the weeds of Earth for Heaven's eternal flowers.
Oh! let me die, my mother dear, and fear not for your child;
In Heaven I shall not hem and sew until my brain turns wild!

Sept. 16, 1864.

J. H. POWELL.

Correspondence.

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

SPIRITUALISM THROUGH AMBLER.

[To the Editor of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.]

SIR,—The extracts at foot may be instructive to some of your readers. They are taken from the spiritual teaching through Ambler,
Yours, &c., &c., T. D.

To the vision of the spirits there are six general circles on earth, which are representatives of so many different stages of development, and it is a matter of no difficulty with them to perceive the true position which every individual occupies, and the locality to which he will ascend on his departure from the sphere below.

The individuals who reside in the first circle on the earth, will, on their entrance into the second sphere, become members of a corre-

sponding circle here. They will enter into that association of spiritual beings which will naturally be determined by the affinity they feel within them, as the results of a certain degree of spiritual unfolding. Therefore the individuals who reside in the first circle of spiritual development upon the earth will ascend to the first circle of the second sphere, because it will be here that they will be located by the inherent affinity which dwells within the soul. The same remark will apply in a corresponding sense to the individuals who are members of other circles on the earth; they will ascend to such a circle in the second sphere as will correspond with the circle to which they belonged on earth. When an individual on the earth departs from the form, or when the spirit becomes released from its earthly framework, it is usually attended by the representative spirits of the circle to which it will ascend. As the spirit leaves its perishing form, the waiting spirits receive it to their embrace, and when the process of birth has been completed do they bear it away to the circle of which it is naturally a member.

If the spirit, during its residence in the body has been undeveloped; if it has not been unfolded by the congenial influences of love and truth, then will it be borne to that circle which represents that place of development to which it will naturally be attracted, and in this circle it will have the same wisdom—no more and no loss—as it has attained in the primary sphere, or, at least, this will be the case until that period has arrived when spirit has become fully concentrated, and is prepared to unfold with an increased rapidity.

Thus if an individual is undeveloped on the earth, he will be undeveloped in the second sphere; if he has left the highest and noblest of the powers of his being in a state of lethargy while in the body, he will suffer the want of these powers when he has become a spirit. This is a truth which is known as an established reality in this sphere, and which all the theories and doctrines of earth cannot destroy. Many from being greatly in the love of evil remain in their degraded and suffering condition a long period before they seek to advance to higher conditions of existence.

When the spirit becomes fully individualised, it has a perception of the beauties and glories which abound in the sphere of the soul, and which are the shadows of the Divine presence which expand through all the courts of heaven.

But though the interior vision is unfolded, though the immortalised being is enabled to perceive the external glories which exist around him in all surrounding space, yet the appreciation which he has of what he may be able to perceive, will be always in precise accordance with the state of interior development to which he has arrived, and he will not be able to enjoy any more of these glories than he can receive into the bosom of his inmost soul.

The spirits of the departed ones who have ascended to higher planes of development, who have become members of higher circles of wisdom, are able to enjoy a greater portion of the celestial beauties which they behold, because they are capable of receiving these beauties into the depths of the soul, where they flow as streams of ever-increasing peace.

The spirits of the circles in this sphere are enabled to perceive and realise the presence of all other spirits in the same sphere.

The highest and most advanced spirits of the loftiest circles of wisdom, are enabled to behold those spirits who are members of the lowest society in the lowest circle.

Thus there is a perfect bond of union between all spirits in the second sphere, with respect to the knowledge which is possessed of each other, and the understanding which is attained of the interior qualities of the soul. Every spirit in all circles manifests the precise character of his interior mind, and it would be perfectly in vain for any spirit to attempt to hide what cannot be concealed.

The inhabitants of this sphere stand as before a sun, whose light penetrates to the deepest thought, and all are unmasked and revealed before the gaze of a million eyes.

The beauty of the spirit depends upon its interior unfolding. The brightness to which it attains is entirely proportionate to the degree to which it has advanced.

The circles of the second sphere have their appropriate mission in good, and this is made to correspond to the prevailing qualities of the spirits of which the different circles are composed.

There is no external or arbitrary authority, which is essential to the suitable exercise of the inward powers, but all spirits have an attraction towards that mission and that employment which are adapted to their interior state and capacity, so that from the ties of affinity, from the impulses of a special and all-powerful attraction, the soul flows forth into the works of harmony and development, which are presented as the appropriate labour to be performed.

