

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.

SPIRITUALISM AND POLITICS.

WHAT have Politics to do with Spiritualism? is a question which will probably be asked by our readers. Directly, little; indirectly, much, is our answer. Politics have to do, in some way or other, with our social, moral, and religious existence, and however much we may, as a matter of personal feeling, avoid participating in the excitement of political discussion, nevertheless, whether we will or no, Politics confront us at every point of our career, and are, as it were, the very threads of the fabric of social existence. It may be a matter apparently unimportant to those who never trouble their heads about political affairs as to which of the parties, liberal or conservative, triumph in the present General Election, but there can be no doubt but that the country at large must, in a measure, gain or lose, according to the moral and intellectual stamina of the men who are elected to make the laws.

Spiritualism, although its phenomena and philosophy have not a direct bearing on Politics, has, nevertheless, much to do with them. If the men who sit in Parliament are inspired with those divine Christian principles which Spiritualism holds sacred, they will rule wisely and lovingly, and who shall say the public will not be the gainers? We know there are many bright exemplars of true Statesmanship to whom we can look up with hope; men who do not, it may be, believe that spirits busy themselves setting tables to dance, or tambourines to fly, but who believe, nevertheless, in the essentially vital principles of spiritual philosophy. It is not for us to sit in judgment on the honest faith of any; all we have to do is to advocate our views of Spiritualism, and when necessary, defend them against the attacks of penny-a-liners and buffoons. It is a mere trifle whether a man believes or not in the mere phenomenal part of Spiritualism, providing he accepts its philosophy. The phenomena are in reality mostly useful in convincing those who do not believe in its philosophy—that death is only another name for change—that life is immortal—and that God not only exists, but that He is the eternally Just.

Those who believe in the spiritual philosophy and *not* in its phenomena, are certainly, in our opinion, more useful members of society than those who believe in its phenomena and *not* in its philosophy. It is a failing deeply to be regretted in many so-called Spiritualists that they devote their entire leisure to seeking exciting phenomena, and never give an hour's patience to the *uses* which manifestly belong to them. If we, ourselves, make a plaything of Spiritualism, can we expect others who watch us at our play, and who have outgrown childhood, to care to return

to its state of thoughtlessness. Whatsoever our hands findeth to do we should do with all our might. If we have a need for spiritual communication for our soul-profit, let us employ the best methods to obtain the desired communication. But to make use of the divine means of bringing home to man a knowledge of his destiny for purposes of play is, to say the least, a paltry and wicked practice. Therefore, whilst we recognise the philosophy as being more useful than the phenomena of Spiritualism, we by no means overestimate the one at the expense of the other. The phenomena to the Atheist and Materialist are the all in all. If they do not believe, how shall they receive the fruits of faith?

But because certain men hold high office in the State, and whilst holding by the philosophy, ignore the phenomena of Spiritualism; we are not called upon to be uncharitable in our estimate of them and their mission. Spiritualism teaches us more than any other system to be simply just, and by justice to win men to truth. Those who take the seats of learning in and out of St. Stephen's need to be fully zealous in the cause of righteousness; in other words, they need to act as men conscious of the immortal destiny of humanity. Without this consciousness they will fail to serve their kind, and evidently be the wrong men in their places. In so far as the essential principles of life-action and soul-elevation live in the lives of the leaders of the people will they, call them conservative or liberal—names are nothing, legislate for human advancement. We have reason to believe the now Parliament will number some truly sterling men amongst its members—men of strength and courage who are destined to "do the State some service;" and it is no common expression to us to say that Spiritualism is at work amongst these men; and although its phenomena may be overlooked, its philosophy will hold sway. In fact, without the men who take their seats in the re-assembling Parliament really comprehend their mission in its divine sense, there will be little just or wise legislation; and if they do comprehend it in that sense, although they may shudder with horror at the name of Spiritualism, they will practically spread its Christianising teachings. It is a source of gratification to us to know that Spiritualism is not confined to those who call themselves Spiritualists. It is manifesting in the Church, in the Court, and in the theatre—in fact, it works in our literature, and in a very mysterious manner uses the material agencies everywhere abounding, to aid in the development of its powers. Nor need we fear, its mighty influence will not be felt in Parliament; everywhere there is a demand for honesty and purity, not only of election, but of purpose in every department of life. The crying abuse of the age is the shameful dishonesty of professional men and tradesmen in their dealings with others. We except the honest ones from these strictures (thank God there are some—would to God there were more.) Purity of purpose must spring from a vital faith in purity itself. Whilst men of lax morals find a premium given to dishonesty, they will strive for the premium; to change or purify their purpose, a purifying

philosophy, such as Spiritualism enforces, must be operative upon their hearts. Electors want two things in recording their votes—first, candidates of purity of purpose—next, purity of purpose themselves; then, and not till then, will the abominable bribery system fall to the ground.

The *Spiritual Times* has been doing its work in its own way, and, hitherto, has had little or nothing to say of politics as such; but when the subject demands attention, it will not, we trust, fail to do it justice. Every effort at social and religious elevation demands recognition, and deserves praise for its aims, if not for its success. When men serve us in Parliament not from a vain ambition to be in the high places, but from a living enthusiasm in the cause of humanity, then we venture to assert the vitalising truths of Spiritualism will divinely affect them. Then, indeed, will love to God and love to man be the ruling principle of life; and never till then can we hope to have a nation of honest shopkeepers, and of faithful ministers, both in the Church and in the State, and necessarily pure electors and elected. Those who do the State service, by dealing justly and devoting themselves to truth, live, not only for themselves, but for mankind; and such alone are fit to sit in St. Stephens, or to occupy, in fact, any high position, because their influence, being powerful, is dangerous, if it be not guided by Divine principle.

Politics are the very life of society. No man, woman, or child, lives removed from their influence. They mould our educational institutes. They inscribe their mark upon our national history, and we are free or fettered, as they happen to affect us. He who would escape from them must escape from his kind; for wherever man associates politics abide. They are like the descending shower, free from the influence of wealth or pride, for they descend on the poor and on the rich; but they doubtless affect the rich differently to the poor, because of the external differences surrounding both. Heaven has been bountiful with her gifts of sunshine and rain. So, likewise, has she bountifully bestowed politics; but man, alas! has abused her gifts, and diverted them to his own selfish ends. Thus, the introduction of the demon Self, makes things, in themselves good, productive of harm. It is ever necessary that a guiding principle of justice shall rule; so that politics may be used and never abused, that mankind may thus rise to the altitude of men. To bring society to a positive acceptance of this truth, Spiritualism comes forth the true herald of goodwill and peace, and moving amidst the confused elements of social and religious disorder, is silently in some places, noisy in others, breaking down old abuses, and re-inaugurating in their stead, the deathless truths of Christianity. This work is slow, nevertheless it is sure, and we indulge the hope, that in a very few years a new order of things will prevail, in place of those which debase and almost kill the soul. Then we shall learn that spiritual philosophy directs the politics which are indispensable to social existence and well-being.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS THROUGH WILLIAM HORATIO AND MARY EDDY.

