

*Reverend
Father's Letter*

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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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

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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, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

A SKETCH OF THE LIVES OF THE BROTHERS DAVENPORT.

THEIR MANIFESTATIONS IN ENGLAND, &c.

A remarkable escape from death by railway accident occurred from impression. The Davenportes were bound for Alton, Ill., from St. Louis, Mo. They were to take the train in the morning, and had got their luggage at the depot, and were themselves there ready to start. Everything external to them made their speedy journey appear a certainty—but something internal worked upon their wills and caused them to put off their journey a few hours. In the evening the Brothers took another train, and discovered the frightful fact that the train which they had intended and prepared themselves to go by in the morning, was shattered and mutilated, and a large number of the passengers killed and wounded.

In their travels, incidents have not been wanting, where persecution has planned and perpetrated mischief—attempts were made repeatedly by sceptical committees to bring the phenomena under the banner of "Trickery." It would not do to allow even the strictest eye of investigation to watch the manifestations and to detect every possible flaw without consequences accruing as disreputable to the enemies of spiritual fact as they were torturing to the mediums. The trick was beyond the sceptics if it was a trick. But prejudice was with them to the end. Prejudice, blind prejudice gave prejudgment and made honesty criminal. The mediums knew their power was natural to them, and that they could no more help possessing their organism than their lives. They knew the juggler's art was not theirs, and they likewise knew that to submit to pay imposts which were charged to conjuring exhibitors was practically to admit that illusion had something to do with the seances. So, with a praiseworthy manliness, they always held to their colours, and refused to pay the conjuror's fee, not being conjurors. But on a certain day in 1851 they were consigned to a common jail, to remain there for thirty days, reflecting on the humanity of the law and the magnanimity of certain men.

Mr L. P. Rand, who stood in a similar relation to them

as Dr Ferguson does at the present time, and who has written a sketch of the Davenportes, was incarcerated with the two brothers in the common jail at Oswego. When they were locked in the cell, the sceptics said—"Now see where their spirit-power is. If they have the spirits attending them, let them deliver them from prison:" or words to this effect. The cell door was most strongly locked, and even new locks night after night supplied, in order that the suspicion of fear that they would escape might not exist. But the mysterious agents which had so often performed the marvels which had set the scientific and the materialistic philosophers theorising in perplexity were not to be defeated with a bolt and lock, let them be ever so secure. It was not considered necessary to give freedom to the whole party, but freedom was given to Mr. Rand. He escaped from the prison through the door which was unlocked by a mysterious hand, and he heard voices telling him to go and the way he was to escape. Mr. Rand went out at the open doorway, and the Brothers attempted to follow, but the same spirit voices which told Rand to go bade the Davenportes stay behind. They obeyed the mandate, wondering why they should not be free as well as their fellow-prisoner. The wonder was at end after Rand had fairly escaped—the invisibles gave as the reason why they had been told to remain something like the following:—If you all escape before the term of imprisonment expires and you should be retaken, who is to prove that you did not break open the prison-door? But should Rand be retaken, you can both swear that he did not break open the door. No doubt the manifestation of deliverance had a purpose, not simply to give freedom to one person out of three—but to establish the mighty fact that the spirits can perform miracles even to the taking off of locks without visible tools. There was only one more night to pass before the law's claim upon the Brothers was duly honoured—that night passed and they walked forth free. The spirits had proved their might mightier than matter, the lock had been taken off, and on being felt by one of the boys was warm, and then when Rand was gone the lock was again put upon the door and the Brothers were again locked in. Rand's account of his release will be interesting:—

"Just after we were seated in our room, the jailer came to the door to lock us in as usual, and asked if we were all there. We answered promptly to his call that we were. He put on a new lock that we had never seen. Immediately, sooner than we expected, a voice spake in the room and said that I was to go out that night. I was told to put on my coat and hat, and be ready. It was oppressively warm in our small room with the window and door both closed, and I asked if I could be allowed to sit with my coat off, as I did not expect we should be released for more than an hour; but the answer was, "Put on thy coat and hat,—and be ready." I did so, not even then supposing that we should be released until the jailer and his family had retired, and all might be still without. But I was disappointed.

Immediately, not probably twenty minutes from the time we were locked up, the door was thrown open and the voice again spoke and said: "Now go quickly.—Take with you the rope, [for a rope had been in our room which had been used for another purpose, in our former room, as we have previously said,] go to yonder garret window, and let thyself down, and flee from this place. We will take care of the boys. There are many angels present, though but one speaks." I hastily passed on and strictly obeyed the angel. The boys came out with me into the Hall, took up the lock which lay upon the floor, and for the first time examined it,—spoke of its being warm. The angel told them, as they afterwards informed me, to go into the room again, and the door was closed and locked again by the angel, and they were to remain there for the night.

"When I went I expected the mediums would immediately follow me. It by no means occurred to me that the door was again to be locked. I was told by the angel even to leave the rope at the window. I expected that when I had successfully made my escape from the building the boys would be directed to follow me. I did not comprehend at the time that the angels intended to detain the boys for the night. I loitered by the way supposing it likely my companions might overtake me; and when I arrived at the house of a friend who kindly arose to receive and shelter me, I joyfully announced that I expected the boys along in a few moments. I sat down, hastily wrote that night to my wife and children in Massachusetts, as that letter will now show, announcing to them that our prison door had been thrown open, that I had thus made my escape, and that I expected the boys would soon arrive.

"It matters not to me what force these statements may have in the minds of others—I make them because they are true,—before God and man I make them, and shall make them while I exist; and thanks be to God on high, and I am not alone in this testimony; angels who do his bidding will ever attest its truthfulness.

"In the morning I went out and showed myself openly and confidently in the city. It never occurred to me that the door was re-locked. I marvelled, indeed, that the mediums did not come, for I know they were determined to go out if they could, after the jailer had given assurance that we should not be harmed if we did go away when unlocked by the spirits. I supposed they might have been seen by the jailer, possibly, and that seeing them he might have felt it his duty to retain them, for we intended to go out unheeded. When we were unlocked from our room and thus let out into the hall, there were no more locks against us. We could all have gone down the two flights of stairs and thus out into the street: but must then pass in full view of the jailer and his household. I obeyed the order of the angel, and went out as I have said, through the upper portion of the jail which presented no obstacles at all. I could have gone without a rope, but as it lay at my hand it was a matter of some convenience."

There was a great commotion amongst the giants and pigmies of science and law. The account of Rand's release flew on the wings of Rumour. People wondered, but were hard to believe. Sceptics still harped upon the string of "Trickery" and some believed the jailer had received bribes to leave the door unlocked by "mistake." Nevertheless, the facts were publicly circulated, and the mediums on their release made the following:—

DECLARATION AND AFFIDAVIT.