Thus, in the internal flowing of pure desires, in the deep and indwelling conviction of truth and duty, and in the strong and irresistible attraction of a deathless love, the spirits enter upon their suitable mission.

They are rewarded by the visitations of the sweet breathings of prayer and joy—those internal influences of celestial happiness, which are the legitimate fruits of the harmonious exercise of the spiritual powers.

Their desire is to initiate men in that which serves to develop the spirit—to render it predominant over the animal and earthly nature—to exalt its aspirations, its hopes, and its desires to a higher and more blissful sphere of action.

They desire the world should be impressed with the presence, and with the love and truth of heavenly ministers.

If, therefore, it will trust in the power, and wisdom, and goodness of the celestial beings, who ever hover lovingly around it, if it can have faith in the process which has been discovered to them for the spiritualization of the material body, and then, if it will enter into the inner courts of the Divine sanctuary, and bow before the altar of celestial truth, it will be saved from the burdens with which it is now oppressed—it will be delivered from the evils which have weighed down the human soul to the dust, and it will be released from the entanglements

of flesh and sense, by which it has been bound and fettered; so that in the coming era which is beheld in the future, the race shall stand as the redeemed and sanctified production of the supreme mind, and shall be illuminated with the light that streams from the lofty heights and deeper depths of the spiritual universe."

Sir, to my mind, how much more just and consistent appears the foregoing manifestation of Divine dealings, than what I understood of them when of the orthodox many.

Doubtless, from misunderstanding the spiritual meanings of scripture teaching, my notions led me to believe in a consignment by God of the soul to an everlasting hell of suffering for the sins of this life, only a life that is but a moment to eternity, and into which we become born with hereditary dejectiveness; or, otherwise, that at death we are, as it were, suddenly, as by a miraculous power, made fit to go in the pure and developed inhabitants of the heavenly spheres.

How much of the Bible is allegory? how much of it truth? and in what way of the spiritual world? I believe has been little understood, and by few minds since the second century of Christianity, owing to the falling away of the spiritual conditions and perceptions of men with that of their divines.

The opening up of a knowledge of the spiritual world to men may gradually lead to a better comprehension of such subjects, and be beneficial to the character of humanity.

The spirits of the sixth circle represent our religious people with their divines, as mostly ascending at death to the third circle of the spiritual sphere, few comparatively enter the fourth circle, while hypocrites are found in the first. To rise above the third, minds have to be rid of their sectarian errors.

Although not claiming infallibility of position, these spirits, from their advanced experience and development, could assuredly enlighten our divines in many things.

It is remarkable that, in the appeals made by Jesus and his apostles to men in relation to their advancement in the love of good and the ways of salvation, they do not appear to instruct men to place their reliance for salvation on a faith in his personal righteousness, &c., but in the exercise of a more spiritual law of love, and true personal righteousness coming by the grace of God through him, superseding the external laws of Moses, for the purpose of unfolding them in good as the chief aim of life.

On the one hand, orthodox divines do this, but on the other, they check in men its legitimate development, by enforcing certain doctrines repugnant to a sense of their spiritual ability, individual responsibility, and true action of mind.

IDENTITY OF SPIRITS.

(To the Editor of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.)

Sir,—You can send me two copies of the *Spiritual Times*, for Saturday next, 28th inst., for which four stamps are enclosed. There is no call as yet for the *Times* in this district, the people are too low in development for Spiritualism. I had one meeting of six persons on Sunday last, when seven spirits announced their names and presence through the alphabet, and afterwards intreated me to speak, and stated that they had been at Nottingham, at friend Turner's, and left there and come to Stockport, to our seance to communicate with us. On Monday morning I received a letter from Nottingham, stating that they had a seance, and that the spirits kept them waiting a full hour before they came, and then stated that they had been at Stockport, to my residence, &c. Now, all this was done entirely unknown to either party; there was no preconcerted arrangement, nor did we know that either party intended to have a seance at the same hour. These coincidences are such as go to prove the identity and reality of "spirit intercourse" more than anything else can do.

Yours respectfully,
JOSHUA WOOD.

21, Travis Brow, Heaton-lane, Stockport, August 23rd, 1864.

REPRESENTATION OF EDWARD II.

[To the Editor of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.]

