

Review

THE  
SPIRITUAL TIMES

A WEEKLY ORGAN DEVOTED TO THE FACTS, PHILOSOPHY, AND  
PRACTICAL USES OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

WE HOLD THAT GOD IS OUR FATHER, MAN OUR BROTHER, IMMORTALITY OUR DESTINY.

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

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

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Spiritualism unfolds to our internal senses substantial realities, presenting us not only with the semblances, but the positive evidences of eternal existence, causing us to feel that the passing shadows we speak of belong not to the spiritual, but 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.

### THE DEVIL THEORY AGAIN.

We have stated before that Spiritualism will have to meet the devil theory face to face in and out of the pulpit. This has been the case with all human-advancing reforms since the sects began their ponderous system of anathematizing and damning each other. But, excepting a solitary lecture at Exeter Hall, which is not repeated because it is supposed to be "a settler," little, as yet, has been done in the way of bold fighting in manly armour with the modern Goliath, Spiritualism. Nevertheless, we are looking forward to a more general system of pulpit declamation—we mean a more thorough reliance on the devil than the sects have shown hitherto.

We have often heard of the fact that in France a bishop has actually clothed himself, not in sheep's clothing, but in the robes of self-righteousness, and proclaimed Spiritualism satanic. But in England, as yet, we hear nothing of any of our bishops being so absurdly rash. Yet, here and there ministers like Dr. Bannister, of Old Basford, and the Rev. Evans Lewis, of Accrington, and laymen like Mr. Christien, to whom we wish, at present, to confine our remarks—"rush to the rescue" of souls from the Evil One by attacking Spiritualism; and they do so with an earnestness quite impressive. We listened to the latter gentleman at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Lamb's-Conduit-street, on Thursday week, deliver a lecture which mainly consisted of quotations from the *Spiritual Times*; *Spiritualism, its Facts and Phases*; and of extracts from some American works, interspersed with well-seasoned—we mean strong doses of Sectarian declamation. Mr. Christien is not a bishop, but he spoke with as much authority as though caparisoned in the awful majesty of mitre and lawn. His concluding remarks brought "honours thick upon him" from a sympathetic audience. Mr. Christien's strength was his weakness, and his weakness the exciting cause of the applause he received. Hear him—"Spiritualism is a union of electricity, blasphemy, and lies." We listened and learnt that men who undertake to weigh Spiritualism in the scale of Sectarianism will be sure to find it deficient because they have not the power of seeing their own deficiencies.

Very lengthy extracts from books read with the view of pointing out inconsistencies in the writings of Spiritualists, and incongruities in the teachings of spirits were given; and we observed that Mr. Christien looked "very like," not "a whale," but a *Christien*, as he "piled up the agony" in his own unique way. Spiritualists will not quarrel with Mr. Christien about this. Inconsistencies and incongruities may be found in their writings and in the teachings of spirits. What then? Is Mr. Christien justified in asserting that such inconsistencies and incongruities

prove that Spiritualism is "a union of electricity, blasphemy, and lies?" Yet one thing was gained—he advertised Spiritualists' works, and read just enough from some of them to excite an interest for more in the breasts of many who, we suppose, were unaccustomed to listen to such marvels as having taken place in these modern days. But lest the remotest idea should possess the souls of his hearers, that anything good could come out of the Nazareth of Spiritualism, he assumed the priest without his robes, and charged the millions of Spiritualists all the world over with being the victims of the machinations of the devil, and warned them most impressively of the burning lake towards which they were tending. That Mr. Christien is sincere we have not the slightest doubt. Nevertheless, the same measure he meteth to others may be meted to himself. Shall we take all the inconsistencies and incongruities found in the writings and speeches of orthodox Christians, and assert that they prove Christianity to be "a union of blasphemy and lies." We should be very sorry to be so illiberal and illogical. But Mr. Christien seems to ignore both liberality and logic in his hatred of Spiritualism.

But that he is as much or more deluded by the doctrine he espouses as any Spiritualist we know, we feel certain. His position is not an enviable one, although the audiences he meets cheer him because they *think* he gives a just *expose* of Spiritualism. He has an unhappy habit of calling names. He pronounced us "Infidel," for which we hope we are grateful, whilst we urge him to "Judge not lest he be judged." He said, likewise, that Spiritualists were "naturally, morally, and spiritually dead." After this we think it will be difficult to know who is alive spiritually, morally, or naturally; because, as far as we are able to judge, we cannot help remarking, that the characters of Spiritualists, although not perfect, will bear comparison with the characters of any of the followers of any of the sects in or out of Christendom. How Mr. Christien reconciles his wholesale aspersions with the simple and beautiful teachings of Jesus, whom he professes to serve, we cannot conceive, only by knowing the inconsistencies and incongruities he is called upon to swallow with his creed. He is a Christian, we think, with little vital Christianity in his composition, or it was lost for the time, because of the "machinations of the devil," who, doubtless, urged him to denounce without consideration, and to asperse without shame the characters of all Spiritualists throughout all time. Why should not this be the case? Is it to be supposed, if Mr. Christien's devil exist, that he is deficient in craftiness? We think not. Well, then, would it not be well for Mr. Christien seriously to consider whether he was or was not subjected to the "machinations of the Evil One?" If we may venture an opinion on so sacred a subject, we would say, that a man who could denounce any ism as being "a union of electricity, blasphemy, and lies" must certainly either possess a knowledge of the whole facts and philosophy of that particular ism, and without withholding a single redeeming feature, establish the charge, or some evil spirit or influence must inspire him.

We do not believe that any ism has ever existed or ever can exist in which no element of what we term the false can be found; in fact, human beings could never, with finite imperfect minds, comprehend such an ism. But we say, if what is false, or apparently false, in Spiritualism be taken to prove there is *no* truth in it, it is only fair to say "that that which is false, or apparently false, in Christianity, so-called, proves there is *no* truth in it." This kind of reasoning, *a la* Christien, would make all mental and religious life "devilish." Surely, if the devil is the crafty old sinner he is said to be, he would certainly take pleasure in placing Mr. Christien in this orthodox dilemma. Devil or no devil at work, we are satisfied there is nothing Christlike in leading men into such depths of Sectarianism that they are driven, unwittingly, and in their eagerness, to give the devil more than his due, to hand the universe of soul over to him. Perhaps the inconsistencies and incongruities of Mr. Christien count for nought, whilst those of Spiritualism make Spiritualism devilish. Then Mr. Christien is either influenced by good spirits or none; if good, would they inspire him to be so uncharitable and unjust as to cause him to make the errors, or lies, as he terms them, of Spiritualism appear to absorb all that is true in it; and further to hurl condemnation upon all Spiritualists? If none, then his whole lecture is simply to be taken as the work of an earnest one-sided man, who, to make the thing complete, assumes the Great Judge, and by the aid, shall we say, of the "electricity" of his voice, "blasphemy, and lies," discolours truth, and misappropriates fact. Surely Christians have nothing to boast in such a man; Sectarians may have. The devil may be his friend, or foe; all we can say is, if he is with the Spiritualists always, it is difficult to understand how he finds time to get to Mr. Christien, but perhaps that is done by proxy.

#### THE MARVELS OF GHOST-SEEING.

(From the *New York Christian Spiritualist*.)

##### THE LOST PASSENGERS OF THE ARCTIC.

The following is the letter of Judge Edmonds, referred to last week, in the notice we made of Brother Harris's sermon. We have no doubt it will be read with pleasure, and, we hope, with thought and attention, as there are some points that may seem new to the spiritual reader. While we are as yet in the infancy of mediumship, and very imperfectly understand its philosophy, it behoves all to be thoughtful and cautious in reading, that full justice may be done to all—the spirit, the medium, and the thought communicated. We have much yet to learn and unlearn:—

New York, Oct. 21.