PRISON OPENED BY THE ANGELS.

Be it known to all people, that in the seventh month A.D. 1859, we, the undersigned, were imprisoned, in the common jail, in the city of Oswego, N. Y., on account of propagating our religious principles, and that after twenty-nine days of our confinement, at evening, when we were all in our prison-room together, as we had just been locked in by the jailer, we having truly answered to his call, a voice spoke and said, "*Rand, you are to go out of this place this night. Put on your coat and hat, — be ready.*" Immediately the door was thrown open, and the voice again spake and said, "*Now walk quickly out and on the attic window yonder, and let thyself down by a rope, and flee from this place. We will take care of the boys. There are many angels present, though but one speaks.*" The angelic command was strictly obeyed.

That this, and all this, did absolutely occur, in our presence, we do most solemnly and positively affirm before God and angels and men.

Subscribed and sworn before me, this first day of August, 1859. [Signed]

JAMES BARNES, Justice of the Peace.

IRA ERASTUS DAVENPORT,
LUKE P. RAND,

Subscribed and sworn before me by William Davenport, this 5th day of August, 1859.

WILLIAM DAVENPORT.

U. B. BENT, Justice of the Peace.

We know that many will refuse credence to the above, but why need they? If they can admit the fact that a coat is, in a marvellously quick space of time, pulled off the back of Mr. Fay or one or other of the Davenports, whilst the hands are securely tied behind—or that a waistcoat has been taken as quickly from the back of one of them without the coat being removed, and has been found buttoned up with the watch in the waistcoat pocket—or that a vase in a private drawing-room has been apparently to the sense of hearing broken into pieces, and afterwards picked up from the hearth quite whole and uninjured—all in a time quicker than we take to describe them,—there is nothing to obstruct the way to believing that spirits can open a prison door, to establish a truth and give freedom to a prisoner? We read in the 12th chapter of the Acts—"And behold the Angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison, and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up saying, arise up quickly. And the chains fell off from his hands. And the angel said unto him, gird thyself and bind on thy sandals, and so he did. And he saith unto him, cast thy garments about thee and follow me. And he went out and followed him." Here we have in the sacred records evidence that an angel has been sent on a mission of redemption, that the prison bars have yielded to its ingress and egress—and Peter, who before was in chains, stood free and left the prison in safety. It is easy enough to sneer at the scripture account and say, "What proof have we of this?" but still the testimony comes to us and there is no contemporaneous evidence to discredit it. Daily occur miracles of a character the world has no conception of, which in their results are as marvellous as Peter's release from prison. The fact comes to us and Christians need not doubt it. It is founded on evidence clear as other facts recorded in "the Book of Books." Why need we for ever look for results recognisable and explainable to our own finite senses? We see the green satin grass and admire its fresh pleasing beauty, but can we comprehend fully the law of growth which gives it strength and the law of light which gives it colour? We see the horse and the sheep eating the grass, but can we answer why the same grass breeds wool on the back of the sheep, and hair on the body of the horse? Everywhere in nature miracles are hourly performed, and perhaps the greatest miracle of all is the effect they variously produce on various minds. Peter was released from prison, and by an angel, do we understand how the chains fell off from his hands, how the prison gates were unbarred? We read the account in Faith and bid Reason puzzle itself for aye. The operations of men who move on this earth are familiar to us, but not so the operations of angels or spirits whom we rarely see but whom we have sacred assurance both in the scriptures and in numerous modern instances present evidences they are near us for celestial and divine purposes, are only known to us in special manifestations, which we cannot doubt, but which we cannot explain nevertheless. In the case of Peter we get the fact of his release and learn that his chains fell off his hands and that the prison doors were unbarred. But we ask ourselves in vain to satisfy our reason with the how all this was done? We do not hear that the angel was provided with a hammer and chisel or that any other material substance was used for the purpose of "deliverance." But the fact that Peter was delivered is recorded nevertheless. After perusing the scriptures and learning the particulars of Peter's deliverance, do we find any passage which informs us no such miracle shall be performed again? We do not, therefore are we free to take the testimony in relation to the release of Mr Rand from the jail of Oswego, and

coupling the bare testimony with the solemn affidavit of the trio, we shall find it difficult to doubt the fact that almost at the eleventh hour when hope and suspense had subsided in despair of freedom, the angels came and performed the miracle of deliverance, establishing a fact for the modern historian which must, legitimately considered, make the case of Peter a case that stands forward in the New Testament challenging disputation.

(To be Continued.)

Correspondence.

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

THE DAVENPORTS AND THE PRESS.

[To the Editor of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.]

Sir,—Having been familiar with the career of the Davenportes in America for the last ten years, in fact, ever since they were boys—having read the testimonies of the most respectable American journals, and knowing that thousands of the acutest and most honest of the distinguished men of America had satisfied themselves of the bona-fide nature of their manifestations, I did not even require to see them myself to be quite certain that they were genuine and very extraordinary spiritual mediums. I knew that every ingenuity, every test which a most wide-awake and ingenious people could apply, had been applied in their case. I knew that they had gone, through all these years, over the length and breadth of the North American continent, through all that rowdyism, vulgarity, learned ignorance, journalistic conceit, lying, menace and brow-beating violence could do and show, and that they still remained undoubted and unshaken mediums. I went to the Hanover-square Rooms on an early occasion; I saw for myself, and on the spot candidly stated my opinion of their true mediumship.

The only thing, therefore, which has given me a moment's concern in the fracas which their arrival has occasioned, was to see a card issued in their name which decidedly ignored Spiritualism as the source of their manifestations. I am happy to find that this was a hasty act of the manager without the knowledge of the Davenportes, and is not likely to occur again.

For the rest, I am delighted to see the rampant attitude which the Press has assumed. It is the most convincing sign of their inward and inescapable belief. They are no longer indifferent, no longer in a mere mocking key, they are frantic with rage. They see and feel that all their oracular wisdom on the subject of the folly and fanaticism of Spiritualism, has gone for nothing. The great, inextinguishable fact rises before them higher, broader, firmer in its adamantine solidity. From end to end of Europe it is, every day, spreading like a forest on fire; striking its roots deeper and deeper into the soil of the human heart. Give the opponents rope enough, hurra them on, for the more they commit themselves the better.

