

# SPIRITUAL TIMES,

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

A REGISTER OF PASSING SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA,

AND

A MISCELLANY OF SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

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

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SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1864.

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"You must all Believe in Spiritualism, for the Truth will come out."—*Spirit-message delivered at a public meeting, January 18, 1864*

## The Spiritual Times.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1864.

### SATAN'S SIR ORACLE.

The Rev. E. Nangle is at it again. He seems never more delighted than when he can abuse the apostles of Spiritualism. There is no half-measure policy in him and very little mercy. He is the great Sir Oracle of Satan; talk about the poor Pope! why? the Roman spiritual ruler sinks into insignificance compared with Nangle's assumptive dictatorial, discreditable impiety of judgment. "Judge not, lest ye be judged," is a text he does not believe in; perhaps he thinks it is a translator's interpolation. Be that as it may, he has got the evangelical spasms. Pray kind reader, promise us you will not imitate his bad graces before we point them out. The Rev. E. Nangle, as most spiritualists know, issued a tract against Spiritualism, which has caused a sensation in certain quarters. In this tract he details a few personal experiences which, we conceive, shew that he, or some friend of his, got into conversation at a *seance* with a spirit, (a lying one of course) "who, on being catechised, confessed himself to be the devil." Upon this voluntary confession hangs the whole tale. Mr. Nangle believed the spirit (the devil), wrote his tract and set the pious of his own church in a furor. Is it not strange that a clergyman should so far trust the devil as to believe him? In doing so he must give old Nick credit for *some* honesty. Our opinion is, if the lying spirit had said he was the angel Gabriel, Mr. Nangle would then have discredited his statement. Thus it appears that the rev. gentleman got the answer he wanted, and out came his tract. It is an old saying, "birds of a feather flock together." We think it apropos to this case. Nangle and the devil meeting and conversing together *must* evince their mutual tastes.

The *Achill Missionary Herald* for April, contains a tirade of satanic abuse of Mr. Howitt and ourselves, which we think only Satan's Sir Oracle *could* fulminate. Let it be henceforth known, that the Rev. E. Nangle, having conversed by proxy with the devil, and having found him honest, has undertaken to serve *him* instead of the Saviour. There can be no mistaking this fact on reading the article in *The Achill Missionary Herald*. It is said that the father of lies quoted scripture. So does Mr. Nangle; in that case the two are

alike. It will be remembered by some of our readers that Mr. William Howitt addressed a long letter to Mr. J. H. Powell in praise of his work "Spiritualism, its Facts and Phases." In that letter the writer gave a homœopathic dose to the Lewes "defenders of the Faith," who, "hooted, yelled, and made a riot" at Mr. Cooper's lecture in that town. The Rev. E. Nangle quotes the principal part of Mr. Howitt's letter, and then proceeds to do the devil's bidding by distorting and strangling the text, and furiously denouncing Mr. Howitt, and we, of the *Spiritual Times*. Listen—Mr. Howitt in his letter to Mr. Powell says, "the best that can be said of modern *theology*, as sold and taught by the clergy who purchase the right to sell it is, that it is *An Enormous Humbug!*" Satan's Sir Oracle, Nangle, retorts—"Mr. Howitt denounces every phase of *Christianity* as an *Enormous Humbug*." Here is a ripe specimen of genuine Christian practice, to substitute wilfully, the word *Christianity* for *theology*. Oh, Mr. Nangle! Mr. Nangle! it is time you turned from the error of your ways, and becoming penitent forbore to deal out further scandal. Mr. Howitt wrote against *theology*, not *Christianity*. Will Mr. Nangle say that *theology* is *Christianity*? If so, then what evangelical bickerings, shams and shames, will need to be adopted in the place of the simple and lovable doctrines free from formalism, which Christ propounded!

Mr. Howitt does not denounce every phase of *Christianity* nor even *every* phase of *theology*. He qualifies his words by introducing "*as sold and taught by the clergy who purchase the right to sell it.*" And is it not an enormous humbug to call the bartering of Church livings *Christianity*? No other country in the world save England, can be charged with disposing of the right to preach to the sons of men under the auctioneer's hammer. The most fitting person to take up the cross of Faith, according to modern Church custom, is not he whose soul is rich in the knowledge of Christ, but he who can offer the most of his worldly riches for a living. While this disgraceful practice of buying and selling Church livings is in vogue, who can say that phase of modern *theology* is not an *Enormous Humbug*?

Several quotations from the *Spiritual Times* are contained in the article in question. A letter signed "An Atheist" is quoted. Mention is made of another correspondent whom Mr. Nangle accuses of "blaspheming the deity of our Lord." Mr. Howitt is said to address his letter "to a brother necromancer." Mr. R. Cooper is likewise pronounced "a necromancer," and Mr. Howitt is finally credited with all the "stuff" with which "he asks us to supplement the Holy



Mr. Nangle does not care to see both sides; it would not perhaps suit his purpose. Why does he not say that the *Spiritual Times* opens its columns to a full and free discussion of spiritual themes; and that neither its Editor nor Mr. Howitt can be held responsible for the special opinions of the writers. There is almost as much justice in tacking the opinions of correspondents to our paper, on to the sleeve of Mr. Howitt, as there would be in pinning the Satanic extravagances of Mr. Nangle on to the sleeve of the Bishop of London. A more fullsome exhibition of ignorant vanity, clothed in evangelical garb, than this article of Satan's Sir Oracle, we scarcely think it possible to display. If the Rev. Editor of the *Achill Missionary Herald* can display nothing more than assumptive bombast and furious insult, it is a sad thing for the Christian faith that he is a recognised missionary. We should like to ascertain, if possible, how many clergymen of the Church of England would be bold enough to accept Mr. Nangle as their representative. He says his "exposure of Spiritualism is regarded by its disciples with evident uneasiness."

Here he errs. We never knew a single intelligent spiritualist who was disposed to uneasiness from a perusal of it. We never knew one who did not consider its teachings ridiculous. For our own part our "uneasiness" was such as to induce us to advertise it for the author in the columns of the *Spiritual Times*. Why need we fear or feel uneasy? Mr. Nangle's *exposure*, according to his own confession, grew out of his interview with the *devil*. Had it been with one of the angels we might possibly have grown a little uneasy; as it is we have so long been taught to look upon Satan as being the embodiment of craftiness, and from Mr. Nangle's own writings have been brought to the conviction that, although he may make a tolerable companion for "the old gentleman," he is no match for him, as his wretchedly poor *exposure* of the truth proves, we therefore feel no shadow of uneasiness. We beg to introduce, by way of dessert, the following rhymes, which we composed on an occasion when we might have been caught laughing at Mr. Nangle's interview with old Nick:

The Devil is saddled with all that is true,  
And the Devil knows well it is not his due;  
But the stiff-starched parsons, like Nangle of Skreen,  
With a jealous regard for their cloth, I ween,  
Have all of a sudden discovered the facts—  
Which prove that spirits, without paying their tax,  
Discourse about Scripture, and rites of the Church,  
And leave the sleek clergy at home on their perch.  
But lest the bold spirits should save a few souls,  
By proving that death is a path to the goals  
Where sinner and saint have their portions at last,—  
The parsons shout "Devil" with a furious blast,—  
And Nick, the old serpent! with courtesy free,  
Accepts the proud homage, and chuckles with glee,  
As he thinks of the apes in surplice and gown,  
Who would force on his head the Christian's bright crown.  
Now, fearing to favor the Devil myself,  
I'll just say a word that is true of the elf.  
He always was crafty, at least we are told,  
He delights to entice stray sheep to his fold.  
Now I wonder if Nick is playing a trick,  
By teaching the parsons to call him "a brick,"  
And give him the merit of doing the things,  
That the angels applaud on their heavenly wings;  
That a double old game may be won in a trice,  
By Satan, the crafty! who, not over nice  
As to means he employs to win at his sport,  
Would just as soon cheat in the church as the court,  
Or in homes of people who sit round a table,  
To talk with the spirits that come when they're able.  
Perhaps, as I think,—mind, it's only my thought,—  
The monarch of sin had found out a *nought*,  
By seeking for numbers of those who believe,  
At tables where spirits that come to deceive,  
Are compell'd to depart, that *true* ones may teach,  
That goodness is priceless, and Christ is in reach;  
Perhaps, as I think, the old crafty-one found,  
By cheating the parsons he'd gain better ground,  
Since they would be sure to fall into his trap,  
And preach against Truth with a reckless mishap.

## Man's Spiritual Nature.

It is the spiritual nature which man possesses that thinks; and it would be better if there were more thinking and less talking in the world. When a very young man I had this sound advice given me in regard to public speaking:—1st. Take care you have something to say before you get up. 2ndly. Then, when you have said it, sit down. But to resume my argument on the brain. After the battle of Corunna, in Spain, in 1809, when the celebrated Sir John Moore lost his life, the English, as usual, gathered their wounded into the ships to take them home to be nursed and cared for; but before they got out of the bay orders came to divide the fleet, part were to go to India and part return home; so of course the wounded soldiers had many of them to be removed out of the Indian-bound ships into those that were going to England. Towards night, as they were sailing along, one poor man was discovered on a wrong ship, now on its way to India. Poor fellow! he had received a sad wound in the head, and was quite unconscious. After landing him in India, as they could not tell who he was, he was shipped here and shipped there, and finally sent back to England. After upwards of two years consciousness began to return. And what do you think his first words were? "How has the battle gone? have the English won?" and such like questions. All through his life that man could never remember what took place during those two years; but the events of his childhood and youth, up to the very moment he was wounded, were still perfectly fresh in his memory. People have been known to be in a trance for five days. Where was the soul during that season of forgetfulness? Was it separated from the body? No; the soul was in existence, though not in action. I can remember the day I was two years old. We were living in Exeter. It was my birthday last Sunday. Fifty-seven years ago last Sunday I fell into a long narrow stream, which the Exeter people curiously call the Lake, and was floated down this stream a mile before they rescued me. How is it I can remember so long? The brain I had then has been entirely renewed and changed every seven years since then. This is a law of life. "Oh," says the materialist, "if you had not heard and repeated this, that, and the other, you could not remember." Were you ever in the company of two old men who had been companions in boyhood, but who had never seen each other from their school-days till now; how they talk of old times, and recall to each other's minds things that had laid by, completely forgotten, but now remembered perfectly well. How delighted you are when you discover a new truth in your readings. How carefully you store it up for future use. Where do you put it; in your material body? Certainly not. No one could ever prove how soul and body were united. It is said, the brain and nerves tie the body and soul together; but more than this we do not know. If the brain be diseased, the soul is still there, but imperfectly manifested. Lunacy may arise from divers causes. Instances have occurred in our asylums, in which a *post-mortem* examination has discovered no disease whatever of the brain. Suppose I stand talking to a friend at the door of a country cottage. I see another friend in the distance coming up the road, whom I very much wish to have a little conversation with when he reaches me. Bye-and-by I look down the road for him again, but find he is out of sight, he must have turned down the lane. I run back into the cottage parlour, to see through the window how far he has gone; but no one is in the lane but a little deformed man. I look again through another pane of glass, and see a long crooked giant; through another, and his nose nearly reaches his knees! Ah, it must be my friend after all, but the glass in this window is so bad that I could not recognize him. No more can the soul look perfectly through an imperfect body. Who likes to gaze at the heavens through a damaged telescope? Take a piano by a first-rate maker, with splendid case and good interior works, but a few of the wires have somehow become loose; can you play well upon it? No more can the soul play well upon a damaged or diseased brain. Have animals souls? Well, a horse thinks, a dog thinks; there is some thinking principles in greater or less degree in all animals. Call it brain, soul, instinct, or what you please. "Oh," says the materialists, "if man has a soul, animals have souls; if he lives again, so will all they." No; I am not to live again merely because I have a soul. God only has immortality, and he gives it to man. Animals cannot obey nor break moral laws. Nor do they progress. Look at bees at work in their hive; they are the grandest mathematicians in the world, their cells hold the most in the smallest space, are made with the smallest quantity of material, and are of the strongest and firmest kind of formation, in proportion to their weight and bulk, of anything in the world. The virgin bee brings home virgin honey, and a different kind of honey every journey, and four other bees help to unload it, and deposit its treasure. But time would fail me to tell you of the wonders of the beehive, of the wasp's nest, of the spider's web and nest; but they have been the same through all generations. No progress, no improvements, and one species never learn the habits of another. Look at the gorilla, the most intelligent of the lower animals. It is wonderfully fond of warming itself at any bit of fire the natives may leave, but it has not the sense to put on a stick to keep the blaze alive. Did you ever know an animal discover or invent anything for the benefit of his species? The first argument from reason for man's future state is his power to progress. Nothing in the world can stop human progress. Suppose that melancholy dream people tell us of should come true—suppose the New Zealander one day in the distant future should come here and mourn over the ruins and desolation of London! Well, the world will still be progressing: they will have higher states of civilization in New Zealand, or Australia, or elsewhere. Think of the numberless inventions and discoveries of man within the last two hundred years. Look at gas. A Scotchman, named Murdoch discovered the use of gas. A German took up the idea, and got permission to light up Pall Mall with gas. Of course he was loaded with sneers and jeers for professing to light up London with gold smoke, as they called it. Well, the poor German ruined himself with his speculation, and died a disappointed, broken-hearted man. But to

this day we profit by his loss; and who would be without gas? Go and ask some of our West-end people if they would like to go back to the use of tallow candles. "No," they would say, "more light is what we want." Human progress is a tide which returns not—nothing can stay it. In an old book, about two hundred years before Christ, the writer says we ought to lay hold of the power of steam. It was not, however, till the middle of the last century that man saw steam governed, and made his servant. And now we perform by it the work of four hundred millions of men. Talk of the electric cable being a failure—never! One effort has failed, and so may another and another; but the time will come when the electric wire shall bind the whole world together. You cannot satiate man with knowledge; the more he knows the more he wants to know. The great Humboldt, when ninety years of age, was still thirsting after knowledge, as in his younger days. Has God made all these faculties and aspirations to be buried in the grave for ever? But the strongest argument for man's future state is his moral nature. What is man's moral nature? It is his abiding consciousness that wrong, vice, and guilt of every kind deserve punishment; and whatever is virtuous and good deserves reward. Duty is the most important word in the dictionary. Neglect of it, and all wrong doing, brings remorse. Animals never suffer remorse, because they have no moral nature. But is vice always punished, and is virtue rewarded in this world? No; and when we see that frequently the very contrary is the case, we feel that there must be a just judgment for us in the future; that this is only a state of probation, God's government just begun.—*From a Lecture by Thomas Cooper.*