"Dear Sir,—Perhaps, in your discourse on the wreck of the Arctic, you would be willing to have a more minute detail of the events which I mentioned the other day, and I will therefore give it to you.

"For several days before we received the news of the accident, an attempt was made to communicate the event to my daughter, as she had a year ago taught the wreck of the San Francisco. But it failed, because of her anxiety about a relative of hers who was at sea, and with whom she associated the wreck the moment the idea was presented to her. Thus were produced confusion and anxiety, which interfered with the clearness of the communication, though the idea of a wreck was frequently and vividly presented to her.

"On the day before the arrival of the news she had a call from a lady friend, who, in the course of her visit, became entranced, and gave a graphic description of some of the scenes which we afterwards learnt took place on board the ill-fated steamer. But the communication was interrupted, and thus only an indefinite apprehension of some impending misfortune was produced.

"On the day after we received news of the wreck, I returned home from my office late in the afternoon, and found my friend Mr. J. in my parlour, with my daughter. Some spirit was communicating through him. I gave my attention to it, and then, for about two hours, through him, through Laura, through Mr. A., who came in during the evening, and through myself, we had the intercourse with the passengers of the Arctic which I mentioned to you.

"I imbibed the idea that there were present with us at least one hundred of them, though only a few made themselves known to or spoke to us.

"N. B. Blunt, late District-Attorney, Bishop Wainwright, Isaac T. Hopper, Dr. Cory, and others of my spirit friends, were also present, and occasionally, spoke through or to one of us.

"I plainly saw the whole assemblage, and particularly one of them, with whom I had been well acquainted. He was labouring under great mental excitement. He exclaimed to me, 'Good God, Edmonds! can this be true? Is death, after all, what you said it was, and is this death? Can it be possible this is the change which death makes?'

"I answered, 'You see. You can judge for yourself. Bring your own clear intellect to bear upon it, and you can understand it.'

"'But,' he said, 'Where am I? What must I do? Where am I going? Is this to be always so?'

"I told him, 'No, by no means is it to be always so. But it will be difficult for me to tell you what to do, for I cannot know all the circumstances that surround you. But there is one close at hand who can tell you, and who can assist you.'

"'Who is that?' he asked.

"I answered, 'Our old friend Blunt.'

"He said, 'Nay? Is he here? Where? Let me see him. Let me hear from him where I am, and what I am to do?'

"This conversation had thus far been between me and that spirit direct, and now Mr. Blunt came through my daughter, and said, 'Judge, tell him I am near at hand, ready to assist him, and he has only earnestly to wish it to see and hear me himself. Now, his mind is in such uncertainty and confusion, that neither his brother nor I can make ourselves visible to him.'

"This being said to me in an audible voice, was heard also by the spirit, who no longer paid any attention to me, but turned to where Blunt was, and soon engaged in conversation with him.

"Others of those spirits then spoke to me. One said to me that his last thought on going down with the ship was, that in a few moments he should be reunited again to his wife and children, who went down with him; but he said and this so much astonished him—'When I awoke I beheld my wife and children passing away from me in different directions, and I am left alone so near the earth. Is this to be always so? Am I never, never to see them again? And am I always to hover thus near the earth?'

"Another, whom I had well known, said to me, with a good deal of emotion, 'Friend Edmonds, is it true, then, this which I always thought an illusion of my insane mind? It truly seems so. I know I have died; but now I seem as much upon earth as ever, and I talk to thee as ever I did. Oh, tell me what all this means, and what I am to do?'

"I referred him to Father Hopper, who was present, and who could instruct him better than I could. He shrank from this, and reminded me that he and Mr. Hopper had not agreed very well upon earth, having some difficulties with each other, 'in meeting'—that is, in their religious society.

"Mr. Hopper then spoke to me through Laura, and bade me reassure him that no unpleasant recollection of the past dwelt upon his mind; that he was ready to help him, and, he added, 'tell him, Judge, that I will be just as quick now to take him in as he was to turn me out of meeting. Tell him so, Judge, will you?'

"In reply, I said, 'I need not repeat it, for he hears what you say through the medium. But your allusion to the old difficulties disturbs him.'

"Tell him, he answered, 'never mind that; it is only matter to be laughed at now, and I desire only to befriend him and set his mind at ease.'

"Yes, I said, 'old friend, that you have already done, for he holds out his hand to you.'

"And they two passed away together from my view.

"One of the sailors spoke to me, and though not a man of as much education as the others, he was evidently more at home, and more at ease than they were. He said that after the collision he had not thought of himself until the raft shoved off from the ship. He had been very busy trying to stop the leak; and when all work on that ceased, it had occurred to him that he ought to save himself; that he had an aged mother, a wife, and some children in New York, and he asked himself—'What will they do this winter without me?' and so he jumped from the ship to reach the raft, but he fell short, and sank in the water. He came up under the raft, and his head bumped against it until he was drowned.

"There was much less agitation in him than in the others, and I obtained from him a clear account of several things.

"He spoke in great admiration of the efforts on board the ship of the one who first spoke to us; said he took a command, and directed much that was done. He was cool, collected, and energetic, and made himself felt and obeyed wherever he went.

"He also spoke of the general deportment, when all hope of saving themselves was abandoned. He said the sight was really sublime; a death-like stillness reigned, and a calm came over them all, as if each was quietly bracing himself to meet his destiny.

"I asked him how it happened that they, so many of them, came to us, and if he had not yet met any of the inhabitants of the spirit-world beside those who had entered it with him?

"He answered, 'Yes; his father and two other relatives had come to him and welcomed him, and then told him to go with the others, and learn what he could.' He could not give me his name, or the street where he resided. There was no medium present through whom the abstract idea of a name could be given.

"Among those who spoke to me was a woman. She was very cheerful and pleasant, and, from what she said, it was manifest that her thoughts in life had been more for others than for herself. She understood more clearly the condition in which she found herself, and had come with the others more to aid them than herself.

"Bishop Wainwright, through Mr. J., uttered a most touching and impressive prayer.

"And, finally, there spoke to me the spirit of a man, who said he was a European, whose name was unknown to me, but mine was not unknown to him. He had already given some attention to the spiritual philosophy, and had found in it much that was consonant with his reason, with his instincts, and with what he had learnt of nature (and that was not a little, for he was evidently an educated man.)

"He had been on his way to this country on business, and had intended, while here, to call on me. He said that his belief had been of vast service to him, for it had not only robbed death of its terrors, but had enabled him, on entering his new existence, to understand his position, and to know where he was. He had not, therefore, shared the amazement, excitement and confusion of mind which had so much disturbed others.

"When that large number of persons had awakened to consciousness in the spirit-world, and were amazed at the condition in which they found themselves, a voice had spoken to them saying, 'The gates of death have been opened to you. Now let the gates of eternal life be likewise opened to ye. Go ye to earth again, and learn there how to enter them!' They had, accordingly, come to earth, and, scattering in various directions, had sought the mediums on this continent. Hence it was that so large a number were now with us.

"He said that I could form no just conception of the condition in which they found themselves. No two were alike. In some, blank amazement—stupified; in some, terror and uncertainty assumed the form of the excitement of insanity; in some there was a stolid, hardened indifference; in some, a happy confidence as to the future, without knowing why; and in a few there was a knowledge imbibed on earth, which inspired hope and confidence. They were the most cheerful and hoping who, on earth, had been least selfish, and most active in their efforts for others.