Sir,—I was induced a few months ago, to hold a pencil in my hand, and curiously enough, my hand was made to write—"Edward 2nd Rex." I asked the invisible influence to say where Edward 2nd was murdered. Answer—Berkley Castle.

- Q. How many men murdered you?—Seven.
- Q. Did you know all their names?—Only Gournay, Montravers, Ogle, and Alecon.
- Q. Do you know the names of your other murderers?—No.
- Q. How long were you dying?—Twenty-three minutes.
- Q. How long were you conscious?—Seven minutes.
- Q. Who was your greatest enemy?—Mortimer. (This was written with great boldness and rapidity.)
- Q. What have you to communicate?—Take care of ye Citie of London.
- Q. What was the name of your wife?—Isa—(the spirit would not finish the name.)
- Q. What was the date of your murder?—Sep. 1328. (History says 1327.)
- Q. What day were you killed?—Wednesday.

These are the items; to me they are very strange. I am conscious of no self-deception in the matter, and record them that your readers may theorise upon them.—Yours, &c.

W. D. TELFORD.

Tunbridge Wells, Sept. 22nd, 1864.

PROFESSOR ANDERSON.

(To the Editor of THE SPIRITUAL TIMES.)

Sir,—I caution the public not to be misled as to the truth of Spiritualism by the pretensions of conjurors and by professed exposers of the phenomena by means of ingeniously constructed mechanical apparatus. I can answer for what I have witnessed, especially in my own house, taking place without any prepared apparatus; and with regard to the manifestations that take place in the presence of professional mediums, I will just observe that, on one occasion a celebrated conjuror attended a seance of Mr Home's at the instance of Prince Napoleon; his report was that "What he witnessed could not be accounted for on the principles of his profession." For several years a conjuror of the name of Taylor professed to expose the spiritual manifestations at the Polytechnic and the Colosseum. He has now recanted, and testifies to the truth of Spiritualism. I have just met with the following in an American paper, which refers to two mediums known as "The Davenport's," who have been astonishing and convincing the American public by wholesale:—"Some evenings following the public entertainment, a private seance was held which was attended by Simmons, the well-known professor of jugglery. The necromantic *distingue*, who had previously undertaken to expose the trick, has met with such a decided failure that he was obliged to give up his *exposee* as a bad job. He therefore returned to his "Chinese butterflies," and to the trick of cutting off his own head, and became "himself again." On the evening in question he was placed between the mediums, who were bound hand, neck, and foot. The gas was then extinguished, and Simmons was manipulated by hands in a very lively manner. After the light was turned on, the puzzled juggler was asked to relate his experience. 'It is wonderful!' said the wizard. 'If it is a trick it is a puzzler to me: I cannot account for it; I felt six distinct hands all at one time on various parts of my body.' The remarkable mediums through whom these manifestations are produced are in this country, and as their exhibitions are in public, a good opportunity will be afforded persons of witnessing the phenomena, and for conjurors to expose the "delusion."

I remain, &c.,

ROBERT COOPER.

Eastbourne.

MY RELIGION.—No. II.

But the Bible itself makes no such pretension of infallible inspiration. It nowhere says that the sixty-six books of which it is composed are the "Word of God," and that it does not, is a powerful argument against its being so. David seems to have regarded the ten commandments as God's Word, but that is far from claiming the title for all the books. Paul indeed says, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, &c.;" but it should be known that the word "is," is in italics, showing that it is not in the original, but supplied by the translator. Scripture means writing, and as it now reads, if all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, then Homer and the Arabian Nights are inspired writings. What Paul appears to mean is this, "All Scripture given by inspiration is profitable, &c." Let the Scriptures be tried by this rule, and it may well be asked what is there in the endless genealogies, or Solomon's Songs, for instance, that is good for doctrine, for reproof, for correction and instruction? Does not this interpolation of the word "is," look very like a priestly fraud?

There are several theories of inspiration. The most common and orthodox is, that God appointed men to write it, and breathed his spirit into them, so that they gave a faithful transcript of his will. Let us test this Book, and see whether it is in agreement with reason and the character we love to apply to the Divine Being, and to the Book of Nature.

The astronomy of the Bible differs widely from that of Nature. Genesis represents God as being employed for five days in making this little globe, and yet forming the universe of rolling universes in one day? Six days spent by Omnipotence in forming and adorning this floating dew-drop; and an ocean of stars, one hundred millions seen by the naked eye, poured out in a breath, and dismissed in five words! "He made the stars also."

