

THE

# SPIRITUAL TIMES

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

A REGISTER OF PASSING SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA, AND A MISCELLANY  
OF SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

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

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"The life that now is shapes the life that is to be."

"Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

## The Spiritual Times.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1865.

### THE INAUGURAL SOIREE OF THE SPIRITUAL LYCEUM.

Sunday, January 22nd, was to us a day of marked interest. It was the day we inaugurated an institution which, we hope will prove a centre of spiritual life, from whence will radiate truths of the highest and holiest character. The assemblage that gathered around us was an attentive and earnest one. We had our hall full to overflowing. Some came from the east, some from the west, some from the north, some from the south, and some from very long distances. It is satisfactory to us in every way to recognise the fact that the inaugural gathering of Sunday was a thorough and complete success. Judging from present data, we are justified in auguring a successful future; but we do not look for future fruit without the necessary conditions of hardy toil, and conflict with stern difficulties. We hope we are prepared for this, and believe we need only persevere to find the "true shekinah"—the "philosopher's stone" of truth. We shall reproduce, for the benefit of our readers, the various speeches as far as possible as they were delivered.

One point, which we urged in our speech, we wish particularly to urge here, viz. the yearly subscription, which is placed at one guinea per year as the minimum. We sincerely trust not only that friends able to avail themselves of the advantages of the Lyceum, but those at a distance, who have the cause of Spiritualism at heart, will render all the aid they can. The following letter seems to us to contain the true sentiment which should guide Spiritualists in this matter. It is not a very praiseworthy spirit which would dictate the withholding of pecuniary aid for a sacred and most useful purpose because the advantages of the institution may be out of the personal reach of Spiritualists at a distance.

Green Hill, Worcester.

Jan. 14, 1865.

Dear Sir,—

I beg to forward One Guinea as an annual subscription to the Spiritual Lyceum. Although not able to avail myself personally of the advantages of the Lyceum, yet I think the good work so nobly began by Mr Cooper, and for which he has my thanks, as well as the thanks of many more, and I pray for the prosperity and success of the institute, because I

think it will be for the benefit of mankind in general, and for Spiritualism in particular. Hoping you are well, and in good spirits,

I remain, yours truly,

To Mr J. H. Powell.

S. WILKS.

The CHAIRMAN, Mr R. Cooper, the proprietor of the *Spiritual Times*, said—It gives me much pleasure to see so many friends here on this occasion, which I trust may be regarded as an auspicious occasion, a red-letter day, in the annals of Spiritualism, being I believe the first public gathering of Spiritualists in England. During the past week I have been making a tour with our friends the Davenport Brothers, and it is a matter of satisfaction to me to have a place to come to after the labours and anxieties of the week, and I trust that feelings of a similar kind may exist in the minds of Spiritualists, in knowing that there is a home provided for the cause we have at heart—that Spiritualism now has a "local habitation," as well as "a name." Hitherto our cause, in spite of many and varied obstacles, has made progress in the world by individual effort only; but there is much work to do, an immense amount of prejudice to overcome, and it appears to me that co-operative effort, which is the characteristic of the present day, should be brought to bear in this matter, in promulgating this great truth. It cannot be that this new light which is now dawning on the world should be hid under a bushel; and seeing that Providence works by human means in accomplishing its purpose, I conceive it to be the duty of us all, when we have found out this great truth for ourselves, to make it known to others. Co-operative effort must be better than mere individual effort. Facts are our weapons. In our united strength we may go forth and conquer the world. These facts are now capable of public demonstration: they are being publicly demonstrated, and the world stands amazed. At present the popular impression with regard to the Davenport manifestations is, that they are the result of clever jugglery, but as soon as this delusion is dispelled the excitement may, and no doubt will, be intense, and the reaction very great. It seems to me that what is now wanted is, that lecturers should go forth, following in the track of the Davenports, to strike the iron while it is hot—to adduce evidence in favour of the reality of the manifestations, and meet objections with regard to them. The phenomena are thought by some to be unworthy the purpose claimed for them; the acts to be beneath the dignity of spirits; but this is not the first time that things foolish and simple in man's estimation have been employed to confound the wise man's wisdom. We read in sacred story how Goliath met his death at the hands of a shepherd boy. We have now two Davids in the field who will overthrow a mightier giant than Goliath. The fabric which our scientific men have been, during the past two centuries, rearing—the fabric of false philosophies and proud materialistic assumptions, making nature God, and ignoring all spiritual existences, is destined to give way before the manifestations of these two young men, and nothing can stay it.

Solo from the "Messiah," "But thou didst not leave his soul in hell."—Miss Fanny Haldane.

Rev. J. M. SPEAR, being entranced, uttered the following prayer—O thou who dwellest in the heavens above, who ruleth in the earth beneath, whose paternal eye resteth upon all thy creatures, whose spirit pervadeth all matter, before Thee, with humble reverence, we bow, and unto Thee do we look for divine blessing while we consecrate this place to the utterance of the freest and highest thoughts of this present age; blessing Thee that thou hast put it into the heart of an earnest, noble, and capable one to devote his time, his talents, and his means to this laudable purpose. Our Father, give thou him the wisdom that he may need, that he may use wisely the means which are at his command, and be to this people a disseminator of spiritual life, and love, and truth; calling off the minds of Thy children from the grosser materialities, and lifting up their thoughts and affections to the things which are spiritual and everlasting. Enable him, and those who shall gather about him, to be instrumental in marrying a glorious spirituality to a practical secularity; so that those two, like husband and wife, shall be one, working together for the uplifting of the human race; bringing man to a clearer conception of the relations which he bears to Thee, which he should bear to those around him, and to believers who are his while in this mortal form. Our Father, we thank Thee for the recent exhibition presented to the people of this great city within the last few months. We call upon our soul, and all that is within us, to bless Thee, and may we improve these opportunities to bind up the broken heart, to comfort the sorrowing and the afflicted, and to lead men from the contemplation of the grave to that fairer and better land where generous fruits and flowers for ever grow and unfold. May the poor and the weak, as well as the intelligent and the noble, have opportunities here of offering the thoughts which may be growing in their minds, that, like brothers, they may interchange their various opinions, and see, and know, and enjoy the light. Help us, holy Father, to feel that whatever truth concerns an individual man concerns the whole human race,

"That all are parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

Placed as we are in this favourable position, help us to maintain purity of life with freedom of speech, and boldness that shall enable us to utter truth, though it may be in advance of all time, and be ready, if need be, like Socrates of old, to take the hemlock or to ascend the cross. Forgetting mere terrestrial things, standing upon the lofty pinnacle of Christian truth, may we be enabled to hate even father and mother, and wife and children, and house and lands, that we may seek first of all the kingdom of God and His righteousness. Consecrating this place to these important services, may there be hearts that shall sympathise with our friend and brother, and may they place within his reach the material means that he may need, that he may feed the people with that spiritual bread which is coming so freely from the worlds above. And may those who may have come here to-night to revile, and laugh, and scoff, go home to pray, feeling that a work has begun in this city not soon to stop; that it shall spread from this, the largest, the richest, the most influential city in the world, to the most distant parts of the earth, so that all over this planet there shall be peace and harmony—nation linking itself with nation, heart with heart, soul with soul: and that in other planets, and the far distant worlds the regenerative work which is going on here may cause the very angels of heaven to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. O, our Father, give us the humility which we need. Give us those years of light and of love with which the feeble man is strong, and without which the strong man is feeble; and at the commencement of this year may we feel that there has been a work commenced, not only in this edifice, but in our own hearts, which shall be to the glory of God, the redemption of man, the sanctification of our race; and may we lift up our banner, and inscribe upon it "Liberty, Justice, Fraternity," and may those who shall gather about it find that peace which the world never gave, and which the world hath no power to take away.