"They were, he said, surrounded by bright spirits, who were willing to aid them; but, having been cut off from mortal life suddenly, and without the weaning from earthly ties which old age or protracted disease always produce, their earthly feelings were still predominant with many, and, in connection with the excitement, confusion, and uncertainty prevailing in their minds, rendered them inaccessible to the approach of those brighter spirits. 'Why,' he added, 'we do not all even see each other, though hovering thus together around you. We have, as it were, a dim consciousness of each other's presence, and, through the instrumentality of the mediums, we hear and converse with you and with each other. For this purpose it is that we are conducted here by our spirit-guides, that we may learn our true condition, and, through mortal means, unlearn the errors which our mortal life has instilled into us. Speak, then, Judge, to them. You they all can hear, and from your lips they may early learn the realities before them, which, sooner or later, they must all learn. Speak plainly, but gently, for oh! you know not how much of sorrow and anxiety there is in the hearts which you can thus relieve.'

"I accordingly, for a few moments, spoke to them. I reasoned with them on the great doctrine of progression, which is now being revealed to man. I reminded them that from birth their life had been one of progression, and now they could readily perceive that that life still continued, and with it must continue the influence of that law of progression. It was of importance to them to know this, for then, and only then, could they know how to direct their actions wisely and well. And, fortunately for them, they were now in a condition where they could ascertain, if they would, how true or false this teaching was.

"So, too, if they became satisfied of that, they could readily learn the law by which that progression could be most advanced or retarded. The law was love—love of God, and of one another, to be manifested not in profession only, but in active efforts to do good to one another. That could be done by them in the spirit-life as well, and even better, than in their mortal existence.

"So, too, I told them that they were surrounded by bright and beautiful spirits, who were ready to take them to their arms, to teach them the holy truths which are now also being revealed to man upon earth, and to point them the way to happier realms, which they may in time attain. And I assured them that they had but to make themselves accessible to their spirit-friends, by earnestly desiring their presence and aid, to enjoy the inestimable

assistance which could soon dispel the gloom of doubt and uncertainty, and open to their vision a bright and holy light from above.

"I told them that I did not ask them to receive these things as true because I said so, but to examine for themselves, with all the advantages which they now possessed, and to judge for themselves. It could do no harm thus to investigate, but if, on investigation, they should find that I was correct, they would also find much that would be of inestimable value to them.

"Something more to the same effect I said, and, commending them in few words to the protection of our Heavenly Father, and the guardian care of the bright spirits who were around them, I closed the interview, and they faded from my view.

"Affectionately yours,

"The Rev. T. L. Harris."

"J. W. EDMONDS.

Extracted from *The Times* of Dec. 7, 1854.

### JEAN HILLAIRE.

THERE is at this present time a remarkable medium in France, named Hillaire. He was born the 14th of February, 1835, at Sonnac, in Lower Charente, and was the son of humble parents. His ancestors, like his father, were sabot or wooden shoemakers, and much esteemed in the country for their well-known honesty. Jean received but a limited amount of education, sufficient to enable him to read and write, and transact his simple accounts. Mr. Vincent, the Mayor of Sonnac, testifies to his excellent and upright character, in a letter to Mr. Bery, who recounts the following details:—Hillaire, from childhood, was a Clairvoyante, and had several singular visions. His mother relates that at five years of age he perceived the spirit of his grandfather rise from the fireside where he had been seated, approach the bed, then sink back on his knees, unable to rise. It was the precise mode of his grandfather's passing away, years before Hillaire's birth.

The first vision which Hillaire himself distinctly remembers, occurred at the age of thirteen. His father, wishing to give his son industrious habits, desired him to take care of the horses. The stables faced the cemetery in the centre of the village, and often did Hillaire sit contemplating the graves, without any fear or emotion. One day he perceived a figure walking up and down. Fancying he must be deceived, he rubbed his eyes; but still he saw the figure of a man looking at him and beckoning him to follow. Though young, Hillaire was courageous, and quickly advancing, he asked, "What do you do here?" But as he advanced the figure receded, without sound of footfall, or disturbing a blade of grass, to the side of a tomb, where it appeared to sink into the earth. Convinced of the reality of the apparition, the boy returned to his horses and finished his day's work. On arriving at home, the boy related what he had seen, but his father only laughed and shrugged his shoulders, fancying it was some trick of the child's; but finding the boy persist in his statement, he became angry, telling him it was not right to believe in ghosts. Hillaire, in spite of his father's anger, still protested he had but stated truthfully what he had seen, and that he had no fear, nor would it prevent his returning to his work. The father, surprised at so much firmness in a child of his age, then offered to go with him, and they entered the cemetery. Almost immediately Hillaire perceived a child in white, of a radiant countenance, who smiled at him sweetly. Taking his father's hand, he exclaimed—"Father, you see that lovely child? How beautiful he is—how tenderly he looks at us!" "How silly you are," said the father, "I see nothing." Hillaire then ran quickly to the child, trying to lay hold of him; but the vision eluded his grasp, and appeared ever to preserve the same distance, in spite of all his efforts to overtake him. The angry man now desired the boy to return to the house with him. At that moment Hillaire perceived the child slowly and majestically rise towards the sky, and pointed to it; but his father saw nothing, and angrily entered the house, desiring the lad never to relate such stories again.

Two years had elapsed, during which period Hillaire had no visions, and already the recollections of these two had faded from his mind, when a third occurred. It was in 1850. The lad was returning from Brie, between nine and ten, by a bright moonlight, when he saw the shadow of a man, who seemed hiding beneath the hedge. With the natural impetuosity of his age, Hillaire called out—"Who is there?" and prepared to defend himself if attacked. All continuing silent, he stood undecided; then fearing to be attacked at the turn of the road, he determined to avoid all danger by crossing the fields. Scarcely had he entered the vineyard when he perceived the dark shadow advancing towards him. He quickly retraced his steps, and regained the road. The shadow quickly recrossed the field, and soon rejoined him at the distance of a few paces. "What would you with me?" exclaimed Jean; but receiving no answer, and reckoning on his swiftness of foot, he darted forward, extending his arm to push aside the figure he still perceived, and imagined to be an enemy. His arm felt no resistance. The spirit-form

stood on one side; for now he recognised it was no earthly form that silently glided on by his side. As soon as he became convinced that it was no mortal, he lost all fear, and even felt regret, when the shadowy form left him, without having uttered a sound. Hillaire then recalled to mind his previous visions, and returned home, feeling so joyful that he related his adventure, forgetting his father's reproofs; but he received so severe a reprimand that from that time forward he preserved a complete silence on the numerous visions he continued to see.

One of the most remarkable was that of Mr. Mechair, who possessed a stable next door to Hillaire. He had been dead about three weeks when Hillaire, while grooming his horses, perceived him standing close by. Shortly afterwards, on going up into the loft for hay, he saw Mr. M. climb the ladder after him, and seat himself upon the truss of hay he required. For a moment emotion overcame him, and he sank down; but quickly rallying, Jean advanced to the figure, who retreated. Having looked steadily on it for some minutes, Hillaire carried the hay down for the horses, and then returned to make sure he had not been deceived. There sat the figure on the truss of hay. Again Jean advanced and stretched out his hand. The hand was seized, and cordially grasped in friendly greeting; then the form rose, making signs with head and hands, and vanished through the roof. On entering his house, Jean related these facts to several of the neighbours gathered together, who laughed heartily at a great lad of seventeen who believed in ghosts. The sarcasms of his friends and the dread of ridicule made a deeper impression on his mind than the parental rebukes. He felt mortified and lowered in his own estimation; and hardening himself against the truth, he became one of the most sceptical and materialistic inhabitants of Sonnac.