Nothing is so much sought after, and exciting so much interest in Spiritualism, as physical manifestations; and just at this time they seem to be quite an absorbing subject of discussion. Feeling deeply interested in all phenomenal characteristics pertaining to newer developments, I make it a point to improve every opportunity to witness the external manifestations, and examine the claims of the newly-developed mediums. It has already become very evident that what we are yet to see, as common phenomena, will eclipse all we have seen; that is, supposing physical manifestations to increase in variety and power, for the next five years, as they have for five years past; and even now, the manifestations, in some instances, are assuming a character equal to all expectation, predicated upon the prophetic indication of what has been.

I thought I had seen wonderful manifestations, but I must have had a feeble conception of the wonderful, for I have lately witnessed that which would astound the most sceptical.

On Wednesday, May 31st, I visited the home of the Eddy family, in Chittenden, Vt. I arrived in time to partake of a substantial farmer's dinner with the three mediums. During the afternoon I visited with them, while they were engaged at their labour—they are farmers, and do not seem to be afraid of work. In the evening two gentlemen, sceptics, and residents of

the town, came in to witness, with myself, the manifestations, under circumstances and conditions as follows:—

There are eight persons, only, in the house. The large farmhouse kitchen was darkened, and the instruments placed upon a table on one side of the room. We were, after examining everything about the house carefully seated in a circle around the table, the mediums scattered through the circle separately, two of them joining hands with me, the other one joined hands with the other gentlemen, all constituting a circle just large enough to surround the table. Instead of singing, we all kept up a lively conversation. There was no possible chance for any one to deceive, even if there had been the disposition. The light being put out, almost instantaneously the musical instruments, several in number, were played upon, and carried all about the room; the clock, which stood twelve feet from the circle, was struck, and continued striking until the weight run down. A pail of water was brought from the closet, a distance of fifteen feet, and placed in the sceptic's lap opposite me. A large dog that was in the room, enjoying sleep, was taken up and brushed around in the circle, and against our faces. On the light being produced, we found the dog standing on the table in front of us. Again resuming our positions, and the light put out, it seemed as if the house was being torn to pieces. Among other things, a home-made lounge, weighing forty or fifty pounds, was brought, without the least noise, from a corner of the room, a distance of twelve feet from the circle, and one end of it placed on my head, and the other on the head of a gentleman opposite me; and then it was removed and left standing on end behind me. Finally, amidst a general confusion of bell ringing, drumming, violin playing, tin pan rattling, dishes clattering, doors slamming, pounding, knocking and house jarring, a light was struck, and we found ourselves surrounded with a little of everything in the shape of housekeeping utensils.

It was no very laughable matter, for eight individuals, sitting with joined hands—after knowing by previous examination, that there were no others in the house—to realise that articles from garret to cellar, were flying promiscuously around their heads in such a manner as bade fair to interfere with their physical safety. During this time we were all in circle, with joined hands, constantly conversing. If the gentlemen of the circle, as well as myself, can place any confidence in our senses, then we know that there was no possible chance for deception.

It was then proposed to sit on the cabinet-plan. An empty bedroom was selected and examined for that purpose. Horatio and Mary Eddy were placed in the room and securely tied to chairs. A door with a diamond-shaped aperture was then set up in the door frame, and immediately hands and arms were seen the entire length to the shoulders, one of which was very large and black, with what appeared to be a very ragged red flannel shirt sleeve on it—to all appearances a veritable African's arm. A copper-coloured arm, and a very large copper coloured foot were shown. On opening the door instantly, we found the mediums just as we had left them, securely tied to the chairs. As soon as we closed the door, an Indian face, with his head decorated with feathers, appeared at the aperture, looking mildly upon us. Immediately afterwards there appeared a nicely formed, delicate arm, over which was a lace sleeve and a bracelet, and on the fingers several rings. This arm was held in sight long enough for us to realise its tangibility. The mediums were again examined, and found tied as before. Upon looking at the medium's garments, it was noticed that Mary wore a delaine dress, with close-fitting sleeves, and no jewelry upon either hand; and neither had any red flannel about them.

Once more we closed the doors, when hands and arms, large and also very small, made their appearance, and we exchanged grasp with the hands. Then the face of an old lady appeared, with an old-fashioned ruffled border cap on the head, and we were so astonished with the deathly appearance of the face, that none felt a disposition to touch it. Immediately the mediums were examined, and still found tied. We had barely shut the door and turned from it, before we were requested to open it again, and, doing so, found the mediums untied. The third medium, William, all this time sat near the door, on the outside of the room in which Horatio and Mary were tied to their chairs. There was no chance for any collusion. I have never witnessed manifestations equal to these. I have examined the rooms to my entire satisfaction, and have studied the mediums, and carefully reflected upon what I saw and heard; and have also considered cautiously all the circumstances, conditions, and relative positions, of the different individuals present; and I must say I believe the Eddys to be equal, if not superior, to any mediums for manifestations in the cabinet or in the dark circle.

But little has been said in the *Hanner* about these mediums. They express a perfect willingness to be tested by tying, holding something in their hands, having the knots sealed, or any of the ordinary modes of testing, as in the case of the Brothers Davenport. Judging from what now takes place in the presence of these powerful media, what may we not anticipate in the future? and as they are, most unquestionably, labourers chosen

for the work, the manifestations, taking place through their instrumentality, should be fairly kept before the people. A gentleman, who is a near neighbour to the family, and a bitter opponent to anything that relates to Spiritualism, stated to me "that the Eddys were a good, honest, reliable family."

The spirits, through these mediums, state that they will soon show faces as readily as they now do the hands. The "smart" ones may get up imitations, and claim to show "how it is done;" but I am disposed to think that the spirits on the other side, at the necessary time, will give such manifestations as will so entice all attempts at imitation as to make them abortive. Let us have the truth, no matter whether the claims of physical mediums stand the test or not; but when examining and testing them, let us all treat them candidly and fairly. I hope such will be the case when these mediums come before the public again. Give them a thorough examination, for they will bear it.

I believe the right will prevail, and Spiritualism will continue to triumph, notwithstanding all antagonistic influences. And I hope our scientific professors will try to demonstrate to us, who are seeking for knowledge and truth, the cause of these stirring, startling, and astounding modern wonders, if they are not produced by disembodied spirits.

J. H. RANDALL.

Hardwick, Vt., June 13, 1865.

Banner of Light.

JEAN HILLAIRE.

(Continued from Page 222.)

On the 26th December, Monsieurs Vincent, Berthelot, and Ard, re-assembled at Le Brion, to talk over the marvellous occurrences of the 24th, recorded in our last number. Monsieur Vitit approached a small table to take up some of the writings given through Hillaire's mediumship, when a loud detonation was heard, and a bright spark alighted on the table. They all thought, at first, that these were the result of some accident, that the children had dropped a squib, or that Monsieur Vitit had put his foot on some inflammable object; but wishing to be sure that such was the case, they fired off several percussion caps, pistols, and even guns, but no sound produced was at all similar to the first; and those present began to think it must be a new spiritual manifestation. The communications were read and copied, and the dinner hour having arrived, everybody seated themselves round the table, and eat with good appetite, except Hillaire, who, feeling himself still under spiritual influence, expressed a general discomfort, and was at last so restless as to be obliged to retire and seek fresh air. Hardly was he gone when a second explosion, similar to the first, was heard; and also followed by a bright spark, which appeared by the side of Oscar Vitit, the youngest child in the house; but, this time, the spark, distinctly visible to all, glided along the floor, to the small round table at the other side of the room, and there vanished! The spectators tried in vain to discover a reason for this new phenomenon. One remark is noteworthy; "That, in the first instance, the sound and spark proceeded from the side of Monsieur Vitit, the oldest person present; while, in the second case, they arose from that of Oscar, the youngest person in the house. This occurrence was speedily followed by others yet more astounding; and many reports spread in the neighbourhood—one, that the old mill of Le Brion was the head-quarters of the devil and his angels; and another, that the Vitit family was ever surrounded by pure and good spirits. Our readers may judge for themselves which of these statements was correct.