The speaker then proceeded:—Modern Spiritualism is one of the marked events of the present day. It had to make its deep impress upon the intellectual, moral, religious, and social mind. Man is to come to know that he is not only a natural, not only a religious, but a spiritual being; that there is not only an outer and visible world, a tangible world, a world that can be seen and felt, but there is an inner, an invisible, and a finer world than that recognized even by the microscopic eye—that there is an invisible and finer world which necessarily act upon the lower and grosser world, subjugate the natural passions of man and bring every thought into captivity, even to the obedience of impartial and universal love. The weapons which Spiritualism hath put into the hands of man are not carnal; they are spiritual—"mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds," casting down imagination and everything that exalts itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing every thought into captivity, even to the acknowledgment of those grand principles unfolded by the human mind by Jesus the Lord. Spiritualism comes, then, at the opportune moment when thousands have forgotten God; when they are steeped in a dark and gross materiality, when they have little or no realizing thought of a spiritual, and, above all, a progressive world. It comes to man when the church trembles before God. Do ye fear that the God who hath made man will plunge him into the abyss of darkness, where there is no reprieve, where even love itself seems to be extinguished, and man hath no hope of redemption therefrom? It comes to man in this age, when instead of worshipping the one living and everlasting Father, it worships daily, at least, six days in the week—"the Almighty Dollar." Men see a dollar they can grasp, but they cannot see and recognise spiritual truth. It comes to man with great purposes; it comes to redeem, regenerate, and sanctify the people of this earth; it comes to unfold universal and immortal principles; it comes to develop natural and easy methods of action; it comes to call out persons who shall be

embodiments of these methods, and who shall illustrate these principles. It has, then, a grand unitary and co-operative purpose; and it seeks to do these things by the use of divine weapons, which are light and love. It unfolds its sheet, and says to the bitterest opposer, "Come here, and use your pen; say the vilest thing you can of this now light and we welcome you; treat you, not as a foe, but a friend." It can afford to say to the sceptic, who has no God, no progressive life, and no spiritual world, "Treat us with your sneers and contempt if you like thus to do, we will still feel that you are a brother. You may be an honest man, though you may not have seen all the light, and the lurking enjoyment of all the love which have come into us from the worlds above." Standing here, then, for the truth, believing that a wall of fire is round about us; believing that we can be led, as in the past, by a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, we have nothing to fear. We stand here to-night, then, in this great city, speaking through varied instrumentalities, hoping that through happy co-operation there may go out from this place truth and love and spiritual light, which shall pervade all this kingdom, and which shall make it indeed a united kingdom. We feel that now is the time to work, that this labour has been begun in wisdom, that persons have been called here from the distant country over the seas, that persons will go from here across the stormy Atlantic, and preach there the more solid and substantial truth which has been born and generated in the mother country; so that once more there shall be a union. The children of the young nation shall come and sit at the feet of the mother; she shall welcome them; she shall give them nutrition, and strength, and solidarity, and humanity, and philanthropy, which the younger nations have not yet generated. It is for this purpose that we are here, to speak and to act, with the expectation that what is done here to-night will be read with joy in different parts of this planet, with the expectation that the time will come when the law of love shall be written upon every heart, and when one neighbour shall not be called upon to touch another, saying "Know the Lord, for all shall know him from the least even unto the greatest." (Cheers.)

Solo from the "Messiah," "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd."—Master H. Smith.

The Rev. Dr. FERGUSON.—I do not know by what name to address you. Shall I call you "Spiritualists?" The designation, perhaps, is too general, too little understood to give definiteness or character to the audience which I address. Will you believe me sincere when I address you as "friends,"—"my friends," for such I esteem all those who may in any degree recognise the intuitive impress of divinity upon the soul of man universally, and who in any measure have brought their minds to bear upon the evidences which everywhere characterise that impress throughout the entire progress of humanity. And upon what shall I address you? I come to you, as it were, travel-stained. I come to you from the tumult and turmoil of actual life; I come from the midst of the stream of human conflict, and of course cannot but bear some of the evidences of this contact alike upon my thought and upon my expression. Will you bear with those? But having these evidences upon me, I do not hesitate to enter at once, so far as may be, into the discussion of one great question. That question I will now propound. What do we mean by "spiritual evidences" born to this generation? What do we mean by "Spiritualism?" Ah, there is still a deeper question than that—What do we mean by "spirit?" A word upon every lip—hackneyed, as it were, in almost every usage, leaving its impress upon the entire literature of the world. What do we, mean as Englishmen, (and I use not the word in a national sense) but what do we, as speaking the English language, mean when we say, spirit, spiritual, or Spiritualism? As an "ism" I have no respect for it, none whatever. And why? Because, were we enabled only to introduce into this age a new "ism," that would be only adding another to the multitudinous sects which divide the great family of man; contending here and there for some selfish interest, or some finite conception of Divinity; upon which, really not so much to realise their own birthright in a universal Divinity, as to expend the power of their realization upon some supposed to be less favoured recipient of a common bounty, designated by some other name. But when you say "spirit," or "spiritual," and represent any man, no matter what his attainments, or lack of attainments, as being a recipient, having evidence of the fact that he is a spirit of spirit, and consequently heir to a birthright of unlimited progress in birth, in feeling, in emotion, in the development of his nature, the union of that nature with the infinite associations of the universe beyond; the word commands my deepest reverence, and though its evidence were presented in a cot or a hovel, in a cellar or in a garret, I would regard this altar as the altar of the living God. (Hear.) Then permit me with this brief designation, which I would love to elaborate because it would lead to the most practical results—permit me to ask a further question: What is the recognition of the world, properly estimated, with regard to spiritual evidences in this day? And if you will bear with me, I will answer it in three directions; first, theologically. And what do you mean by theology? Its natural meaning, the science of Divinity, the science of God; of course, not a definitive science, it never can be that. Why can it never be a definitive science? Because its particular terms carry an idea that does not allow of definiteness or limit. When you say God, if you mean anything, you mean the unlimited, you mean the unmeasured, you mean the immeasurable. Then my brother's conception is his legitimate right, and with the same reason my conception is my legitimate right. In the very thought of the unlimited you have the basis of what you hear sung in every inspired song of all ages, call them religious or not; that which you see sought after in all the philosophical researches of civilization; that which you see glimmering before the sight of every man who really makes or tries to make scientific discoveries. And what is it? The right of every man in the Magna Charta of England. Yes, that may be, but far beyond that, in the institutions of my own country, in any creed of the catholic church, or amongst the protestant sects, you see the right of man, under God, to think free, and

