

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.

No. 74, VOL. II.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1865.

PRICE 2d.

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.

LITERARY AUDACITY.

We have long known that the general plan of newspaper reviewing is one little calculated to improve either the Literature of Letters or credit the reviewers with very erudite powers or any vast stores of information. There is all the show of superior knowledge, and any quantity of audacity displayed, but rarely, indeed, do the consciences of the reviewers direct their pen. Much of flippant, ignorant vanity writes itself out in reviews which, like the expended steam of the tea-kettle, saves the kettle from a collapse. But as to real cleverness combined with sterling honesty of judgment, we look for it in the majority of reviewers in vain. Books fall into their hands with rapidity, and they handle them rapidly, often to their own disgrace. What is the result? Often a false estimate and aspersion of authors. Who is to blame? Are not reviewers often the mere scribblers or penny-a-liners of the press who receive pay, not according to quality, but quantity. Who is to blame? First themselves for assuming a virtue they do not possess, next the public for cheering their ill-digested lucubrations.

We gladly except, of course, from these strictures, those who write with an honest purpose, and whose elaborate criticisms are the natural products of sterling thought, and not the effects of literary hypochondriacism or bile. We are dealing with the mountebanks of literature, who make writing a trade, and love the trade more than the writing; those pigmy men who mount the pegasus of fame, and handle the reins so vilely that they ride over babies and men with equal awkwardness.

The republic of letters must of necessity be constituted of all kinds of literary mortals, or it would cease to be a republic. We have, therefore, to rejoice in such men as Macaulay, Carlyle, Thackeray, Dickens, and others whose names associate the mind with all that is elevated in thought and chaste in style. But we must, nevertheless, endure such literary jackanapes as those numerous armies of reviewers that hold important positions on the most unimportant as well as important papers and magazines, who write heedlessly and extravagantly on subjects they neither comprehend nor care to understand. Take, as a specimen of the kind of ignorant audacity we allude to, the review of the kind of ignorant audacity we allude to, the review of (Heaven forgive us for the word) of Dr. Ferguson's "Supra-Mundane Facts," which appeared in *Lloyd's Newspaper* of August 19th. A more complete piece of effrontery in the shape of criticism we have never seen put forth. A more thoroughly conceited writer surely does not breathe than the one we allude to (we hope it is not the son of the great wit). He commences by detailing a lie which came

from or through the Flaneur about the Brothers Davenport having sailed, with Miss Menken, to America, when the fact is, they are still in Paris, and are puzzling the learned men of France with the wonders of their *séances*. The writer goes on to say, "Dr. Nichols is not a man to be put down by clamour, proved to be a mountebank, he still whines and lectures, and continues to trade in the supernatural." This is the first time we have heard of Dr. Nichols lecturing; and as for his trading in the supernatural, he has written the "Lives of the Davenports," and edited "Supra-Mundane Facts," and what sort of a trade has he made of his Supernaturalism? Echo, answer. As a literary man, we are inclined to think Dr. Nichols has lost considerably by his adhesion to Spiritualism, as almost all writers on the subject have who have dared to be truthful. Let the miserable scribbler who thus defames Dr. Nichols learn to trade less on anti-Supernaturalism, then we may listen to him with attention. Listen, kind reader, and wonder why kings do not honour the Great Sir Oracle of *Lloyd's*—"We shall not insult our readers by entering into the subjects which Dr. Nichols has the audacity to raise. We will let him expose his charlatanism in his own words." What precious audacity for a man to insult common sense and human nature, by dispensing with a vast history of facts thus; and what wonderful acumen as a critic he displays! Mark well his method, and you shall find the writer is either a fool, or a very great knave. A fool if he have no knowledge of the truth of the statements made by Dr. Nichols, to assume the umpire, and call it insulting on his own part, and audacity on the part of Dr. Nichols, to discuss the subjects. A great knave if he knows them to be true and to pander to popular feeling, defames the character of men like Drs. Nichols and Ferguson. It is, at all events, a gigantic piece of impudence to call men charlatans, and give as a reason that he will not insult the reader by entering into the subjects which Dr. Nichols has the audacity to raise. Will any of our readers point out for us the clever criticism contained in this review? because we cannot find other than the most heartless audacity and the most contemptible ignorance. *Lloyd's News* critic may entertain its readers, and raise less difficult subjects for disputation on the part of those who believe as he believes, but he has done less than any writer of modern date (and God knows most of them have done little) to injure Spiritualism. If there were no truths in such wonderful facts as are related by Drs. Nichols and Ferguson, it would be easy to set a flood of opposition to drift Spiritualism into the waters of oblivion; but there is, unfortunately for contemptible know-nothings who trade on literature, too much truth in them. Over and over again the press have vowed to have nothing to do with Spiritualism, yet they continually hurl their petty squibs at it, which only recoil upon themselves. Is it not curious that our very clever writers do not ignore the subject? They have, most of them, tried their hand at abusing it, and traducing its noblest advocates, and they are compelled to admit, in spite of all—the Spiritualist ranks are increasing all over the world. This is the secret

of their continued fighting attitude—they vain would retire and allow this Spiritualism, like the Davenports, to go over to France, or like Dr. Ferguson, to go over to America, but it stubbornly refuses, and still spreads, forcing the leaders of the mental world to action. This is a sign of our times which proves to us that Spiritualism will not dispense with opposition—that its growth depends greatly upon it; hence, writers like the one in *Lloyd's News*, while they aim a blow to kill it, are in reality giving it vitality.

As a finale to the review we are reviewing, it says—"We hope this is the last of Messrs. Ferguson, Nichols, and Davenport." Dear, dear! Surely the babyish reviewer won't cry, should he hear of them again; but suppose he should not hear of them, does he suppose the facts and principles they inculcate will not survive the shock of all audacious reviewers, and fabricators? Why, Drs. Ferguson and Nichols and the Brothers are only the instruments, not the originators, of Spiritualism. Why need there be such a wild hullabaloo against them? one race goes out and another comes in. It would be as wise to expect no more births when the peevish little writer in *Lloyd's* makes his exit to the land of spirits, as to imagine that no new advocates will take the field in the service of Spiritualism when the Messrs. Ferguson, Nichols, Davenport, and Co., have come to their last here.

Truly, we live in a fast age, and our writers, in the majority of cases, are not the least fast; they don't care a fig whose fair fame they assault, providing the law shields them, and they find it pay. The hue and cry against Dr. Ferguson and the Davenports has not yet ceased to ring in the high and low places of our land, but those who set it on are the real charlatans, not the mediums.

If the various speakers, writers, and mediums, connected with Spiritualism were half as venal and ignorant as the majority of our writers against them, there would be some merit in avoiding their society, but we know that the most venal of them are not so venal as many of the writers we refer to, and the most ignorant of them are a thousand times more honest.