## Spirit upon Spirit.

### PART THE SEVENTH.

On Sunday evening, the 6th of March, the conference was resumed, and after the ordinary preliminary questions the perusal of Judge Edmonds' book was continued:—

#### Section Ten, Sunday, April 24th, 1853.

Beyond the confines of our spheres, away far off in the illimitable distance of space, far beyond the comprehension even of spirit, we are told is the place where spirit is manifested tangibly. It is in this locality, surrounded by the evidences of that power which is capable of creating every thing which has life, or which is inanimate. Now we are told the glory, the beauty of this sphere, is beyond the comprehension of spirit; that the full flow of spirit is curbed by no material barriers, but gushes forth in one spontaneous stream of love and wisdom: that the land is delightful, because here all the laws of God work together so harmoniously that every spirit thought is in unison; that all life affections, desires, will-power, and the action of the spirit are controlled by the earnest wish to do every thing according to the will and the law of the great source: that spirit, free from material bonds, is manifest as spirit, as an intelligence, seizing from every object around the very germ of thought before its utterance; that here, too, does the spirit concentration emanate, and is sent throughout the earth to control the evil direction which material connection produces. We are told, too, that there is speciality in spirit, that each one retains the peculiar attributes of his nature, so changed by progression, so altered by its upward course, that it has become a god itself, gifted with an intelligence which is capable of exercising the influence just mentioned. Now, that the spirit in its passage through the spheres retains intact the connections formed on earth, I believe does prove true in many, very many cases. As the magnet attracts some minerals to itself, and always points in due direction, so does the spirit attract those whose feelings and sentiments correspond when on earth, and, like the magnet, it always retains them; for the soul, when freed from the grosser parts of its worldly connection, is the more ready to retain and develop those ideas which first opened to its comprehension when in the form, and especially, too, the affections.

Now, distinctly and directly to answer your question, I can say that when there are affections formed on earth, death itself does not change or alter them, but when separated, the soul in the spheres develops more extensively the love it first recognized on earth, and is drawn to meet the spirit for whom that love was formed, when it is ushered into the spheres.

If, then, all their affinities correspond, and they are likely to do so, if there is a basis formed on earth, they will go hand in hand through all the transitions of spirit life, together loving and being loved, together aspiring, together progressing, until they shall have passed beyond those spheres, and enter the glorious mansions of what may be called heaven.

But they scarce lose their material organization, sublimated, it is true, by every ascending step as they rise in the circle of their progress, till at last materiality is swallowed up in spirituality, and they either become incorporated in the whole of the first cause, or exist as I have said.

R. This is well answered. Each one keeps his or her individuality, but as all earthly materiality is lost, and as the spirit must be purified before it enjoys blessedness, and as heavenly love is the great purifier, so will the spirit seek out those loved on earth, and as the love in each spirit is a divine love, it must necessarily increase the sympathy between them, and ever increase until the supreme happiness is attained, which consists of love to all, and wisdom to comprehend the works of the Creator, and the immensity of the universe. No idea or thought of sex will remain—all will be angels, but, as I have said, none will lose their individuality, and all will remember as much as they desire of the mortal world. Stop a little.

Q. While we stop, I will propose a question which perhaps you will answer when we go on. With reference to seeking out those loved on earth—supposing any one truly loved on earth—would his or her spirit seek out the beloved person, though that person might have ceased to love the other: or never returned his or her affection?

R. You know that the spirit of the one who did not return the love on earth, would, in passing into the real life, receive, or rather imbibe a portion of divine love, and, if worthy of the love of the other spirit, a sympathy must arise between them. If not yet worthy, the other spirit would most probably labour for the purification and progression of the loved one, and find much happiness in so doing. Do not many good persons on earth find much happiness on earth by succouring and instructing the poor and ignorant, although they often meet with ingratitude? Here, it is different, as time must bring forth love and purity.

This terminated the conference of the 6th of March, so far as the writer feels it his duty to publish, other matters of a private or different nature forming the remainder of that evening's discussion.

On the 13th of March the perusal was resumed, as follows:—

The next question I (Judge E.) asked was this. "In the course of my investigation of this matter I obtained the idea that man consisted of three things, which I called body, soul, and spirit. Is that the same as what you describe as body, life, and spirit? the life being the connection between the other two? And if so, whence did I derive the idea, and is it correct?" It was answered:—

There is no peculiar force in saying "body, life, and spirit," for the body is merely the constituents of the machine, formed and fashioned to hold the spirit, and moved and impelled by the vital power or life. You are right.

"These three being one, we know what becomes of one—the body. We are now instructed by you as to what becomes of another—the soul. Wow pray, what becomes of the third—the life or vital principle?" It was written:—

Can you tell what becomes of the light of the sun when darkness covers the earth? Can you tell what becomes of the light of that star that wanders year after year through the faithless pathway of space, and after the lapse of thousands of years at last reaches this earth, and is recognized by your eye? Learn this, that materiality is never lost, and never will be, and when the animal constituents lose the principle which sets them in motion, they again spring up new-developed by the inherent properties of their own nature. They exist as the result of their own combination, and never die.

R. The vital spirit or life must ever remain, or how could a soul exist? It would be making man really dead for ever to suppose any thing else. As to materiality, the earthly body does decay; man will not be clogged with it in his happier state. Do not men see that all matter returns to supply again what is required by future generations. Even the corruption of matter is a means in the hands of the great Creator, of refinement and provision for posterity.

As a long discussion arose between the writer and the spirit commentator upon the next section, it is deferred till next week.

K. R. H. M.

May 15th, 1864.

(To be continued.)