On the 31st December, Hillaire, while in spiritual rapport, saw around him all the spirits who were in the habit of visiting the family of Vitit, whose hospitality he has been enjoying for some weeks past. Amongst her written communications were these words:—

"Dear children, if you are good and prepare yourselves by prayer, tomorrow you shall receive your New Year's Gifts."

But slight attention was paid to this remark, and New Year's Day passed without Hillaire feeling any spiritual impression. When he was going to bed, however, he found on his counterpane three sugar plums, all perfectly alike, and placed at the distance of a foot apart. Monsieur and Madame Vitit took possession of one each, on Hillaire's assurance that they were intended for them, and determined to keep them most carefully. When the first moment of enthusiasm was over, they began to regret that the children of the house had been forgotten by the spirits, and no presents provided for them; but soon they were again satisfied, for when the children retired to rest they discovered two sugar plums on the pillows. All now, with grateful hearts, sought their couches, except Monsieur Vitit, who had been suffering for some time from severe asthma, and was unable to lie down, but always passed the night sitting in an arm-chair near the stove. About one o'clock, a m., Madame Vitit felt impressed to get up, and soon found that Hillaire was in an ecstatic state; and the invalid, from his chair, could also perceive him. Hillaire seized a pencil and paper, and wrote—

Attention, my friends, the time is at hand. Instantly, as it were, a perfect shower of hailstones descended, and by the feeble light of the night lamp, they could see that the kitchen floor was covered with little balls. Madame Vitit procured a candle, and they found that small sugar plums of the most brilliant colour had been rained upon them. They picked them up, counted and recounted them. There were in all eighty. Hillaire, still asleep suddenly exclaimed— "Madinelle! (a pet name for Madame Vitit), your mother is over there in that little corridor. Go to her; she has five more in her hand, and is making signs to you to go and fetch them."

Madame Vitit went with a candle to the spot named, and found four more sugar plums, which she put with the others.

Hillaire then awoke, and was much surprised to find himself in the kitchen, and eagerly demanded an account of what had happened. For some time he could not believe what they told him, and thought it was

a bad joke. He was at length convinced that it was not so, and after tasting the sugar plums, which were pronounced excellent, they all retired to rest.

A few days afterwards, as Madame Vitit was sweeping out the little corridor, where Hillaire had said her mother stood, she found another sugar plum, evidently the fifth which Hillaire had seen on that occasion. It was different from any of the others, and resembled a small nut in colour and shape.

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISM.

"If asked what I conceive to be the tendency and highest development of an orderly Christian Spiritualism in its relation to the individual, I should say, that first grounding men, as it does in the belief and knowledge of a spirit-world and an immortal life, it seeks by the development and ripening of whatever is best and highest in our nature, in aspiration, in endurance, in action, in all the divinely appointed uses of our earthly existence, to bring us, as far as the limitations of our finite nature will permit, into union and communion with God, the Father of spirits; that He may be one in us, and we in Him, God over all, and through all, and in us all. To the open soul, as Theodore Parker remarks, 'There is a continual pentecostal inspiration.' 'It is not given to a few men, in the infancy of mankind, to monopolise inspiration and bar God out of the soul. You and I are not born in the dotage and decay of the world. The stars are beautiful as in their prime; 'the most ancient heavens are fresh and strong; the bird merry as ever at its clear heart. God is still everywhere in nature, at the line, the pole, in a mountain or a moss. Wherever a heart beats with love; where faith and reason utter their oracles there, also, is God, as formerly in the heart of seers and prophets. Neither Gerizim nor Jerusalem, nor the soil that Jesus blessed, is so holy as the good man's heart; nothing so full of God. The world is close to the body; God closer to the soul, not only without, but within, for the all-pervading current flows into each. The clear sky bends over each man, little or great; let him uncover his head, there is nothing between him and infinite space. So the ocean of God encircles all men; uncover the soul of its sensuality, selfishness, and sin, there is nothing between it and God, who flows into the man as light into the air. Certain as the open eye drinks in the light, do the pure in heart see God, and he that lives truly feels Him as a presence not to be put by.'

"Spiritualism may be approached by different roads, but this is the one end to which a divine Spiritualism ever tends. With one foot planted in the convictions, and the other firmly fixed in the affections and the will, it stands erect; its eyes toward heaven, its forehead bathed in celestial dew, it bids men, through a divine life, to realise the divine destiny for which God created them. Yes, just as man 'lives truly' and 'uncovers the soul of its sensuality, selfishness, and sin;' does he find that 'there is nothing between it and God.' 'Hereby know we that we dwell in Him, and He in us, because He hath given us of his Spirit.'—*The Two Worlds.*

THE PRESS AND SPIRITUALISM.

THE Press has hitherto cut a very sorry figure with regard to Spiritualism. It thought to put down the new faith by banter and ridicule, and patting the conjurers on the back, but even its tremendous power proved utterly impotent; in fact the opposition it manifestly tended rather to promote Spiritualism than to injure it. Such is the vitality of truth.

The London press is, for the most part, significantly quiet on the subject now. Why is this? There is not a paper of any account but has on its staff some writer who has been convinced of the reality of spirit manifestations. This is the case even with the *Star*, which, as the vehicle for the *Flaneur* to give forth his silly and slanderous utterances, has assumed an unenviable prominence. The provincial press does not, however, seem to be convinced yet. There is an obvious greed exhibited to retail any little bit of scandal that will tell against Spiritualism. The *East Sussex News*, a respectable and well conducted journal, reiterates the scandal of Mr. Home, that the Davenport's are humbugs, with evident gusto, and adds that it was always of that opinion; in fact that none but the Londoners ever thought the contrary. After thus pluming itself on its superior sagacity, it goes on to say:—

"By the bye, we ought to mention that Mr. Cooper is the proprietor of the *SPIRITUAL TIMES*, and it really is quite astonishing with what tenacity he sticks to his text. In another column we insert a long letter, written by some contributor to the periodical in question, and purporting to be a 'Spiritual Communication from Wilkes Booth.' Anything more monstrous or absurd, never could have been published. Wilkes Booth's 'spirit' winds up his communication with a request that he may be supplied with a 'glass of water to calm the thirst that devours him.' Whether this moderate request was complied with, and, if so, whether the 'spirit' drank the water, the writer does not state. We should say the writer himself must certainly have imbibed something stronger than water before he penned these lines. It is to be regretted that Mr. Cooper is thus carried away with his 'spiritual' notions, but, judging from the success which attended the Davenport performances, we should say that Mr. Cooper is far more likely in London to gain converts to his cause, than he will be in the country."