We do not look for grapes from thistles, and therefore expect such bosh as we find printed in *Lloyd's* paper to be the natural growth of some literary thistle. But thank goodness his sting is harmless; Drs. Nichols and Ferguson, are too well armed to feel it, and as for the Davenports, they may safely laugh at it. King Richard is said to have shouted "a horse—a horse, my kingdom for a horse." Had he lived in these days, and have only shouted for an ass instead, and would have contented himself with one on two legs, he might have had a plentiful supply from our newspaper progeny. Perhaps the time may come when criticism will redeem itself from the just charges of venality and incompetency which can be brought against it. But we fear it will take some time. One thing we are certain, that our writers cannot do better than make themselves proficient (not in telling lies, which has become the fashion, when directing their shot against Spiritualism), but in its facts and teachings; when they do so, we are quite satisfied they will be very wicked indeed, if they write such twaddle as *Lloyd's* Reviewer has done. In the meantime, as Spiritualists, we cannot do better than press on and wait God's own time for the harvest. We feel assured that "all things work together for good," and although we speak strongly when addressing the small fry of literature, who dare to sell their birthright for the mess of pottage which the public supplies, we still urge them to go ahead, and if they will not investigate, to denounce and defame, as is their wont, because, even this in time may be an experience valuable to them. One thing, they may rest satisfied, do what they will, they cannot close out Spiritualism, if they succeed in closing out Drs. Ferguson, Nichols, and the Davenports.

PROCRASTINATION.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene. YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

SPIRITUALISM UNDER DIFFERENT ASPECTS.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir.—The objects of Spiritualism, though primarily speculative, may not be devoid of a practical character. It has often been the aim of dominant interests, falsely to represent to successive generations as they arise, that the affairs of the world are exclusively of a material nature, strictly confined to matter and outward forms; while, nevertheless, it has been always well known that these same affairs are, in point of fact, known, judged, and guided by means of a totally different description. To investigate these means, to place in evidence what they are, by whom and for whose profit they are wielded, may be considered one of the first objects of Spiritualism, and a slight sketch of them may be not without interest as a branch of the general subject.

In his *Treatise of Spirits*, 8vo, London, 1705, page 160, Mr. J. Beaumont says, "It is known to the learned that there has been a science in the world called *Scientia Umbrarum*, which, as to public teaching of it, has been suppressed upon good political grounds, though there are still some societies of men in the world who allow the study of it, and teach it to persons of whose integrity they are satisfied."

The foundation of this science may be attributed to the priests of Egypt, who, before the year *n.c.* 1740 had invented the practice of judging the past lives of deceased persons at the Lake Moiris, near Cairo, for the purpose of obtaining, spiritually, a hold upon the daily actions of the people, their power so obtained being for the most part at the disposal of the government of the day. It is usually held to have spread from Egypt to Greece, where, amalgamating itself with the yet rising forms of worship, it wound its own purposes of observing and controlling human events into the Jovan mythology, and by oracles and every description of vaticination formed itself into the system known as Paganism. From Greece it spread to Rome, and after having guided in Egypt a state of repose, in Greece a policy of warlike but internal discipline, it now directed a system of ceaseless external conquest. When, in the fourth century, the social edifice of the Roman Empire was breaking up, and Christianity had become the recognised religion of the state, Paganism by an insensible gradation glided into what was afterwards called witchcraft and was by several laws of successive emperors forbidden under that form.

The nations of the north had founded among themselves various forms of worship into which something similar to a *Scientia Umbrarum*, or some tenets easily convertible to its purposes, largely entered, and among these was, in France and in England, the Druid system. About the year *A.D.* 500, notwithstanding the exertions made in Italy and the Eastern Empire, and notoriously at the Council of Ancyra, to oppose the continual encroachments of the same *Scientia Umbrarum*, Paganism, or Witchcraft, upon the Church and the world, a man named Merlin appears in England to have joined the worst parts of the Greek and Druid systems together, adding thereto much of his own discovery, and to have obtained the adhesion of King Arthur to the result, which may be termed "Merlin's System." And this "Merlin's System" was, by a most extraordinary act of moral suicide, consolidated, voluntarily agreed to, and finally ratified by the people of England, in that mysterious meeting held by William I. at Salisbury, in 1086, when allodial was voluntarily turned into feudal property, and secret proceedings were conducted by 60,000 men over a space of several days.

Deceptive as the material appearances presented in 1865 by this infernal system may be, its operation and its nature are fortunately not inaccessible to spiritual observation, or, at least, to a certain description of observation whose range must be exhausted before observations strictly spiritual can with certainty be depended on. After sufficient residence abroad to lose the familiarity of habit on approaching the English shore, and, if the expression be sufficiently correct, on "looking backwards," the population may be seen formed into concentric circles facing outwards, with the MASTER in the common centre. The outer circle, an incomplete one, consists of victims to the present mad-house system; the inner one, complete, is formed of men only, whose transparent dejected appearance is one of horror beyond belief, suggesting, as it does, the notion that they have been by some process sucked dry of all spiritual vitality. The next inner circle is of women only, and since the people are seen moving the while, and all that takes place during the time of the observation, however secret it may be in the material world, is here apparent as in a looking-glass, the fact is in this circle first observed that prostitution and crime, so far from being

incidents in, are parts of Merlin's System absolutely necessary to its maintenance, and that the production of these, according to his own notions of what is requisite, is one of the chief objects of the MASTER's solicitude. Within this circle are circles of the "upper ten thousand," and within all the MASTER himself. A fearful chain of subordination is then seen, each circle forming an engine of observation upon the one next outer to it. Thought (not understanding thereby only intellectual thinking) is the means of rule; there is no outward restriction upon material action, but all thought is betrayed to, and known by, the MASTER. Behind the MASTER is seen the source from whence he draws his inspiration; it is a void, and appears to contain a being; if that being be not the Devil as usually drawn in pictures, it is evident that the being in question is what the Devil is.

Under the same conditions, and by the same means, similar observations may be made off the coasts of foreign countries. Thus in France the MAGISTRAT (or Master) may be seen, but the formation of circles, which is in England complete, is in France only partial; some circles immediately surround the MAGISTRAT, but beyond these, there appears a long system of chains, extending in various directions, and presenting various aspects to the observer; many of these chains, however, are evidently fragments of broken circles, disrupted by the moral effects of the French Revolution in 1789. The sphere of supervision of the present Imperial Government may be seen as something quite apart from that of the MAGISTRAT, and as of but small importance in his eyes; its influence presents the appearance of not extending beyond a radius of some miles round Paris. Though less consolidated than in England, the system in France is of the same description; there is much communication between the MAGISTRAT and the MASTER, the rule of the former being the more risking and hazardous, if such an expression may be used, of the two; that of the latter is eminently that of the despicable, cowardly stamp.

Appearances of the same description are presented by most European countries, but a marked variety exists in the case of the Island of Sardinia. Here no circles, no system of subordination by thought is seen. The men appear to move independently, presenting that appearance of doubt, diffidence, and individual irresolution which is immediately recognised as natural to human nature. It is the land of "vendetta," of private revenge; crimes of the violent sort are the only material evil to be feared.