act for himself. (Hear, hear.) And the moment you have brought man to the recognition of that principle you have established the basis upon which all thought may have expression, upon which all feeling may have its legitimate exercise. And the question that will then arise with governments, with commons, with lyciums, perchance in a year if not sooner, will be, how may I (whoever that I may be) have the free exercise of my inborn right to think, feel, and receive the evidence of Divinity and not trespass upon the right of my brother? This question then brings us to examine—and with that I will close this department of my thought—this, that when you have recognised spirit as universal, as Divinity, as God, as immortality—words are nothing, for no word carries the full idea—when you have recognised spirit as universal, that moment, though you may not know it, you have entered upon a recognition that will ultimately show you that every man's rights are my rights, and my rights are every man's rights. (Cheers.) The attainment of that recognition is the problem of government. All honour to its success, however meagre that may be! The attainment of that recognition is the office of all scientific explorers. Whether it be the muscle, the sinew, the bone, the rock, or the torquise, that it examines, it tends ultimately to the recognition of the fact that in the universality of Divinity, you have the universality of humanity, of divine right—not the divine right of a man or of a set of men, but of the divine right of man universal in God or nature eternal. Now what evidence have Spiritualists of London or America, or of any country that their recognitions are in accordance with its universal laws? Pause, and let me briefly tell you. Whatever controversies may have arisen in theology, for that is the point now—whatever divisions or sub-divisions may have marked the career of different sections or sectionalities of universal humanity, one thing is clear, that there is not a literature that has come down to this age, however fragmentary or imperfect it may be considered, but what has this ineluctable, inextinguishable mark of spirit evidences upon it, and all over it—not one! Take from your Bible the idea of spiritual communication between so-called dead men and living men, and you have the barrenest skeleton that ever was presented as intellectual food to man. There are 129 instances in the Old Testament of spiritual manifestations, and in the New Testament there are similar evidences. No matter what controversies may have arisen as to this dogma, that doctrine, or the other ordinance that may, for the time being, have engaged the attention of Jews, Samaritans, or Christians, there is the fact. Thus it tracks the ages. Must I stop to prove this? I believe I will. One fact is as good as fifty as a proof. "Angels" are the names given to spirits in the Hebrew literature. Now, how do we know they were once men in the flesh? Answer, they are described as "men;" they are addressed as "men." Take a single proof. When Israel was to be delivered from Philistine bondage by a giant called Samson, his birth was presignified by a being whom his mother called an "angel," whom his father called a "man," whom they together called "God." Is that so? Literally true. Do you doubt it? Read the 13th chapter of Judges. Now, is there no contradiction in that? The man was a man in the infinite, and not necessarily a man in the limited confinement of six or four feet, as the case may be. "An angel," said the woman, "appeared, and told me so-and-so." Her husband went with her, and he said, "It is a man—the man spoke to me." Go you into the New Testament and the matter in dispute is settled. I shall take two instances at the hap-hazard of memory. Cornelius, a Gentile, being the man selected as the recipient of Pentecostal baptism, saw a man in white raiment—do not forget that—and he spoke to him and he gave him specific directions, as specific as anything that ever you give; so specific as to designate the precise place where the man lived, where the medium was he wished to be brought to. His name was Simon, a tanner, who lived in Joppa, by the sea side. Now, when Peter comes to give his account of the fulfilment of the vision, granted to this man Cornelius and to himself, he says "An angel appeared unto Cornelius." Can you have clearer evidence? One other settles it for ever. When that most significant book of spiritual visions called Revelations, with which men have wrangled for hundreds of years, when that book was given with all its grand panoramic imagery of the rise and fall of governments, and John falls down to worship; "See you do it not," says the voice, the angel, the spirit that spoke. Words are nothing, again; do you see? Why not? "I am of your brethren, the prophets; worship God." Then, from Eden to Patmos, from the blazing sword of the fabled gate to the lonely rock of the exile of Patmos, you have the interlining and ineffaceable marks of the grandest fact that ever arrested the attention of mortals, namely, that though a man dies he lives, and lives not in nonentity of being, not in absorption of nothingness, not in some far-off selfish heaven, where he might sing psalms of praise,—Heaven forbid the abuse of such language!—but lives to breathe a higher love, a purer aim, a nobler endeavour than ever actuated him in the holiest moments that ever devolved upon him here, either as a prophet, priest, citizen, statesman, king, or humblest slave. (Cheers.) I drop the theology. Science is my next thought, and I will not burden you here. My purpose is simply to give you, as it were, one great tendency in each; to show you the grand position you occupy to-day if you appreciate the spiritual evidences born to this age. What is the science of the nineteenth century? or, rather, in what is it distinguished from the science of any other century, or even from the supposed science, the conception of science, of any other century? I will tell you in a single thought. The ancient idea—not very scientific—of anything big or great was power. If a man saw a great way beyond his brethren it was a reason for making him a king. Mountains of God. Mercy exceedingly great was God's mercy; goodness exceedingly great was God's goodness—a very good designation. The idea that was prominent in much of the civilisation that has left its monuments in the world was the idea of bulk for power. What has the past half century done? It has demonstrated that the very opposite is the fact—that bulk is grossness of material, that the subtle

elements form and command that grossness. For instance, we talk of caloric; we talk of magnetism; we talk of electricity; perchance, we shall find they are the same thing in different forms of rarefaction. I know not; but be that as it may, no man ever saw electricity, but simply the effects of it; and no man ever heard it; he simply hears the echo of the elements rushing into the vacuum which it has created. That which you cannot see—do mark me well here—that which you cannot hear, that which you cannot measure, to which you can apply no tapeline of logic—that is the great attainment of your science—that is the whole of it, metaphysically viewed. I do not mean to say that it is meagre—it is great; but that thought once grasped and you are prepared for the spiritual, by the evidences that we give daily, monthly, yearly, despite the men who find that their tables cut such antics as to upset their theories. It is, then, not my particular form that constitutes my greatness; in fifty years' time I shall not have it as I now have it. It is not my particular association that constitutes my greatness, but it is the measure of actual realization in the infinity of thought. And science demonstrates this, because it shows us that the subtle is powerful, and great, and mighty. Is not iron as much iron when it floats in the water, as when it is condensed in the gross metal placed at the smith's forge? Do not chemists and physiologists find it in your blood? No doubt the gross conception is natural and right, namely, that the huge cold something we consider in this case is iron. But a higher thought will show you that there is iron in the very tractile sensibility with which a man plies the finger to the cold gross mass. As you ask to have recognition, you are prepared no longer to measure by grossness; and it is true—Oh! shall I say it? I might offend an honest man—it is true, that much of your religion is nothing more than a stratification of the growth, outfall, and deposit of thought that once was living as the evidences you now have of spiritual presence. (Hear, hear.) But I wish to speak practically. I have made this allusion to theology in no unkindness of feeling. Memory goes back with some sad and many joyous reminiscences of the midnight taper over which I toiled to realise that there is a unity of divinity amidst the multitudinous sects that divide and sub-divide the common family of man. Thank God that I found it! Therefore I speak with no disrespect. I honour, I respect—what? A creed? No. Pretended science? Never. Sincerity? Wherever I find it—nothing more. (Hear, hear.) And I tell you to-day that the sum of every precept and principle ever uttered from Sinai or Tabor, or all the seats of learning and religion in the world is simply that—be an honest man, and unfolding Divinity will give you its evidences of life, and light, and love when and where you least expect them. I have made these allusions that I may, as it were, disencumber some minds, that they may look not after hereditary traditions, but that they may look for themselves. And now mark you, when you approach the evidences of spiritual presence in this age take your experience—though I know you not, and what will it bring to you? That you never got precisely what you wanted in your life. You may not be willing to acknowledge that, but I am. You never got precisely what you wanted. You may have taken some friend, distinguished in science, in the church, in literature, or in wealth, in the forged chains that perchance bound his mind to something which he esteems more than gold, and he got nothing. Ah! yes; and you thought the medium was to blame. Why, the medium was very anxious to gratify him above all men in the world, but he was not gratified. Again, you have witnessed some clear display of spiritual presence, and you have estimated it by some current conventional estimate of the world, and what has been the result? You have gone away probably a little wiser, but not a great deal wiser than when you entered. I myself stand upon a strange platform in England; and I see odd sorts of machines called tamborines, and odd broken-backed fiddles dancing about; and with these insignificant and contemptible materials—with no boasting: let my life prove the opposite—I can confound the wisest man that utters the dictum of theology. And this is the reason why I am here, knowing that that reason, before God, is one that is worthy of my attention. And is it not strange in the high noon of the 19th century, amid the blaze of our missionary profession and our religious boasting—is it not strange that, unheralded, with nothing very particular in their appearance, with a few odd machines like these, two young men should confound the science of the world? (Cheers.) May I tell you the secret of it? It is because the science of the world has tended, like priestcraft of old, to be satisfied with its existing attainments, while Nature is all—for ever all, whilst progress is the law—nay, the hand—the right-hand, (if I may speak with a Jewish figure), the right-hand of God himself, with which he sways the mighty tide of time and human endeavour. That is the reason of it. And would you act in unison with your nature you must drop your conventionality when you would judge of spirit. (Hear, hear.) If there is one thing I regret in this spiritual age—and I do not know that there is anything I regret much—it is that the example of Sectarianism is before us, making bloody the very path of honest human endeavour, searching in the depths and heights for that which would elevate its hopes—if there is one thing to which its history points us, with the death-rattle in its throat to-day, with the sepulchral advance of no hope that would bless humanity, we could not think for one moment of ever making sectarian this movement. In the recognition of this universality of spirit you have your hope, you have the basis of your progress. But I said I would be practical. This thought will not prevent you from organising. I will tell you where it will make you organise. It will make you organise upon matters that are practical and tangible, and will have the spiritual as the source from whence to draw by day or by night, from this instrumentality and from that, from this which some men call law, and from that which somebody else calls nature, and which is his stature in the conception of high and low. It will leave you to organise upon the practical. I stand in this room for the first time to-night. That is a practical thing. Do you want a place to meet in my friends? Organise on that thing. As to the where, that is a