Which is the most "monstrous and absurd?" We leave our readers to determine.

PEEPING AND MUTTERING; OR, WHO ARE THE SINNERS?

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

"When they say unto you, 'Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and mutter; should not a people seek unto their God? For the living unto the dead.'"—*Isaiah viii., 19.*

"And while the children of Israel were in the wilderness, they found a man that gathered sticks upon the Sabbath Day. . . . And all the congregation brought him without the camp, and stoned him with stones, and he died: as the Lord commandeth."—*Numbers xv., 32, 36.*

"Cursed be he that confirmeth not all the words of this law to do them."—*Deut. xxvii., 26.*

"Thou, hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."—*Matt. vii. 5.*

THERE are certain bewildered individuals, chiefly country clergymen and old women who are amongst "the silly women who are led captive" by them, who are continually dreaming that they and we are living under the Jewish law, though every morning they complacently consume swine's flesh in the shape of ham, bacon, or savoury sausages at breakfast, and are continually at dinner devouring things strangled—namely, fowls. These sinners against their own creed are, nevertheless, continually pointing in holy horror at the Spiritualists, who, they say, "seek to them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and mutter." It would be very obliging of these good Samaritans to let us know where these peeping and muttering wizards are to be found, for though I have been a Spiritualist these seven years, and in daily intercourse with Spiritualists of much longer standing, I have never been able to get a sight of these peeping Toms of wizardism, nor to find out anyone who has. But when I am directed to the Jewish law as a code now in force and recognition in this or any other kingdom, I cannot repress my astonishment on looking round me, to find not this law, but the universal breach and rejection of it, and that fully as much amongst the pretended sticklers for it, as amongst all other classes of society. It is worth while, therefore, at a time when there is so much talk of hallucinations, to look a little at this oddest of all hallucinations, in those who complain of the hallucinations and mortal sins of Spiritualists.

The other day, a good simple soul of this tangle-brained school sent the following note to the editor of the *Evening Standard*, who inserted it as a matter of vital moment to the salvation of his readers:—

SPIRITUALISM.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir.—Of late the subject of Spiritualism has not come prominently before the minds of the public, and it is not, perhaps, generally known that many Christian men and women—people, too, of high mental and moral attainments, are swayed in their actions by its insidious, ensnaring influence. Husbands hold communion, or fancy they hold communion, with the spirits of their departed wives; fathers fancy their children are hovering near them; wives ask the opinion of their lost husbands on every subject of moment; and these invisible agents are denominated familiar spirits! Sir, I can keep silence no longer while such delusion is going on, and in searching my Bible I find so many texts which seem to point against this, that I will add no more, but simply give a few passages, which seem to aim at this sad state of mind:—

1 Sam. xii., 23.—"But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

Leviticus xix., 31.—"Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards, to be defiled by them; I am the Lord your God."

Leviticus xxii., 27.—"A man also, or woman, that hath a familiar spirit, or that is a wizard, shall surely be put to death; they shall stone them with stones, their blood shall be upon them."

1 Chron. x., 13.—"So Saul died for his transgression, which he had committed against the Lord—which he kept not; and also for asking counsel of one that had a familiar spirit, to inquire of it."

14.—"And inquired not of the Lord; therefore He slew him, and turned the kingdom unto David the son of Jesse."

These are only a few of the many passages which occur in the Word of God, and I hope you will think them sufficiently applicable to allow of your insertion in your journal.—I am, &c.,

RUSTICA.

In order to give Rustica a little intelligence from town, I dropped into the editor's letter-box the following comment on her innocent little billet; but as editors much prefer printing stale platitudes against Spiritualism to furnishing any useful information on the subject to their readers, the document never saw the light, so far as I know, for I never see this *Evening Standard* of Judaism:—

To the Editor of the *EVENING STANDARD*.

Sir,—A friend has drawn my attention to a letter signed "Rustica," in

your impression of Wednesday last. Rustica is in great trouble on account of the breaches of the Mosaic law by Spiritualists. The texts which she quotes, and which she thinks binding upon us, because they are in the Jewish law, are quite correct as far as they go; but if Rustica imagines that we here in England, in 1865, are living under the Jewish law, I am bound to add to her trouble by bringing to her knowledge a number of other breaches of it. For, if we are to be Jews and not Christians, we must take the Jewish law altogether. It is not a law which allows of picking and choosing—cutting a cudgel out of its wood to break our neighbour's head, and leaving another because it would break our own. One of the most striking characteristics of this law is, that it demands a total acceptance of it and obedience to it. Here I quote for the benefit of Rustica, and all such ardent Israelites, the concluding words of Moses himself, after having recapitulated the entire provisions of this code. "Cursed be he that confirmeth not all the words of this law to do them."—*Deut. xxii., 26.*

Now, as I take it, from the name she has assumed, that Rustica is a lady living in the country, and that she is no doubt a grave matron, having a husband, a troop of active lads, and a number of men and maid-servants—in fact, that she is living as the lady of some good country house; I will point out to her what she has to do to show us that she is honest and in earnest, and how, in short, she must act to get rid of her sorrows over the breaches of the Jewish law. And, in doing this, she must excuse me using some very plain words, because, as she is a zealous stickler for the Jewish law, and, therefore, undoubtedly has it read daily in her family, this phraseology must be very familiar to her, and by no means offensive to her ears polite.

Well, then, what she has to do is to send at once for the family surgeon, and have her husband, her boys, and all her man servants immediately subjected to the greatest of Jewish rites. This rite is perfectly indispensable under the Jewish law, both in Jews and Gentiles. Every servant and "stranger within the gates," is bound to submit to it. Let Rustica turn for proofs of this to Genesis xvii., 10, and to the rest of that chapter.

As soon as her husband has recovered from the effects of this rite, Rustica, will, of course, desire to see him inferior to none of the Patriarchs in all Hebrew customs, and she will, therefore, have to look out for three or four additional wives for him and bring them home, and as many fair handmaids for concubines. For the propriety of this she must consult the history of the Patriarchs generally.

But having now made a very good Jew, and a most exemplary Patriarch of her husband, Rustica will find that she has not brought by any means the whole of this most exacting law into operation. Leviticus xvii., 10, 14, will start up, and inform her that every man who has eaten flesh with the blood in it, must be cut off from his people; and as in this un-Israelitish nation no man can have reached manhood, nor even boyhood, without eating black puddings, fowls that have had their necks wrung, instead of their throats cut, and hares strangled in nooses by poachers, instead of being shot. Rustica will have nothing for it but to muster all the sturdy clowns of her parish, and make them haul away her husband, her sons, and her men-servants to the village green, and there "cut them off from their people," by the Mosaic mode of stoning them to death.

But Rustica, as the vindicator of the Mosaic law, cannot stop here. This law is equally decisive against all who have gathered sticks on a Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath.—*Numb. xv., 32 to 36.* Rustica will, therefore, have to assemble all the old women who have been guilty of the deadly sin of gathering sticks on a Saturday. She will have no possible escape from this, for the texts referred to are most peremptory on the subject, and relate the summary infliction of the sentence on a man caught in the fact.