The five evils of civilised life being Insanity, Pauperism, Crime, Prostitution, and Suicide; it will be found that they are produced in each country according to the perfection at which the Master and Establishment have arrived. In England these evils attain the highest proportions, in Sardinia the lowest.

The position of women in different countries depends mainly on the nature of the Establishment formed, since it is formed by their means, and we should expect to find that in countries where the material position of woman has not descended to that which she occupies in England, the Establishment as seen by this means should present appearances if not less fearful, yet at least different in kind to those seen here. Such an instance may be found in the case of Mahomedan countries. There the five evils of civilised life cannot, properly and strictly speaking, be said to exist, and woman, who is satisfied with a life of seclusion, shrinks with horror from the proffered education and liberty which are accompanied for herself and her sons by insanity and suicide—names she then first hears, but whose dread import and reality to herself and her children she and they have never yet known. Accordingly, instead of, as in England, one inner circle facing outwards, the women among a Mahomedan nation appear formed in many outer circles facing inwards, with inter-communications between the separate circles. Instead of betraying the thought of the men, who are within the circles, they conceal it. Woman is there a friend instead of being, as in England, made an ENEMY to man; her "eye" turns, as in nature and in the animal creation, not on her husband, but on all that can spy or injure him. The remaining details of the appearances refer perhaps rather to "Islam" (the doctrine of "resignation" strongly carried out) and to a community of volition than to any system of subordination.

The practical utility of these comparisons is that they enable men to estimate the depth of constitutional degradation to which the population is reduced by the despotic sway of the Master and Establishment in England. It is beyond the power of material language or explanation; and when in the material world there is seen a Church with bishops and a convocation, a Law with judges and a Parliament, when the contradiction involved in the simultaneous existence of these institutions with that of a Master and Establishment is realised, reason stands aghast while contemplating the fearful embodiment into fact of an outrageous impossibility. All is done here, subject to the supervision of the Master; the high functionary in the material world is lucky enough if he can, as an individual, only run his career without incurring the Master's displeasure, while the moral government of the country remains as heretofore, by ratified agreement, in the hands of the greatest scoundrels the land may contain.

Nevertheless, the means of breaking up the Establishment with its Master are not difficult to find. In 1645, when some resistance to its "operations" was made, that form of its working known in individual cases as Witchcraft was the subject of much investigation; but the civil magistrate had no instrument in his hands like the exact observation and comparison of facts attributed to the French police, and the attempt to suppress witchcraft led to no tangible or real result. Yet some of the means employed in the attempt were so sensible and practicable, that in the interest of the Master's objects they could not be allowed to come down to subsequent times without incurring all the doubt, ridicule, and obloquy the Establishment could command. Among these means was that employed by Mr. Hopkins, called the "Spectral Sight," and since wherever he came, it soon appeared that the "Spectral Sight" is only such a faculty as every one possesses in some degree; it is easy to see that with a little attention directed to the subject, a very general unanimity as to the nature and objects of the Establishment in England might be arrived at.

Thus, with funds and opportunity, one hundred or two hundred persons might be sent to the continent who would, on returning to England, observe the Establishment with a view to identifying the Master. If their description of the appearances should be found in all or most things to agree, their appreciation of the attributes of the individual in question might readily afford a clue to his identity. The bringing to justice of this diabolical miscreant is prevented by the Statute 9, George II., c. 5, passed in 1736, in which it is statuted that—

" No prosecution shall be carried on against any person for witchcraft or for charging another with any such offence"

Yet there might be found means to put a stop to an avowed communication with the infernal regions such as his, for it is a fond opinion that at common law—

"There can be no doubt but that all oppressions may be indicted."—2 Hawk., c. 25, s. 4.—*Burn's Justice of the Peace*, 1845, vol. 3, p. 856.

Spiritualism must have for its first object the practical benefit of mankind. This reason might be sufficient to draw attention to this special branch of the subject, but a further consideration of the appearances presented by the Establishment will show that the question is also closely connected with that of the departed world.

From the case cited in *Researches on Magnetism*, &c., page 124, (Dr. Gregory's translation) by Baron von Reichenbach, it appears that the light seen over graves by sensitive persons is not shapeless, but remains arranged in the form of the body long after decomposition of the latter, and the optical powers being not necessarily greater in sensitive than in other persons, it follows that, at the least, an imponderable, cognizable by the same senses as the light over magnets, proceeds from matter that has been endowed with life. Since the Master rules by means of thought, the question may be supposed asked as of him, "What has become of the spirit?" His probable answer must be left for a further communication.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,
R. L.

VISIT OF THE SPIRIT OF DR. PRITCHARD.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

DEAR SIR,—The following is taken, letter by letter, at a private Séance, at Mrs. Marshall's, from the spirit of Dr. Pritchard. The questions were several, asked mentally.

What is the name of the spirit present?—Pritchard.

What prompted you to commit the wicked act?—Love of gold.

Was your sentence just?—Yes.

Have you God's forgiveness?—No.

Are you miserable?—Yes.

What message have you to give us?—Keep from evil, if it be ever so small, for one false step will lead to another.

What was the first false step you took?—Ostentatious Pride.

Can we do you good?—Yes.

Do you know my name?—Beevor.

How can we do you good?—Pray for me.

In what sphere are you?—In the first sphere, but I hope to gain the third sphere.

Can you see?—There is no light.

Are you hungry?—Yes, but no food.

Are you thirsty?—Yes, very.

Is there drink?—Yes; bitter as gall.

Are you sleepless?—Yes, but no rest.

Have you any knowledge of God?—No.

Have you seen your wife?—Yes. And your mother?—Yes.

Were they happy?—Yes.

Do you suffer from heat?—No, from cold. I suffer cold by no clothes nor houses.

Then are you in hell?—Yes, in torment.

What torment?—Remorse and despair, for I am surrounded by a host of thieves and murderers. I am kicked from one to another, and back again. My hair is pulled, and I am nothing but bruises; I hear curses from all the devils my sin has placed me amongst. Hung!! Oh! I would sooner be hung a thousand times, than suffer one day of this torture amongst these infernal spirits. They fight like wild beasts, and tear each other to pieces.

Why are you permitted to come to us?—You called me, and I am sent. But I must return, hoping for your kind prayers.

Are you glad we called you?—Yes.

Do you know Jesus?—No.

Did you know Jesus once?—Yes.

I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

JOHN BEEVOR, M.D.

J. R. C. Physicians, Edinburgh.

Grantham, Lincolnshire, Aug. 22.

IS SPIRITUALISM OF THE DEVIL?

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

DEAR SIR,—If Spiritualists (as a certain class of believers are now conventionally called) could be convinced of this, I think they would be very stupid to subject themselves to such an influence.

A Mr. T. Mulock, of Stafford, in your last impression, writes "I have no doubt whatever, that in every case, the devil and his host of evil spirits are the promoters of the entire system." Now, I am a proper person to put the following questions to him, for as I at present see, feel, and am inclined to believe, there is a spirit within every man which will guide him aright if he earnestly consults it, and in all probability—that is, unless I am convinced that good results from the practice—I shall not attempt, in the course of my life to hold communication with the rapping spirits half-a-dozen times. So far, I am therefore not prejudiced.