The Press of this country has the odd habit of fighting over again the battles that have run their course in all other countries. When a thing is settled everywhere else, up they start like Rip Van Winkle from an age-long sleep, and begin to lay about them as if their affair was perfectly new, though old as Methuselah. They snatched at Colenso, as a most original sceptic, who was only retailing worn-out Germanisms. When Spiritualism first came here they fought it all over again, as if it had not been thrashed threadbare in America, Germany, and France. Ten years the Davenportes have been figuring in America, and the Press has shouted itself hoarse without being able to stop them. Seven years ago the Davenportes were treated by the Professors of Harvard College, in America, just as they were by a mob assuming the name of the gentlemen of the Press, the other day at the Hanover-square Rooms, and the *Boston Courier*, like the *Morning Advertiser* here, proclaimed it all over with Spiritualism and the Davenportes. What was the fact? Did it stop Spiritualism a single day? Not a bit of it! Since then it has not only continued to spread in America, but over the whole civilized world. Who are the deluded? Who are the madmen? Those, certainly, who cannot see a fact so stupendous as this, but go on fighting with the indomitable windmills.

Byron has said—"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." What is the fellow feeling between the Press and the conjurers, which makes it, on all possible occasions, exult in the very clumsiest imitations by the conjurers of the genuine manifestations of the mediums? Makes them extol the "Brummagem" counterfeits at the expense of the true originals? The cause is the same which made the Egyptian savans applaud Jannes and Jambres who withstood Moses—Jannes and Jambres, the Andersons and Tolmaques of the time.

Many persons who have attended spiritual seances of various kinds, and satisfied themselves of their reality, express their surprise that the Press, as a body, remain doggedly unconvinced. Why should they be surprised? It is simply an affair of Hodge's razors. Journals, whether of news or literature, like those celebrated razors, are made to sell. So long as the Press think it will pay better to abuse Spiritualism than to profess it, it will continue to do so; but should the writers for the press hear to-day, or any day, that the public is gone over to Spiritualism, they will all, to a man, be zealous Spiritualists the next morning. Then, and not a day earlier, nor a day later, will the Press become convinced. Their logic all lies in the three celebrated letters *s. a. d.*, which mean, with them, Let Sovereigns Decide.

This little explanation may save many worthy, simple souls a great deal of anxiety, and wishes of child-like innocence to see the Press convinced. The Press is not so stupid nor so blind as these good people imagine. Nature has not deprived them, of all mankind, of seeing, hearing, or common sense. They can see on which side their bread is buttered, and till it is buttered by Spiritualism they will never be Spiritualists.

Let the public only bear in mind one thing—TRUTH IS THE MISSIONARY OF GOD. As she comes forth from the throne of Deity, to overturn error, to root out prejudice, to annihilate folly and crime, her course must of necessity be forever directly in the face of corrupt public opinion. Forever, in the words of the poet,—

Her banner torn, but flying,
Streams, like a thunder-cloud against the wind.

The world has seen the same class of men—the journalists, the scientific, the clergy—for ever in arms against the nascent truth of the time, and for ever falling before it. Never taught wisdom by the past, they are forever repeating the same insane conduct. From the days of Galileo to ours, it is the one same career of incurable wrong-headedness. The Royal Society of London laughed to scorn the announcement of the identification of lightning and electricity by Franklin, and refused to record his letter. The Academy of Sciences of Paris laughed to scorn the steamship of Fulton. I, myself, remember well the time when steam and railways were the subjects of the same idiotic laughter by the professional organs of intelligence, and when the very highest organs of the press declared Thomas Gray, the prescient advocate of a general system of railways with steam-trains, only fit for a strait-jacket! Where are all these wise men now? They have called the hills and the rocks to fall on and hide them from public ridicule. And yet their successors, unwarned by their fate, are busy knocking their heads against a still greater fact. Spiritualism has, therefore, nothing to say to those apostles of unbelief, but—"Go a-head, gentlemen! go a-head! and in a very little time you will have pilloried yourselves amongst the opponents of vaccination, electricity, steam, and railroads to the amplest satisfaction of your very worst enemies."

Yours Faithfully,
WILLIAM HOWITT.

October 25th.

A GAME OF CHESS WITH A SPIRIT.

(To the Editor of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.)

Sir,—There may be a reasonable reproach towards an investigator of some five and twenty years' standing for not lending an assistant pen now that the public mind is just opening upon the great subject of Spiritualism, but an excuse perhaps may be permitted to such a one who has had to bear up during these progressive years, when parent, relatives, dearest friends, and public censure, all pressed at once to extinguish this then denounced fanatic, superstitious, visionary, insane, and disreputable declaration. However now, Sir, that the columns of the newspapers are fairly opened, gentlemen of the press report what they have seen, and a little fairness is beginning to dawn upon our horizon. I am pleased to show from the rock upon which I took my footing the abundance of facts established upon the truth—it is a great pleasure to see the scientific students engaging themselves for discoveries on the grand subject of Spiritualism, and that they are climbing cautiously up this once rock of offence, and made it a rock of attraction, which to a truth-searcher will ever be more and more interesting.

I will readily step forward as it may be agreeable and convenient to you, and offer a few plain statements as unembellished as I can give them. They shall all have been fully attested. I am so sure from my own experience of the great truths of spirit communion, knowing that the further time advances and the more industrious we prove the closer we shall come upon the opening out these mysteries hitherto so stumbling—mysteries which have kept our lawful Eden from us. All these will soon be gradually removed, and then we shall really find that Eden of which some have so long doubted, and that the intelligence, according to the classes with which we shall choose to associate will so surround us that we shall go on in spiritual knowledge as we do in other school rudiments, and we shall become a family free to think with these great intelligences, for the want of which our earth has been darkened, and the historied pages, of the speculations, the tyrannies, the false state of governments, and the sad condition of society are so filled with death and woe, and we shall then come to the best results.

The fact I will now offer took place at Mrs Marshall's, 10, Upper King Street. I think it occurred about two or three years ago. I have not the date at hand just now, but I can easily get it if required. On the morning of the day I had obtained a very handsome set of Chinese ivory chess pieces. I was very pleased with them, and showed them to several friends during the day. I had the box in my hand in the evening when I went to visit Mrs Marshall. On entering, the spirits as usual, welcomed my coming by knocking upon the walls, the floor, and on the tables. I said—"If you are so pleased that I have come would you like to have a game of chess?"—"Yes—Yes—Yes."

"Can you play?"—"Yes—yes."

"Then I will challenge you."

So I spread the chess-board on a little table and placed it aside, that we might not be in the way of other visitors. The pieces were placed in order.

"Have you any choice of colour?"—"No."

"Then I have, I usually play with the white. Now then, how is it to be?" (The medium sat opposite to me taking the red.)

"Now tell us what we are to do; will you make your move yourself?"—"No."

"How then? As you would play between this and Edinburgh or Paris, or by writing?"—"Yes."

"Shall the medium have this slate on her lap and will you write with the pencil?"—"Yes."