Having despatched all the old women and a good many children of the parish for gathering sticks, she will have then to deal with the "presumptuous persons" there. *Numb. xv., 30.* "The soul that doth aught presumptuously (whether he be born in the land or a stranger), the same reproacheth the Lord; and that soul shall be cut off from among his people." The next verse says, he "shall be utterly cut off." By the time she has despatched the presumptuous—and I am afraid she will find the number great, unless her parish be much more humble-minded than parishes in general—she would have the blasphemers and cursers on her hands, and they must all be put to death.—*Lev. xiv., 11, 16.* All these being added to the gory stone-heap, the disobedient to parents, and those whose parents said they were gluttons or drunkards will have to be stoned too.—*Deut. xxi., 18, 20, 21.*

By this time Rustica will have brought her family and her parish to a tolerably pretty pass in carrying out the Mosaic law—nay, if she insist on its orderly execution, I doubt she will not have left a single soul, man, woman, or child alive, for "the stiff-necked and uncircumcised generation," the eaters of black puddings, of strangled hares, of hens and pullets with twisted necks, the gatherers of sticks on a Saturday, the cursers and disobedient, the drunkards and gluttons, make so formidable a portion of ordinary population, that the man who escapes Rustica's zeal for the Mosaic law must be more than mortal.

But, as long before the consummation of this catastrophe—the result of an attempt to inaugurate the Jewish code in this Gentile country—Rustica would herself be arrested, tried, and condemned for manifold capital offences against English law, and would be on the way to the gallows, no doubt the good chaplain would inform her of another book besides the Old Testament, a book called the *New Testament*, a new and very different law called Christianity, which Rustica, living in some very rustic place, seems never to have heard of, or if she have, does not happen to mention.—Yours,

Highgate, June 5.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

These instances of the breaches of the Jewish law, by those who are arraigning the Spiritualists for a single breach of it, are tragic enough in all conscience, but they are not a tithe of the breaches that these sticklers for the law are perpetrating on it every day and every hour of the day. They tell us that it must

be kept because God decreed it, and Christ fulfilled it. True, God decreed it for the Jews, and Christ as a Jew fulfilled it to the letter; but, that done, He promulgated a new law for His disciples, which is opposed *toto cælo* to the old Mosaic law. And this termination of the Mosaic law Moses himself foretold—telling the Israelites that God would raise them up another prophet like unto him, unto whom they were to hearken.—Deut. xviii., 15. And Christ confirmed this great fact of the limited term of the Mosaic law, saying, "The law and the prophets were until John," only. I have shown, both in the controversy with Mr. White, in the *Spiritual Telegraph*, in the *History of the Supernatural*, and in this magazine, in the most recent article on the lying faculty of the critical press, how fully and expressly Christ abolished the law against "seeking to the dead:" how impossible it was for Him to establish Christianity without doing it. But Christ abolished that law generally; and his great disciple, St. Peter, declared that it was a yoke not to be imposed on the Gentiles, because it was a yoke which neither their (the Jew's) fathers, nor they, he said, "were able to bear."—Acts xv., 10.

And who are they, in any Christian country, who do profess to bear the yoke of this law? Who are they who are not breaking this law everywhere every hour, and in every possible manner? This law, it is said, is divided into two portions, the ceremonial and the moral law; but the truth is, every atom of the Mosaic law is moral law to the Jews: for that which is deadly in its breach is moral in its maintenance; and the declaration of Moses already quoted makes every iota of the law moral. "Cursed be he who confirms not all the words of this law to do them." He, therefore, who sets himself up to select and except from this law subjects himself to a curse which nothing but the Divine ægis of the Saviour protects him from, who has extracted the everlasting and unchangeable moral law from the ceremonial law of Judaism, and by that law alone we are bound. Let the Rusticas and their clerical advisers search the Gospel, and find a single sentence there which forbids us to receive the visits of our departed friends and of our guardian angels, or for ever after let them hold their peace.

If we are bound by the Jewish law in any one particular beyond the express law of Christ delivered in the Gospels, we are, as I have shown, bound by all; and what a set of wholesale transgressors we must be. We have no ark, no daily sacrifice, burnt offering, peace offering, wave offering, or any other sort of offering, but that of a pure and grateful heart. We have no scape-goats, we eat hares, rabbits, tortoises, eels, and numerous other things forbidden. We have no cherubim in our temples, no curtains of fine twined linen of blue, and purple, and scarlet, no coverings of ram-skins dyed red, and of badger-skins for our tabernacles. The lamps of sacred oil, and incense, and boards of Shittim wood, the ephod, the breast plate, the Urim and Thummim, and a thousand other things are all wanting amongst us. which, if the Mosaic law is yet valid, it is a deadly sin to be without. Instead of going to Sir Cresswell Cresswell for divorce, any unlucky husband is bound to hand to his suspected wife a cup of the water of jealousy. Every clergyman who does not wear fringes on his garment, and on the fringe a ribbon of blue, is a criminal. In the omission of a host of institutions of feasts and facts, new moons, and means of cleansing from uncleanness, of the great rite of circumcision, we are desperately wicked, if the Jewish law is yet in force. Every man who does not marry the widow of his brother who has died childless, and raise a family in his name, is an especial wretch. Every woman who marries out of the pale of her own kindred is equally culpable, and her property is to be taken from her and given to her relatives. But, perhaps, in the matter of art are we the most monstrous and universal delinquents against God's laws, if Rustica's notion be correct. "Thou shalt not make thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth."—Deut. v. 8.

What is to become of all the nations of the earth? They are all given up to the most unlimited violation of this law. Sculptors, painters, engravers, printers, photographers, carvers in wood and in stone, potters and calico-printers, men and women of almost every mechanical art under heaven, are living in the most profound contempt and violation of this section of the law, and the Catholics are still more guilty of bowing down to those images and, as Protestants contend, worshipping them. Our houses and shops are crammed with the unholiest images, our walls blush with the pictorial desecrations, our public squares and most grand temples bear the most public testimony to our violation of God's most positive commands; and the very persons, those Catholic priests, and country clergy and good old ladies who pin their faith on their sleeves, are living in polluted houses, and carry on their persons, in their brooches, their lockets, their figured dresses, their beloved photographic albums, these abominations, these impious breaches of the Biblical ordinances.

Perhaps of all the *reducciones ad absurdum* this is the greatest. People who are living in daily contempt of the Mosaic law in a hundred points, a score of which are of the deadliest die, and for which this law says there can be no compensation, are charging the Spiritualists with its breach in one instance—that of going to

wizards, and in having familiar spirits. Yet nobody has ever seen a genuine wizard, or has desired to have communication with a spirit more wickedly familiar than that of his own father or mother, sister or brother. And all the while the new law, given to supersede this impossible law—all the while this more gracious and compassionate law of Christ, they would quietly suffer to sleep and be ignored. But it is Christianity and not Judaism—a barbarous code enacted for a semi-barbarous race and time—which we Spiritualists alone accept and obey. If our enemies convict us of one crime on the Old Testament, they cannot do it without convicting themselves of a dozen, all as decidedly pronounced worthy of death by the law to which they appeal.