If Mr. Mulock were to say to me, speaking of an orchard which he had never seen, there is a tree in that orchard, the apples of which are blighted once in seven years. I should ask him how he knew or had come to believe in that fact. If he answered that it had been communicated to him by seven truthful people, I should believe in the fact. If he stated that an apple tree bore pine apples, whatever the testimony was, I should not believe it, nor by any testimony, except that of my own senses. It would be contrary to all known experience.

On what Christians have agreed to receive a truth. Christians believe that mortal men, amongst them the apostles, centuries ago, conversed with spirits. I should not believe this without the evidence of my own senses.

Now, Mr. Mulock asserts that he has no doubt that the spirits are sent at the bidding of that spirit termed the devil.

May I ask him on what ground he has come to this conclusion? What his evidence is?

Has he conversed with spirits, evil or good? or have truthful friends of his who have consulted spirits, been advised by them to do that which is evil? If he can bring forward any such evidence, there are scores of Spiritualists who would, I have no doubt, be thankful to him for communication of the knowledge on the subject.

All testimony we hear of from Spiritualists themselves, seems to show that spirits advise for good, and the shunning of evil. I was told by one medium, that he had once disbelieved the existence of a God. He now, in consequence of spirit evidence firmly believes. Is that the work of a devil? If I had been uncertain as to a future state of existence, and had had communication with a departed spirit by which I was convinced of a future state, and future responsibility—is that the work of a devil?

If men come to believe that spirits witness their secret actions, would they not check many a secret sin? Would that be a devil's work? Milton has said—

"Millions of Spiritual beings walk the earth,
Both when we wake and when we sleep."

Channing says—"It is possible that the distance of Heaven lies wholly in the veil of flesh, which we now want power to penetrate."

Will Mr. Mulock be kind enough to furnish us with some sort of evidence through which he has been so convinced? or will he say that this evidence consists only of some process of thought, or is the result of some early teaching? That it is a conviction that he cannot communicate to other intelligence except by his mere assertion of belief and conviction?

In concluding my letter allow me to point out that there were one or two errors in the printing of my manuscript sent last week. They arose, I hear, from the shortness of time between my revision and the printing off of the impression, and are so evident that the cause will be at once guessed.

In conclusion, I may say that no one is more desirous than I am to ascertain whether the million believes in what is termed Spiritualism are in communication with evil intelligence or good. I may also say that at a private sitting at the table at which I now write, in my own room, no result was obtained except a negative one.

To continue about my last week's communication. When I mentioned it to an old lady she put on a solemn face, and exclaimed, "It's all the doing of the Devil!" She did not state how she had ascertained the fact. I reminded her that Christ had in his time been accused of performing miracles through the Devil's instrumentality.

Constance Kent, I see, says that she was instigated and possessed by the Devil. Her relations had been insane, she had run away in boy's attire at the age of thirteen, her mind probably was diseased, and if she was consequently irresistibly impelled to crime, why should it be said it was by the Devil? How knew she that?

A gentleman to whom I related my experience of table-turning in a small public company, said, "I believe it's all the Devil." another present said, "I don't believe in that gentleman." Which belief was right?

The Bible tells us (as does my own experience) not to judge, lest we should be judged; to condemn not, lest we be condemned. I find those people termed the good, and who believe themselves alone exempted from Devil-influence, and who so often see the Devil at work with others, continually, with placid face, judging and condemning others. Are these good people under that influence, for they violate the most earnestly inculcated law of the New Testament on the subject?

What I wish to know is simply this. Those people who are so intimately acquainted with Devil-doings, how come they by their knowledge?—Yours truly,

EDWIN EDDISON.

P.S. I should not have used strong expressions in my last towards the writer in *All the Year Round* had I not wished to show to him that such expressions cause pain perhaps, but perhaps not the hundredth part of the pain which his insulting remarks might cause Mr. and Mrs. Wallace. Mr. Wallace said to me, "And they call me a humbug!" The tone and the accompanying expression of face told me that he felt pained at the injustice, and certainly did not impress me with the idea that he was what had been represented. I paid Mr. Wallace nothing, but I trust my last week's letter will do him more good than money, and that from it there will be other inquiring and paying visitors to that "dingy room," for he must live as well as *All the Year Round* writers, and he has chosen his means of doing so as they have theirs, although, perhaps, both may have been misled as to what should have been their vocation. E. E.

LIFE AND DEATH—THEIR RELATIVE MEANS OF KNOWLEDGE.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—Of the title of the following slight paper, a little explanation may perhaps be desirable, in so far, at least, as the employment of the word death is concerned. For it we would mentally substitute that other life which death opens up to us, the lasting, undying life during which we conceive our powers may be available for a more complete searching into the heart of things—more complete, both from the duration of the life itself, and from the superior facilities which it may be expected to furnish to us.

Indeed, perhaps as in the present use of the term death, so in its use always, we are chargeable with the solecism of giving a name to a thing not existing—with reference to man, at least—and only rightly employed when it is felt to designate that passage narrow and short which connects the seen with the unseen existence, and at the same time marks their separateness—their individuality and distinction of circumstance and condition.

Without throwing scorn upon the acknowledged inadequacy and unsatisfactory nature of all knowledge at present attainable, without extremely calling the nomenclature of science, and science itself only a chronicling of our ignorance—we are painfully bound to confess that after life-long effort we can know little more than that we know nothing. The result of all attainment in morals brings the humbled conscience to a parallel conclusion that we can here arrive at but a very low stage of advancement towards that ideal which still we dutifully cherish and strive to overtake, that God-like perfection to which we yet may and must endeavour to assimilate ourselves. In this latter province of morals, namely, motives and attempts after the unattainable are reckoned as indicative of that state of mind which by the purer influences of another life is perfected, and the conviction of this is at once our comfort in failure and our incentive to perseverance. Not only do we see darkly in a moral point of view, but we also reflect darkly the light with which heaven supplies us; whatever enlightenment we can have, or can yield, being liable to the strongly erratic retraction of the all but opaque medium through which we receive, or by which we impart it. This fact we look on with sorrow and with hope. With sorrow when we see the little progress our sustained and honest endeavours can at present afford us, but with hope when we anticipate the freedom from co-interacting influences

which deliverance from the distractions and passions of the body shall in another better life secure to us.

Why not, then, apply this same principle and ground of comfort to our minds when athirst for knowledge? Why regard our deepest sympathy and love for nature, and our attempts at getting at her secrets, as limitable by the term of our mortal and earthly existence? The shortness of life (so-called) has frequently operated with a chilly, repressive influence when brought into comparison with the stores and fields of knowledge which this earth, and the universe of which it is a member, holds out to our view. So much to be known, so little possible to be known! These are the considerations which for ever oppress us.