## Correspondence.

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

### Mediumship.

To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

SIR,—What strange differences there are among professed mediums! What is the cause of them? They arise from two causes: first, original and constitutional differences in the mediums; and second, there are great differences among the controlling agents. Mediums very often realize one or more spirits who order and control all they do; and many mediums are never in direct communication with any other but their familiars: but where it is necessary to introduce other spirits, as in the sances of public mediums, the guardian spirits of the medium are still in attendance, and seem to superintend the whole of the proceedings. Private mediums are often unacquainted with their guardians, and they don't know they have any in particular: while some are as cognizant of their spirit friends as they ever were of their earthly parentage, and, probably, this is the most enlightened way for all. To know exactly what any one's mediumship is worth, it is not sufficient to know the person, or have proof of some physical manifestations: there must be proof of the high condition of the controlling agent. A scape-grace might astonish the uninstructed through a good medium; and, indeed, there are astounding manifestations done by personages not over dignified in the spirit world, and we think that such mediums should exercise their own individuality more, and aspire to a higher controlling power.

There need be no obfuscation about the qualities required for good mediumship; for phrenology foreshadows what the brain is capable of, and we think there is nothing wanted, but a large empty head to begin with. Unfortunately, that is difficult to find, and that is the great

difficulty in the way of our *savans* and men of erudition. Real learning is no detriment to mediumship; but learning is not all real, and much of a scholastic education consists in learning the false ideas embodied in creeds, which were cradled in councils, and forced upon the world by the authority of lights that have long since gone out. Before any one makes an attempt at becoming a medium, he should ask himself this question; am I a free man? No man is free who is bound by a single idea, which has not been proven to his own consciousness. All learning of creeds is binding the soul in manacles adverse to liberty, which unfits it for spiritual mediumship. Whoever disputes this may try the other way, but he will find it a long way round to the same point, viz., an abandonment of all the creeds of the world.

I think when a man has got thus far, he may safely commit himself to come into magnetic rapport with the spirits, and he is likely to have communion with a high order. What should he do? Nothing very particular; the wind will blow as it listeth, when a man is born of the spirit. The only thing to be avoided is not to be born of those spirits that talk nonsense and sentimental platitudes about things scarcely above the sphere of the earth they have left: but what will bring the spirits? Nothing, they always come to the man that is not creed bound, either by infidelity or christianity or something of the sort. They come to us when we are in a condition of receptivity, and not partakers of the spirit of the world. It does not depend upon faith, hope, and charity, whether they come or not; it depends upon honesty, and freedom from charlatanism. Circles should be free from restraint, and a forced gravity; cheerfulness and good humor being essential for the equalization of the magnetic currents. Whereas, a pure magnetism is not generated, through some physiological debility, the manifestations are most likely to be defective. All depressing influences of the mind are hurtful to good mediumship.

Many people have an idea that there is some method to be observed, but believe health and harmony include all that is needed; if so, the scientific conditions are soon disposed of. We don't need laboratories and philosophical apparatus, but the living laboratory must be in good order for the generation of the subtle element by which the spiritual operations are performed. This is a legitimate field for the men of science, in which they might be rewarded with discoveries of great importance to the world. But don't let them begin prematurely, for the subject is too important to be dealt with as they would treat an anatomical subject. Much, very much, can be said of the influence of one mind upon another; but circles should be passive, harmonious, and expectant, and then let the spirits come as they came at the day of Pentecost, if they will; and if they won't, let them remain away as they did the day before. All uneasiness is prejudicial, and must be avoided to the end of the chapter. The spirits won't come. Won't they? Perhaps they have not been invited. But probably you don't know how to invite the spirits. That is not a formality, for the circle won't be complete till they come, and the invitation must be frank and unqualified. If they cannot see, they cannot hear when you make your invitation.

When, what are called spiritual manifestations of a special order, don't take place; let the circle be resolved into a school for learning clairvoyance, automatic writing and drawing, and many other gifts and arts of that description, which there is nobody scarcely unable to do that will fairly try. All are spirits, and the other spirits don't like to come sometimes where there is so much ignorance of the easy arts I have referred to. This is the most potent and attractive invitation you can give to the spirits.

A. G.

## Spiritualism versus Orthodoxy.

THIRD ARTICLE.

### FUTURE PUNISHMENTS AND REWARDS.

To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

SIR,—Having laid before your readers, in the first article, the primitive principles of true Spiritualism,—free reason and non-infallibility, and secondly, the Sonship of the Son, and the Supreme Divinity of Jesus the Christ, I proceed in the third place to point out the teachings of Spiritualism on Future Punishment. Before going into the theories of Spiritualism, I will just cursorily glance at the more stern theories of orthodoxy based on infallibilities and supernatural revelations given by prophets and seers who claimed to teach the "Word of God." First and foremost we have the cruel, dark, revengeful, and barbarous theories of the Jewish theocracy, based on the idea of *present punishment* in this life. In the Pentateuch and Jewish economy the penalty of death is given for the most trivial offence and act of disobedience and transgression against the Jewish laws and Mosaic code, while loopholes are made by which the Jewish slave owner can escape the just penalty of his villainy and cruelty. See Exodus xxi, 20, 21. Very little is stated concerning the punishment of the future life, *all is in the present*. God fights for His people, stops the course of nature and throws large stones down from Heaven to kill his enemies, and the enemies of Israel. Rebels go down alive into the pit (sheol). But there is no evidence given of their eternal punishment. The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forgot God. Thou shalt beat him with a rod, and shall deliver his soul from hell (sheol). There are only five texts that distinctly and directly teach punishment in "Sheol" in the Old Testament, and these do not literally teach eternal conscious punishment. See Campbell, Whitby, and Macknight, as authorities. The fire of Gehenna is referred to in Isaiah lxvi, 24, as taken from the burning *dead carcasses or corpses* of men. It is here the *unquenchable fire* is spoken of, and also the never dying worm. But it is all in the present

world. Daniel xiii, 2, refers to the degraded condition of the Jews, in language that some construe to refer to future punishment, but it is obvious a strict examination of the text will show that it refers to the future coming dispensation in the Gospels in Christ Jesus, and not future eternal torments. We cannot find that the Jews directly taught the doctrine of eternal punishment as it is taught by modern theologians in orthodox creeds. There is no foundation for the theory in the Old Testament. In the New Testament, texts may be quoted as Matthew v, 22: Whosoever shall say thou fool! shall be in danger of Gehenna or hell-fire. Dr. Adam Clarke tells us that this refers to punishment of burning alive in the flesh, not eternal torment in the spirit life; the valley of the Son of Alinon was set apart for this kind of punishment, hence it was called Gehenna. We have Matthew xv, 40 to 42, xvi, 26, xviii, 9, xxii, 13, xxv, 30 and 41,—all these texts and others in the other Gospels are brought forward in the support of the orthodox doctrine of eternal torments. They prove no such dogma, they only teach that punishment must certainly follow all sin and transgression, that God's righteousness and holiness will everlastingly and for ever continue to oppose and punish sin for an (aion) age of punishment; how long no one can say for the wicked, and of an age of endless life for the righteousness of the righteous and just men made perfect.