All this being arranged, the medium having the slate under the table with the pencil upon it, and her two hands on the table. We began.

I forget whether the first move came to me; however the game went on fairly and rather quickly—on my part some usual deliberation, but not so much so with my spirit friend. We distinctly heard the rapid moving of the slate-pencil, and when it was put down then we took up the slate and read the directions for the next move. We placed the piece accordingly, and received the three knocks that we had done right. I felt it a great loss that no record was kept of the several moves. The first game was ended by my being the winner. The spirit player became very urgent for a second game. This was begun and carried on with great good humour, and a sort of hearty mirth when any important piece was captured, &c. &c., but on the whole, as a game, it was badly played. I recollect some of the written expressions.

"Let my queen's priest take a move three squares forward."

"Let that horse ride over that little man to the third king's square."

And then when the game was getting desperate, it was written dolefully and clearly

"My poor old king must go back."

The game being ended I said "Surely you can play a better game. You must have been joking."

"No. I did not expect you were so good a match."

I said—"It is late now, I cannot offer you another game to-night, but will you play again to-morrow?"

"Yes—yes."

I then wrote to a gentleman in the country, who was purposing to come to London on business, and a day was not of much consequence, so I asked him to come up in time for this third game that he might either witness my game or play it himself. He came, and took the game, it was played with precisely the same arrangements as the other two, and he won. Since that experiment I have never had any great opportunity of carrying out this class of spirit performances, but from it is discovered that spirits are capable of much intellectual intercourse.

I hope, Mr Editor, that I have put my testimony in as short a compass as is possible for so highly interesting a fact, and should I have been successful in selecting from many hundreds of instances one that is suited to your columns, it will gratify, Sir,

Wiltis. Yours respectfully, RUTH.

It might be well to add that the medium had no knowledge of the game of chess, and had never seen one played.

BAPTISMAL REGENERATION.

[To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.]

SIR,—A controversy about Baptismal Regeneration at present considerably disturbs the peace of the church. It is carried on chiefly, I believe, between the evangelical branch of the Church of England and the Baptists, the latter being the first to commence the dispute. As this article of Christian faith is particularly interesting to us as Spiritualists, I shall not, I hope, be wasting the space contained in your pages, or tiring the patience of your readers by entering a little further into its discussion.

I consider that the question freed from useless verbiage and literary mis-statement, shifts, and evasions, resolves itself into three heads—viz., 1st, the possibility of baptismal regeneration; 2nd, the probability, drawn from the general tenour of the New Testament Scriptures, that it is one of the privileges and blessings that Christians have a right to expect; and 3rd, that the Christian Church has actually the power of effecting it.

I have already treated of the first branch of the subject, and shown that Christ and John the Baptist were spiritually regenerated as infants; that is to say, that the spirit operated upon them soon after birth, as it is supposed to do in the case of children receiving public baptism in the Established Church, and they waxed strong in spirit. Luke i. 80; ii. 40. I have also shown that St. Paul explains in such a manner as to be understood by everyone his freedom in the spirit, which it is probable he had received before his confession of faith in Jesus Christ, and that according to the general Epistles of St. Peter the whole of the Christian church also then enjoyed this privilege, whether received at the period of infancy or not, and there is no occasion to make further inquiry on this head, as the express testimony in regard to Jesus and John the Baptist compels us to admit the divine possibility of such spiritual regeneration, which is in its actuality synonymous with the effects supposed to be produced by infant baptism.

2nd. As to the probability of the blessing of infant baptism having been generally bestowed, I think the following considerations are in favour of such a belief. Christ said to Nicodemus—"Except a man be born of water and the spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, that which is born of the spirit is spirit." He then in striking language describes the spiritual state which such re-birth achieves for mankind. This is the principal text on which baptismal regeneration rests, but I will place together all the other texts relating to the subject for the convenience of some who may not have a Bible at hand, and also of others who act according to the sense of the following doggerel—

"How many swear upon this book
Who never do within it look."

Matthew xviii. 2—"And Jesus called a little child and set him in the midst of them," &c. "But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea." Verse 10—"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always

behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." Chap. xix ver. 13. —"Then were brought unto Him little children that he should put His hands on them and pray; and the disciples rebuked them; but Jesus said, Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." In Mark x. is a similar account, and it is said in verse 16, "that he took them up in His arms, and put His hands upon them, and blessed them."

We may consider the re-birth described by Christ in His conversation with Nicodemus as precisely the same in nature as that which had been previously given to himself and John the Baptist; and such being the case can anything be more probable than that the Christian election and reception of children into the Church should begin in their tenderest years? There would then be the old Adam of the earth earthy, and the new Adam, the Lord from heaven, (in other words, the image of Christ,) co-existing together; the spiritual and natural life forming a union of God and man, commencing in childhood, and probably not perfected till the prime of life was attained, everyone having, according to St. Paul, that earnest of the Spirit which is the Christian pledge or security for a permanent state of happiness after the separation of the spirit from the natural body. Such a mode of obtaining Spiritual life must be the best way of entering into the Kingdom of Heaven; giving us also "the promise of the world which is, as well as that which is to come." It would be wise in us certainly to consider it right and true. It must have been far superior, different, and distinct from the Jewish burial system, of which we have a glimpse in the following texts—Ecclesiastes vi. ver. 3.—"If a man live many days, &c., and also that he have no burial, an untimely birth is better than he." Matthew xxiii. ver. 27—"Pharisees full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness." Matthew viii. ver. 22.—"Let the dead bury their dead, come thou with me." The latter text clearly implies a difference between Christ's doctrine and the existing Jewish system; the former must have been as superior to the latter in this respect, as it seems to have been in Spiritual freedom, for St. Paul says in Galatians iv. ver. 25—"Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with her children." Can we be wrong, therefore, in supposing that the mild and merciful Jesus, who died upon the cross that all men who believed on Him might be saved, the protector and champion of little children, the denunciator of awful punishment on those who injured them, the assenter that in heaven they have angels watching over them who can always plead for them to their Heavenly Father did permit little children to come to Him for their spiritual welfare. Can we reasonably condemn, or should we not rather acquiesce in the beautiful language of our Liturgy—"Doubt ye not therefore, but earnestly believe that Christ hath likewise favourably rescued this present infant; that He hath embraced him with the arms of His mercy, and will give him the blessing of eternal life, and make him a partaker of His everlasting Kingdom."

(To be continued.)

A WORKER'S FIGMENT.