distinct point; then as to the when. Do you wish to propagate and make known the glorious privileges which you realise in the recognition of spiritual life? The means of doing that is a practical matter to an Englishman, and I assure you it is so to an American. An honour to the man who is working out the problem of unitary effort till this age. Your age is revolutionary (though you do not know it) in good old solid England to-day. But I know it—I feel it—and I tell you that the very fact that you ever witnessed the slightest shaking of a table that was not done by a medium, you never saw a fact of that kind that was not the index finger of infinite power to you and to the age, that the whole family of man will be aroused. It is as certain as God lives. Prepare you for it! I utter no prophecy in this thought; I ignore the name of prophet when I utter a thought of this character. It is heard in all the breezes; it is seen in all the movements of humanity—everywhere. If the spirit that touches some medium so that he shall give you positive evidence, shall speak from your mother, who was laid away in some secret spot years ago, the same power that touched the mind of that medium is touching yours and every man's. A scientific man knows that to be true, or he is not a man of science. If he is a man of science he knows that truth is universal, that it is not limited. If you throw a bucket of water on a blazing fire and extinguish it, when it is extinguished there is just as much caloric in the universe as there was before. And so, when we recognise the spiritual birth of a single thought or power made tangible, know you, Oh man, that it reaches to the utmost limit of universal mind and matter. Hence, if I were to speak technically—I do not like to say spirits, because it conveys a bad idea—I had rather say spirit all the time. Why, what are men? They are intelligences in that universality of thought, in that universality of goodness, in that universality of power, in that universality of divinity; and out of the flesh they have only attained a higher perfection of action, and are still men and women. Whether you like it or not I know no thought so delectable—I know no impulsion I am under so powerful as the thought that my father (and I speak with no affected sentimentality), that my mother, my brother, my friend, any man who has suffered with me for a principle, who has been true to me when all besides were false, still lives—lives to bless, to help. I go further than that—cannot help but love, and bless, and assist me, whether I am under the dregs of the street, or on the citadel of popular adulation. And does any man ask *qui bono* of such a thought as that? Does any man ask what is the use of positive proof of spiritual power in this age? Do you know how the question sounds to me—not that I would not answer it? I think I may do some little towards answering it. I would say, what is the use of the thought of immortality? Tell me, what is the use of God? "Well," says one, "that is irrelevance." Press that question home, and you will see it is the very essence of reverence. Your God is an isolated nothing; but the Being from whom you are made, and being made constantly and eternally, is a living presence. What is the use, then, is settled at once, because the intuition of man's nature bears its testimony. But is Spiritualism true? Why, it never was false. It has always been true. It tracks the ages. I see its silent monuments as I pass through the green fields of merry England, looking askance through the cold windows of your railway carriages. I see its silent monuments speak on the hill-tops of this glorious island, greater and grander to me than any book of English literature I ever read; and I believe you have given birth those whose memories will be perpetual; I see its evidences in my own land, in the dense forests, on the distant prairies, down the icy rivers that pour their translucent streams into the ever-absorbing gulf—evidences that man has lived, and that he commenced with the invisible, stood entranced beneath the all-shadowing glory of his God. And did he need practical proof? Oh! my God, yes. He left a sentiment, which, could it have been enthroned in the literature, in the law, in the science, in the religion, in the policy of my beloved nation, her slaughtered would not to day be the only evidence of her christianity. Do you ask what I mean? No child of Indian birth ever doubted his immortality. Can you say that of christian people? And why? he lived truer to nature. That is the whole of it. And is not the Infinite manifest everywhere? Can you see a single thing, and trace it, that does not lead you to the Infinite? When I use the name God, I use the name that swells my bosom, not as the dictum of a creed, not as the shibboleth of a party—for what deeds have not been performed in his name?—but I use it as a name that swells above the attainments of the past, the measured joys of the present, the fond and devoted reflections that have entwined my memories, and enchanted them, as it were, from the skies; it swells within me in the hours of darkness; it says, "Hope never dies;" it says, "I never fail to give." The Indian saw it, and left an evidence of it, which makes a romance of history to-day. If you have caught my thought it is simply this, that all nations, all ages, all forms of civilization, have this immortal idea. "But they have it superstitiously," some man says. Did the man who said that reflect that once he was a child? Humanity is a child growing. Have you no follies? Here is a thought, and though I weary you I must trespass upon you with this, and I have done. The charge against Spiritualism comes in here. Why has it crazed so many people? This man had been delving in the earth after gold, that some medium told him was hid somewhere; another has got some new invention by which he is going to transform men into angels, without going through this caterpillar state of the flesh in which we are passing. The point to which I wish to direct your attention is this—the spirit is not to blame for that, if there is any blame. Ah, no! Suppose we granted that all is true. If you stop in your investigations of the spiritual impress of Divinity upon your nature, upon your relations to God, to society, to all that you meet, to all that you touch—if you stop because of its absurdities, I will tell you what the result will be—you will pardon me, I know—your tendency will be a tendency to idioecy, to a dwarfing of all the God-like attributes of your own nature. You do not judge thus of anything