This view of the New Testament doctrine of punishment is supported by Dr. Adam Clarke, Dr. Campbell, and others. Whenever the word *everlasting* occurs, its signification must be determined by the subject to which it is applied. If it stands in connection or union with God and His attributes or life, it would be proper to understand the meaning as of endless duration; but if it stands in connection with destruction, or punishment, or death, we are justified by the current scripture teaching, and the nature of the Divine Being, in such connection, to understand such texts in a limited sense. The Scriptures teach in plain language that God is love, that He is kind even to the evil and unthankful, that He will not keep His anger for ever, that His tender mercies are over all His works, that He returneth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy, and will not contend for ever. All these declarations are contrary to the doctrine that God will punish for ever and ever (aion) and (diom). The doctrine of eternal torments is incompatible with Scripture, reason, nature, and all the instincts and affections of the human mind. It has created the greatest of all distress in the minds of the good and the pious who have believed in it. No moral goodness, no religious power, or holy joy, can possibly arise from such a God-dishonouring and God-degrading doctrine as this dogma of eternal torment. Criminals in general believe in it. It is the source and cause of much persecution and blind intolerance. Mankind even burned bodies to save souls from eternal fire and torment. Catholics and Protestants are alike made wretched and miserably by this dark dogma of endless conscious misery and punishment. It is morally a nuisance in the church and the world, and they do religion some service who help to get this *incubus* from the shoulders of humanity. Spiritualism is not free from these gloomy and false dogmas. We have religious leaders in abundance, teaching infallible creeds, with eternal punishment as the penalty of non-acceptance of their Shibboleth. These transition seers and leaders, down to the great Emmanuel Swedenborg, have all taught eternal punishment of sin and sinners, and the endless devotion of the misery of the evil spirits in the hell or the spheres. This dark dogma has been the bludgeon with which each prophet of infallibility has sought to compel submission to his divine mission and authority. To doubt the teaching of any leader of this class is to incur the penalty of eternal punishment.

In Modern Spiritualism we have higher teachings and more rational and moral theories of future punishment. Reason, science, and revelation blend, unite, to give us the true view of the punishment of sin and transgression. It is written on the portals of the spheres: whatsoever a man sows, that shall he reap. It is the doctrine of the spirits in all their teachings. The laws of the spheres are brought to our view, and the relation of mankind to the spheres is described to be eternal and unchangeable in its effects. That retribution and the law of compensation and suffering go hand in hand, that men are punished for what they are and what they know, and not for what they are not, and cannot help. We are told that all suffering is remedial and curative, to restore and bring back the transgressor to the path of light and purity; that all low spirits are only low spirits because they have left the body with the earthly nature ruling, and the spiritual nature low and undeveloped; that their suffering is not from a vindictive deity, but from an allwise and even generous Heavenly Father, who chastises only to restore and to redeem. We are instructed how all sin must be suffered for,—all wrong atoned for,—ere the sinner can reach the realms of light. There is no escape,—all must be more or less punished ere they can rise to higher spheres of rest and happiness. The physical, the organic, the moral, and the spiritual laws of man's being are all made plain by the teachings of the higher spheres, through the mediums of the 19th century. We are brought face to face with our "spirit friends," and obtain positive knowledge as to the nature of the "future life," and law of punishment in the spheres. And is not this a great blessing? Is it not worth all the other creeds put together? The miser, the tyrant, the hypocrite, the thief, the suicide, the murderer, the whore-monger, and adulterer, have all unveiled and laid open their states after death, and show to us what such vices and sins must bring on man in the life after death. It is not a theory, nor a creed, nor a dogma; it is brought before us as a stern reality, a living fact which cannot be repudiated nor denied. Sowing and reaping are pictured before us in sphere after sphere, until we arrive in those higher realms of light, love, purity, and joy, where all is peace and rest, where a life of never-ending progression awaits the glorified spirit. Heaven and its beauties, harmonies, and wisdoms, are brought before our enraptured vision; the wisdoms and the loves of angels beam down upon us; and we hear that well-known voice saying, "Come up hither; come up hither; come up hither, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the mansions prepared for you from the foundation of

the world. Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

That we all may soon arrive at this glorious state, is the sincere prayer of

Yours respectfully,  
D' ESPRIT.

## Right or Wrong.

To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

DEAR SIR,—I think the position assumed by Mr. Barkas is an inconsistent one. He throws the *onus probandi* upon the shoulders of his opponents, and thus cleverly shirks the whole question. I might go on *ad infinitum*, world without end, to answer objections, and at the end we should just be in the same position as at first. I repeat that it is for Mr. T. P. Barkas to give us his standard, if he has got any at all. He will save us much time and trouble by trying to give us a standard, as it appears that T. P. Barkas assumes superior insight to Swedenborg, Davis, or the Hon. Judge Edmonds. Are we to take the "may-be's" and "perhaps's" of T. P. Barkas as of more weight and authority than that of the seers themselves. I say, until Mr. Barkas can give us a better standard than the assumption that *all* or nearly all the spirits are liars and deceivers, and that the face-to-face vision is not to be trusted, nor any dependence to be placed on a spirit; even though it show itself, and give ocular proof of its identity to the seer, is false and not correct.

I must tell Mr. Barkas that his theory and position is an undefined one, and fully proves the assertion made by me in my former reply, that such a theory will overturn not only Modern Spiritualism but also the Spiritualism of the Bible, as the laws of spirit-communication and identity are precisely the same, as the Sons of God are unchangeable. And if modern seers are not to be depended upon for correct vision, then all seership, ancient and modern, is uncertain and delusive, and there is no real substantial proofs that any seer has ever really communicated with the spirit he professes to have seen and talked with. There can be no distinction.

The mental condition of T. P. Barkas is that of doubting all evidences, even face-to-face vision, because the low spirits have deceived mankind; therefore all spirits are deceivers, and there is henceforward no trust, no confidence, to be placed in any spirit whatever, even though it talk in a foreign tongue, and give facts known only to the person communicating. Such a position refutes itself.

Let T. P. Barkas give me his standard of identity, and I will then see if our spirit friends can come up to their work. It is absurd to say that it is "We ought to give the standard." Can not Mr. Barkas see that it is the duty of the person who overthrows one standard to give us another in its place, otherwise we are left in the dark as to the real object of this discussion. It is an easy matter to deny and trample under foot ocular evidence, satisfactory to minds as well able to judge of these matters as friend T. P. Barkas. It is needless for me to reply to such assumptions without proofs. Let T. P. Barkas give us his standard of identity, and then I will see if the evidence we have got come up to the standard he has laid down. Until he does so, I shall not attempt any further replies to his articles, as it is a pure waste of time and labour to reason against "may-be's" and "perhaps's" without any definite groundwork or standard.

Yours respectfully,  
JOSHUA WOOD.

P.S.—Is Mr. Mr. Barkas himself a seer? If not, how does he know positively that the seers are all deceived and imposed upon by false identities?