Though I sit at my work yet I wander afar
To a dreamland, and bask in its beautiful sheen;
My soul from the spirit realms earth cannot bar,
Where the grand rolling pastures for ever are green.
I soar on Faith's wings, and commune with the dead!
With the dead? No, the living; the soul never dies!
And the shadow-land's bearing, wherover I tread,
A bright verdured carpet, where hope's flowers rise;
And some faces I greet have the smiles of the blest,
The smiles that earth's wanton child never can bear;
And I sigh to retire to that haven of rest,
To partake of the joys that are offered me there.
And I note where the grandeur of intellect shone,
What an idol men made of the temple of thought,
With its small light that glimmered so fitful and wan,
And how crude were the things earth's philosophers taught.
But the sweet ties of kindred, and love's holy fires
Still keep their own indwelling home in the soul,
That on wings of pure Faith, as it upward aspires,
Lives entranced in the bliss of its happier goal.
And aye, I can feel that the tender emotion
Of Love's dear delight through the future shall reign,
That the sweet thrall shall last of the heart's pure devotion,
Shall meet with its own, and commingle again.
Let me dream—if 'tis dreaming—let mind wing its way
From the world, and its mammon-thralled whirlpool of strife,
Through the shadows of night let me herald the day,
And death waft me on to the portal of life!
Ah, no, anxious wanderer; earth still for thee
Has a mission unfinished; go back to thy task;
Some duties be thine ere thy soul shall be free
In eternity's radiant sun ever to bask.
In the river of Life, in the deep-rolling tide
Of Humanity, go on thine errand of love;
Still be true to thy faith until called to abide
In the fair-visions spirit-land's blest realms above.
Virtue's helmsman shall steer o'er the crest of each wave,
While faithless men plough in the furrows of wrong;
Go, speed on thy voyage, unshrinking and brave,
And hymn praise to God as thy mariner's song.
So I sit at my work, and I toil with a will,
With a foretaste of Heaven to lighten my load,
And I labour in love, and earth's duties fulfil,
And prepare for the joys of that blessed abode,
Worcester.

G. C.

INTERESTING CASE OF PREMONITION IN A CHILD.

(From the *Banner of Light*.)

Some years ago the writer became acquainted with little Francis Vandeuver, son of Mr and Mrs Wm. Vandeuver, of this city. Ten weeks since, little Francis, a lad of less than twelve summers, became sick, complaining of pain in the chest. While his mother was treating him he remarked to her:

"Mother, I feel something here, (putting his hand to his side,) that will take me away from you."

In answer to some remark from the mother, calculated to calm his fears, he said:

"I know it will, for the angels tell me so."

Time passed on, and Francis grew worse. To the cheering words of his physician, he answered:

"It cannot be so; I must pass on."

One day while his mother was absent in an adjoining room, she heard him talking, and wondered who it could be with, as no one that she knew of was present with him. She inquired of him who he was talking with?

"Mother," said he, laughing outright, "do you think I am alone because my little sisters are not present? I know I am not. I have been conversing with some of my little spirit-friends."

Five or six days previous to his departure, his father who was about to depart, feeling much encouraged with the hopes of his little son's recovery, said:

"Francis, I am about to leave you, and I think you appear so much better, you will get well if you are careful."

"Do you think so, father? Well, father, I'll do the best I can. But if you have such hopes, dismiss them at once, for I shall never get well."

On the evening previous to his departure, Tuesday, June 28th, he requested his mother to send for his father, (absent at Toledo,) as his time was short, and he could only stay long enough to have an interview with him. He also said that he should like to see his brother David; (absent at Washington, with the 150th Regiment of hundred days' men,) but that he had asked the angels, and they had told him it could not be. They could keep him long enough in the form, but his brother could not come.

Wednesday, June 29th, he expressed a desire to see the writer and wife—Uncle and Aunt Turner, as he called us. I immediately obeyed the summons, Mrs T. not being able to accompany me at the time. On arriving at his bedside, he said:

"Uncle, I am glad to see you. I am much obliged to you for your promptness. Where is aunty?"

I answered she would be able to come soon; I should go for her.

"Well," said he, "I wanted to see you before I left, for I am going home soon."

He requested that his mother should not leave his bedside until he had passed out of the form, as the time was so short he could not spare her. To his father, who arrived home at three o'clock, P.M., he said:

"I am glad you have come; I could not go before seeing you, for I have much to say to you. You have always been a kind father to me, and if I have not always been all you could desire, I can only ask your forgiveness. Father, are you sorry your little son is going away?"

"Yes, my son."

"Father, I am not going to leave you, but I am going home. Oh, I have got such a nice place! The angels have showed me all about it; and my brother says they will call for me at twelve o'clock this night. I shall be with you, often, father; I shall not leave you."

Shortly after the interview with the parent, he expressed a desire to see his school-mistress and mates. To one and another as his summons brought them to his bedside, he spoke in calm beautiful language, with a strong voice, thanking them for answering his call, and with a parting kiss and gentle good-bye, telling them that he was going home at twelve o'clock; then the angels were coming for him. He strove to impress upon all, the idea that he was not going away, but should be with them often. To friends not present, he sent his kind regards, and never for one moment, although racked with pain did he fail to observe the strictest rules of etiquette. To the writer, who, after a short absence, again appeared at his bedside, he said:

"Well, uncle, you have come again—I want to kiss you and bid you good-bye, for I am going at twelve o'clock; but I shall come back and see you, often. You will know when I come."

Thus he continued to address one after another, as they appeared at his bedside, up to the time of his departure. As the clock struck the hour of eleven, he raised his head and said, "That is eleven o'clock; I have one hour more." As the hour of twelve approached, he turned to his mother, saying:

"Mother, I have one more request to make. It is that you promise me not to cry when I pass out of the form."

His mother answered that she feared she could not keep such a promise, if made.

"Well, promise me, mother, and God will help you to keep it, for it would pain me to see you cry." He then immediately said, "Well, take me in your arms, mother, for I'm going now. Good-bye, mother;" and turned to his father to speak, but his tongue

was paralysed. He could not. A gentle nod of the head by way of recognition was all.

The hour of twelve came. His spirit had answered the summons that called it home, but no tear moistened that mother's eye. God *did* help her in that her hour of severe trial.

To such as have been taught in angel-schools, no comment is necessary. To others, less fortunate, I have only to say, you have your lesson yet to learn. Investigate. Seek and you shall find. That power that reareth the altar of eternal truth, will be and abide with you.

Cleveland, Ohio, 1864.