else. When hunger is the demand of your nature, and some person spreads his table for you, or some humble person in the street offers you sustenance, do you refuse that because that individual's nose is not shaped the same as yours? or because he does not walk or talk as you do, with the last fashionable accent? Certainly not; that would be absurd in the extreme. Yet in the matter which pertains more to love and divinity than all the other, you stop to measure it by the awkward walking, talking, or acting of those who, perchance, have given you the only reliable evidence that you ever had of your immortality. In America (and my worthy father there will bear me out in this statement) the thought that suppressed me most, as I contemplated these unmistakable evidences of spiritual power, born in every house and neighbourhood, was that because of the supposed or real humbleness of their origin men were ashamed of them. Such men spoke of Christ and forgot the humbleness of the manger and the cross. I was called a minister of Christ—that thought made me blush before thousands, and time will record the result of that blush. But here is the point—the humility of its origin is its natural origin. Why, it is not committed. "What do you mean?" says one. I mean that the man committed to-day to one formula of science, history, or art, will not receive spiritual evidences. If he holds that it is the acme of perfection that he has got, and that he can bottle it up, and sell it at 10s. a quart—(laughter)—I tell him there is that which cannot be labelled or defined; and in the very fact that it cannot be defined, all have the privilege of partaking of it as of the ambient air, as of the starry beauty of night, as of the grandeur of the ocean, and the intensified glory of a commingled universe. Despise not, then, its humble origin. Again, thought is spiritual. Flesh and blood do not think. "What," you say, "all thought spiritual?" Yes! "What the thought of making money?" Yes, very spiritual. (Laughter.) And if you are not careful it will show its power so much superior to that boasted reason and delightful affection you have for your wife and children as to absorb you that you may lose them all. "Then you blame me for my money making?" Pause with me, and I will give you a thought that you will carry with you to your grave. Do I blame the fire for burning my finger when I put it in the flame? No. Why not? Is it to blame for it? Suppose there was an arbitrary Divinity such as we have worshipped that should annihilate his own law, why we could not be sensibly warmed by it, we should lose more than we should gain. Suppose spiritual power ceases its influx into man's brain, merely because he violates judgment, violates affection, violates the impress of Divinity upon him, every hour allowing it to run into every conceivable excess, it will run finally into such absurdities, such follies, till at last the man looks over his accumulated stores as burdens upon his conscience, forged chains of adamant strength, binding him to the gross, to the decayed, to the ephemeral, and he sighs for the days of his boyhood, and even poverty if combined with the glorious sunshine of his spirit. The measure or condition of conventional association of humbleness of origin is no measure of truth—none whatever. By rejecting falsehood and receiving the truth, you will see there will come with it more than the mighty wealth of this great empire—there shall come with it a power stronger than that which holds the mountains. Do you doubt it? God is good—nature divine, tending to perfectness and unity, to the blending of interests, to the ultimate interblendings of mature hopes, and aspirations of every child, so that in the recognition of spiritual evidences born to this generation, and marking all the movements of this age, you recognise a thought which has in God's universe at last attained an utterance, that there is no outcast son, there is no outcast daughter of a common humanity in an eternal Divinity. (Cheers.)

Solo—"How beautiful are the feet," (Handel.)—Miss Fanny Haldane.

Mr J. I. POWELL, Editor of the SPIRITUAL TIMES, said that, after the very elaborate and beautiful address delivered by Dr. Ferguson, he felt in a rather awkward position, and should not have troubled, them with any remarks had it not been that he felt he had a duty to perform, or certain facts to make known to them. It was well known that his friend Mr Cooper had been associated with him in starting and sustaining the SPIRITUAL TIMES, and also in taking and opening that room for the purpose of spiritual discussion; and inasmuch as Mr Cooper was of rather modest mien, he thought it necessary to state that he (Mr Cooper) had sacrificed a very large sum of money—much larger than he ought to have done, because he had been earnest in the cause of Spiritualism. He was glad to find such a large assemblage, and he hoped their sympathies would be enlisted to aid his friend Mr Cooper in the work he had so nobly undertaken. They could not mention the name of any single person who had done so much for the cause of Spiritualism in England, in a mere monetary sense, as Mr Cooper had done. He knew how hard it was for a man to be constantly putting his hand into his pocket and paying heavy bills, when sometimes, after all that had been done by his friend, he had been thoroughly insulted. They had been lecturing together in Sussex. At Lewes Mr Cooper was unceremoniously pushed off the platform; and some young men, who had been educated at the ordinary academies, came there with sparrows, and let them fly about the place; let off crackers, which ignited ladies' dresses, and created a regular disturbance. He recollected Mr Cooper endeavouring to convince a sceptic that he had facts to back him, and at that moment he was pushed off a high platform. It was rather curious that before he was pushed off he had placed one forefinger across the other, and so eager was he, that when he reached the floor they were in exactly the same position. That was one of the best evidences of the truth of psychology he (Mr Powell) ever knew. Mr Cooper not only started the newspaper, but started on a lecturing tour, and he had also taken upon himself to introduce the Davenport Brothers to various towns to give the people conviction of the truth of these manifestations. When the present institution was planned he (Mr P.) proposed that they should have yearly subscriptions of not less than a guinea. He

thought that if they could get 200 or 250 persons to subscribe—and that was not a large number to get in this England of ours—they might raise some £250 a year to aid them in carrying out this object. When he mentioned it, several friends came forward. He would read the list of subscribers, and after the meeting he should be happy to enter in a book provided for that purpose the names of any other friends who felt disposed to subscribe. He might further say that it was not their intention to introduce sectarianism into this hall. Their object was to get persons together to investigate the subject. They did not want persons to believe as they believed. He would make bold, after some long experience in psychology, to assert that no man living, with average intellect, could possibly investigate the manifestations of Spiritualism without coming to the conclusion that they were eternal facts—facts that they must admit. They had now an institution inaugurated for the express purpose of advancing Spiritualism. The basis of this institution was founded upon the idea that they did under various conditions communicate with the spirit world; and that as a necessary consequence they proved beyond doubt the soul was immortal. They would now be able to call in here men of all grades, and of whatever creed, whether Protestant, Catholic, or materialist, to discuss this question; and the name of the institute—"Spiritual"—implied that a man who became a member of it necessarily had some idea that there was a communication taking place between the two worlds. They could all stand upon the broad basis of Immortality, and, being satisfied of the grand fact that we do communicate with spirits, diverge to any degree without disruption. Immortality was, as Dr Ferguson has shown, a glorious and great idea. But in his (Mr P.'s) opinion, the first essential consideration was, what will become of us, not in the illimitable remoteness of the future, but in the next stage of existence; first here on this earth—then there in the immediate future. After we are there we shall probably find expansion of hope, and so on through the cycles of Immortality. He hoped no one would enter that room with a view to create disharmony; but that they would all endeavour to eliminate the truths of immortality. He thought then they would be able to go ahead and do considerable good. Mr Powell said he would refer to one or two silly positions our scientific Solons had taken up in regard to this subject. They had all heard of Professor Faraday. When table-turning came into vogue he made a statement that those tables were moved by "involuntary muscular action." The Professor regarded table-turning as it occurred at that time, and thought there were no other kind of manifestations with tables. In making this statement he committed himself, as Dr Ferguson had said, to this theory—that no table has been moved unless it were by muscular effort. Now, he (Mr P.) had seen tables rise in the air without human contact; he had seen them dancing about keeping time to music, both in his own and Mr Cooper's house. He had seen these things repeatedly; and, to him, the idea of a table moving by involuntary muscular effort was absurd. The most ignorant of men was capable of judging whether a table moved by muscular force or not. Sir David Brewster, who, with Professor Faraday had done a great deal for the physical sciences, was some years ago invited to a seance, and when there he was asked whether the table moved, and what did he say? Why, that "it appeared to move." Why did he not say the material universe appeared to exist? The thing was utterly absurd, for a child could tell whether a table actually moved or not. Afterwards Professor Pepper wrote a lecture which was delivered at the Polytechnic, in which he said that Spiritualism was blasphemous. One day a gentleman was present who asked the lecturer whether he knew anything about Spiritualism? and he replied that he did not. The gentleman then went to Mrs Marshall, where he witnessed such extraordinary manifestations, that he went back to the Polytechnic and told Professor Pepper that the manifestations he had witnessed were beyond his finding out, and he wished the Professor to undergo similar experiences. Professor Pepper replied "I do not wish to be convinced."—Mr Powell then made another appeal on behalf of Spiritualism, remarking that if the audience would only help them, they would be able, he hoped, to get Dr Ferguson to lecture many times yet, and he trusted that before the Davenport Brothers (whom he was glad to see present,) left England, they would, with the permission of Mr Palmer, give a seance for the benefit of this institution. (Cheers.)