But we deny all appeal to the Old Testament, except on matter of historical evidence. We assert that the law of the New Testament is full and perfect. By that, and that alone, Christians can stand; by that, and that alone, can they be judged. Your talk with awe-uplifted hands, and raised eyebrows of feigned terror, about familiar spirits, and people that peep and mutter, is just so much trash and trumpery in the presence of the great and precious law of Christ—the law of reason and liberty. By that law he who wilfully seeks to devils or wilfully acts with devils, or men no better than devils in any way, condemns himself not on any express clause in the Christian code, but because he knows and feels that the love of God and the purity of soul required of him cannot consist with anything that is essentially evil. That was the noble self action and self-responsibility which Christ inaugurated and established. Though a Jew, and asserting that He came to fulfil the law, yet in this liberty worthy of God and worthy of man He broke the Jewish law in its contracted renderings right and left—he repealed the law of retaliation—the eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth, system. He filled the High Priests, and Scribes, and Pharisees with terror at His doings. He broke the Sabbath by wandering through the fields with His disciples, and allowing them to gather their neighbours' corn and eat it. He vindicated the right on the Sabbath to perform cures, to look after your sheep and cattle, spite of the words of Moses, that whoever on that day did anything whatever, even lighting a fire in his house on the severest day in winter, should be put to death.—Exodus xxxv., 2, 3. To show His view of this matter, He sat down on Sabbath days with His disciples, when invited by publicans and sinners, to well-cooked dinners, which employed not only fires, but all sorts of domestic labour on that day; He plainly stated that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. In the country and under the law where it was death to eat blood, He told His disciples that they should both eat His flesh and drink His blood, a saying so appalling that many Jews, we are told, left Him immediately and ceased any more to follow Him.

Such is the Captain of our Salvation; such is the liberty with which He has made us free. Accepting and embracing with sacred earnestness all the moral law which our Saviour has extracted from the old laws of Moses and of Nature, and which He has purified from the savage severities which are necessary only for men whose half-savage nature could be restrained by nothing less mechanical and rigid, we, with all Christians, do homage to the law of holiness in the heart, of purity in the life, and of that intellectual liberty which walks not by the letter of prescription, but by the spirit of truth and of a conscience void of offence towards God and man. As to the mere bogus of "wizards that peep and mutter," or any other antiquated and beggarly elements of a past and finished dispensation meant for men who, like children, required nurses and go-carts to keep them from continually tumbling, we freely leave them to those who think them better than "that liberty wherewith Christ has made us free." St. Paul proclaims the very same doctrine as Moses: that if you put yourselves under the Jewish law you are "debtor to do the whole law." Christ," he adds, "is become of none effect unto you, who-soever of you are justified by the law; ye are fallen from grace."—Gal. v., 3, 4. The question, then, for us, is not about peepings and mutterings, but whether we choose to be under the law, and "fallen from grace." It is very curious and significant that whilst the Commandments under Moses are ten, and are thus emblazoned in our Christian churches, the Commandments of Christ are really but five.—Matt. xiv., 18, 39. And these five He again reduced to two—to love God and our neighbours, and on these two He declared, "I hang all the law and the prophets." Matt. xxii., 40.

This, then, is our answer to all the references to the old law. We prefer the option placed before us by St. Paul, and abandon that law to all who desire to be fallen from Grace." We leave our old schoolmaster, the Law, as we have left all our other schoolmasters, who ruled us when "we were under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the father." It was our "schoolmaster," says Paul, "only to bring us to Christ," "that we might receive the adoption of sons."—Gal. iv., 5. How little must those who would condemn Spiritualists by the old law, have read or understood the new law; when they would bring the sons and heirs of Christ again into the bondage of servants and under a yoke which even those on whom it was imposed could not bear, "neither they nor their fathers."

The worldly wisdom of the foolish man
Is like a sieve that doth alone retain
The grosser substance of the worthless bran :
But thou, my soul, let thy brave thoughts disdain
So coarse a purchase: oh! be thou my fan
To purge the chaff, and keep the winnowed grain ;
Make clean thy thoughts, and dress thy mixed desires :
Thou art heaven's tasker, and thy God requires
The purest of thy flour, as well as of thy fires.

Let grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,
And wisdom bless the soul's unblemished ways ;
No matter, then, how short or long's the lease,
Whose date determines thy self-numbered days :
No need to care for fame or wealth's increase,
Nor Mars his palm, nor high Apollo's lays.
Lord, if Thy gracious bounty please to fill
The floor of my desires, and teach me still
To dress and choose the corn ; take those the chaff that will.

—*Spiritual Magazine.*—*Quarle's Emblems.*

BOOK NOTICE.

OUR ETERNAL HOMES.*

BY THOMAS BREVIER.

A THOUGHTFUL inquiry into the Scripture revelations concerning man's spiritual nature and destiny, and one profoundly interesting, not only to every Christian mind, but to all who are impressed with the disproportion between man's capacities and opportunities, or who have had its consideration impressed upon them by separation from those who are gone into the world of light, but who, though lost to sight, have not faded from their memory nor their love. Even though our actual knowledge of the Spiritual world may not be enlarged by our investigations, yet the formation of nobler and worthier conceptions cannot fail to operate beneficially both on the intellect and the heart. And surely the idea of Heaven as HOME is such a conception. It gives us the assurance of Peace, of Rest, of reunion with all to whom our hearts are the most deeply attached, with all our affections purified and enlarged in the scope of their operations, and strengthened by mutual and loving service. Even here, though often weighed upon with heaviness, and rarely entering, and but for brief periods, into the higher potencies and principles of our nature, life is still a joy, and in the assurance that death gives to the spirit its full enfranchisement, we have the culmination of that joy. We look forward to that second chapter of our book of life to supplement the first, to supply its needful compensations, and solve some, at least, of its dark problems.

Such inquiries as this by a Bible Student are useful, if only that they direct the mind from the outward, the visible, and the seeming, to the inward, the invisible, and the real. We are so engrossed with buying, and selling, and marrying, and feasting, and getting on in the world,—with the things we see, and smell, and handle, that we are apt to regard these as alone real, or, at least, as the only certainties of which we need take any account. And yet our own consciousness and daily life might teach that the experiences of the invisible soul—its joy and sorrow, peace and remorse, contentment and heart-break, are far more deep and real than anything of mere external circumstance. The signs of our spiritual activity are made visible in the bodily frame. Sudden joy and grief have alike proved fatal. Fear has blanched the hair, and Faith has wrought its miracles of healing.

Nor is the invisible Spirit-world far from us, as we are too apt to think, as is evidenced in the visions of the clairvoyant and the dying, and here and there, in the strange, mystic experiences which occur in biography, especially of the pious and simple-minded; to say nothing of those experiences and phenomena now familiar to so many among us, and which we regret to find our author so unduly depreciates. Truly the Angel-world, though invisible to the eye of flesh, is ever about us, and it is this fact which gives the key to many of the clear perceptions, and noble purposes, and far-reaching intuitions, and lustrous gleams and glances of thought that visit us in our quiet hours of contemplation, and lift up the lap of the dark, revealing the clear and shining path to the Delectable Mountains. This has been the inspiration of the artist, the poet, the inventor, the philanthropist, the reformer; and has been the secret strength of the martyr souls—of the men whom the persecuting band of priestcraft and tyranny have driven from the world, to wander in mountain-fastness and forest, " destitute, afflicted, tormented, of whom the world was not worthy,"—the prophets and the saviours of their race.