S. W. TURNER.

THE SPIRITUALISTS AND THE CONJURORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

Sir,—It must be the remark of all good observers, that, while the performances of the Davenport Brothers are attributed by their critics to conjuring, and challenged as conjuring by the presdigitateurs themselves, no spectator has yet offered any other explanation of them except sarcasm; while professional gentlemen, like M. Tollemague and Mr Anderson, have produced nothing but a travestie of the manifestations; for the imitations hitherto publicly described omit just the most puzzling features of this odd American exhibition. It happens that I possess a curious work by the Marquis de Mirville, which contains a parallel instance to the present dispute, and upon a strictly kindred subject. The volume is entitled "Pneumatologie," and was addressed to the Academy of Paris. It may interest your readers, and help toward the truth which we all seek, to know how that prince of presdigitateurs, Robert Houdin, confessed the marvels of magnetism, after laughing at it with more contempt than even his successors at these exhibitions. I offer you this striking account without further explanations than these: Paris, in 1852, was discussing mesmeric phenomena and clairvoyance, all of which Houdin reproduced, or proclaimed that he could reproduce, by professed escamotage. My marquis determined to detect or confirm the clairvoyants by means of their great satirist himself, and called upon Houdin accordingly. The account thus proceeds:

"M. Houdin, your second sight is marvellously skilful. But do you know anything of magnetism? Have you seen clairvoyants?"

"I have only seen two, monsieur."

"And your opinion?"

"Oh! their tricks were so poor, so pitiable, that then and there I could have taught them their trade better!"

"Then, you are persuaded that clairvoyants are merely dishonest co-professionals of yours, and maladroit ones?"

"What else can they be, monsieur? I have seen only two, I repeat, and those I followed from town to town, dissipating each day their magic of yesterday, and turning the wonder they caused into laughter and sneers. I ought to say, though, that I was puzzled to see how they could actually come back along the same road, and persuade the public over again to take interest in them. I never could quite understand that."

"Well now, will you come with me and see a really famous 'magnetic'?"

"It is exactly what I should like."

"You will accompany me, then?"

"I am very busy—but not too busy for that. I will go with pleasure."

"Very good. I don't ask you whether, if, against all possibility, you should be convinced, you will have the loyalty to avow your conversion, because I see in your face the frankness of a man of honour."

"You may trust me, monsieur, in that very impossible case."

Accordingly, M. Houdin and his wife accompanied the author to the salon of the famous Alexis, in the Rue de la Victoire. A séance was going on at the time with striking success, but Houdin would trust to no one but himself to test the pretensions of the magnetised medium. He demanded permission to blindfold him, which he did with wadding padded over the eyes, and two handkerchiefs, and then drew from his pocket an unopened pack of cards. He burst the envelope, shuffled, and bade the medium cut for *écarté*. As he complied, a slight smile curled the lip of the conjuror, and the believers present were rather uneasy. However, Houdin dealt five to his rival and five to himself, and was picking up his own hand, when Alexis observed,

"You take too much trouble, monsieur. I know them at once;" and he then named the ten cards as they lay face downwards, one after the other.

"We will try that again," Houdin remarked coldly. Ten more cards were cut for and dealt, this time without any smile.

"J'écarte," said Houdin.

"But why do you keep those two cards and that little trump in your set?"

"Well, give me three, then."

"There they are."

"Do you know them now?"

"Oh, perfectly; the Queen of Diamonds, the Queen of Clubs, and the eight of Clubs."

"A third trial, then," said Houdin, and the same ex-titude, the same infallibility, followed. Houdin's face changed slightly, and his lips twitched with a nervous movement of defeat or admiration, presently expressed in the cry, "It is wonderful!" The useless handkerchiefs were then removed, and the great counterfeiter of the same art requested that the tenth line of the eighth page of a book which he produced from his pocket should be read.

Alexis, after some time, pronounced the words, "Après cette triste cérémonie," which turned out to be not on the eighth, but the ninth page of the book, at the same height.

"Enough, enough," Houdin said; "such an error is more strange than accuracy. Tell me now who wrote this letter?"

Alexis presently gave the name and place, and added, quickly, "Take care of that man—he deceives you odiously."

Houdin laughed sarcastically. "The writer is one of my best and surest friends," he said. (A year afterwards Houdin himself reminded a friend of the author's about the circumstance, and declared that just at the date of the seance the person in question had robbed him of a large sum of money.)

"Similar proofs were given of a perfect 'second sight' to Madame Houdin, tedious to translate here, which I therefore omit. Shortly after the great conjuror retired, silent, altered, and thoughtful.

"What do you say as to trickery here?" asked his introducer.

"Monsieur," Houdin replied, "I am a conjuror, and if there be a conjuror in the whole world that can show such marvels, it would confound me a thousand times more—being one myself—than to admit the mysterious agency to which you have introduced me."

"But why did you smile when you cut first for écarte?"

"That was merely because Alexis cut exactly ten cards, which I instantly observed and at first suspected; but—a maiden pack! brought in my own pocket! his complete blindness too! and then, when he did see, all that happened afterwards! I can show what seems like all this, and shall not tell you my secret: but observe that when I exhibit my second sight, it is because I take care to have had a first."

Fifteen days afterwards, when the matter had had time to be turned over and over again in the presdittigateur's mind, this was the letter he wrote:

"Monsieur—I have attended a second seance, more wonderful than the first, and retain no manner of doubt as to the power of Alexis. I went with a resolution to sift out the secret of the game at écarte. I took greater precautions than before, and was accompanied by a friend of calm and cool judgment to reinforce my own. I took a new pack of cards, marked them, that there should be no possible change, shuffled, dealt—dealt like one who knows every trick that can be played. Useless precautions! Alexis stopped me by pointing to the back of one of the cards which I placed before him, and saying, "I mark for the king." "Come," I said, "that is a blunder, for the turn-up is not yet shown." "You will see," he said; "go on;" and surely enough the eight of diamonds, of which he held the king, appeared. The game was an odd one. He told me what cards I ought to play, and played his own without looking at them, always correctly. I returned as astonished as a man could be, and quite persuaded that neither chance nor conjuring could have produced effects so bewildering.

(Signed)

"ROBERT HOUDIN."

This, Sir, much abridged, is the account given by the marquis, and addressed to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences at Paris, of Houdin's interview with the mesmerists. I press it neither one way nor the other in the present controversy, but merely offer it as a contribution towards fact, since it shows that a greater "wizard" than any at present existing—the inventor, indeed, of the simple secret of Mr Anderson's "second sight"—encountered "manifestations" which he could not explain, and what is almost stranger, had the honesty to confess it.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

Oct. 26.

MASTER OF ARTS.

PUBLIC CHALLENGE FROM THE BROTHERS DAVENPORT TO THE CONJURORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE DAILY TELEGRAPH," NOV. 2.