## Mr. R. Cooper's Lectures.

To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

SIR,—I have returned from my lecture-tour, which, on the whole, has been satisfactory, and will doubtless be the means of drawing the attention of great numbers of persons to the subject. In small towns there has been a difficulty in getting audiences, and in large towns the audiences have not been large, but mainly composed of intelligent and first-class people. On all occasions I have been courteously received, and listened to with attention, and considerable interest has been evinced in the subject. Personal testimony goes for nothing with some people,—their cry is "ocular demonstration." Objections of the most puerile character have been raised. "Show me a table in motion," says the Rev. R. Ainslie, "and I will very soon show you what makes it move." "Do you think," says the same gentleman, "that the Divine Being would permit a spirit to leave its ethereal home to count a dozen nuts?" Such is the nonsense that is expressed. Another gentleman (medical) asks, in reference to the levitation of Mr. Home, whether he is to understand that in this case the laws of gravitation are suspended? A sapient inhabitant of Ventnor proposes as a test question, "Whether the ghost of Hamlet's father had one nose or fifteen?" whilst the Rev. Mr. Gregory, the rector of that town, asserts the phenomena to be of the Devil, and advises his "dear friends" to have nothing to do with Spiritualism. I did not expect, when I set out, to make many converts; a good test-medium would best effect this. My object was to direct attention to the subject, and stimulate enquiry. The lectures have been reported at some length in various influential papers, and must advance the cause.

I remain, &c.,

ROBERT COOPER.

Eastbourne, May 27, 1864.

## The "East Sussex News" Measure for Measure.

The *East Sussex News*, unlike the *Brighton Observer*, printed the Rev. Robert Ainslie's misrepresentation of Mr. Powell, but did not print Mr. Powell's letter in defence. The following letter was sent to the *News*, but, as was expected, did not appear. So easy is it to deal out injustice, and fail to see the policy of meteing out "measure for measure."

To the EDITOR of the EAST SUSSEX NEWS.

SIR,—With all due deference I must say that you can scarcely be said to deal justly with me, by first reporting an aspersion on my character, and then declining, on the grounds that my letter appeared elsewhere, to give my rejoinder in some form or other. I have yet to learn that a letter in defence of one's integrity, when it is publicly assailed, is to be restricted to one paper. Remember, one journal alone does not give circulation to the scandal. You can of course defeat me editorially, but pray do not excuse yourself on such paltry grounds from dealing out a fair measure of justice. The Rev. Robert Ainslie deliberately assailed my reputation, and you reported what he said about me. Why not report what I say in defence? It would be simply impossible for the newspaper press of this country to act out your policy. Public men are constantly correcting misconceptions of themselves in several of the London papers at one time. I hope you are not so weak as to need the support always of the popular party. If so, I must allow you to deal out scandal second-hand *ad libitum*, and never dream of asking you to afford a solitary individual, like myself, space for English fair play.

Yours, &c.,

J. H. POWELL.

4, Portland-place, Eastbourne,  
May 21st, 1864.

## The Birth of Buddha.

To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

SIR,—The Rev. James Cordiner, who held the appointment of chaplain to the garrison of Colombo, from 1799 to 1804, published, in the year 1807, a very good account of Ceylon and the Cingalese people. His book contains, amongst other things, a short epitome of the Buddhist religion, now probably nearly extinct in the country. From this I extract the part relating to the birth of Buddha, fancying from the striking resemblance it bears to that of Christ, as recorded in the Gospels, that it may prove interesting to many of your readers:—

"All those Cingalese who have not been converted to Christianity or Mahometanism profess the religion of Buddha, which is found in Ceylon in its greatest purity.

"The religion of Brahma prevailed all over Ceylon until the sixth century before Christ, when that of Buddha was introduced.

"The Cingalese believe that Buddha descended from the celestial regions, that he was miraculously conceived and born, and appeared upon earth as an instructor in religion and virtue, and a mediator between God and man.

"Sir William Jones, on taking the medium of four different dates, fixes the time of Buddha, or the ninth great incarnation of Vishnu, in the year 1014 before the birth of Christ, or at this period (1807), 2821 years ago.

"The Cingalese relate that Buddha existed as a God in Heaven, and that at the request of his companions, the other gods and Brahmins, he consented to visit this earth in the form of a man.

"A Queen, in whose womb the miraculous conception took place, dreamed an extraordinary dream, which she related to her king. He, anxious to obtain an interpretation, called together a large assemblage of Brahmins, who unanimously declared that one of the celestial order had left the empyreal regions, and that the child, to be born of the Queen, should appear a new deity amongst men.

"On the day he was conceived, the earth was astonished with a blaze of wonders. Ten thousand worlds trembled, and the brightness of light shone round about them. Ten thousand blind received sight. Ten thousand dumb spake. Ten thousand deaf heard. The lame began to walk. All the beasts and birds, that were subdued or confined, were restored to liberty. The flames of hell which blazed through thirteen hundred and sixty thousand worlds, were completely extinguished. The persons who suffered torments in these flames were relieved from pain and felt as if they were plunged into a refreshing stream. The hungry were fed. The beasts and birds that formerly devoured each other played together as friends. The sick were cured of their diseases. The hatred of men was turned into love and friendship. The elephants and lions uttered sounds of joy. The robes of the gods and Brahmins fell from off their shoulders. Six splendid colours beamed towards different points. The wind wafted odours. Rain fell in ten thousand worlds. \* \* \* The trees of every kind put forth their blossom, which filled the air with their fragrance, and fell afterwards, like a shower of rain upon the earth.

"After nine months and fifteen days the Queen was seized with the pains of labour whilst walking in a garden; and reclining under a tree called *balgowa*, covered with blossoms. She stretched forth her hand to lay hold of one of the branches which drooped down to meet her, and the prince was born without spot or blemish.

"In this manner with other particulars the birth of Buddha is related in the *poojavalia*, a book of adorations in the Cingalese language.

"The Buddhists believe in the existence of one supreme God, and in a future state of rewards and punishments."

AUTHOR OF

"A FEW WORDS ON THE PENTATEUCH."



## THE MEDIUMS.

### AN ORIGINAL SPIRITUAL TALE.

By J. H. POWELL.

—o—

"Ow very curious an' 'orribly puzzling to a poor dear unscholarly person to be sure!" exclaimed Mrs. Bates, and she proceeded to place her hand on the girl's shoulder, telling her to be strong-nerved and save her tears until there was nothing else for her to do than to shed them. When Margaret was quite composed, Mr. Humphrey inquired—

"Well, well, Margaret, this is very wonderful, who is John? "John sir, is my brother," she answered mildly.

"Pray tell me, was the advice proffered of a nature calculated to suit your brother?" Margaret held down her head and said, "He is a sad bad lad, indeed he is?"

"Then it is certain the spirit wrote under the effect of intelligence, tell me, is your brother very wicked?"

"Oh, sir, don't ask me!" exclaimed Margaret, as the tears filled her eyes, once again.

"Not if you wish it Margaret, but I should be gratified beyond measure if you could satisfy my curiosity in the matter, because I am disposed to test the origin of these wonderful phenomena to the very utmost." "Come, Margy, be a woman an' tell the truth; tell the truth, gal, and sheame the devil, an' any other 'orrible thing," interposed the housekeeper.