#### THE CRYSTAL BALL, AND WHAT WE SAW IN IT.

In this present age of the world we are beginning to discover that we have much to learn, not alone in the every-day concerns of life, but in the more hidden regions of science. In fact, the amount of knowledge that we possess is just sufficient to enable us in many instances to understand our own ignorance. The taper light by which we look into the realms of thought, is only brilliant enough to show us the thick darkness by which we are surrounded. Still, we are progressing steadily, although slowly, in diffusing light, and the marvels of nature's mysterious movements are becoming every day more apparent, and are stirring us up to fresh discoveries. One day a new star or comet comes in view of the watchful astronomer; the next, a physician discovers some hitherto unknown remedy for disease, or a chemist produces some wonderful test, or hits upon a new theory of poisons. Steam propels us at almost magic speed; balloons carry us into the distant fields of air, and our words are conveyed with electric velocity to our absent friends. With the aid of a sunbeam, our personality is transferred to paper; and, more marvellous than the fabulous Pandora, said to be the creation of Vulcan, or the equally mythical individual to animate whom Prometheus stole the sacred fire, is the wonderful vocal head that has been astonishing the world of London. In the midst of these evidences of effects from sometimes obscure causes, it is not to be wondered at that the more abstruse sciences demand a little attention. It is a well-known law of nature that all our movements are regulated by two great forces—attraction and repulsion—and in accordance with those powers, the earth on which we live, and all the orbs that gem the firmament, from the fixed star to the wandering comet, are governed. The air we breathe, the firmament that surrounds us, the ebb and flow of oceans and mighty tides—nay, the very feelings of love, hate, admiration, and disgust, that fill the human heart, and more or less influence us in every action of our lives, are submissive to those two undeviating regulators of nature. Knowing the vast influence of attraction and repulsion, on material objects as well as on the mental part of man, how is it possible that we can limit their power? Who can say, "So far and no farther shalt thou go," to either of them? We feel within ourselves undeniable evidences that we yield to their influence instinctively. We do not premeditate the sudden likings and dislikings in which we know we indulge. A face seen for a moment in the street will haunt us for days and months—perhaps never be forgotten; while the features of some that we have known as almost intimates will fade from our memories, and we in vain try to recal them. A tone of voice will linger on the ear; a touch, light as air, will thrill the chords of memory after years of absence; a flower or perfume will, with subtle force, make the dead or absent a present reality. Who can define our intuitive perceptions? our instinctive knowledge? our sometimes strangely mysterious prevision?—the foreboding of evil that overwhelms us with nervous horror, or the bounding, elastic joy that animates us without an apparent cause? We may be referred for an explanation of some of these phenomena to the influence of mind upon matter, and *vice versa*; but the incontrovertible fact is still before us, that each emotion is ruled by the two powers to which we have referred.

You think of a person suddenly whom you have not seen or thought of for weeks or months, and the next moment you meet him turning some corner, or his name is announced by your servant; a thought occurs to you and to some other person in company at the same moment, and together you give utterance to it, to your mutual surprise; you encounter a friend or relative on the stairs, both humming the same air to the same key; and you write to a friend whose letter crosses yours, thus showing that at the same time you were each animated by the desire to converse on paper with the other. Those things may be said to be accidental, but in nature there is no such thing as accident. Chance is a term unknown. There are greater wonders than these in the material world, and no one will venture to say that they occur by chance, or that accident favours

their movements. No man ever said or thought that the sea was prevented overrunning the land by accident, or that a mere chance turned the course of a comet that had been swiftly approaching the earth, and threatening it with destruction. In the fall of the apple, the great Sir Isaac Newton recognised the existence of the laws we have named, and who will deny that the same Providence that framed those laws guided him to a solution of the difficult question then agitating the scientific world?

Again, who shall account for the subtle influence of dreams? You are divided by sea and land from some dear friend, and at the same hour and moment you visit each other in the world of dreams—nay, you become in some unaccountable manner aware of his illness or health, his joy or his sorrow. Thought travels quicker than the lightning's flash. In waking moments you visit distant scenes and roam the realms of space, up-borne upon its wings; and when the eyes—those windows of the soul—are closed to surrounding objects—when sleep presses her heavy fingers on the outward senses, and reduces the body to an almost death-like condition, who shall venture to control the wandering of the unseen inmate of the almost senseless form? Who shall limit the powers of the subtle essence of soul—mind—thought—call it what you will, that, imprisoned in mortal bonds for a short space, still exercises a freedom unknown to the tenement that it occupies? Who can deny, on scientific grounds, the existence of Mesmerism and Clairvoyance? The utmost the most daring disbelievers will dare to say is, that they are not *probable*. No one will fearlessly assert that they are not *possible*. In years gone by, the idea of the ascent of a balloon, the effects of steam, or the conveyance of messages by electricity, with other things too numerous to mention, would have been scouted as not only improbable, but impossible; and yet in the present age they (with the exception of the first) are looked upon as necessities of our daily life, and we know not but that in the future travelling in the air will be as usual a mode of progression as our present system of sea and land transit.

Numbers of people whose veracity could be relied upon, have borne witness to the good and wonderful effects of Mesmerism. If galvanism can, by one power of nature, apparently reanimate a corpse, why cannot another of nature's resources be brought to bear on the mental capacities, and so, as in sleep, visit distant scenes, receiving impressions of passing events, and startling the timid or sceptical by revelations that are only strange because we cannot make them submit to the test of our finite reason? If electricity can be used as an agent to annihilate space, where is the impossibility of thought that is so much more subtle, being made the mechanism of communication; and who, that understands the marvellous machinery of the bodily eye, will venture to ignore the more than equally wonderful capacities of mental vision? A judgment should not be too hastily come to against that which we doubt, or the existence of which we deny, simply for the reason that we do not understand it—a most illogical conclusion, betraying not only the ignorance, but the presumption, of the disclaimer. Well authenticated facts can be brought forward of cases where this species of Clairvoyance was, as it were, a natural gift, and was constantly exercised by the individuals so gifted. One or two instances will illustrate the point. Two friends were separated by hundreds of miles by sea and land, and one sat in that kind of thoughtful reverie, if so it can be called, that ignores outward things, and yet takes no note of the thoughts that flit in kaleidoscopic array through the realms of fancy. Suddenly to the mental vision of the person so indulging in this *dulce formite* state of existence, was presented the bedroom of the distant friend, and on the bed lay the absent one, tossing in troubled and uneasy slumber, broken by fitful starts of wakefulness. The vision was mentioned at the moment to a person present, and by a letter received the day but one following the occurrence, the intelligence was brought that at the very time of the vision the gentleman was suffering from a paroxysm of fever! The same person, on another occasion, desired to see a friend at a great distance, and, by an act of will, sent his thoughts, or, as it is described, mental perception, to the house of the individual he wished to see, and there beheld him supported in bed, leaning his head on his hand, and evidently exhausted. Everything (which never had been seen by the mental visitor) was distinctly defined and described—even the peculiar shape of one or two articles of furniture, and the kind of wood of which they were made. And on the friend being written to and asked, rather to his surprise, for a description of his room and furniture, his reply gave an exact description coinciding with that of his unseen guest; and he mentioned that just at the time indicated, he had been resting after a violent fit of coughing, and was in the precise position in which he had been seen. This same individual was asked in company one day in London—"Can you tell where \_\_\_\_\_ is in Paris now, and what he is doing?" By the same act of will, thought, or rather perception, was sent on the spirit-like errand, and after a moment or two, the answer was—"I see him at this moment hurrying from the Champs Elysees, in the direction of the Rue de Rivoli. He is looking for a *voiture*, but cannot get one. I know instinctively that he has an appointment he is anxious to keep, and he has forgotten the time at some place of amusement in the Champs Elysees." A burst of laughter greeted this intelligence; but when the friend arrived in a day or two after, and on being asked by one of the party, who had assembled to meet him, "Where were you on such an evening at such a time?" and he replied, after pausing a moment to think, "I was hurrying to keep an appointment near the Rue de Rivoli. I had been at the Cirque in the Champs Elysees, and was so amused with the performance that I forgot the time until I looked at my watch, and found that I was nearly late. I could not meet a *voiture*, so I had to walk very fast." Their amazement was unbounded. This person's strange faculty for inward vision has often been tested by unbelieving individuals, who challenged the power of divining thought by such questions as "Can you tell me what I dreamed last night?" "Tell me a remarkable thing of which I thought, within the last twenty-four hours, but have not mentioned to any one?" and invariably the reply was a full proof that the dream or thought had been read as if from a book.