The same writer informs us there were three evenings and mornings before the sun was made "to divide the day from the night." Light on the first day—the sun and moon on the fourth.

(To be continued.)

BENJAMIN MAZEL'S SPIRITUAL COSMOGONY.

ARTICLE THE SECOND.

When the two vapours had separated, there resulted a nebulous substance, which, in the course of centuries, acquired density. This substance, by repulsive motion, flew off, and began to describe an irregular orbit, leaving behind it a long train of light—in fact, it was a comet. The other two bodies of vapour, in the meantime, had formed themselves into sun and earth; though rude, and as yet shapeless. The comet took its course towards the sun, but was repelled by that body, on reaching a certain point.

The seer's attention, however, at last became exclusively addressed to the earth. This was first a nebulous body, containing within it the principle of caloric; and in process of time,

the concentrated fire converted it into a sulphurous, inflammatory mass—but the medium expressly says that he is unable to give any account of the scientific reasons. This again, occupied many ages of time, during which period the other planets were gradually formed.

Regarding the earth as a living being, the medium next narrates the progress of terrestrial phenomena; a terrible crisis of volcanic action, during which the molecules were apparently destroyed. The sun's heat produced an inflammatory action, and the sulphur burnt up the earth itself. A thick vapour surrounded the earth, that body, however, continued to revolve round the sun during many ages.

The vapour fell in the form of rain, and the action of the water upon the calcined matters of the earth, produced the simple bodies of chemistry, such as crystal, lead, zinc, copper, gold, &c. Gigantic trees covered the face of the globe, which, the medium says, was for many centuries an immense forest. At this time, however, there was no ocean; because the vaporous particles were distributed equally throughout the solid matter of the earth.

At the same time that these changes were going on, the moon was being formed, and growing in size; a catastrophe, however, arrested the growth of this other earth, and hence determined the magnitude of its influence on our earth itself. Acting upon the vaporous aura about the earth, the moon attracted it, and thus formed the oceans on its surface. The seas and rivers being formed, the Soul of the World, created in the waters beings capable of living in them, and the medium records with astonishment, his vision of the emergence of marine monsters and fishes.

In this necessarily brief article it is impossible to do more than hastily outline the cosmogony presented in this strange volume. It will be sufficient to say that it partakes in the main of a character of self-development, the earth being a semi-intelligent being labouring for its own perfection by a series of catastrophes and immense natural convulsions. An immense discharge of cosmic electricity confined the ocean to its limits, and changed the plants, by chemical action, into other bodies such as oil, vitriol, alum, &c. Another catastrophe gave birth to the various animals, and these again were destroyed by other immense convulsions. But those convulsions all ceased and peaceful nature resumed her sway.

As the animal world became perfected, the human race came into existence, and in two individuals of that race the medium recognised the realisation of the noble and lovely forms he had seen in the primeval clouds. It would seem that the pair fixed their home in a western region of Asia, in a valley surrounded by mountains, which sheltered the plain from intemperate winds and other accidents of climate. This spot was well watered, and fruits abounded for their sustenance.

The medium says that at that time language was still unknown, and it developed itself gradually by interjectional sounds of emotion or expressions of want. Again, space will not allow of any reference to the philosophy of the medium. Let us rather turn to the history of man, as given by the medium.

The first principle laid down is that man was never in the primeval state of savagery. The very aggregative instinct possessed by him renders him a civilised being, however low the civilisation may be. Animals are not to be civilised, they have no associative instincts as a rule.

Man could learn from animals, though animals can learn little from man. Thus when winter came on the first man observed that animals hid to caves for shelter, this first caused man to think of artificial habitations, and he gradually became a builder. The first pair thus fixed their dwellings in a cavern, and surpassed the animal creation by strewing its floors with dried leaves for warmth. Here the first child was born, and the medium says that the little family resided in comfort in the cavern for many years. The man went forth to seek fruits and water, the woman nursed the children.

The family was a large one and increased rapidly, and as time went on the fruits of the vicinity were exhausted, hence it became necessary to have recourse to hunting the animals who fed upon the fruits in common with mankind. In one of these hunting expeditions the parents had one of their children killed, and thus first beheld death in the world. They who had no idea of such an event naturally felt terrified at the phenomenon.