It is a singular comment upon the assertion of the small extent of knowledge which any man may possess, that every new fact known, and every new law and principle discovered, only elevate him to a standing-place which commands a more full view of the limitless horizon, and from which he is more fully impressed with the cruel futility of his longings after the unrealizable extension.

It is almost impertinent to repeat the remark of Sir Isaac Newton, for we have all known it from childhood, upon the slight results which have followed the pursuits of a life devoted to the investigation of the most sublime forces and laws of the universe. And yet truth is never new, is never old. There it is, fresh and eternal, with the dew of youth upon it simultaneously with the hoar of age. To gather shells upon the shore of the great undiscovered ocean of truth is, we are driven to confess, the great employment of the life which is to the opening one what that same beach upon which we stand is to the ocean we wistfully contemplate. For boundless discovery we must have boundless time and boundless capacity. Of these the boundless capacity can never in any possible state of existence belong to any other than the one boundless absolute Being. Progression is the property and delight of the finite. The happiness which results from perfect knowledge is of a kind fitted for the perfect God. The growing happiness which belongs to any intelligence of a grade lower than His seems the one eminently adapted to all nations whose conditions are progression and expansion.

From the time of the Creation—or, rather, from the time when a desire for knowledge of good and evil prompted the first sin—to the time of the Deluge, we are not met by accounts of any striving after the knowledge which a dumb nature would indiscerningly strive to enunciate; nothing, at least beyond the cultivation of a rude music and rude fashioning of tools to win existence. Necessity compelled the one, and the other was the result of that inventive tendency which, for ought we know, in this way alone asserted itself during that season of violence and outrage.

We could almost find it in our hearts to grudge the long protracted lives of the antedeluvians when we cannot see the issue of those lives in their inquiry into those things which we are apt to believe we should, in their circumstances, have endeavoured to understand. That such and such a patriarch was born, lived a hundred and odd years, and then begat sons, that after so doing he lived half a thousand years and died, seems to our enthusiastic minds an all too little summation of so long an existence. And yet we may allay our resentment at these persons by remembering that in the thinly-peopled earth they inhabited they most probably did that which was best to be done. The curse of labour and of pain was also fresh upon them, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the absence of appliances to mitigate that curse which later ages have successively developed, may have forced them into a communism which would exclude the leisure of a sinecure. Besides this, a nomadic life although it may foster the most delightful superstitions, and may call forth, if not poetry, yet the poetic feeling, is not the most favourable for science, or for any other than a very practical philosophy.

It was when more extensive governments were founded, when wealth accumulated, and when the resources of art had come in to lighten the burdens of life, that man had leisure to look up from the spade or the share, and to question the earth, the sky, and the sea as to the relations they bore to each other and to himself. It was only when the supply of his prime wants had thus given men leisure to question himself and the universe, that he first discovered how little he knew, and how little he could hope to know.

Then awoke that jealousy of divine knowledge which had slumbered from the times of Eden, and daringly in the spirit of Prometheus struggled with the gods in the mental arena, or else, softened and humbled, looked devoutly with Socrates and Eupolis for the coming of some celestial messenger to teach truth to mankind.

Now, as to ourselves. The Divine Teacher desiderated of Socrates has long since come. But his teachings are practical, and chiefly guide to the blessed life, in which, as his attendant disciples and his succeeding apostles tell us, shall be unfolded mysteries which perplex us now. It is because we believe these assurances are susceptible of a more catholic interpretation than they generally receive from paid hirelings that we have written this paper.

Moral evil, the one grand, grim sphinx looking upon its desert, staves upon and confronts us. "These we shall know hereafter." Very well, but why contract the fruition of knowledge to the solution of this and one or two other like problems? No more than ever is nature *menops*—no more than ever does she unfold to men her heart of hearts. Her essence is not known by her manifestations. Some of her law we fathom, or think we do, but herself?—Have not all of us, especially in the paroxysm of our first passion for the inconstant virgin, mourned on account of her coquetry?—Have we not uncovered the worshipping head in awe of the unathomable repose of some majestic grove? Have we not been chilled at the silence of nature when no answering word spoke sympathy to the overflowing love of our heart? And have we not, love disappointed and taunted being changed to bitterness, sternly laughed when anon the tempest came to disturb the vision of calm, resting magnificence? "Alas! this nature, if she will not walk with me, loving step to loving step, confidential word and out-poured soul to greedy-listening ear and bounding heart, if she will not walk with me thus, where gentle beauty secludes herself in silence and retirement, nor where the gold-edged cloud encircles the brow of the distant purple-palled hill with a crown of unspeakable royalty; if not here, if not there, if nowhere she will be my lover, at least nowhere shall she be my God!" Have we

not, turning away from mountain and from flood, from sun and moon, and from the host of heaven looking coldly down upon us with their bright, piercing, pierceless eyes, questioned our own mind, and, astounded at the mute oracle, erected in its secret places altars to itself? Have we not called our desires, our thoughts, our dreams inscrutable, and hopelessly wondered at the intellect beaming in another's eyes, but which, alas! told us nothing? Have we not, every living man of us, felt wonder, love, and disappointment of this kind, if not to this degree? These things we understand not. We calculate eclipses, we know when to expect a few returning comets, we navigate unknown seas, we explore mysterious and monster-producing continents, but we are blind to aught save manifestations.

We must wait. "All things are yours." The sun in his course rolls for us, and is, therefore, less than us. So of all nature. In another life (change) may we not expect to enter upon our inheritance, and through God to realise, as now we partly realise, His works, to look upon and come in contact with, if not altogether to comprehend, the essentials and the ideals. Hopefully, then, in this view we may cultivate the sciences; we may, for no further at present can we go, acquaint ourselves with the phenomena and outward clothing of things, that so we may bring to another existence (which in deep truth is not another) educated faculties with which to enter upon the interminable progression, that so we may bring well-trained and, in some sort, accustomed coursers to run in light and life the eternal race in which each competitor shall ungrudgingly see each other, at every goal in the series, gloriously crowned.

PHILOTES.

THE APPROCHING MUNDANE CHANGE AND THE IMMORTALITY OF THE HUMAN BODY.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir.—However novel and eccentric those facts may appear, which, with your kind permission, I shall enunciate in the present letter, to me they are true; forasmuch as they are not concocted out of my own brain, but they have been made known to me by spiritual agency. I must confess, that when the following truths were made known to me, I was unwilling to receive them, as they were different to anything that I had read of in the works of men, and not in accordance with my own preconceived views. But greater still is my reluctance to publish the same to the world, when I take into consideration that amount of obloquy which I may anticipate will fall upon me from those Spiritualists as well as Materialists into whose minds such thoughts have never entered. But notwithstanding all this, I feel myself compelled to publish the same, and woe be to me if I do not. But before any of your readers condemn, let them read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the following sacred truths: The present truths were imparted to me partly by vision, and partly by impression. The whole was not given at one time, but at various times, and at the first I was unable to understand the nature of that strange phenomenon I beheld or to comprehend those truths with which my mind was so much impressed. But now I comprehend so far as I shall make known to mankind, nor shall I attempt to go any further than the limits of my comprehension. I shall now proceed to unfold the substance of that which has been revealed to me.