By some such power as this some remarkable predictions have been made. Ridiculed at the time they were spoken, they have been marvelled at when events proved their truthfulness. Those of the late Sir

Harcourt Lee, in reference to Louis Napoleon, were looked upon as almost the ravings of a lunatic; but now that the prophecy is realised, and that he is indisputably the Emperor of the French people, wonder succeeds contempt in the minds of those who ridiculed alike the prophet and the prediction.

In the Eastern World the Magi or wise men were held in repute, both before and after the advent of our Saviour, and the remarkable star that heralded His birth was discerned by them, and emphatically called His star by them, when, led by its grandeur, they came to offer Him homage. Followers of the so-called occult sciences are to be found in every clime, and few, if any, astronomers will deny the fact that the orbs of heaven have relation to the things of earth, thus giving an unavoidable consent to at least a modified form of astrology.

Among those who believed in it, as beneficent agency, that could be made an available help to science, by being made a proper use of, was Lord Bacon, the celebrated philosopher and statesman. Bonaparte was a devout believer in the science, and also Wallenstian, the hero of Schilla's drama; and it was largely practised in the eighteenth century by Count Cagliostro. Among its professors was also the celebrated Dr. Dee, who was the possessor of a wonderful ball, which presented to the general observer the appearance of a piece of crystal, but which revealed to the favoured few astonishing visions figuring the past, the present, and the future. This wonderful ball, after passing through several hands, is now in the possession of a gentleman who is not only a very excellent astronomer, but a devout believer in astrological science also. His almanacs are well known, and their predictions largely discussed, and by many believed in. Their accuracy with regard to the weather is frequently amazing, and several other fore-warnings have been found equally true. The circulation of "Zadkiel's Almanac," which is a sixpenny one, is very large, and the amount of research and labour necessary to make it what it is must have been great. As we have said before, the celebrated Crystal Ball is now in the possession of this gentleman, and with good-natured politeness he allowed the writer to see it, intimating, however, that he had never seen a vision in it, and that he did not think that we should be so fortunate as to see one, as very few people were indeed so favoured. If we had not been in the sober possession of all our faculties, we should have doubted the evidence of our senses, as we looked closely at the ball (which was isolated from surrounding objects and removed from all influence of colour), and saw a strange cloudy vapour fill it. After a moment the misty vapour cleared away, and a harbour was presented to view, in which was a steamer preparing to start. The black smoke from her funnel rose in a dense column, and after a few seconds she moved steadily out of the harbour, and advanced over a calm sea. But when out of sight of land a thick fog enveloped her, until the stern was scarcely visible, and the waves were agitated as she rose and fell upon them. Once more the blue sky appeared above her clear and cloudless, and as she neared the land for which she was bound, the vision faded away, and the Crystal Ball was as free from any appearance of it as it had been before it appeared.

Having rested our eyes for awhile, we were requested to look again at the ball, and this time a wide and rapid river lay before us. At a distance a number of boats seemed running a race, and near us was a broad level of sandy ground, that seemed quite uncultivated. On this vision fading away, the owner of the ball called upon "Orion," his guardian spirit, to appear. Instantly an ink-like fluid spread through the crystal, and seemed whirling in a kind of chaotic mass. It left beneath it a rocky pinnacle, on which stood a man in armour, the head only being uncovered; a pointed beard was on his chin, and his closely cut hair disclosed the constant presence of a helmet; a cross-hilted sword on which he leant, was in his right hand, and he seemed in deep thought. "If you are Orion, make some signal that we may know you," said the owner of the ball, to whom we had described the appearance. Immediately he had uttered the words the figure raised the cross on the hilt of his sword to his lips, and at the same moment a helmet was placed on his head by some invisible means. Again the crystal was clear, and having rested awhile we again sought a vision. This time an Eastern scene was presented to view—camels, antelopes, and those strange crooked-horned sheep were to be seen. A caravanserai was visible in the desert, and a solitary horseman in armour pursued his way, while a beautiful dog, with a silver collar, ran beside his horse. A veiled female stood for a moment handing him some object, when suddenly a body of Arabs swept down upon him, and he was wounded, and laid along on the back of the horse, bound hand and foot. A horseman dashed to his assistance; the Arabs fled; he was speedily unbound and placed upright in his saddle, a battle-axe gleamed in his hand, and as he sped onward the crystal became clear again.

Once more we essayed to view the wonders of the ball, and this time our guardian spirit was summoned to appear. After about a second the crystal presented a marvellous appearance, the most gorgeous colours from emerald to scarlet, circling through it, a golden hue pervading all, and blending with every shade. By degrees the colours were lifted up slowly like a curtain, and gathered in a kind of canopied glory overhead. A mountain stretched to the left, and round the base of it wound a road the colour of dead gold. Near the foot of the mountain and close to the road were a number of small golden crosses of different heights, and advancing towards us, having left the crosses, was a figure robed in a dress of gold; thrown over its head was (apparently) silver tissue, and through the veil shone a light so brilliant that the tears streamed from our eyes, when we tried to gaze upon it. On the arm of the figure shone a crown of bright gold, and as we gazed the crown faded away, and two groups of children appeared, as if separated by a chasm or uneven ground, but in a cave-like aperture in the arm. The figure was requested to make known its name, and it pointed with one hand to the ground. From the hand rays of light seemed to descend, and a number of letters became visible, but their intense brilliancy rendered it impossible to decipher them. By degrees the figure faded away, the awful glory of the face seeming rather to retire into distance than become invisible. This last vision so affected our sight that we could not again gaze upon the ball, nor for a week did we recover the power of vision. We cannot, by any process of reasoning, account for this extraordinary series of visions; we can only vouch for the

truth of the statement, and reiterate our former opinion, that when we cannot understand the mysteries of nature, we should doubt ourselves and our limited reasoning powers, rather than the wondrous secrets that time and science may reveal.

JEANIE SELINA REEVES.

### SEEING THE SPIRITS OF THE LIVING.

MR. COLEMAN, in the March number of the *Spiritual Magazine* having drawn attention to a very mysterious phenomenon, the appearance of the spirit of persons still in the flesh, as testified to by various seers, and as bearing upon the phenomena manifested through the Brothers Davenport, in which the duplication of the form of one of the brothers has been witnessed as well as the constant duplication of their hands, I will here bring together a few of the very numerous instances of this class of phenomenon which have come under my own personal observation, have occurred to personal friends or to myself. The phenomenon is familiar to all seers and to various classes of mediums under some kindred form. The accumulation of facts is now needed; from them it will be easy by-and-by to deduce a theory.