Sir,—Whereas certain persons have stated, and continue to state that the phenomena produced by the Brothers Davenport are not the results of an occult power or influence exercised by them, but are produced by known and vulgar methods, now I, representing the Brothers Davenport, declare that if any person or persons can be found capable of producing the same results, under the same conditions (by legerdemain), that I will pay the said person or persons the sum of one hundred pounds; that, in addition, I will pay for the hire of the room or place of exhibition for such a test and all other expenses connected with the same. And the said test or exhibition shall take place in the presence of at least 25 persons of character and position, whose opinion shall be taken to establish the question at issue; and if this challenge and defiance shall remain as former and similar challenges and defiances have remained, unnoticed, except by ribaldry and meaningless jeers, I, on behalf of the Brothers Davenport, and I hope on behalf of every honest and fair mind, shall hereafter leave the vulgar noise which seems in this instance to replace criticism to be appreciated as it may deserve. The Phenomena are once more and unreservedly offered to such scientific gentlemen as may desire to investigate them.—Yours, &c.,

H. D. PALMER,

Manager for the Davenport Brothers.

N.B.—Any Conjuror making the attempt, and in the estimation of the parties to whom the experiments shall be submitted, failing to produce the phenomena, shall pay over the sum of £100 to any charitable object they may designate.—H. D. P.

MR. J. M. SPEAR has returned from Paris, where he has been profitably engaged in the good cause. He has started on a flying visit into Yorkshire. He is evidently growing into favour with our spiritualist friends. Persons wishing to consult him may do so two days after the issue of the present paper in London, at his rooms, 72, Albany-street, Regents Park.

EXTRAORDINARY SEANCES.

Mrs Ferris is at present giving at the institute of Mr Fitzgibbon, No. 138, Washington-street, says the Brooklyn "Daily Union," some performances or manifestations most extraordinary and utterly inexplicable. Solid iron rings are by some invisible agencies, placed upon the arms, not of the medium alone, but upon others in the room, notwithstanding the joining of hands seeming to render it impossible. This has been witnessed and tested by a number of respectable gentlemen, and is emphatically pronounced by all wonderful and perfectly mysterious. Other strange manifestations are also given at the same time, which almost equally set at defiance all known laws governing space and substance. These seances alternate with those of Miss Jennie Lord, the musical medium, whom we have before had occasion to notice.—*Banner of Light.*

DR. CUMMING'S VIEWS ON SPIRITUALISM.

NO. II.

We have shown that Dr. Cumming has accepted the table tiltings, and, as he terms it, "table talking" phenomena as genuine. We have likewise shown that the learned divine will by no means saddle the phenomena on the back of Beelzebub. In this he is more than ever emphatic. We extract evidence from the Doctor's "Millennial Rest," in favour of the hypothesis of angelic intercourse with those that are the "heirs of salvation."

"The upper and under world have ceaseless intercourse by the new and living way. Angels come down in shining troops, and encamp around the people of God. 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?'—Heb. i. 14.

"Modern theology too much ignores the truth recorded here. Is there then any communion between heaven and earth? Have the redeemed in glory any sympathy with the redeemed that are on earth? Has the church militant directly or indirectly any actual relationship to the church triumphant that is above? These are anxious questions. As friend after friend passes into the shadow of the grave; as near and dear relatives ascend, in obedience to the invitation, 'Come up higher;' instinctively our hearts follow them to the heavenly rest; and we long to know—it is an instinct we cannot help—if their love to us is as warm as our remembrance of them. Is the gulf between heaven and earth like the gulph between heaven and hell, impassable? Do those who fill the choirs of the blessed hear, or know, or see us, or in any way sympathize with us who are in the cold crypt of the church below? It is a very common notion that the world of redeemed spirits and the world of Christians struggling upon earth are at the antipodes of each other, that the blessed in heaven are too happy to think of us they have left behind them, and that we have little to do with them; as if they would not condescend to look back, however earnestly and lovingly we look after them; that a great gulf is fixed between us, which none can pass. Is it so? Is there proof in Scripture that it is so? One text would settle the whole controversy, and solve the difficulty. This is certain, angels descend from the choirs of the blessed, and minister to the company of the suffering; those angels return from their ministry to the choirs of the happy; and can we suppose they will be silent on what they have seen and to whom they have ministered below? When Adam and Eve were sent forth from Paradise, their retreating footsteps left all a wilderness behind them that was a garden before, they lost the favour and forfeited the presence of God. But did God give them up? did he forsake them? They cut, as it were, the mooring-chains that fastened earth, the old earth, to the continent of heaven; and having done so, a deep sea, impassable and awful, rolled between them. Did God cease to have any correspondence with them? Did he let them go in their aberration from him without hope and without the pledge or the promise of reunion? The very reverse. First he told them, 'The woman's seed shall bruise the serpent's head;' and that solitary promise, like a bright star upon the brow of night, irradiated their footsteps as they went forth into the world's desert, to fertilize its soil with the sweat of their brow, and to water its flowers with the tears of their weeping eyes. A smile of God irradiated the sacrifice of Abel. God condescended to walk, literally to walk, with Enoch and with Noah on the face of the earth. Abraham gave hospitality to heavenly visitants in his patriarchal tent upon the plains of Mamre. Lot also entertained angels. And as if to show that the reunion of what had been dissolved was partially restored, he showed to Jacob as he slept in the desert a ladder, gangway, or pathway, between heaven and earth; and on this the angels of God ascending and descending; and Jacob discovered when he awoke that, having lain down in a lonely desert, he had really been sleeping at the gates of heaven. When our Lord came, he said that this patriarch's vision is not the vision of an hour, but a permanent fact; he says: 'Hereafter shall ye see heaven open, and the angels of God descending and ascending upon the Son of man;' that is, what the patriarch saw was not a personal and peculiar vision, but the opening of a great and magnificent truth, namely, that the angels are ministering spirits to them that are the heirs of salvation. There is a very beautiful line in Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope,' quoted frequently as exquisite poetry, but which is unquestionably very bad theology. He says:

'Like angel visits, few and far between.'

"Angel visits are neither few nor far between; but in the language of our Lord, they ascend and descend upon the Son of man; that is, by Christ the Mediator. It is evident that we do not see them; that is matter of fact and of human experience; but still it may not be less real. We do not see the friend at Dover with whom we communicate at London Bridge by the medium of the electric telegraph; and yet we communicate with that friend. We do not see the wire, nor the

lightning that flashes along that wire as it carries the message on its wings, and conveys our wishes, or our desires, or our affliction, or our joy. So in the same manner we may not see angels, and yet every church may be filled with angels; our homes may be filled with angels; in our greatest trials, struggles, sorrows, griefs, angels may be ministering to us and strengthening us. But does not this interfere with the mediatorial work of the Saviour? Not at all. An angel came, we are told, and strengthened him; angels conveyed the pious poor man to Abraham's bosom; angels appeared in the cave of Arimathea, and preached the Gospel to the women. 'He is not here, but risen.' Angels *shall be*, as if it were a prophecy of the future, but angels *are*—it is their normal function—ministering spirits to them that are the heirs of salvation. In a very beautiful passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews, not less expressive than this, it is said: 'Ye are come'—not ye *will* come, but ye *are* come—'unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God; and to an innumerable company of angels; we are come to it; we are placed in the midst of them; they encamp round about us; to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven; to God the judge of all; and to the spirits of just men made perfect.' Or in the words of Milton:

'Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold,
Both day and night.'