But the deceased was not really dead, he had but passed into another form, his living principles yet existed; and here comes a peculiar phase of Mazel's philosophy. The living molecule which had animated the man was yet in existence, and according to the theory of re-incarnation, of which the French Spiritualists seem so fond, he was destined to re-appear amongst his kindred at a future time. "Sometimes," says Mazel, "in the course of life it happens that the sight of some particular object, some place, some sound which is heard, recalls to man a remembrance of what has passed in an anterior existence. This remembrance passes only like a flash, it is a warning given by a spirit friend, awaiting the hour of his resurrection. Such are those that men have called protecting divinities—guardian angels."

From circumstances it would seem that when man had acquired a certain faculty of speech and names had been bestowed upon the familiar objects of nature, the community gave themselves a name, answering to angels, and thus the first men were known by that designation, the name of man being a later invention. Of course the only authority for this is the assurance of the medium, and the reader may take it for what he thinks it worth.

At first when the use of animal food had been forced upon the community, fire was unknown, and therefore meat was eaten raw and was little relished by the inhabitants of the valley. The origin of cooking it was given by the medium. As the number of individuals increased,

artificial dwellings thatched with leaves and branches were constructed. One day it grew fearfully sultry, the inhabitants, who were in the woods, hurried home, clouds appeared threatening rain, and presently a fearful torrid zone thunderstorm broke out; the lightning flashed, and by accident (if such a thing as accident can be admitted) struck one of the frail cottages. Within the cottages hung the meat in its uncooked state and as the cottage was burnt so the embers covered the meat and cooked it. It is, however, worthy of passing remark here, that this story of the medium's is very like Charles Lamb's humorous history of roast pig in China.

After a time the inhabitants returned to their village, and to their astonishment discovered fire for the first time, and amidst the ashes the cooked flesh. This useful event established the superiority of roasted meat over raw food, and hunting and fishing became great and absorbing pursuits.

Time had passed; on nine centuries had rolled away, but the span of life in those remote ages was long—if we are to believe the medium. The first angel, or man, was yet alive, and so proud did he become, that he thought he could establish himself as a superior being. He aimed at monarchy over his race, and he induced the younger members of his family to construct for him a palatial building in the mountains, where he proposed to dwell apart with his wife in undisputed majesty. At this time names had become common, and the designation by which the first man or angel was known, was, according to the medium, Jova, which, in their tongue, meant "Father of all." His wife's name was Foo (the most ancient). When he was fixed in his new residence, he desired the community to pay him divine honors, and first established public worship. He was actuated in these steps by complex motives, partly ambitious, he was also wise enough to see that the valley would not always furnish sustenance for the increasing community. Beyond the mountains he knew that other countries lay, and by confirming his own authority he saw that he could order the expatriation of such as he chose to turn out of the valley.

He felt, therefore, that he was doing right in thus assuming sovereignty. Up to this time also the community had not been classified; the black, yellow, and white races, which had originally been created by the variety of temperature and physical causes, still dwelt altogether. These tribes he now separated, assigning a portion of the valley to each, giving the most extensive and fertile portion to the whites, whom he specially favoured. He placed them in the centre, giving the southern territory to the black race, and the north-eastern to the yellow race, thus preventing any communication between these populations.

However, these alterations did not increase the supply of food in the valley, and Jova watched the opportunity for carrying out his plans of expatriation. He designed first to remove the yellow races from the valley without communicating his plans as to the blacks.

Jova had a great respect and affection for his wife Foo, and hence his superior favor to the whites, though he himself, coming from the equatorial countries, was black. The mulatto race was least in favour, and therefore he resolved that it should be expelled the valley, and placed in another region. The stratagems to which Jova had recourse may be passed over here, enough to say that he presented himself to the mulattoes in a fantastic dress, and awed them into blind submission to his will. They departed, though, with heavy hearts from the lands of their fathers. Jova retired to his palace satisfied that a portion of his plan had been carried out. Before their final departure he invested one of their principle chiefs with a kind of pontifical authority. This chief was named Kaik, or the wonderful. This investiture performed, Jova profited by a thunder-storm to disappear from their gaze, taking with him an eagle he had caught, henceforth known to man as the bird of Jove.

