

Robinson

THE

# SPIRITUAL TIMES

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

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

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

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

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

## THE POPE-SPIRIT AMONG SPIRITUALISTS.

In the incipient stages of all movements mistakes will necessarily occur. None of us are perfect. However much the best of us may strive to emulate the patience and devotion of Jesus, whilst our very existence is beset by the forces of selfishness and ignorance, we cannot fail to fall short of the glory of His life; nevertheless, if we are earnest and humble, we may attain to a degree of peace otherwise unattainable. It has been our earnest desire to stimulate the faith of our readers in God and in themselves. We believe Spiritualism to be an *ism* which gives the soul more blessed freedom than all other isms with which the world has been blessed or cursed through all time. We believe, as the sun shines upon the evil and the good alike, irrespective of race or ritualism of race, so Spiritualism is universal in its influence; and that, just in proportion as we open the doors of our hearts for its reception, shall we be refreshed by its exhaustless glory. If we cling with unyielding tenacity to the old clothes of dogmatism, little of the light of progress can reach us; so we must needs, heathen-like, worship the ragged body of Form.

If we desire sunshine to enter our dwellings we must open the windows and doors, and it will enter like a bright beautiful guest to cheer our hearts. So with the radiance of Truth—it will flow liberally, like light, into the open crevices of the soul, that is, if we suffer it to enter, and it will be to our inmost being what the sunshine is to our dwellings, a bright, beautiful guest, indeed. However dark may be the sky at times, we never lose faith in the constancy of the sun. We know that, ere a revolution of the dial, it may again blaze forth in all its beauty, chasing sadness with dulness away. Why, then, should we lose faith in the constancy of Truth? What, though it be shrouded in the smoke of artillery, or hidden in the panoply of Custom! It will, as certain as the appearance of clouds in the sky gives assurance of the return of the sun, reign triumphantly. There is, therefore, no real cause for despondency. The friends of Truth may fight under her holy generalship, fearless of consequences, because Truth is of God and is eternal, whilst error must have an end.

The new philosophy of Spiritualism teaches each of us to hold firmly by Individualism and Duty. To advocate a truth, not because a conventionally great man holds by it, but because we ourselves hold by it. It teaches us that we should become "a law unto ourselves," dispensing with petty popes, whose mission should be to rule over their own souls, and not ours. Too much of the spirit of patronage manifests its baneful influence in our midst.

Already in this early stage of Spiritualism in England

the Pope-Spirit has shown its head, and the simple, quiet, loving spirit of Jesus is lost sight of. The sad result is an absence of general concerted effort, fragmentary and inefficient operations, and, worst of all, a struggle for leadership.

We know already of five distinct bodies of Spiritualists, and for the life of us cannot see a substantial reason why all of them should not unite. Of course, each has its reasons, but unless the Pope-Spirit be predominant, we do not see a barrier to an immediate reconciliation of differences, in order that an efficient machinery may be set working in the service of Spiritualism. The prejudice of caste is strong, but is not Spiritualism stronger? Spiritualism, if we know anything of it at all, comes with no predilection for the court more than the cot. Did it do so, then it would only be another gigantic engine to crush the spirits of justice and sympathy in the human soul. If Spiritualism comes not as a respecter of caste, but in reality as a redeemer of humanity, its own example, rightly followed, will set us free from all that "cabins, cribs, and confines." Therefore, all efforts to circumscribe, or to appropriate Spiritualism, must in the end prove abortive. One of the most encouraging lessons of religion is taught in the fact that Christ came to save the lost. He did not court the favoured wealthy ones and pass along in self-righteous pride, lost the poor of heart, but coarsely clad, should contaminate Him. No; He came to save the lost; and even when the woman taken in adultery was before Him, He did not torture her with harsh words, but with divine compassion, said to her, "Go and sin no more." There was a moral heroism displayed by Jesus in this. And so it has been many a time since. The world has always loved its moral heroes, while it has only admired its ambitious ones. The dying Sir Philip Sydney granting a cup of water to his more needy dying comrade. Howard visiting the prisons. Florence Nightengale at the soldier's bedside. The French Emperor and Empress visiting the hospitals of the cholera patients—all these betray moral heroism which the world cannot forget. If Spiritualism fails to redeem us from sham Image Worship, it is because we will not permit it to do so. Before we can be truly fit to rule, we must obey—obey the universal impulses which are dictated by the spiritual. Spiritualism looks upon the Pharisee and the Publican as equally lost and is ready to redeem them both. But the self-righteous Pharisee vainly attempts the impossible task of doing the work of Spiritualism in its name, and, in a thoroughly pharisaical spirit, patronises the Publican.