The earth, the sun, and the whole of the solar system are on the verge of some stupendous transformations. At what time this is to take place, to me is not yet revealed. But speaking from appearances, it will soon transpire. The present sun will cease to shine, and will be replaced by another, a thousand times more bright, but of a nature quite different, and producing effects the opposite to those produced by the present sun.

The light of the coming sun will produce no heat, but will be a body something like condensed magnetism. That part of the Heavens where it will apparently rise, will be the north, it will rise at mid-night; the time of its setting I do not know. The effects which it will produce, will appear awful to some, but glorious to others. The effects will be such as will destroy all life of plants depending upon circulating sap, and all animal life depending upon the circulation of blood. But there shall be another kind of vegetable life, and another kind of animal life,—a life to which the then existing sun will be as congenial as the present Sun is to the present life. A new Heaven and a new Earth will then be developed, transcendent in grandeur and in glory.

The inhabitants of this Earth will then be peopled with material bodies as at present; but the life of those bodies will be spirit and not blood; they will then no longer be called animal bodies, but spiritual bodies, not dying bodies, but living bodies, in short, they will be immortal bodies. Death shall no longer reign in any of the kingdoms of nature; translations into higher conditions will be frequent, but no death. Poets have vaguely sung, and philosophers have dreamed of "Everlasting Spring and never withering flowers," and of some sacred stone or water of life that would have the power to change mortality to immortality. Then shall those happy dreams be realized, to the comfort and everlasting consolation of those who have longed for the same.

This is the grand doctrine of Divine Revelation; life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel. The patriarch, Job, realized this, that in his body he should behold his Lord, but he believed in seeing corruption first. The doctrine of the present day, which is taught from our pulpits, is the doctrine of death, for they tell the people to prepare, but this is not what I am commanded to publish; mine is the doctrine of life and immortality. The tree of life had been planted in the midst of the garden of God,—that tree of life is our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ! He is appointed to save and restore; He is the fountain from whence our world is to be replenished with its beautiful furniture and long lost glory. The delapidated temple which has long lain in ruins, shall be rebuilt with fairer stones. Christ is a perfect Salvation, hence He is called the Great Salvation. He is the Salvation for the body as well as the soul. Through the disobedience of our first representation we became mortal, through the obedience of the second we can become

immortal. He is our life-restorer. It does not follow that because He died, that we must die, but the reverse of this. In His death, we who believe have an antidote against death, but in Him we see the glorious precedent of this immortality of the body. His body on the cross was deprived of its blood, and thereby the life, depending on that blood, for ever passed away.

But after a short period of time, before that body saw corruption, it became re-animated, not with blood, but with the spirit. He afterwards lived on earth forty days, a spirit-life in a material body, hence it was that He could then become invisible when necessary. This was done that the knowledge of this immortal life might be given to mankind, but mankind could not on account of their blindness perceive this noble doctrine. Now in the Spirit of Christ we find salvation for our spirit, even so in the body of Christ we find the salvation of our body, because His body lived on earth a spiritual life, our body may attain to that same undying condition through supplicating Him; and the time is at hand when some of the first fruits of this immortality will be developed in this world, although under unfavourable conditions. Yes, a few of the sons of men will shortly obtain this long lost boon.

But the mass of the people will not receive this idea; it will not be popular, such is the infatuation of the sons of men, they prefer mortality before immortality, corruption before incorruption. Spiritualists and materialists do still cling to the idea of the death of the body and look upon it as a blessing and not a curse; but Spiritualists as a class go as far as they have light, and do not wilfully shut their eyes to the light; and the Spiritualism of the past has served its purpose. But we are onward, we must not entwine our thoughts and feeling around that Upas tree, death, the king of terrors; those who do so shall find death, such shall see corruption, but not so, those who can now see in the Lord Jesus their life, they are those who alone can sing that beautiful song "Oh, grave, where is thy victory, Oh, death, where is thy sting." This is that kind of Spiritualism which will shortly be established. The Spiritualism of the past and present date have done much to convince the world that man has a spirit that shall live a life beyond, but this the Spiritualism of the future will prove the existence of the spiritual and the material united, the two extremes shall then meet, heaven and earth shall then unite, mortality shall then be swallowed up of life—I remain, sir, yours respectfully,

JOHN THOMAS.

Overton, Frodsham, Cheshire, June 30th, 1865.

SLEEP.

Who shall solve the mystery of sleep? New doctrines continue to be broached respecting it, and yet it remains among those problems of physiology and psychology which human wit seems unable to unravel. For a long time prevalent physiological theory has been that sleep was the means appointed by nature, or the Creator, for the reconstruction of the physical frame;—and that the waste which goes on during the active and waking state was repaired during sleep. It was supposed during our waking hours perpetual destruction of the tissues was going on, and that during sleep the damaged fabric was restored by the addition of the required new materials. But this theory is now breaking down. Lewes says it is "wholly unwarranted by any facts hitherto ascertained." During sleep a very considerable waste of tissue takes place, he says,—and both nutrition and destruction go on incessantly, whether sleeping or waking. The blood is the medium by which the processes of displacement and replacement are carried on,—but the circulation of the blood is even less rapid during sleep than during our waking hours.

Yet undoubtedly sleep is the great remedy for fatigue. The over-stretched body and brain are relaxed and restored by repose during sleep. But it is not in consequence of restoration of the parts of the injured fabric that this refreshing is brought about. It is simply a consequence of relaxed tension. This, at least, is the supposition of Lewes, and in confirmation of this view, he points to the fact that the nerve of a frog's limb, when separated from its body, becomes gradually exhausted by the application of a stimulus, and will no longer cause the muscle to contract, and that if allowed to repose, it will gradually regain its lost power, although it is cut off from the living forces or the animal's body.

But fatigue of body or brain does not directly induce sleep. Excessive excitement, however much fatigued the organism may be, prevents repose. Sleep is brought about mediately, by partial congestion, that is, fatigue causes a feebler circulation of the blood, and thus lowers the activity of the organ, which then falls into a partial torpor. Thus the winter sleep of hibernating animals is induced by cold, primarily acts upon the circulation and makes it sluggish. The animal wakes with the warmth of spring, because the circulation of the blood can then become vigorous. But waste has been going on during the whole period of sleep, and the animal, which was fat at the beginning of winter, is worn to attenuation at the return of spring.

There are certain signs of sleep which are very manifest, and this fact has led us into the idea that sleeping and waking are two very clearly-defined and distinct conditions. But in reality no line can be drawn. "Sleep," says Sir Henry Holland, "is not of a unity state, but a series of fluctuating conditions, of which no two moments are perhaps strictly alike." The waking state also is infinitely varied, as regards the comparative clearness or obscurity of the external consciousness. Soldiers can sometimes sleep while marching and musicians while playing. In sleep all the vital activities continue. There is no single unvarying and infallible characteristic of sleep. Men can walk, talk, eat, ride, swim, write, and carry on complicated processes, requiring all the intellectual faculties, during states of sleep called somnambulism. They can even, by some wonderful instinct, do things which are impossible to their waking condition, appearing to see in darkness or with closed eyes, and becoming aware of nets when no means of knowing them are apparent.