Unseen by his subjects Jova glided behind the thickets and listened to the conversation of his chiefs. Kaik, after receiving his investiture, conferred by the other angels, and promised to be the mediator between the tribe and Jova, to whom he ascribed divine authority. One member of the tribe, named Kien, or the seer, ventured to doubt this authority; but Jova overheard him, and, with a missile from the thicket, struck him on the back of the head, so that he died. The tribe of mulattoes were still undecided, but the authority of Kaik compelled them to depart to their new abodes, where they safely arrived after four days' journey.

This being a convenient place to suspend the medium's strange narrative, we will do so for the present, continuing the recital in another article.

KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE.

Chiswick, Sept. 14th, 1864.

(To be continued.)

THE MEDIUMS. AN ORIGINAL SPIRITUAL TALE.

BY J. H. POWELL.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr Jeromiah Forbes found himself sufficiently pressed with visitors to keep him at work; he had designed paying Gravesend a visit, after leaving Southampton, but owing to the constant appointments which took place, he had to content himself with writing to the idol of his heart, promising himself and Miss Corral a holiday in a brief space. Mr Humphrey sent him a newspaper containing a report of his proceedings at Ryde, which caused Mr

Forbes considerable anxiety. He felt a strange desire to meet with Captain Stewart, in order to prove to him his littleness; "only ten minutes with the spirits," he said aloud, "would overturn the Captain's kettle of fish." Perhaps something might turn up to bring them together; it was not at all improbable. He took care, however, to treasure the name in his memory, and then proceeded to attend to some people who were waiting in an ante-room to obtain a sitting. Meanwhile, Mr Humphrey steadily progressed, adding daily, new evidences to his temple of truth. Nothing could turn him from his purpose. He had laid his hand to the plough. The hard glebe of scepticism must be turned over, and he meant work in that direction. At one meeting he would find himself opposed by doctors, who traced all the phenomena of Spiritualism to electricity; at another meeting, clergymen would rise and denounce his lecture as blasphemy, and his facts as evidences of satanic influence. At Ventnor, the Rev Hugh Wrangle warned the audience of the sins they were committing by listening to the lecturer, and told them the Devil was the originator of it all. A gentleman wished to know how it was that the rev. gentleman himself had sat out the lecture, and how he was so certain it was all of the Devil. The Rev Hugh Wrangle, said he was living in Ireland, and being on a visit to Ventnor, deemed it his duty, as a christian, to shew up antichrist. He had gone into the spiritual question with considerable care, and was quite certain the phenomena were actualities, and that they originated from the father of lies. A friend of his had told him that he put questions to the communicating spirit, thus: "Are you a spirit? If I desire you to tell the truth in the name of Christ, must you do so?" The spirit said "Yes," to both questions. "Then, in the name of Christ, I command you to say if you are the Devil?" The answer came deliberately, without the slightest hesitation, "Yes." "Thus, friends," continued the Rev. Hugh Wrangle, "we are justified in saddling this question at once on Satan's back, and having nothing whatever to do with it. If, however, any of you want more evidences in support of my views, you cannot do better than read my little pamphlet, "Spiritualism fairly defeated," in which you will find a mass of testimony not to be overthrown by all the Spiritualists of modern days. In that pamphlet, I prove the unchristian and unscriptural doctrines of Spiritualism, which are of the Devil, who is ever craftily working destruction and death to the soul. Oh, my friends, let not Satan's voice, through the medium of your lecturer's mouth, deceive you. As a minister of Christ's blessed word, I warn you to read my pamphlet, and forsake the subject."

Mr Humphrey smiled as he rose to offer a few words in defence. He said, "he never expected to meet the Rev. Hugh Wrangle in public, but his pamphlet was quite familiar to him, and was certainly an *ex parte* statement, which he should be sorry to recommend, without at the same time recommending a perusal of the spiritualistic works, now beginning to issue numerously from the English and American press. Mr Wrangle appeared to him a strange inconsistency. He professed to believe the Devil, the Father of lies, and yet, when the spirit who was communicating, said, to gratify his friend's desire, that he was the Devil, the answer was believed; therefore, it is quite plain, that the Rev. Hugh Wrangle for *once*, has trusted Satan, and consented to oppose the great spiritual truths at his devilish bidding. I wonder how he can find fault with you listening to the Devil's voice, through the medium of my mouth," urged the lecturer, "whilst, according to his own statement, he himself, has written a pamphlet, and he has also spoken here against Spiritualism, because he places confidence in the Devil. The thing is absurd. Is it not more likely, friends, that the Father of lies would seek to blind the understanding of Mr Wrangle, in order that he might employ his powerful talents to crush the spiritual life out of the soul, to fit us for the abodes of sin? It certainly seems to me that Satan would rather act in this, than in any other way. His idea would be to work upon the dignitaries of the Church, in order that he might do the most harm. Once set the clergy at work, like Mr Wrangle, preaching down Spiritualism, then commences the downfall of true religion, and the materialistic philosophies triumph; and what, I ask, is more reasonable than that Satan should so operate?"