"Aye, do as the good housekeeper says, shame the devil, and be plucky, young woman," rejoined Mr. Forbes.

"Well," began Margaret, over-ruled, and turning to Mr. Humphrey, "John is given to drinking and fighting, and he cares nothing about religion, and sometimes he swears."

"'Orrible, 'orrible," exclaimed Mrs. Bates with eagerness.

"Then it is very self-evident that the agent which forced my hand to write" reasoned Mr. Humphrey, "was possessed of intellect, and must have known the young man to be able to give him such a piece of excellent advice." He then took up the pause.

"Were you thinking of your brother at the time I was writing?" "Oh, no sir, I was thinking of my poor mother, how she lay lingering for months on her sick bed, pining and dying for blessed food."

"Poor dear soul, what 'orrible brutes there is to 'ave let 'er want so."

Mr. Humphrey said he should like, if Mrs. Bates did not mind, to defer anything which might harrow up Margaret's tender feelings until after the *seance*, when he himself should feel pleased to enter fully into the history of sorrows the girl evidently had to recount.

"You see Mr. Forbes," said Mr. Humphrey, after a due pause, "there is corroborative evidence here in favour of ultra-mundane agencies of an independent intelligent character. Margaret, who knows nothing about spirit existences, sits for the first time at the table, and I, who know nothing about the girl's connections, am compelled to write a message purporting to come from her mother. On enquiry it is discovered that facts bear out the truth of the communication. To account for this on any other than a spiritual basis is to me the greatest difficulty in the world."

"There is no escape from Spiritualism, Mr. Humphrey, if those who investigate it will only allow reason to guide them," added Mr. Forbes, who broke off by saying, "had we not better try if the spirit has anything else to say?"

"Oh, certainly. Margaret, suppose you ask your Mother if she would like to communicate further with you?"

"Dear spirit of my mother, will you say something more to me?" inquired the girl, with more firmness of tone than she had before commanded.

The table gave three decisive leaps. Mr. Humphrey seized the pencil; in an instant it was guided across the paper, and the singular words were written—

*You must save John; he is in danger. Go to him to-morrow, or it will be too late. Farewell! your mother.*

"Good gracious me, what 'orrible thing is about to 'appen? is the 'angings at Newgate about to end, or is St. Paul's to tumble down?" echoed the housekeeper, tossing up her cap-frills, and looking alarmed.

"What is your opinion, Mr. Forbes, of all this? Do you think there is an absolute necessity for Margaret to pay any attention to the alarming information about her brother," asked Mr. Humphrey.

"Indeed I do; I have known very many wond'rful things before this come to pass through attending to the advice of the spirits, but they are not always to be relied upon,"

"Where does your brother reside? Margaret, tell me; I am disposed to discover whether the spirit is a truthful one or not."

"He lives in London, sir."

"You shall go to London at my expense, the first train to-morrow, and find out all particulars." Margaret blushed gratitude, as her modest eye caught the kind glance of her master.

"A little music would not be amiss, Mr. Humphrey," said Mr. Forbes, "it would diversify the *seance*. Will you try it?"

"Oh, certainly," and Mr. Humphrey sat down to a piano which was stationed close to him, a very elaborate and antique piece of furniture. Immediately his fingers dropped dexterously upon the keys, and one of Mozart's grand conceptions was rehearsed. Whilst the music was being repeated Mr. Forbes placed his nose near the top of the table, and said, "Now, kind spirits, keep time." The table at once gracefully took up the key, and moved in beautiful time.

Mrs. Bates exclaimed a surprise or two; Margaret thought it very pleasing and wonderful, but found her thoughts absorbed about the fate of her brother. As for Mr. Humphrey, he was in extacies, and deemed the visit of Mr. Forbes to Southampton amply compensated for in this one phenomenon. He was a devotee of music, and executed pieces with taste. He saw at a glance that many a pleasant hour could be passed holding *seances* with the aid of music. He ran over several well-known difficult pieces from the best masters, during which the table ambled, and twisted, and danced about as though it had been endowed with life and intellect. Everybody marvelled but Mr. Forbes,—he took it as a matter quite natural, and not deserving of more wonder than the common facts of life. Its novelty and singularity attracted the attention of Mr. Humphrey, causing him to say,—"Well, well, Mr. Forbes, had I been told that my own table could beat time like a baton, and measure the pauses like an artist, I should have deemed the person telling me either a madman or a dreamer."

Mr. Jeremiah Forbes smiled, thinking the matter too simple for marked notice. "You see there are more things under heaven than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

"Indeed there are," said the former, as he proceeded to select another piece for rehearsal. He struck the keys of the piano again, but this time the table would not budge. He stopped,—"How very singular, the table does not move; what can be the cause?"

"Oh!" said the latter, "the spirits think they have had enough; there is no forcing them. Had you not better leave the piano, and sit at the table again?"

Mr. Humphrey obeyed, a little disappointed at not having his wish gratified, but he smiled nevertheless, and remarked—"If your mind don't rule these movements, this affords another strong proof that the agencies operating in these phenomena are of an independent distinct character." He looked in Mr. Forbes' face as he addressed him.

"If my mind could regulate the movements I should obtain very much better manifestations than you have yet seen, Mr. Humphrey."

"How so; what can be more marvellous than a table appearing to comprehend the time of music?"

"Oh! that is very little to admire or marvel at. I am sometimes at *seances* where the tables and sofas rise off the ground, and remain in mid-air for several seconds."

Mrs. Bates shifted herself rather nervously in her seat, expressing her conviction that "the 'orrible spirits must be in league with the devil."

Before anyone could reply to her, the spirits, disposed to give her a shock for such an ugly assertion, gave evidence of their power by raising Mr. Humphrey's table in mid-air.

Mrs. Bates was almost petrified, her cap-frills rose indignantly, and her strong nerves received a shock she would not be likely to forget. The table had no sooner regained its position on *terra firma*, than the heavy antique piano began to move about with no visible assistance. This was too much for the housekeeper. She shrieked out a few "orribles," and rushed from the room. Margaret tried to follow her, but the poor girl could not, she was so much terrified, but turning very white in the face, she went off in a swoon.

Mr. Humphrey rose and followed the housekeeper, to cheer her, and obtain a little water, with which he speedily returned, and sprinkled over the girl's face. All was confusion and excitement. Margaret came round in a little time, looking very much astonished to find herself with her master, who stood watching her with the tender eye of a

father. She had for a time lost all memory of the past, and seemed to come at once into a new sphere. Mr. Jeremiah Forbes sat very unconcerned, thinking it a bore that young women could not be more plucky than to faint and break up interesting circles. After a few seconds Margaret complained about her head aching. Mr. Humphrey called Mrs. Bates, who re-entered the room, very much flushed, saying that she would never sit with the 'orrible' spirits again, for her poor nerves could not stand it.

"Come, Mrs. Bates," said her master, in a coaxing tone, "let us have a little of your mesmerism. Margaret's head aches."