Speaking in the general way, the waking state is that in which we become conscious of the external world, through the medium of the outward senses. Our thinking processes are directed outwards, in connexion

with our attention to this external world. Our schemes are laid there, and our faculties are actively engaged there. And in this outer life men meet on a common platform of consciousness. Withdrawn from the outer world, the subjective consciousness of each individual differs so much from that of the rest that little communication exists. But in the world of the outer senses men feel themselves on the same ground. It is not for this reason that an agreement respecting the facts of external consciousness is made among men to be the test of sanity?

But how far is this a rational test? It results continually in the condemnation of the great thinkers and leaders of men as madmen. There is hardly an exception to this history. When we look below the surface, we perceive clearly that all truth comes from the inner life, and must be thence educated. Even mathematical truth, closely allied as it is to the outer world, has to be dug from the depths by painful abstraction, amounting almost to a withdrawal from the outer consciousness, as we see in the case of Sir Isaac Newton. The man most thoroughly awake to the outer world, is usually the most superficial. Spiritual truth especially is that which, according to the old proverb, "lies in a well." It is not found exposed on the surfaces of life.

Sleep, speaking in the same general way, is a withdrawal from the influence of the outer world. Sight, hearing, touch, and muscular tension gradually sink into quiescence. The will ceases to attend to the outer life,—and the attention becomes gradually absorbed by the trains of imagery and the mental experiences which belong to another region of life, and which we call dreaming. Sir William Hamilton caused himself to be awakened frequently, and at all hours of the night, and he invariably found, when awakened, that he was called back out of dreams. He never slept without dreaming. Sometimes he could go back in memory through a long chain of circumstances of his dream. At other times a stage or two only could be traced.

The embryo is constantly asleep before birth. The infant after birth sleeps almost continually, waking more and more as it advances to maturity of body. The very old person sleeps also much. "Our little life is rounded by a sleep." But even in maturity nearly a third part of our lives is passed in slumber. So urgent is the necessity for sleep that the certainty of death as the consequence of giving way to it cannot long prevent it. Several physiologists have agreed in declaring that sleep is the normal condition of life; Buffon, Grimaud, Brandis, Fessell and Burdach, are among the number. The waking state is one of tension, rapidly fatiguing and exhausting the powers; and a continual periodical return to the primeval sleep-condition is absolutely necessary to sustained existence in the outer life. The case is, in a lesser degree, somewhat like that of the diver, who learns to live and work for some minutes at a time under water, but who must constantly return to the upper air or perish.

If we accept as a reality the analogy between the individual and the human race considered as a colossal man, do we not find in connection with this subject, light thrown on the one hand upon the individual experience, and on the other upon history,—especially sacred history,—from the facts we have reviewed?

All ancient history is so mingled with the fabulous, as we call it,—that we know not what to accept as fact, and what to understand as merely mythical. The reason is that the infant humanity did not live in that condition of consciousness which we, in our matter-of-fact lives, consider to be the only one in which we are rational beings. It was, as compared with our own, a state of sleep in which they live. The inner life was everything to them. Hence they tell of converse with angels and exalted spiritual beings. Modern readers who wish to draw the line between real and imaginary beings in the old mythologies, find it impossible. In truth, the ancient writers would probably have themselves found it equally impossible to make the required distinction. It was all reality to them, and they were not able to distinguish the different planes of consciousness. Sometimes a man may have, even now, an unusually vivid dream, which almost compels his belief that it is an external verity. But with the first men it is probable that the inner experience mingled with and overpowered the outer life, somewhat as we see in the case of a somnambulist.

In that infancy of the race dreams were the staple of experience. The life was instinctive and intuitive. The outer life was not what we should term a rational one, but men were guided from within, as we see the lower animals guided now. And hence, in this childhood of man, the most wonderful inventions and discoveries originated. In fact they were not inventions or discoveries at all, according to our notion of the meaning of those terms, but inspirations. Without such inspirations man could never have lived sufficiently long on earth to invent or discover anything. In this way doubtless originated agriculture, the use of metals, and many other things which descend to us from an unknown antiquity. What human wisdom could, for instance, have foreseen that bread could be made from the seed of a wild grass? Yet wheat is nothing more than that, in its natural condition. It requires to be cultivated for several successive years to make it produce a grain fit for grinding. And how could the idea of culture have originated among those child-like men, except from the inner life?

Then again, in all later ages it was in dream or vision that revelation and prophecy were usually given. Hence the Bible contains multitudes of dreams and visions. The first great change in the condition of mankind on earth was marked by a deep sleep which fell upon Adam. The last grand symbolical prophecy of the New Testament is a vision of John in Patmos. Many instances occur throughout the Scriptures which indicate that the presence of spiritual beings has a powerful influence in producing a state of sleep. Daniel (x., 5-9,) tells of his vision by the river Hiddekel. The men who were with him saw not the vision, but a great quaking fell on them and they fled. But he fell down in a deep sleep on his face on the ground. The same thing occurred on a previous occasion (viii., 18.) When Jesus was transfigured on the mount, and talked with Moses and Elias, "Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep." (Luko ix., 32.) The disciples fell asleep while Jesus was agonizing in the garden of Gethsemane with the unseen powers of darkness, although Jesus had desired them to watch with him, lest they should fall into temptation.

Spiritual beings belong to the inner life, and when they appear to us, and have the power strongly to influence us,—to make us *en rapport* with them,—we are powerfully drawn towards that inner state of consciousness which we call sleep and dreaming,—and which is an abstraction from the waking consciousness. Is not this a *rationale* of multitudes of human experiences which are looked upon with incredulity by many, and which many others, though half believing them, do not try to understand; while they fear to confess, even to themselves, the weakness of entertaining any faith in them? There are few people who have not, at times, important spiritual experiences during sleep. And perhaps if the truth could ever be known, it would be found that the world owes infinitely more to those mysterious impressions and guidings which come welling up from the depths of the inner consciousness, and quietly ripple out over the stones of every-day experience, than the most daring would venture to suggest.

But the man who would sneer at the notion that sleep is of any importance in spiritual experience, and who thinks that this waking daily life is everything; we would suggest the question, what will be his condition when this life of the bodily senses finally closes, as it shortly will? What is death? "to sleep, perchance to dream." Does he believe in a life beyond the grave? If so, what is its nature? You say we shall then be freed from the trammels of the body and its gross material conditions. Just so;—and is it not a partial freedom of the same kind which we have in dreams? Do we not then live a freer life,—forgetting the outward routine of duty, and partially losing the consciousness of bodily pain, and weariness, and sorrow? The prisoner, pining in his dungeon, can then wander with his beloved ones in the sweet scenes of his early memories, and the soldier, amid booming cannons, sinks back, after his long night in the trenches, into the peaceful scenes of his childhood and his cottage home. But each man dreams according to his inner life. The villain has his dark plots, his fearful secrets, and his terror of impending punishment. The sensual man has his visions of indulgence, but also his avenging horrors and nightmares. And the good man has his peaceful dreams of kindness done, and love poured forth, and re-union with his lost ones in a better home.