MR SPEAR said that prior to obtaining that building, Mr Cooper had expended a good sum of money to advance Spiritualism, namely, in giving lectures, and in supporting the weekly paper. Those who could not afford to subscribe to the institute should do some good by purchasing and distributing copies of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

MR SHORTER then addressed the meeting. Referring to the progress of Spiritualism, he said, when he began its investigation nine years ago, so far as it was at that time known in this country, it was treated with the utmost scorn and contempt, as beneath discussion. Few believed it, or even cared to make it a subject of inquiry; it had no literature, it was represented in the periodical press by only a penny monthly publication, issued in a little Yorkshire town, and edited by a working man, who was also its amateur printer. All honour to the humble, but noble pioneers, who had the courage to proclaim the facts of their experience in the face of ignorant reproach and ridicule! But what were the facts now? There was a *Spiritual Magazine*, which had been five years in existence, and contained, he believed, a larger body of facts and arguments on the question, than any single work that had appeared in this country; they had the SPIRITUAL TIMES published weekly, and they had a growing literature of which any cause might well be proud. There were now in England some thousands of believers, especially among the literary and educated class. Among its advocates were men and women whose names were household words wherever the English language is spoken. The subject was now discussed in almost every newspaper, magazine, and review, in the United Kingdom. The facts of Spiritualism, in some of its phases, were before the public, and no satisfactory explanation of them other than

that of Spiritualism had yet been given; indeed, many unbelievers had confessed that though not Spiritualists themselves, those who were, had good reasons for being so. Mr Shorter then glanced at the progress of Spiritualism in America and on the continent of Europe, where, he said, to use Mr Howitt's simile, it was spreading like a forest on fire. And yet with all these world-wide facts, of daily occurrence for the last fifteen years, our men of science and public instructors were rubbing their eyes bewildered, just waking up to the facts as a new discovery, and asking, "What does it all mean?" It meant many things, this among others, that the *pseudo* philosophers who sought to eliminate God and all spiritual forces from the universe were now confronted by facts which belied their theories, and formed as it were a stone wall against which they would only dash their heads in vain—that those questions relating to man's deepest nature and future life which stirred the hearts of men in all ages were being answered in the most effective way, not by dialectics, but by facts—by the spirits whose existence was questioned, entering into communication with us, and in various and most palpable ways manifesting their continued presence and agency. That this matter should be ridiculed by inveterate and professional jokers was only to be expected, but he was sorry to find that some from whom better things were expected had been content to make smartness and banter do duty for more serious argument. Mr Shorter concluded with remarks in answer to the oft-repeated question *Cui bono?* contending that Spiritualism presented life under new aspects and relations, and enlarged our conceptions of the worth and dignity of human nature.

MR SHORTER'S address was listened to with marked attention, and it is a matter of regret that we are prevented from giving a full report by want of space.

The meeting closed with the Benediction, pronounced by Mr Spear.

#### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

##### SOME THOUGHTS REGARDING THE MILLENNIUM.

"The manifestations now are all upon the subject of love to our neighbour. The power now says that love alone will conquer under these manifestations, and that it will re-create the world, making the old young, and the young joyful; that it will indeed be God's reign upon earth, for God is love. The spirit says that it must be that love spoken of as charity in the 13th chapter of Corinthians, and that truly we must love one another as Christ loved us, which was to give Himself for us. The spirit says that the Millennium will be this reign of love, which will come in like a dissolving view before the old dispensation has gone out; that we shall all be actors in this panorama, and God, the Trinity, will be the spectators, admiring His own work) and pronouncing it "very good." Marriage of the soul, says the spirit, must prevail, since man and woman separated are but half-beings, resembling the two sides of a pair of scissors—of no use unless joined together. The two halves must be made of tried steel, which when joined must work into each other. Their Maker will then, approving of His implement, take them in His hand in order with them to cut out the pattern of His intended work."

"I have had a beautiful dream relating to the Millennium. I dreamed that I saw our Saviour standing again upon earth, surrounded with but few followers. He stretched forth his hand commanding the hand of Death to come to Him through the clouds. I then beheld a dark skeleton hand travelling along through the dark sky, and as it approached our Saviour, He took a step or two in advance, and threw over the hand a beautiful white wreath, which rested on the wrist, and then a white veil which concealed the fingers. Upon this one of His followers addressed me, who stood trembling to see that the Saviour who was to bring life into the world should command Death to appear, and said, 'Do you not see that Christ is casting signs of joy over the hand of death?' With this I awoke, and reflected that these signs of joy were the bridal wreath and veil. The power then wrote through my hand that such would be the Millennium, when death would be conquered by love, and the souls of both sexes be united in one. It has also been written through my hand with reference to our future state that our state of heart makes our place in the next world, and as we are so will be our abode."

(To be Continued.)

#### SPIRITUAL LYCEUM,

14, NEWMAN STREET, OXFORD STREET.

On Sunday evening, Jan. 29th, at half-past six, addresses will be delivered by the Rev. J. M. Spear, Mr Jas. Stirling (from Paris), and others.—Admission free.

DR. FERGUSON'S BENEFIT.—We are pleased to inform our readers that the Davenport Brothers and Mr Fay, will give a Cabinet and a Dark Séance for the benefit of the Rev J. B. Ferguson, on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 28th, at 3 o'clock, at the Hanover Square Rooms. Tickets to both séances, 10s 6d: tickets to the Cabinet Séance only, 5s. We trust our friends will assemble in large numbers.

PRESENT TO THE SPIRITUAL LYCEUM.—We have received from Mr Grant, of Maidstone, "The Herald of Progress," 2 vols. in one, for 1860 and 1861; also the "The Spiritual Telegraph," for 1859 and 1860. These volumes are valuable, and Mr Grant has our thanks. We shall be pleased to receive from other friends, books, spirit-drawings, &c.

## THE STAR IN A MAZE.

The *Morning Star* admitted into its columns a letter signed VERAX, which, we suppose, was written by Mr Dempster, the legal limb, who did not know whether his own hands were tied to his own limbs or to the limbs of the mediums. It is not a surprising thing for us to find that the *Star* will only admit damaging statements against the Davenportes. The following was sent to the *Star* but was rejected. One side is supposed to be all very well until the opposite side is heard, but the *Star* won't have an opposite side, so there is nothing for us but newspaper popery.

## THE DAVENPORTS AT EASTBOURNE.

"I have seen plenty of these grasshopper observers who find everything out."—Wm. Howitt.

To the Editor of the *Morning Star*.

SIR,—As the introducer of the Brothers Davenport "to this delightful watering place," allow me, in justice to these gentlemen, briefly to reply to the letter which appeared in your Saturday's impression. Your correspondent "Verax" is not far from the truth in his details of the exciting scene between Mr Fay and Mr Dempster. But he, being like myself, an "outsider," I deem it quite within the bounds of probability, that my view of the whole matter is at least as good as his. Had *Verax* experienced for himself the manifestations which generally take place "inside" the cabinet, as I have done—he, perhaps, might be as good an authority as myself. Be that as it may, I beg to offer for the consideration of your readers the following items:—

Mr Dempster went into the cabinet and testified that he saw and felt Mr Fay's hands. We do not deny that he saw and felt hands; but we do deny that he saw and felt Mr Fay's hands. Over 200 persons in this country have testified they have seen and felt hands, and they were not the hands of the men fast bound in the cabinet. Mr Dempster's mind was so overpowered by his experience, that he spoke as a man who did not know what he was saying. For example, he said his own hands were fastened to his own limbs, which was not true, for they were fastened to Messrs Davenport and Fay. He said they played the fiddle with their feet, and admitted that he could not feel them move though his hands rested on their knees. Such was the inconsistency of his statements that his fellow committeeman, Mr Mockford, gave no credit whatever to them, for the reason that he had said no tune had been played, when asked how their feet could play a tune. Whereupon Mr Mockford, and the audience, averred that three distinct tunes had been played. As Mr Dempster says Mr Fay had his hands loose: what necessity was there for him to play the fiddle with his feet? When Dr Ferguson pointed out the inconsistency of his statements, he complained that the doctor wished to "talk him down," although I have rarely seen a man treated so politely under the circumstances. A solicitor ought to be better able to weigh facts and testimony than Mr Dempster appears to be. Well might Dr Ferguson exclaim—"You a solicitor?"—I remain, &c.,

Eastbourne, Jan. 21, 1865.