Heaven is a state of holiness and peace; it is within the soul, and cometh not with outward observation. In the words of Channing, it " is the freed and sanctified mind, enjoying God through accordance with His attributes, multiplying its bonds and sympathies with excellent beings, putting forth noble powers, and ministering in union with the enlightened and holy, to the happiness and virtue of the universe." We may—perhaps it would be more correct to say we *must*—begin to experience Heaven here, if its realisation is to be completed hereafter. And, as are our states, so will then be our surroundings; the objects of vision will be the symbols of the soul—its affections and thoughts; those who are to us the dearest, will then be the nearest also, drawn by the irresistible attraction of spiritual affinities; and every faculty and aspiration will find its corresponding object and gratification. Death is but the Gate of Life, the passage from the body's prison, the re-connection of the broken links of affection, the re-establishment, in its larger as well as in its more special sense, of the Family; and thus, in the many mansions of the Father, shall we realise the good things prepared for us in OUR ETERNAL HOMES.

* OUR ETERNAL HOMES. BY A BIBLE STUDENT. London: Pitman, 20, Paternoster-row.

"DICKKEY."

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

"While ivy and holly grow green,
And a stone upon Camb's Moss is seen,
I will never leave this place."

Saying of the Spirit Dickey.

Dear Sir,—At the house of Mr. Dixon, farmer, Tunstead Milton, near Chapel-le-frith, Derbyshire, is to be seen a portion of a human skull, the mortal remains of one DICKKEY (original name supposed to be Dickinson). This piece of mortality has been three times buried and prayers read over it in the usual way—once, I believe, by the present incumbent of Chapel-le-frith, the Rev. Mr. Hall; again at Toxteth, and also at Buxton. The Furies, so to speak, were immediately upon its burial let loose at Tunstead Milton Farm (more commonly called DICKKEY'S FARM), and it had always to be disinterred, and placed back in one of the rooms at home.

The following, among many, are a few of the particulars connected with Dickey's skull and land:—

1st—The skull is always placed in the inside sill of a window in one of the rooms of the farm—by-the-by, a very beautiful place. On one occasion a fresh servant, in dusting the room in question, swept up poor DICKKEY'S remains and threw them into the ash-pit. A most fearful riot (spiritual) immediately began. Doors banged, windows smashed (apparently), &c., &c. The mistress of the house at once found out the cause, searched for and replaced the precious materials.

2nd—The children at the farm have been known to take it—i.e., the skull, to school with them, in order to show their fellow-scholars; but DICKKEY soon made known the desecration by the usual hubbub, and it had to be fetched back at once.

3rd—Last hay-time (if I am not mistaken) two working men agreed to take in the hay on the farm for a certain sum—

"They would not sleep in the barn,
Nor yet would they in byre,"

But demanded a genteel lodging in the house. The farmer said they were welcome to DICKKEY'S room, if they would sleep there, at the same time telling them a few of the particulars. The bold fellows not only agreed, but cracked a joke on the matter, and averred that DICKKEY should sleep with them, and to that end they placed the sacred remains under their pillow! The result was, they would have lain there with DICKKEY till now, had they not been forcibly taken out of the bed! As soon as they got out they ran for their lives, without fulfilling their contract.

4th—Dickey is particularly fond of cattle, and if anything is wrong with the live stock on the farm, DICKKEY at once acquaints the person whose duty it is to take care of them—if in the night, by pulling the clothes off them, &c.

5th—Dickey has often been seen in the form of a headless woman. (It is some 250 years ago since DICKKEY was in the body.)

These, finally, are well-authenticated facts, and should any of the friends who may read this brief notice feel an interest in the matter, and have also time and means at their disposal for a journey to DICKKEY'S farm and land, I shall be very glad to give them an introduction to a gentleman of influence in that neighbourhood, who will "show them round."—Yours very truly,

HUGH ST. CLAIR M'LEOD, M.D.

4, Brunswick-place, Newcastle-on-Tyne,
July 3, 1865.

VOICE OF THE SPIRIT, AS HEARD BY MR. GEORGE TURNER, OF LEEDS, MERCHANT, SEPTEMBER 21, 1866.

MAN of Sin,—I will make manifest, and all his ways be shown clearly, and his works destroyed. Come, enter into your closets with me, while my indignation be past and gone. For my fury none shall escape that mock and despise me, the Lord. I have created again and again; but who hath regarded me, the Lord of host? Therefore the nations shall drink of my indignation, and the earth wasted of its inhabitants, because they will not hear and fear me, the I AM what I AM. I hold the universe in my hand, and support and give life to all beings. The streams of happiness and life are with me, and I alone am the Creator of all. High in my courts of heaven; and earth and hell, feel my power.

See ye men and women upon earth! and perceive me, to believe my word; for I will work as a God to the uttermost part of the earth. I have borne long with evil, and striven with the deceived by my spirit; but I will no longer strive with man, but create him anew in my image; the Son of God, that evil may have no power or dominion. I will remove Satan and the fallen angels out of the way, that I may enjoy my heritage; man, in union of love and delight in that which I create. I am the first, and now I am the last, to fulfil all my words and promises to man. My throne is from all eternity to all eternity, and my dominion that which cannot be destroyed.

I have given life to beings that despise me. Man! hear and understand. Is not thy life with me, to give or withhold? When didst thou breathe without my aid, or live without my support? Do I not give thee fruits of the earth in their seasons? If I withhold my bounty, what canst thou do? Thy days soon come to an end at my rebuke. If I say, "This night thy soul is required of thee," is it not done; and thy life ended, though in the midst of plenty? What hast thou to withstand against my authority, or to support thyself with, if I withhold? Consider, man, that thou art as grass; it cometh up, and is cut down, and continueth not; yet I endure, and my years have no end. My days are from everlasting to everlasting without end. Man! why then dost thou boast of thy strength, seeing thou art the offspring of Him who has created thee for His own pleasure and glory? Consider these things, and fight no

longer against me, lest my wrath and just indignation be kindled upon thee; and thou perish from the right way of my truth, and thou be found amongst the weeping at my coming. Dost thou hate thy friend (my redeeming love) and love thy enemy, bondage of sin, torment, and misery? Oh! why will ye die, ye people of the earth. Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead under the fall by sin, and Christ shall give thee life. Behold! I wish to be gracious, and will in no wise cast out any that come unto me. I am come to give you life, and that more abundantly, that your joys may be full, and your happiness endure as the pillars of heaven, which cannot be moved. My children fear not; neither be ye dismayed at those that hate Me; but tell them that their warfare is accomplished if they will believe, and obey Me, their Saviour; for I will vanquish and overcome, that hath the key of death and hell; and none shall pluck out of my hand, those who trust and believe in Me, the Lord.

DANIEL JONES.

SOUL-QUESTIONINGS.

Is it a sin to wish to die,
When Hope betrays and Courage quails?
The voices of my soul reply,
"Only the laggard spirit fails."

Is it a sin to wish to end
A lot of woe, a life of fear,
When age and penury attend
The corpse of gladness to its bier?