"He that is chief among you let him be the servant of all," says the inspired Nazarene; not the servant simply of a small clique, however elevated, but of all. Hence, we fail to see how Spiritualism can be appropriated or confined to some drawing-room. As the universal, silent light of heaven, Spiritualism embraces humanity; it comes to redeem the lost, not to amuse the few. When it can be shown that Spiritualism respects the king more the peasant, then we will cease to make its teachings (as far as our ability allows) known. If it really is great because it is the servant of all, then indeed may the lowliest sinner in

creation look up with a beaming countenance and learn to disregard the ephemeral pageantries of Pomp, which erect barriers to Progress, and always enslave the mind whose affections are centred in them.

No one is more painfully aware of the almost almighty influence of caste in English society than we are, but the greater its influence, the greater is the necessity for Spiritualism to abrogate it. That which separates class from class, whether it proceed from the high or the low, is derogatory to freedom. Man's individuality is the great charter of his rights. He cannot be justly ignored; either *he* must be free to decide and act for himself or he becomes a veritable slave. If he is recognized as an individual, and allowed freedom, his responsibility will be strengthened, and he will be the less likely to infringe the moral law than he otherwise would were his individuality weakened. Already, through the length and breadth of our country, there is a spirit of earnest, free inquiry manifesting itself in the thinking portion of all classes. By-and-bye ancient feudalism will give way, and a more humanitarian and Christian state of things obtain.

The Pope-Spirit has maintained an offete system with its self-laudatory rulers among all classes. Both in the Church and in the State, at the present hour, the Pope-Spirit rules. But before anything approximating harmony can exist, it must be superseded by the spirit of service, and so long as the Pope-Spirit obtains, so long will there be mental slaves.

Spiritualism, the great Iconoclast, is entering the world's temples and destroying its false images; and whilst some who worship them may still bow down to their vacant places, it will set others free to worship Truth, whose images no Iconoclast can break. Already we see signs of Progress in the spiritual ranks everywhere; men and women, through the agency of the invisible beneficients, are looking towards the Promised Land, where the sun of Truth for ever shines. "He that is chief among you let him be the servant of all." This is the motto of Christianity. No man can make himself chief and fail to serve, and be a Christian. Tyranny and Christianity are at war. The one grasps at power and place, and treads on the neck of the weak; the other bids the strong assist the weak. Spiritualists deserving the name must crucify in their souls selfishness, and prove by their actions that they believe the injunction which makes service sacred. Then, and not till then, will the Pope-Spirit become exorcised, and nations open to pure spirit influxes. There never was a time in which there was more need of earnestness. The divine truths unfolded in the spiritual philosophy need presenting, free and untarnished, to the world. Those who will present them with the full faith that the greatest man is he that serves *all*, are truly Christian workers. Let no man or woman stand aside because he or she has not passed examinations for Latin and Greek at the colleges. The classics will never transfigure a human life, or place a soul in the highest heaven. Let none stand aside because they have not their limbs covered with cloth of the most superfine texture. A man's coat may be hoiden grey, yet his soul may be associated with the angels. It is not outside show that makes a man true. Too long has the world bowed down to the idols of cloth and caste and the authorities of the schools; and the misfortune is that there is a tendency on the part of many Spiritualists to mimic the world in its idolatries, and thus to forfeit their freedom.

We shall, we trust, be ever ready to work with any or all parties devoted to the cause of Spiritualism. There needs only earnest and willing heads and hearts to put an end to the vain desire for leadership, even as Individuality and Duty in the light of Spiritualism is destined to put an end to the Pope-Spirit which at present threatens to overthrow us.

The *Pall-Mall Gazette*, which we see frequently quoted as a sensible paper, copies an advertisement from the *Record*, which it thinks "more suited to the columns of the *Spiritual Times*." The advertisement is, "Palmerston, the Patriot—was he saved? By the Rev. W. Dibden, M.A.," &c. As we believe in a continued existence, we may hope that, if he was not saved, there is still a chance that he will be. While there is life there is hope; and if life beyond the grave, why not hope also?

## "LIFE INCIDENTS AND POETIC PICTURES."\*

REVIEWED BY EDWIN EDDISON.

(Concluded from page 339.)