ROBERT COOPER.

## SPIRIT MESSAGES.

(Continued from No. 41.)

"How is it in the cases of mystic memory that the recognition is not mutual?"

"Our disembodied spirits visit your earth, and from our continual visits become acquainted with all the doings of the especial beings we guard over and watch, but you know not of it. In like manner the spirit of the dreamer may hover over and learn the actions of the being whose spirit attracts him magnetically, but who may not necessarily become into the same intimate knowledge of the spirit of the mystic dreamer, who oftentimes is in the spirit with the one who draws him, whilst that one is in the exercise of his bodily duties, and not freed by the sleep of nature. Thus has it happened. Those of different countries become, as it were, allied. The one part of the sleeping world does thus oft visit the other part of the globe, the inhabitants of which, during your night and sleep-time, are in the full play of their daily duties. Believe me, this is true. You ask how we can give prophetic dreams? knowing it is not in our vocation to foretell the future. Although not in our regular vocation, inasmuch as God veils the future for wise purposes, it is in such cases His wise purpose to unveil it through us, and for that purpose may we, as it were, photograph the particular scene to be foretold on the mind of the

spirit of the dreamer, so that on his awakening to daily life it will be to him as real as though he had actually visited the spot, as in general he actually does; but the prophetic dream, instead of being actual vision, is a dioramic view. My child, leave off."

Compare above with message on death and dreams, given on 15th of May, 1864.

"There is no more philosophy in death than in your partaking of any simple meal. The change wrought by it, in emancipating the spirit from the earth-body, is delightful to the holy living. Frequently on the verge of death the inner light reveals the presence of those spirits present, but the change from earth-life to spirit-life is frequently imperceptible, as the gliding from wakefulness to nature's sleep, the precise instant of which is not discoverable, for though pulses cease to beat that is no sign that the spirit has quitted possession of the body; even though it has departed from the life springs. (?) The body, soul, and spirit combine to form the living man. The spirit may be away, but the magnetic connection not dissolved. This happens in vivid dreams and death-like trances. In the former, the body and soul receive the communication of the spirit's flight, during its absence from the body. In the latter, there is often too slight connection between the spirit and body left, for the body to retain any consciousness on returning to earth-life power."

(Here the writing stopped. I asked, "May I not go on?"—"No, rest.") Later in the day the subject was continued thus—

"Death to the body is thus life to the spirit and soul. The soul is the spirit-body, as the earth-body clothes the soul and spirit. This accounts for the spirits of deceased friends being seen, whilst few instances are known of the spirit of a living body being seen. Such has occurred, but when it does happen the body feels excessive exhaustion, and it is injurious to health. Leave off."

Every few lines of the M.S.S. being interspersed with a cross, I once asked why they were given so frequently, the reply was "Emblems of holiness and guide marks for you to believe what we tell you. Evil cannot give the perfect form of the mark of our Saviour's holy passion and death."

St. Leonard's, Oct. 1864.

F. J. T.

## SPIRITUAL DRAWINGS OF NATURAL OBJECTS.

The September number of the *Spiritual Magazine* for 1864, had the pleasure of introducing to its readers some remarkable spiritual phenomena, experienced by Mr Robert H. F. Rippon of Boston, Lincolnshire. Within the last nine months a new phase of mediumship having been developed in this gentleman, the gradual growth of which we have been able to watch, I would gladly in these pages give an account of this new unfolding of spiritual power.

In March, 1864, being in London, Mr Rippon visited my father, spending with him two days. It was upon this occasion that I made Mr Rippon's personal acquaintance. In conversation he casually observed that, for some years the power of drawing had been promised him by "the spirits," and that should this promise ever be fulfilled he should consider that truly a miracle had been wrought in his favour, seeing that neither from nature nor education did he possess the slightest power of delineation with the pencil; that he had at various times made the most futile attempts to copy entomological and other specimens of natural history—he being professionally a collector of such specimens—but that nevertheless the spirits promised him remarkable power in this, as well as in other walks of art.

Knowing from experience that the gifts of spirit-writing and drawing are not unfrequently conveyed through mediums by "the laying on of hands" (I use this expression advisedly, and with due reverence, considering these in degree as veritable "gifts of the Spirit,") I proposed to lay my hand upon his wrist while he held a pencil; and we, soliciting the gift from on High, would observe what should follow. I, myself, felt a strong conviction that Mr Rippon would carry home with him the gift of drawing by spirit power. Mr Rippon's hand soon began, slightly impelled by the magnetic influence, to move with the involuntary motion well known to drawing and writing mediums—a motion once experienced never to be forgotten—but the results both after the first, second, and even third attempt, whilst Mr Rippon remained in London, were simply the vague, uncertain, scribble usually observed in the commencements of the development. Nevertheless, I felt still an earnest conviction that already the seed was sown which, would spring up into life. In one particular the results differed from my anticipations. Mr Rippon's hand was moved, as will be seen by and by from his own words, to copy natural, not spiritual, forms. Thus his spiritual art-education has been commenced upon the natural plane. Mr B. Coleman refers to a similar instance in Mrs Mapes, whom he encountered in America. (Vide *Spiritual Magazine*, October, 1861.)

When first myself experiencing the development of the spiritual power some years ago, I was fully aware of the magnetic impulse being strongly present within the hand to guide in the delineation of natural objects, visible to the natural sight, as well as in the delineation of spiritual objects invisible to the natural sight. Mrs W. Wilkinson, whose beautiful and extraordinary drawing of spiritual flowers and fruits are already known to many hundred persons, and in whom, as in the case of Mr Rippon, the artistic faculty was unfolded by spiritual influence, without any previous intellectual study has, I believe, lately executed drawings by spirit-power from natural objects. Thus in two cases the artistic education appeared to have commenced upon an interior plane, developing outward, whilst in Mr Rippon's case it appears to be reversed—developing from the external

towards the internal. These variations in the artistic education of mediums are interesting; pointing out, as is evinced by innumerable other phenomena, a wonderfully wise adaptation of means to ends.

But to return to the case in point. I will now give, in Mr Rippon's own words as extracted from his letters, a short narrative of the development. Of the quality of the results so far attained through his supernatural education, I will speak further on.

"April 5th, 1864.—Both Mrs Rippon and myself have been seeking the writing and spirit-drawing power, last evening, as you may judge from enclosed specimens the figures were anything but pleasing. On Sunday afternoon several unintelligible words and forms had been given through our hands.

April 9th.—The enclosed very crude drawings are a great improvement on the little things which I last enclosed. The power of drawing came upon me on Tuesday last (April 5th). I know I shall improve with every trial, and hope to be able to copy anything accurately in a very short time; although I could not depict the simplest form in nature this day week. I am astonished at the gift which I have longed for, for so many years and never had hoped to receive on earth. But the flowing in of the power cast out for a time much physical strength. I have many other specimens by me, but less perfect than the enclosed. Shortly, when the power has increased, I will draw you a beautiful group of curious insects as a little memento of the gift having been bestowed partly through the mediumship of Mrs W.; but this group shall be in colours. At present there are great crudities. I am so thankful and joyous, and so is my wife about this gift. I have dreamed in the past, at different times, of producing a drawing, a painting, and a piece of statuary, and all of them most perfect. Perhaps I may yet be able to do all this. How kind has God been to us."