I have already had the pleasure of introducing to the readers of this paper the experiences of Mr. Robert H. F. Rippon as a drawing medium, I will commence this article by giving certain experiences of his in the class of seership now under our notice. The first experience of his of this kind which I find recorded, is as follows:—

"One Sunday afternoon at Reading my father, who had come over to see us before our departure for South America, sat down after dinner to take a short nap. I also soon fell asleep, and in a few minutes became aware of possessing a double consciousness. Whilst I sat in my chair I perceived standing opposite to me the perfect figure of myself looking at myself; whilst it stood beside my father, I was conscious of existing in that figure and looking out of its eyes at my own body which was sleeping. Thus I existed in two different parts of the room at once, and in two bodies at once, being a person in each body. This is the sole experience of this kind which has been vouchsafed me until within a few weeks of the present time, when I awoke one night, and beheld a man precisely resembling myself—in fact, myself, standing beside the bed, looking upon myself lying upon the bed.

"About five years ago, and six months after my marriage, I was spending a week in Yorkshire, two hundred miles away from my wife. I was staying in the house of a dear friend belonging to the Society of Friends. The time was morning, about seven o'clock. I was awake, and could hear the inmates of the house rising. The sun was shining into the bed; I thought to myself I must get up now, it will soon be breakfast time. I turned round preparatory to so doing, when, without any immediate surprise, I observed my wife lying beside me. I put my arm under her neck, and kissing her, said, 'Good morning, dear Annie.' She returned my kiss, and spoke my name, 'Harry,' then gradually melted away into the thin air. The spirit, for it must have been her spirit, was just as substantial as a human form, and again the next moment apparently nothing! On perceiving this I became greatly surprised. Returning home, and mentioning this circumstance to my wife, she said that upon that morning she had dreamed of being with me.

"Soon after I came to B——, I awoke one night and saw standing by the bed-side and, between the bed and the window, the blind of which I generally keep up, the man from whom we hire our rooms. He appeared exactly as he usually does, regarding us, meanwhile, however, with a singular expression, and lighting his pipe. The appearance very much alarmed me. In a moment or two he had vanished. The man is a Jew, and having a most singularly formed nose, is not to be mistaken, even when seen as I saw him that night."

Such are a few of the experiences of Mr. Rippon. For several years we had the happiness of being intimately acquainted with a lady whom I will call Mrs. N——. She had possessed the gift of spirit-seeing in every known branch of its development. Since early childhood she was well acquainted with the apparitions of persons still in the flesh. I have frequently conversed with Mrs. N—— regarding this curious phenomenon, and from her as well as from another equally highly gifted seeress, have ascertained that the only perceptible difference to be observed between the appearance of a spirit incarnated and one entirely freed from the body, is, that a delicate gleaming line or cord of light is always seen proceeding from the apparition, uniting, no doubt, by this means the spiritual body with the still living, although absent, and for the moment, invisible physical body. This mysterious cord of light is never beheld attached to an apparition, when that apparition belongs to a spirit emancipated fully from the flesh. "*Or ever the silver cord be loosed,*" observes the Preacher, speaking of the signs of dissolution. May he not, peradventure, have referred to this gleaming mystic cord of light and life; may he not, being himself the wisest of men, have observed this phenomenon, and comprehended its significance?

Mrs. N—— became acquainted with my mother before she became personally acquainted with myself. Surrounding my mother she perceived the spirit-forms of various of her children, and these spirit-forms were not alone of my brothers in the Spirit-World, but a phantom of myself was amongst them! Mrs. N—— coming to visit us for the first time, I went out into the garden to meet her, and as I walked towards her she fully believed that I was not a human being—but the spirit whom she already had seen in the presence of my mother. It was only when I shook hands with her and accosted her that she first recognised me as a *spirit in the flesh*. We became very intimate friends, and this lady has frequently assured me that she has received visits from my spirit as distinctly as though I had visited her in the body. No doubt at such times I was thinking of her intently.

Two very striking instances have been given us of the truthfulness of Mrs. N——'s spirit-seeing, which involved the perception and non-perception of the electric-cord of light just referred to. I had two brothers in distant parts of the globe, both engaged in exploration; we lived for many months in the greatest state of suspense regarding their

fates. The eldest one, engaged in a most hazardous expedition, which, thanks be to the Almighty, terminated successfully, he returning from the wilderness in safety, was seen in vision by Mrs. N—. She described him most accurately, although she had at that time neither seen him in the body nor even his portrait. He delivered a message to her of hope and comfort to be conveyed to his parents. He appeared with the accompanying cord of light. Some two years later Mrs. N— saw my younger brother, who beckoned to her with his hand. I do not think he spoke, although he looked very happy. He had *not the line of light attached to him*. This she observed, and interpreting from its absence that he was no longer upon earth, dared not mention his appearance to any of us. To a mutual friend, however, she did mention the vision, who communicated it to me a few months later, when the distressing news reached us that our beloved one had perished in the wilderness.

I was once with Mrs. N— when she paid a visit to a lady in whose house she had never previously been. When she entered the room she perceived six tall young men, with fair hair and large blue eyes; they were seated in various parts of the room. She imagined that they were brothers, so remarkably did they resemble each other. She saw these figures but I did not. Perceiving that she alone recognised their presence, she immediately knew that they were spiritual appearances. Their great resemblance puzzled and astonished her. During the course of her visit she mentioned the circumstance to the lady of the house, who upon this showed Mrs. N— several portraits; amongst these was one of a tall, blond young man. She instantly recognised him as one of the brothers. But where were the others, what was the solution of the mystery of the six figures? Probably it is to be found in the power of duplication possessed by spirit whether still incarnated, or emancipated from the fleshy body. The portrait shown by the lady of the house to Mrs. N— was that of a gentleman then abroad, but who was engaged to be married to a lady living in the house. The room in which these six phantoms were seen, was filled with old family china and relics left by him in the care of his betrothed during his absence in the distant part of the world. The history of this young man was entirely unknown to Mrs. N—, and was a peculiar one, and in many ways connected with the objects contained in that room, where also, as the abode of his fiancée, his thoughts would naturally be centered. A reference to this strange circumstance is made in Dale Owen's "Foot-falls on the Boundary of Another World." Being present, I can vouch for the truth of the narrative.

We possess another friend, Miss F—, between whom and myself there exists, and has existed for many years a mysterious mesmeric relationship. This lady, a few years ago, staying with my parents in Wales, fell dangerously ill. During this illness, as well at other times—she beheld my spirit visit her. I myself, upon our comparing experiments, usually finding that at such times, I had earnestly been thinking about her. I will here extract from my diary of Spiritual Experiences the records of these mysterious visits. "October 13th, 1861. My husband and I met Captain D. at the N.'s. Both Mrs. N. and Captain D. related to us several instances of their power of visiting friends at a distance through the spirit. To myself occurred during this visit a singular circumstance. It was just a quarter to four o'clock; when we entered the N—'s gate—I looked at my watch, and thus ascertained the time, fearing that we might be late for their dinner. Entering the house I immediately went up stairs with Mrs. N—, into her chamber, there to take off hat and mantle. Whilst thus engaged, we spoke about poor Miss F—'s dangerous illness, and sad sufferings whilst with my parents in Wales. We spoke very earnestly on the subject, and my heart was much touched with sympathy for our friend. At this very time it appears from a letter received within two days from my mother, that she in Wales, perceived my spiritual presence as clearly as though I myself had been there present in the body. Here is the account given by my mother. "I wonder," she writes, whether you dined at the N—'s, and I wonder also whether *about four o'clock* this afternoon (the letter is dated Sunday evening—the evening we dined at the N—'s), or perhaps a little earlier, you were in spirit thinking about E. F., or whether you were going to her in spirit. I will tell you why I ask. I was reading a sermon of Harris's in our bed-chamber, the door of which is opposite to E. F—'s chamber-door. I was *not* thinking of you, but I heard some one come up-stairs with a step precisely like yours in walking-boots, and go to E. F—'s room, and instantly I saw you as plainly as I ever saw you in my life, saw your back, saw your black silk dress, black silk mantle, and black hat, as you went into her room. It produced a strange feeling. I did not jump up to follow you, because although seeming to see you so plainly, I felt at once convinced that it must be simply a mental impression. But I immediately thought you might perhaps in some way have been brought into strong mental sympathy with E. F. But of course you did not know this house, would not have known had you been here which was E.'s room, nor could have walked thus naturally—as I seemed to see you do—straight up to E.'s door, and open it. Nevertheless, if you were here in the spirit, you did do so, and never once thought of coming to me. As I write, I recall exactly how business-like your movements were. You were going into that room and into no other. Now can you explain this in any way?"