Is it a sin to wish to die
While Sorrow broods o'er vanish'd dreams,
And present trouble dims the eye,
With Feeling's dewy-trickling streams?
Ah, me! the future, like the clouds,
Preceding Winter's fiercest storms,
The sad and drooping eye enshrouds;
While Doubt to Destiny conforms.

Is it a sin to pray for night;
For sleep, the soothing balm of pain,
While day consumes with waves of light,
The charmed visions of the brain?
Oh, Fate! oh, Death! ye chiefs unkind!
Bid silence reign, shut out the strife;
The restless strife that wounds the mind;
And saps the crusted tree of life!

Is it a sin to pray for Death,
When friends forget their sacred trust,
And lovers vow with Falsehood's breath;
And high hopes topple down to dust?
To live and feel your life a burden;
A tax on Charity or kin!
To strive in vain for Merit's guerdon,
Then wish to die. Is this a sin?

Is it a sin to pine for rest,
Beneath the wild flowers, and the stars,
To fail to fight for Fortune's crest;
Since Fortune's crown is won with scars?
Is it a sin to close the eyes
On squalid Want and bear-eyed Crime,
And sigh for Death's immortal prize,
Beyond the ringing chimes of Time?

Is it a sin to leap the bars
That circumscribe the world of sin;
To cease to homage kingly Mars
While blood flows fast 'mid battle's din?
I ask my soul in Sorrow's name,
Is life a boon, when wailing Woe
Wails discord in the ear of Shame,
And Strife is conqueror below?

When Love by Lust is dragged to earth,
When Pity weeps as Guile betrays,
While Virtue's claims have little worth,
Compared with Gold's imperial bays,
When Honour bound by wiles of Fate
Doth sue the heedless world without;
Is it a sin to baffle Hate,
And snuff Life's waning taper out?

It is a sin to break the lyre
Whose strings wake music heavenly sweet,
It is a sin to quench the fire
That glows with Love's eternal heat?
It is a sin to toy with Being,
As children sport with painted toys;
To soil the work of the All-Seeing,
And risk the loss of spirit joys.

When strong limbs fail, 'mid sad'ning tears;
While Age comes bowing like a slave,
And Mind's rare jewels, dull'd by years,
Are buried in the brain's deep cave;
E'en then, the true man hails the doom
That weaves a shadow o'er his head,
And holds by Faith through webs of gloom,
Till Faith his soul to Heaven doth wed.

J. H. POWELL.

MORAL FREEDOM.

THERE is a crisis in the history of nations, as well as of persons, that estranges, as it were, their feelings and affections, and writes their character for prosperity. The versatility of human language fails to convey the true impress of God upon the heart. Its mistaken evidences; its portrayals of power, have deluged the world with grief, and mantled the fair abodes of peace with unending ruin. The national marts of civilisation has proven but too truly the native impress of God, speaking everywhere. The subjugated forces of human thought have rebelled, and we behold this power encircling immensity. For the triumphant trains of popular theory are surging to and fro beneath this mighty convulsion that holds Humanity in one hand and Freedom of Thought in the other. Beneath that Divine impress of a God which holds life and death as the subjugation of right and wrong, behold the convulsive stream of the soul! It responds beneath the light of day. It mingles with the mighty changes of time, and throws the discordant mantles of repose over the frailties of a common lot.

Must we go back, then, and traverse the primitive era to endow a soul with the consecutive lineage, that it may obtain a hope that shall inspire the dwarfed imaginings of those who hold God in one hand and eternity in the other? Is the ministering spirit of bliss and woe foreboding there, to give life and vigour to the soul? The auspices of this blessed day are untold. The unmeasured depths of unending wrong must realise its legitimate construction. No compromise can affect the inherited right of heaven; no prevailing theorem can dispense one ray of light upon the midnight darkness that shrouds the soul, only as its infinitesimals of precept and form make up the mighty whole upon which an endless destiny is cast.—DR. J. B. FERGUSON.

D. D. HOME, THE MEDIUM.

THE New York correspondent ("Straws, Jr.") of the "Springfield Republican," writing under date of May 10th, thus flippantly draws a pen portrait of Mr. Home—who sailed from New York for Europe on the 13th, and is to be married soon—so rumour says—to a rich Scotch lady:—

"I really have had a sensation! I have heard Home, the great spiritual medium, read. It was a stormy night, and there was but a handful of people at Dodworth's Hall, though Home had never before given a public reading in New York. The programme did not appear attractive, and I had made every preparation to be disappointed, when Home entered the room. A change came o'er the spirit of my dream, for Home's personality alone is sufficient to absorb a physiognomist's attention for hours. Fancy, my dear Republican, the most distinguished man that you have seen for years, and then you will not have reached the plane on which Home stands. The man is a fascinating study. His figure is singularly fine and graceful, his hands and feet beautiful, the former being the embodiment of artistic genius. "Show me a man's hand, and I will tell you what he is," Lavater would say. His dressing is exquisite. Do you realise what it is to see a man well dressed? It is one form of Divine revelation. Then Home's head, excellently shaped, is marvellous in expression. He is of the blonde type with beautiful hair, fine teeth, a good mouth, and eyes that really look as though they saw things in heaven and earth not dreamed of in our philosophy. In appearance, at least, he is one of the *illuminati*. I never before saw what would be called an illuminated face. And now how does he read? Beautifully, wonderfully. His pathos is exquisite, his humour perfect. His reading of an apostrophe to the 'American Flag,' by one Squash, of California, in Yankee dialect, was great. Why the audience did not go frantic with delight is because the audience did not appreciate the genius of the reader. His rendering of Brownell's stirring poem on the 'Hartford in Mobile Bay, August 5th, 1864,' was superb. Home would make a great actor. He is grace itself, his manner is thoroughly refined, his voice rich and of large compass, his facial expression unequalled. Home is a marvel. He is one of those gifted creatures that Nature makes every now and then, to show what she can do when in the mood. He has that personal magnetism without which no reader, no speaker, can hold an audience."

EMMA HARDINGE'S LECTURES.

THE lecture of Sunday afternoon, May 21st, on the theme of "A Soul in Search of God," was peculiarly interesting to many, and purported to be the experience of a Boston minister in spirit-life. The evening discourse was on "Martin Luther, as a Spirit," giving a necessarily brief review of his career for the three hundred years previous to 1846.

Miss Hardinge closed her engagement to lecture in this city last Sunday. The entire course was remarkable for ability and depth of research—bountifully supplying thought for the mind and food for the soul, and each lecture was delivered with an eloquence rarely equalled by female orators.

If it is possible she intends to rest, during the interim prior to her departure for Europe. If she lectures in England she will create a sensation, and we doubt not the people there will gladly hear her, although it be an innovation upon their custom.—*Banner of Light*.

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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TO THE TRADE.—The *Spiritual Times* is published at Ten o'clock on Friday morning, at the *Spiritual Times* Office, 14, Newman-street, Oxford-street, and by Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

COMPLAINTS have reached us that the *Spiritual Times* does not always find its way to country subscribers. Those who have difficulty should send to us at the office 14, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W., and we will forward it direct through the post. Subscribers taking four copies can have them post free, by remitting 8s. 8d. per quarter.

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We feel persuaded our work will not be in vain, being assured amongst the many thousands of true Spiritualists in this country alone there are many who will gladly aid us.

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