Further particulars given in a letter to Mrs W.—"Often in past years have I tried to draw, often have I thought whether I could invent any means of obtaining pictures in order to satisfy this craving in my nature. But in every attempt was I foiled; all were unsuccessful. Suddenly, on Tuesday night, I felt that I could draw. A person came to see Mrs Rippon. Whilst she was present I took a pencil and tried what would come. In a few moments a curious little ichneumon fly was depicted. It was very crude in appearance, but nevertheless easily recognizable as something beyond anything I could do before. During the evening I copied from specimens a beetle and a butterfly. The next morning I began to feel the power increasing, and I copied a picture of an orange-tree and put in two or three insects. Still crude, but improving so as to astonish myself, each becoming more perfect.

The first two days and a half whilst this power was flowing into me, my physical strength seemed to flow out, and I felt so weak as to be unfit for anything. I feel that every specimen will be more perfect. I know by spiritual impression that very soon landscapes, portraits, and all sorts of objects will be given with ease through my hand. I have been almost wild with delight. I am like a child with a new toy.

May 23rd.—On Monday last I lost the power entirely till about tea time, when I began *Atlaeus atlas* from a specimen in my collection; you will observe that I have put in the colour by scales as in nature. Yesterday, I again lost the powers and regained it in the evening. My wife drew and painted from nature a specimen, to-day, exceedingly well for her first attempt, so much so indeed, that I feel she would more than rival me if she were to practise. This ebbing and flowing of the power is to me very strange.

May 24th.—Pray carry to all my Spiritualist friends my best thanks for their kindness in sending me their most acceptable gift of colours, &c. I do earnestly hope that in return for their kindness I may be really able somewhat to advance the spiritual cause which we have all of us so near at heart; I know it to be a holy and deeply important one. On the first day that I began to paint as commanded to do by a spirit voice, I was fully impressed and told my wife that I was convinced that colours would be sent me, but from whence I knew not. I now mention this as it may interest you.

June 12th.—I feel that the time is coming when I shall be able to produce groups of flowers in which landscapes occur. Every time that I look at a landscape painting something seems impressed upon me, layer upon layer, as of some strange new gift imparting this from on high. I wonder what this feeling indicates?

June 18th.—I send you with this some drawings for yourselves and my kind Spiritualist friends. You will see that these drawings contain my first efforts in the direction of flowers. I feel the element for great pictorial powers developing within me. I feel now convinced if only permitted to give my undivided attention to the development of this gift that I should soon be able to produce groups of natural objects on a large scale and to make lovely pictures.

June 29th.—On Monday week the power came on me with such strength that I produced a sheet of butterflies from Japan and an English flower and butterfly as near perfection as I think possible. I executed them for a lady in Boston. It was a little commission. This drawing has convinced several persons of the truth of Spiritualism, who until now were quite sceptical. On the following day I lost the power almost entirely, since then I have received it again with fuller vigour. I have thought much lately about this glorious gift having been bestowed upon me, and always the conviction forces itself upon me that I ought to make great use of it. I now feel able to execute pictures from nature on a large scale, with groupings of flowers, insects, and perhaps birds, all copied accurately from nature. Those would probably be worth framing. Do you think it would be possible for me to obtain orders for such pictures? I have an idea for a large picture, which should represent a tree of the tropics—the trunk chiefly, clustered with orchids, passiflora, and beautiful humming birds, insects flying around, whilst land-snails are making their way up the exposed portions of the tree's trunk. All the objects I should draw and colour from nature. Could I only obtain orders for work of this description, I would then devote the whole of my attention to the development of my new gift.

August 20th, the drawings were becoming more perfect. I am

now working upon groups of flowers, with insects crawling upon or flying round them. Whilst at Sleaford last week, on two occasions whilst painting, the table was visibly lifted under my hands, and it moved several times. I have never observed this before. Several times the phantoms of lines have been distinctly visible on the paper before they were drawn in with the brush."

These phantoms are not unfrequently observed by mediums, and lead to the suggestion of a singular hypothesis regarding the mode by which the drawings are given to a certain class of mediums—those whose hands are automatically moved. I am acquainted with a lady, who, one day, whilst sketching under spiritual influx, a group of flowers, with butterflies hovering around, suddenly, and to her great surprise, perceived lying upon the paper before her, upon a spot as yet untouched by the pencil, the most delicately outlined and shaded butterfly, which appeared as if sketched in with sepia, the minute veining, spots, wings delicate as lace-work. She spoke to me of this wonderful appearance immediately after perceiving it, observing that she could scarcely believe the evidence of her own vision, and feared to breathe lest she should destroy the phantom, so ethereal did it appear, and that even whilst she thus observed it, her hand had been moved towards it, the pencil sketching the outline of the butterfly, which then gradually faded away. In my own experience, although frequently perceiving the odyllic light falling off from my hands whilst drawing, in globules of pale flame, I have never recognised these phantom forms. Although a highly developed seeress, an intimate friend sitting by my side, has invariably seen and described the whole picture which I was about to draw, lying upon the otherwise blank paper in the most perfect beauty, formed apparently of scintillating coloured light—a living picture changing like a dissolving view. She has watched my hand impelled by the magnetic force, automatically trace the outline of the coloured picture pretty much after the manner of a child drawing upon a transparent slate. What are these pictures? Projected thoughts from surrounding spiritual beings become objective, according to the law referred to by Swedenborg and other seers, which causes all thought in the spirit-world to clothe itself in an outward correspondential body.

(To be continued in our next.)

#### THE ASPIRATION.

How long, great God, how long must I  
Immured in this dark prison lie?  
Where at the grates and avenues of sense  
My soul must watch to have intelligence;  
Where but faint gleams of Thee salute my sight,  
Like doubtful moonshine in a cloudy night.  
When shall I leave this magic sphere,  
And be all mind, all eye, all ear?

How cold this clime! and yet my sense,  
Perceives e'en here thy influence.  
E'en here thy strong magnetic charms I feel,  
And pant and tremble like the amorous steel.  
To lower good, and beauties less divine,  
Sometimes my erroneous needle doth decline;  
But yet (so strong the sympathy)  
It turns, and points again to Thee.

I long to see this Excellence,  
Which at such distance strikes my sense.  
My impatient soul struggles to disengage  
Her wings from the confinement of her cage.  
Wouldst Thou, great Love, this prisoner once set free,  
How would she hasten to be linked to thee!  
She'd for no angels' conduct stay,  
But fly, and love on all the way.

CONTEMPLATION.—As Daniel in his captivity did three times a day open his window towards Jerusalem, though far out of sight, when he went to God in his devotions, so may the believing soul in this captivity to the flesh look towards Jerusalem which is above. . . . As the pretty lark doth sing most sweetly, and never cease her pleasant ditty while she hovereth aloof, as if she were there gazing into the glory of the sun, but is suddenly silenced when she falleth to the earth; so is the fame of the soul most delectable and divine, while it keepeth in the views of God by contemplation: but, alas! we make there too short a stay; down again we fall, and lay by our music.—BAXTER.

THE DIVINE LIFE.—The divine life, to such as have an eye to see, will be most perceptible in the branches thereof, though to the natural man they will look very withered and contemptibly. These branches are three, whose names though trivial and vulgar, yet if rightly understood, they bear such a sense with them, that nothing more weighty can be produced by the tongue of men or seraphim: and in brief they are these, Humility, Charity, Purity; which, wherever they are found, are the sure and infallible marks or signs of either an unfallen angel or a regenerate soul.—Dr H. MORE.

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