In sleep we still have much of bodily sensation. But when finally released, the life will be entirely subjective. "Death, and his brother sleep," we often say, and notwithstanding that the physiologist says there is no ground of similarity between them from this point of view—since in one case the body is fully alive, and in the other case it is quite inanimate—we can see that to the soul's view the two are but degrees of the one condition—that of absence from the body. The one is a partial, and the other a complete withdrawal.

There is, instinctive in us, somewhat of that feeling of mysterious reverence for sleep which exists in a higher degree with regard to death. Who is there that has not looked upon the face of a sleeping friend, or a sleeping child, with a touch of awe? In our prosaic age we sneer at all supernaturalism as superstition. But the sneer is often a mere affectation; and probably the greater part of those who ridicule us for thinking there can be any sense or wisdom in dreams, still cherish in their memories recollections of some mysterious premonition, unaccountable to them, which a dear friend, now gone from this life, had of a coming change. Or even they themselves can tell of something in their own experience which utterly contradicts their professed belief.

Of clairvoyance and trance—forms of sleep less common than that of our nightly experience, and far more wonderful to us—it is not our place here to speak. They show, however, now that they are scientifically established, and have been extensively observed and discussed, that a whole world of discovery lies before us, and that it requires only a believing instead of a sceptical philosophy to go far towards re-connecting the broken links of the chain which will unite the natural world with the spiritual.

The inner life is the true life. A material and sensational philosophy, and an external and grovelling life, would lead us to believe that nothing is real, or of any value, which does not stand in clear daylight before our natural vision in this workday world. All else is delusion and fantasy to the sensual man. Yet the outer world is to the real man only what the skin, the hands, the feet, the eyes, and the ears are to the body. These minister to our wants, and are the means of the life's manifestation. But what would they be without heart, lungs, brain, nerves, and stomach? and what, above all, without the mysterious vital power, constantly inflowing into the whole organism. The soul descends through the body into the outer regions of the universe; its thoughts there obtain boundary, form, and compactness, and become distinct ideas. The waking experience of life is an education of the soul; it is the exercise of the athlete, and it requires between its lessons continual repose, for which it must temporarily retire into its native region. That repose is *sleep*. When its lessons below are learnt, when it has filled up the measure of its native capacity of reception, and it becomes matured in its experiences of the outer life, it retires to the inner life, and that is *death*.—*The Dawn*.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATION GIVEN TO GEORGE TURNER, DECEMBER 14, 1813.

Give glory to God, for His word is truth; His word was in the beginning, and is eternal; that brought all into being, and He supports all things by the word of His power. Hear me, ye people of the earth, for I am God who speaketh. I have commanded my word publicly to be made known in the newspapers, but man on earth heareth not my word. Evil worketh upon man and deceiveth him, and fills him with strife to contend against me, the Lord. I see he is deceived; therefore I pity man, and grant him help.

Let man be informed I have judged Satan, the prince of this world, guilty of breaking my decree, which I made for my sealed

people to set bounds for him. I have declared my sentence upon him, that he shall be removed, and his power cut off from all the earth. And all the fallen angels, and their evil works, I will destroy, which they have wrought upon the earth, and my word shall stand. O, England! thou dost not regard me, but I will not stop my stroke now, but will bring it upon thee: thou shalt know I am God and my word is truth. I have given thee space that thou mayest repent, but I see without my stroke thou art hardened more and more by the evil one working unbelief in thee; therefore, to assist thee to shake off the work of Satan, unbelief, I strike, that thou mayest be convinced that I am the Lord, that hath all the power and wisdom, and know how to strike the stronger power, to bind the strong man armed, Satan, the devil, that men may fear me. If I delay, great will be the sin of England, multiplied by the working of Satan, the devil. He bids defiance, and despises me and my power, but I have declared his end on earth. His kingdom is finished, and now shall have an end.

Now, my people, that believe in me and the visitation of my Spirit, the battle must be fought, and you must stand in faith with me and see my power. For my wrath is hot against Satan, and he shall now feel my power. Be not cast down, but look to me, I am your God, and Jesus Christ your Redeemer. Now, my children, wait patiently my uplifted hand falling, for I will spare you, but the disobedient to the commands I now give I will crush upon the face of the earth. Oh, England! hast thou obeyed one of my commands? This shall not save thee from being dashed to pieces, unless thou turn, and follow me fully in all my commands, which I now command thee, in breaking off thy sins, and obedience, by repentance, and hearing my voice and word I have made known, and obeying them. For my fury is begun, and who can stay it? My displeasure is made known, and who is he that can reconcile? For your iniquity and evil do I smite you, for you hear none of my reproofs, and regard not my threatening hand; therefore I will laugh at your calamity, and mock as your fears come upon you, and your prayers I will not hear without obedience to my will. You say, He will surely hear the united cry of His people; His children who believe His gospel. Hear ye then my answer, ye that call yourselves my people. How can you expect me to hear your cry, and bless you, unless you will hear my voice, and follow me, and obey my commands? My sheep hear my voice and follow me, and I am known of them, and I give unto them eternal life.

Endorsed by—

DANIEL JONES.

Bradford-on-Avon, Aug., 1865.

OVER THE WAY.

Gone in her childlike purity
Out from the golden day;
Fading away in the light so sweet,
Where the silver stars and sunbeams meet,
Over the silent way.

Over the bosom tenderly
The pearl-white hands are pressed;
The lashes lie on her cheeks so thin—
Where the softest blush of the rose hath been—
Shutting the blue of her eyes within,
The pure lids closed to rest.

Over the sweet brow lovingly
Twineth her sunny hair;
She was so fragile that love sent down
From his heavenly gems, that soft, bright crown,
To shade her brow with its waves so brown
Light as the dimpling air.

Gone to sleep with a tender smile,
Froze on her silent lips
By the farewell kiss of her dewy breath,
Cold in the clasp of the angel Death,
Like the last fair bud of a faded wreath,
Whose bloom the white frost nips.

Robin—hushed in your downy bed
Over the swinging bough—
Do you miss her voice from your glad duet,
When the dew in the heart of the rose is set,
Till its velvet lips with the essence wet,
In orient crimson glow?

Rosebud—under your shady leaf
Lid from the sunny day—
Do you miss the glance of the eye so bright,
Whose blue was heaven to your timid sight?
It is beaming now in a world of light,
Over the starry way.

Hearts—where the darling's head hath lain,
Held by love's shining ray—
Do you know that the touch of her gentle hand
Doth brighten the harp in the unknown land?
Oh, she waits for us with the angel band
Over the starry way,

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