(To be continued.)

THE MEDIUMS. AN ORIGINAL SPIRITUAL TALE.

BY J. H. POWELL.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

The party sat to the table, and very soon evidences of invisible intelligences were obtained. Emily and Ada laughed aloud, and, of course, wondered when they saw the table move about. But they had no conception what it all meant. The manifestations were more than usually powerful, owing to additional mediumship. But at that moment none knew why the movements of the table should be more rapid and decisive than on other occasions. Presently, however, Mr Humphrey took the pencil in hand, and wrote—"Emily must sit often." Mr Peerless gave imperative disapproval, saying, "The thing is monstrous to allow the child to enact such mummeries. Why, really, Charles, you will make her as mad as yourself, of that I am satisfied."

"For shame, Peerless," cried his wife; "I should have supposed, by this time, you had seen enough of Spiritualism to teach you that these manifestations are genuine?"

"Let us proceed," said Mr Humphrey; "Mr Peerless cannot alter facts with prejudices."

The manifestations went on. In a few seconds Mr Humphrey wrote—"Give us darkness."

Mr Peerless objected, saying, "It will frighten the children; Charles, for God's sake do not carry the folly to such an extent, or my opinion is you will soon have sad cause for grief."

"Have you any fears?" inquired Mr Humphrey of the girls.

"Say if you have," urged Mrs Peerless.

"I don't feel a bit frightened, because Pa is here," answered Ada.

"Neither do I," added Emily, "for the same reason."

Silence succeeded the closing out of light; then exclamations escaped the lips of Ada and Emily, for close to them a phosphorescent light appeared, and a spirit hand, very delicate, but much like a human hand was seen. Mr Humphrey and Mr Peerless did not see it, but Mrs Peerless did. Presently flowers were plucked from a vase and thrown upon the table, then a beautiful wreath was made and placed upon Emily's head. A few expressions of wonder and delight escaped the lips of the children; then Mr Humphrey caught the first sound of music, which seemed to be miles away. He said "Listen!" All held their breath. The music came nearer, like several instruments being played upon at once; all heard it, even Mr Peerless, who would break in with exclamations.

"All natural enough; there is no doubt a band somewhere in Shirley."

"Had we not better go and see?" inquired Mr Humphrey rather sarcastically.

"Of course," added Mrs Peerless, "Peerless will go; he is very much like Thomas, who placed his hands in the holes in his Master's hands and sides, before he would believe."

The music ceased the moment the talk commenced, very much to the annoyance of Mr Humphrey. Mr Peerless, however, would persist in attributing the sounds to some hurdy-gurdy, or band in the street.

"And all the other manifestations ditto, I suppose," came from Mr Humphrey.

"Of course, Charles, you know *my* opinion of these matters."

The curtains were drawn aside; and the moment light was introduced, all saw the wreath of flowers on Emily's head; and there on the stand, stood the vase empty, which was known to have been filled with flowers. Mr Peerless looked what he felt—quite confused. He had no word of explanation to offer, and his red face did not shew even a smile. Mr Humphrey and Mr Peerless exchanged glances, and the sitting closed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mrs Bates and Margaret had many earnest conversations about Emily and Ada. The good house keeper had been informed innocently enough, by the little girls, of the mysterious manifestations which had taken them by surprise at grandfather Peerless's.

"Well, you may strive to cover it over, but it is my serious conviction that a 'horrible doom' hangs over this 'ouse. Mr 'umphrey, poor dear man, 'as never been heseif sin' sweet angelic Mrs 'umphrey died. Why doesn't he keep the children from the 'orrible spirits, and not give them over to the devil in such a wicked manner?"

Margaret suggested the possibility of the spirits being angels, that came to the children—they being motherless, nothing seemed more probable.

"Nonsense child, read scripture; are we not told that the devil goes about like a 'orrible roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, and doesn't you think he could devour Emily and Ada all the easier that the poor little dears 'ave no mother, bless 'em?"

"But Mrs Bates, you must not overlook the fact that the Bible tells us of a Saviour as well as a devil. Did not Jesus say 'suffer little children to come unto me?' and do you suppose He would allow the devil to work his wicked designs against little Ada and Emily?"

Mrs Bates did not like logic; she tossed her head, disturbed her cap frills, and said:—

"The devil, my child, is near you now."

Margaret looked round with a frightened look, expecting to see him. At that instant, the house-keeper was summoned into the presence of Mr Humphrey. Margaret proceeded about her duties and Mrs Bates returned to the kitchen full of excitement. Not finding Margaret there, she hastened up-stairs to tell her to 'urry with 'er work, for the little girls were going back to Clapham, and Mr Humphrey was agoin' with them.

(To be Continued.)

PROFESSOR ANDERSON'S ANTI-SPIRITUAL MATINEE.

Professor Anderson's Anti-Spiritualistic Matinee came off last Wednesday afternoon, with eclat. But that by no means settles the question of "Humbug." We should like to see the Spiritualist who would be willing to accept this miserable burlesque as a fair representation of the phenomena known as spiritual. All the Professor's bombast about offering £1000 for every rap Spiritualists can produce on his table goes to advertise him. When we last saw the Professor we heard him shamefully defame the character of Mr Home. This time he told a rigmarole about Mr Palmer, the agent for the Davenport. It happened that Mr Palmer was present, and he very properly told the Professor he was only falsifying. Professor Anderson appealed to Mr Austin, but that gentleman was by no means disposed to father the Professor's statements. The SPIRITUAL TIMES was alluded to, for which we have to return thanks. Had we not been excessively weak from illness we should have publicly acknowledged the compliment. Whilst the public flock to witness the manifestations of a wizard they will be sure to have plenty that is anti-spiritual.

NOTICES.

SPIRITUALISM V. ORTHODOXY.—We have received another communication from *Veritas* in reply to D'ESPÉRIT. We would gladly have printed it had not our announcement appeared inviting our friends to leave the doctrinal for the phenomenal aspects of Spiritualism. It is due, however, to *Veritas* to say that he was in full armour for a continuance of the fray.

RALPH DOLPHIN.—We do not appreciate the verses sufficiently to find room for them, but that may be our fault, not yours.

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