I mentioned this remarkable circumstance in a note to Mrs. N—, and she in reply observes,—“How wonderful that your mother should have seen you on Sunday at the very time when we were talking of them! It is the more wonderful to me, because when you were telling me of poor Miss F—'s dreadful illness, I remember thinking “I wish I could send you to see her, the sight of your pitying face would do her good, if anything could do so.” Then a moment afterwards seeing you look a little far away, I drove back my wish fearing to do you harm.” Doubtless the presence of Mrs. N—, who herself possessed, in an extraordinary degree, the power of quitting the body, aided in the projection of my spirit to a distance in a shape so remarkably objective.”

In a variety of cases Miss F— and I have both before and since visited each other. One instance of the kind I recollect as peculiarly marked, which occurred about a year ago. I was distressed in my mind regarding the loss of a near relative, when suddenly, whilst

lying upon a sofa, I saw E. F—, who, as to the body, was miles distant, come close up to me, lean over me, and kiss me very tenderly. I was greatly startled, and instantly she had vanished! Relating this circumstance to her when we met some weeks later, she observed that she must have appeared to me, in order to comfort me, since I, also, at that time, had appeared to her, greatly distressing her, because I leant over, looking at her, *my face being entirely covered with black crape*; that she had stretched forth her hand to pull off the crape, when my face had melted away, as though she had touched melting snow.

Frequently also have I been fully conscious of the spiritual presence of my husband when he, as to the body, has been absent. So completely must our spirits have the power of visiting and mentally communicating with each other, that we consider that we possess “a mental electric telegraph,” which, indeed, on one remarkable occasion, when called into use at the same time as the material electric telegraph, delivered its message with so surprising a rapidity that my husband receiving the mental impression, and acting immediately upon it, had started on his way to the railway *before* the message sent up by electric-telegraph from the country had been delivered in London. Upon “comparing notes” we found that his mind had received the mental impression immediately after I had, through intense exercise of thought, endeavoured to speak to him, though, as to the body, he was distant about a hundred miles.

Now, whilst writing, so many remarkable examples of the phenomenon of the appearance, both to others and even to themselves, of persons still in the flesh, occur to me, that I must resist the temptation of chronicling them, perceiving that it would require the space of a volume, rather than that of a newspaper article, to do justice to the subject.

I will, therefore, conclude with one curious instance of a peculiar character, which was related to me by a lady moving in fashionable society, and to whom Spiritualism appeared a fact easily to be credited, owing to her own personal experience. This lady told me, that from childhood she had occasionally seen the appearances of human beings moving about the rooms she inhabited, and which she now, from her knowledge of spiritual phenomena, has recognised unquestionably as being spirits. But one thing still greatly puzzled her, and this was, that she occasionally sees *herself*, standing, or sitting, or moving about. This figure is clothed precisely in the same manner as herself. She has beheld this phantom when she has been dressed for an evening party, stand before her dressed also for an evening party; and if in mock ceremony she has bowed low before the phantom, making it an elegant curtsy, the phantom has returned the salutation with the same action and expression of countenance.

This phantom lady, to the most minute particulars, resembles the living lady, with one curious exception, which is, that “the double” has slightly prominent teeth. The self-same teeth my acquaintance possessed when a girl, but they having been regarded as a disfigurement, had years previously been extracted. Nevertheless, the spectral lady exhibits them!

I must leave all theorising upon these phenomena connected with the spirits of living persons, until some future time; freely, however, confessing that to my own mind, the difficulty of harmonising this class of spiritual experience with what we already know of the laws obtaining in the spiritual world, is not so great as to many minds it appears to be.

A. M. H. W.

## REMARKABLE SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF A CLERGYMAN.

(Continued from page 142.)

### THE TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISM.

THE Spirits inform me that they have never seen God at any time as a personal God, nor have they ever met with any other spirits, however exalted in condition, who have ever seen God, according to the common acceptance of the word; but they say that there is a God, who is incomprehensible to man, who is known by His works, whose name is Love, whose attributes are Wisdom, Truth, and Justice; who is everywhere, who pervades all space, who is the life-principle, and who manifests Himself in various ways that will take an eternity to discover; who shows Himself to His creatures in everything that the eye can behold, but who is beyond all searching out; and yet it is in man, even in all men; that He is one, and has no fellow, and that He is father and mother of all spirits—of all creatures; that He alone is wonderful, and that there is none else wonderful beside Him; that He changeth not, though all else in nature changes; that He works by laws immutable, and oft by laws inscrutable to the human mind; that He is Almighty, and the Author of all might and wisdom; that He lives in the *Eternal Here*, and whose life is one *Eternal Now*. They also state that death is merely the emergence of the spirit from the earthly body, and is in fact being born again into another stage of existence, which is termed the “Invisible World,” because not being visible to the mortal eye, and that man is exactly the same after his change from the visible to the invisible, as he was before his departure, only now he has to do with realities which are eternal, whereas before he had to do with things temporal, changeable, quickly passing away. He now finds that he has made for himself his future, that as he has sown so he must reap, that if he has sown to the Spirit he reaps eternal glory; and thus he has made his own heaven, which is not, as is generally believed, a city with high walls, whose foundations shine resplendently with pre-

scious stones, whose streets are pure gold and transparent glass, and whose gates are pearls; but a state of happiness whose centre is God, around whom spirits expand for ever. They say that heaven may be in this life as well as in the next; that it is a reality as varied in its aspects as the minds of men, that though it is a state of rest from trouble and sorrow, yet it is a continual state of activity. It is the home of the righteous, who enjoy a perfect state of peace, joy, and love. Heaven is where God is, and He is everywhere — and as He is eternal so is Heaven; and being built upon holiness it is harmony, and is open for all, being man's inheritance. But if, on the contrary, man has, in his life, lived to himself, and neglected his best interests, when he wakes up he shall find that he has been making for himself a hell worse than the fabled fire and brimstone, a state, in fact, just the opposite of heaven in everything. His day of judgment is the day of death, and he shall then find that sin brings its own punishment, that he requires no judge sitting on a great white throne to curse him, for he has cursed himself; that opportunities lost can never be recovered, and that wherever he goes he takes his hell with him. They say hell may be in this life as well as in the next; that it is the doom of the wicked, a state of torment, anguish, and woe, and of continual remorse, being the fruit of wickedness, made by man, and that in fact *hell is sin expanded*. Yet they hold out the hope of man's ultimate happiness, though having lived so contrary to what they ought to have done, some may be for only a short time in this state of unhappiness and misery, while others remain for ages before they can break through their chains of darkness which their sins have forged for them while passing through time. The spirits are mutually attracted by their affinities, whose atmosphere cannot be entered by those of another class; in fact the atmosphere may well be called an *impassable gulf*, over which one party cannot go to the other; nor can the glorious light of the sons of God shine through darkness, worse than Egyptian, of the atmosphere of the wicked, else would they hold out loving hands to help their brothers into their own happy state of liberty; therefore they say, it is necessary for those undeveloped spirits to come back to earth to learn the way to heaven. Man, they say, though finite, is the type of nature, and as a spark of Deity, never dies; that he is progressive, and lives in the future, and has been in existence ages before the Adam of Scripture; that man is the masterpiece of Deity, and as an individuality, must remain such for ever. And in speaking of angels, they say, that they are God's messengers or servants, that they are spirits taught of God, and that they are the mediums of God's will to man, and are in fact the spirits of men developed; that they are the guardians and instructors of men in the form, and the promoters of all good that we have; that they are ever progressing and ever learning, and become more happy as they improve; that they are not perfect for they must progress, as endless progression is the law of the Most High. And as angels are invisible to man, so are they oftentimes invisible to each other, and that they can show themselves to man if the conditions are appropriate. They also teach us that angels live in societies according to their affinities, and are attracted to earth forms until their mission is ended.