The woman lost all thought of herself in an instant,— "Poor frightened gal, it is 'orrible an' awful to feel one's 'ead in splinters."—and she proceeded to give her a few passes or charms. "Now Margy, does you feel better? 'as the 'orrible pains gone? 'Ow frit the gal looks, poor dear soul." She went behind her, and putting her hands over head slowly and confidently, gave a renewal of passes, which, in a little time, charmed away every feeling of pain.

"Thank you, Mrs. Bates," said Margaret, in a modest tone of voice, and she rose and left the room, followed by the housekeeper, who felt herself important.

"That woman seems a skilful magnetist, Mr. Humphrey," began Mr. Forbes, immediately the two were alone.

"She is indeed very successful in relieving pains in the head, rheumatics, or gout, but she has little or no knowledge of the influence she possesses."

"And few have, Mr. Humphrey. It is my opinion that the spirits are in reality the charmers in this matter."

"Do you think so? I was not prepared to accept that idea, but it seems obvious."

"Why look, Mr. Humphrey," said Mr. Forbes, with a knowing expression of the eye, "the spirits appear in characters as various as we do. There are some devoted to one thing and some to another. What is more likely than this: that some curative spirit may guard this woman, and use her as a medium for giving out the *aura* or spiritual magnetism necessary to the cure of certain diseases?"

"It is a good idea, Mr. Forbes, and I shall make it form a portion of my future studies. If your view be the correct one, it will not only account for the curative powers of what is called Mesmerism, but give a key to the mysteries of Revivalism, and the numberless cases of sudden convictions which cause men to turn from evil and devote their lives to the service of the good."

"We are only just entering upon the threshold of spiritual mysteries, Mr. Humphrey; but to confess the truth, I care little about philosophies, I like best to see the phenomena."

"But do you not feel a strong disposition to know the cause?"

"No, in faith, not I. I find the more one studies these things the more one may study them. One mystery involves the mind in a hundred others, and so on. I think it far best to make use of the facts, and leave the solution of them to others."

"But, Mr. Forbes," said Mr. Humphrey, "our minds are progressive, and therefore need fresh fields for exploit. Did we rest eternally, there might be some philosophy in your mode of treating this subject; but seeing that progress presupposes effort, we are responsible for the way in which we exercise the talents given us by the Almighty."

"I have nothing to say in reply to you, Mr. Humphrey, but I cannot forego my right to look to facts alone, without puzzling my head about the mysteries involved in them."

"Well, well, Mr. Forbes, you do surprise me; but there is no accounting for the differences of taste and talent, only, by concluding they are ordained by God, for purposes of His own, which we cannot comprehend. Yet it seems to me that we should lose many, very many, of our scientific discoveries, which are of invaluable benefit to us, did we act in all matters as you do."

"That may be, Mr. Humphrey, but you must allow me my way in this matter," said Mr. Forbes. "If I can throw out a few ideas, and be the means of introducing to your notice a few marvellous facts, you can dive as deep as you like into the sea of mystery, and if you discover any new fish or coralites you will be rewarded for your trouble."

"But you are quite satisfied that the cause of these phenomena is spiritual?"

"Oh, quite. That has been a settled conviction with me for a very long time, but I assure you I find myself the happier by not mystifying my brain with the thousand mysteries

the subject involves." Mr. Jeremiah Forbes spoke earnestly and good-temperedly enough, and Mr. Humphrey could not but admire his manner, although he felt it to be wrong of him not to deal more with the philosophy of the subject.

It was arranged that Mr. Jeremiah Forbes should make Humphrey Villa his place of residence as long as he felt disposed, and that *seances* should be held occasionally, in order that personal friends and influential persons might have the opportunity of witnessing the manifestations. Mr. Humphrey expressed his satisfaction at all he had witnessed, and was not at all disposed to think he was wrong in looking upon Mr. Forbes as a very wonderful man. Mr. Forbes had no reason to look upon Mr. Humphrey in any other light than that of respect so these two worthies sat together conversing upon the great spiritual facts of the age, and making the time fly on lightning wings.

## CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Humphrey was true to his word—he allowed Margaret to go to London to see her brother, providing her with money and giving her permission, to stay a week, if she found it convenient to do so. The girl was very anxious, being seriously concerned about his fate, for the spirit-commission had sunk deep into her heart. Mrs. Bates gave her a lengthened string of virtuous maxims, warning her with all the affection of a mother to mind whose company she kept, because London was a very large city, full of 'orrible wickedness and awful young men. Margaret was very grateful, and expressed herself sufficiently strong-nerved to allow herself to take care of herself—a very equivocal task to be sure. She had been awake nearly the whole night, thinking on the wonderful *seance* she had witnessed, and regretting her weakness in allowing herself to feel terrified and to swoon. She did not feel at all disposed to follow in the wake of the housekeeper, and ascribe the mysterious influence to the devil. She believed with all her strength of faith, that her mother's spirit had actually held intercourse with her, and if ever a daughter believed her departed mother had gone to Heaven, she did; therefore Mrs. Bates' horrible idea that the manifestations were of the devil, was, to use that woman's characteristic adjective, horrible indeed. Margaret appeared to be a plain, strong girl, but the composition of her brain was extremely delicate, and her health often at fault. She had tasted much sorrow from her cradle, and had the bitter cup so often at her lips that its nausea almost lost its intensity of bitterness. Her father died when she was a child in arms, leaving her mother, in delicate health, to provide for two children. As years flew by, Margaret's brother, John, grew up into manhood. He was a fine, tall, healthy lad, but very stubborn and much given to company. The mother took in washing, and stood for sixteen or eighteen hours daily (Sunday excepted) at the wash-tub, feebly endeavouring to support herself and two children. She was a woman of earnest, loving disposition, very attentive to religion, and always resigned and prayerful. But John brought trouble upon trouble home to her, seeming himself perfectly callous to her supplications and warnings. He got into prison,—enlisted for a soldier,—deserted,—was once flogged and afterwards discharged from the service in disgrace. During these several seasons of sorrow the poor mother put her trust in the Lord, and became sick from excess of anxiety. Margaret was now a good-sized girl, and just able to sympathise with her mother, and the affectionate girl did her utmost to console and inspire her with hope. Restless nights and anxious days passed in numerous succession. The mother was unable to stand at the wash-tub, and Margaret unaided did the work for her. Months went by; the good girl washed until her fingers were sore almost to the bone, but she never complained to her mother, who was fast journeying to the tomb. Every thought and wish of the mother seemed anticipated by the daughter, but there was a void in the poor woman's heart, nevertheless. She prayed ardently, with her whole strength of maternal affection, for her son's reformation, but, alas! either her prayers were unheard, or for some wise reason beyond finite comprehension, they were unanswered. The dying mother yearned to behold her son, in order that she might avail herself of a last opportunity to adjure him in the name of Heaven to improve his life. But even this was denied her.

(To be continued.)

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