Mr Humphrey's remarks met the approval of his audience, and Mr Wrangle went away wrangling.

Thus, in this way, earnest and persevering, full of enthusiasm and logic, did our friend bravely deliver lecture after lecture, on his way through the Island. No amount of opposition, and even very small audiences to boot, could affect the ardour of his faith. He had buckled on his armour, and like a true apostle he did service.

Mr Humphrey was quietly indulging himself at the breakfast table at his hotel, in Newport, when a couple of letters reached him. The first one he opened gave him pleasure, and so did the second. "Mrs Peerless is developing marvellously well, in so short a space," he said, half audibly; "so far so good." Mr Humphrey meditated silently a considerable time with Mrs Peerless in his mind's eye, and her letter in his hand. Then his mind was filled with the portraits of his darling children, Emily and Ada, who would arrive in Southampton for the vacation in the course of a week. He mused—"so then I am soon to discover the effect of Miss Peter's system of tuition. It will just be right, for my engagements will end in the Island this week, and I can be at home with my beautiful daughters." The thoughts of home and happiness lit the father's features with a radiance belonging only to affection. All that day, an unusual vivacity was with him; everyone noticed it with whom he came in contact. Besides his paternal pleasure, nature was full of joy; the sun laughed out upon the old town, and everything externally, at least, wore something akin to his brightness.

Mr Humphrey walked out towards Carisbrook, making a pleasing survey of its antiquated church and dilapidated castle; whilst the sweet vespers of the happy birds, inspired him with additional delight. He sat down, reflecting on the Almighty Wisdom which designed the magnificence and majesty of nature, and gave the birds, the flowers, and all that is harmonious in colour and sound to minister to man's spiritual appetite. Thus, with the thoughts of God, nature, and his darling children, for a few hours, at least, the apostle of Spiritualism was full of joy. On his return to the hotel, he found several persons waiting to converse with him upon the subject he was to handle that evening. When they were gone, he turned his attention to a newspaper attack upon Spiritualism, which he was determined should not go unanswered. After carefully reading and reflecting, he wrote a clear and lengthy letter to the editor, which found its way to that nameless individual through the Post-office.

The time for his lecture came, bringing with it few persons to listen; nevertheless, the lecture *was* delivered, and Mr Humphrey performed his duty. A few days after these events, the shipwright reached Humphrey-villa, and quietly determined to spend some time with his daughters, during which interval, he would, he thought, determine upon a future plan of operation.

The newspaper for which the letter had been written came out, but, instead of the letter appearing, the editor, in "notices to correspondents" informed the writer that *it was absurd to suppose he could be expected to open his columns to a letter of such a length, and on such a subject.* Mr Humphrey turned red in the face, but what good was that? No matter how glaringly unjust it might seem to write against a subject, and then refuse to give a defensive view of it; it was allowable, simply because the popular feeling was the tide which drifted the editorial barque in port with a good store of provisions, &c. Mr Humphrey was at home, but he was not to be thwarted in his mission by a single editor of a newspaper, or even by a host of editors. He had shewn satisfactorily, that the clergy who venture to oppose Spiritualism, find themselves hard set with difficulties. And he meant to shew editorial opponents metal of a similar character. It was fortunate that Mr Humphrey had means to work with, or the success might have been less speedy. His rejected letter was at once printed, and extensively circulated. Then came side shot from other journals, which opened a way for reply. Mr Humphrey wrote replies, and got them inserted as advertisements, where the illiberal editors failed to do justice by him. Thus by ventilating the subject through the press, inquiry was stimulated, and Mr Humphrey's name was in many a mouth, attached to nouns not very complimentary.

(To be continued in our next.)

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