That all men, whether Christians, Jews, or Pagans, are the children of God, and according to their works, taking their knowledge into account, shall be happy or otherwise—that God looks not to a man's faith, but to his life and motives—that religion does not consist in dogmas laid down by the priests or popes, but in doing unto others as we would wish they should do unto us. They hold up Jesus to us as our great pattern, whose steps we are to follow, and whose actions we are to imitate. They show us Jesus as the most perfect manifestation of God in the flesh the world has ever seen, but deny that He is God, or that He ever said that He was God. They say He was a perfect man and a wonderful medium, and that all those wonderful cures which he performed were all done by the power of God manifested through Him, as similar performances are done at this present day. And they show us that Jesus Himself said, as recorded in St. John's Gospel, chap. xiv. 12, "Greater works than these shall ye do because I go unto the Father," showing that not only the works which He did should we do, but also greater works than those. They point to the complete abnegation of self in Jesus, and how ready He was always to do good to others even when they were hungry, as in the wilderness, when He fed so great a multitude; when faint and weary, as at the well of Samaria, when he instructed the poor Samaritan woman how God must be worshipped; and on the Cross, when He made over his mother, Mary, to the tender care of John, His follower; and now they say Jesus is at the head of a vast throng in eternity, of all nations, kindreds, and tongues who are progressing with Him onward and upward for ever and ever. They say with the Scriptures, that "whosoever two or three are gathered together in His name," or to meet Him (all things being harmonious) "there is He in the midst." They teach us that time is not known in eternity, nor yet space, although both may be found, but that words cannot express their meaning. They tell us, that in worshipping God we ought

to praise Him more than we do, and pray less for worldly blessings and more for spiritual blessings, and that God could grant us all that is needful for us, but we are to remember the words of Jesus, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all other things would be added unto us." They teach us that heaven is ultimately for *all*, and that by-and-by, when we get into some of the higher circles of angels, we shall then see clearly, and perceive that a great deal of that which we now call evil will be found to be a necessity for the good of the world at the present day. They teach us that there are always a number of spirits around us paying attention to every word that we say, and that many of them have received much instruction from the conversations we hold with one another, and, through listening have been able to rise to a higher sphere than they were in before, and the good that we do here to others incites them to do good also in various ways that they would not otherwise have thought of, and thus they give happiness and become happier themselves.

In the year 1861, while doing the duty of a stipendiary curate in the north of England, I had occasion to go to London on a matter of business connected with my family. Having finished my business, paid my hotel expenses, got my portmanteaus tied, and had ordered a cab, so that my wife and I might go off by the 7.40 train from King's Cross, the mistress of the house, as we were bidding her good-bye, handed me a letter, saying, "Sir, here is a letter for you." I took it, opened it quickly, and on tearing open the envelope, only found a plain card within, on one side of which was written in a straight up and down bold hand, "*Go to Mrs. Marshall, 23, Red Lion-street, Holborn, pull the second bell, and walk upstairs.*" This was to me a most singular occurrence. I knew nothing of Mrs. Marshall, and had never heard of her. The handwriting was unknown to me, the post-mark on the letter being that of the town in which I resided while at home, caused me to consider by what chance this letter came to me as I had not written to anyone, nor stated where I put up, to anybody. It was altogether a mystery to me; being naturally fond of the marvellous all my life, it made a deep impression on me, so I turned round to my wife and said, after reading it over, and wondering who could have sent it, "What shall we do, my dear? Shall we stop or go?" She replied, "You know best, my dear, do just as you like."

(To be continued in our next.)

#### INSANITY.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Dear Sir,—I am glad to see the articles on Insanity in your two last numbers of the *Spiritual Times*. The author says, "It may be said, it is well enough to find fault, but to point to a remedy is better," and he points in general terms to Spiritualism. He does not, however, seem to be aware that he might have given practical proof that Spiritualism is the remedy; that there are two or more institutions on the Continent established entirely on mesmeric and spiritual principles for the cure of Insanity, and that they have been most successful.

Princess Mary, of Bavaria, I think, but of one of the German States, who was deemed incurable by all the so-called Mad-doctors of Germany, was perfectly and permanently cured at one of these. I am sorry that all my papers are locked up at home, or I would send you the particulars of these institutions, but perhaps some other of your friends can supply them. I have some time been intending to treat on the same subject, and to have given an account of these asylums.

Then there is the pamphlet, of Dr. Garth Wilkinson, published some years ago on this very subject, and strongly urging the use of Spiritualism as the *only efficient* means of cure of Insanity, which is Possession. All that physical doctors can do is to improve the physical health of the patients, certainly an important step, but no more than one single step in a whole staircase, for the root of the disease is entirely out of their reach. It is spiritual, and the Mad-doctors are much too mad to resort to spiritual remedies. Hence the matter, as your articles justly show, is so frightfully growing over their heads, and they go on maudering against Spiritualism as a folly and a fanaticism, when the folly and fanaticism are their own, at the cost of thousands of unfortunate wretches who are shut up insane in the bastiles of the still more insane, when they might just as well be out in their own families and in society, spreading the practical proof of the power which saved them.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM HOWITT.

Pitchcomb, May 6, 1865.

[We are glad Mr. Howitt has directed our attention to the existence of the Continental institutions for the treatment of the insane, and shall welcome information either from himself or others upon the subject, which is one of such growing interest, that it seems to us to demand the most thorough and earnest consideration of all who sympathise with the many thousands who are yearly doomed to incarceration and insane doctoring. We shall gladly open our columns to a full and free discussion of the subject.—ED. S. T.]

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENTS will please to write legibly on one side of the paper only, and as concisely as possible. If this rule is not observed we may be compelled to reject even valuable compositions.

OUR readers will favour us by sending accounts of Apparitions, Hauntings, &c. We wish to give as many facts as our space will admit. Correspondents should allow their names and addresses to appear; accounts of a supernatural character should be given to the public free from all suspicion.

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This is the fourth book that has recently come to our hands on the same subject, and, whilst it is the smallest, it is yet the most striking of all the former, perhaps, from the brevity with which the subject is presented, and the nature of the facts or assumptions with which it is crammed from first to last. \* \* \* There is much, very much to excite thought, whether to compel conviction, or not. The enquiry is by no means the contemptible thing that many people wish to consider it. It deals with alleged facts, which, if true, are astounding; and, if false, still they are objects of interest, and they ought to be disposed of.—*British Standard*, March 18th, 1864.

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