The chief merit of Mr. Powell's work is this; when writing it, he had distinctly impressed upon his mind and memory the strange incidents he describes, and he has vividly, and in the simplest language, given them in the pages of his work. Simplicity of style is always attractive; and he is in possession of a high power who can write as he would speak when telling his tale to one of his own household. One thing is clear, Mr. Powell was never intended for a mechanic, and although he finds fault with harsh foremen, probably the fault was with him and in him, and it was his utter inaptitude for such work that gave cause for reasonable complaint. He was intended for literature, or some other more congenial calling than that of a mechanic, and pity it is that in early life that taste was not discerned, and greater opportunities given for its development. There, again, he has to blame himself; and who is there amongst us who has not occasion to lament over wasted opportunities—good resolves unfulfilled? He played truant when at school, as we are all truant to our duties even now. Yes, the very best of us are truants every day of our fleeting lives, and the feelings which prompt us to be so are necessary for the carrying on of life, and the bearing of the burden. He was a truant; but, let it be marked, he composed some of his earliest verses when working at the factory, and during stolen moments. Mr. Powell complains of foremen. Now, had any of the readers of this magazine a labourer in the vineyard who wrote verses whilst at work, what would he, the master, do had he a rod in his hand? He would do as many reviewers do, use the moral rod over the delinquent's devoted back. And lucky it probably is for Mr. Powell that the foremen saw his inaptitude, and that engineering and Mr. Powell were incompatible, and so drove him into the proper groove. From seeming sorrow, trouble, and misfortune, often our dearest joys spring, and the difficulties and opposition Mr. Powell met with drove him into those paths of literature where, in plucking the flowers, he has found, and will find, many a hidden thorn. On that path are dangers and disappointment; and literary adders are there, as actual ones are in the material paths of life, each with its own peculiar venom. Nor do we envy the man who has no such difficulties to encounter. No true man ever arrived at that summit which all who possess ambition aspire to reach, without first triumphing over such obstacles.

We have not space to more than allude to the contents of the work. Let those who take an interest in the struggles of an aspiring human soul, who can sympathize with a father in his hard efforts to gain his children's daily bread, purchase the book, and judge for themselves. We venture to say they will not be disappointed.

Mark this. "I was next set to the glazing-rolls, an occupation I liked because I could work and read at the same time." All very well, Mr. Powell, as showing your taste, but should you now blame your over-looker had he applied the rod?

He was shifted to the "drying-loft," where he could not read "Fenimore Cooper's novels" any longer. The room was heated with steam. "Here (he says) I was baked daily, through dreary months. My appetite failed me, and *my whole body grew sick*." He was "doomed to this death-loft for the generous sum of sixpence a day."

He then wants to go to sea, but cannot get. Then our author narrowly escapes an ignominious death in the Boxmoor baths, and adds his testimony to a fact we have heard stated before, that death by drowning is rather pleasant—that is, if the process which caused in Mr. Powell suspended animation can be likened to actual death by drowning. We would not, however, recommend any of our readers who desire to live to try the experiment for the sake of receiving knowledge on the subject. We, for one, will take Mr. Powell's testimony to the fact. He remembers, "feeling a pleasant, dreamy sort of sensation." Waterton, the wanderer, to teach his son to swim, threw him into his lake; the consequence of which was, that the boy ever after dreaded water; and this was the result for a time with Mr. Powell.

He arrives at manhood, when a novel and pleasing "change came over the spirit of his dream." He met the "Jessie of his poetry," the Mary Chaworth of his destiny, and became enamoured. We, you readers and ourself have all had our Jessies, have we not? Some are with us now. Some who once sat upon and cheered our hearths have gone from us to the angels. Some have existed on earth, and were the Jessies of our hearts, but they existed not for us. Their image is in the heart, and in our memory, but *that is all*. Mr. Powell was more fortunate. He says, "In the midst of sorrow, a new realm dawned upon me. I stood, as it were, on an eminence looking down on two worlds, the worlds of Love and Poesy, and obtained glorious glimpses of beauty from both. The spiritual became visible over the material, and half the terror and strife of existence was dissipated." Again: "The hard hand of want led me along; the iron of distress entered my soul. I became a social wanderer, now in, now out of employment, without a friend, save the good God, whose providence has been made manifest to me on more than one occasion."

Is there a reader of this article whose happiness and comfort would be promoted, whose fire would seem warmer, by seeing shivering men in the falling snow outside, and feel more comfortable from a sense of contrast? We hope there is not such a one, but, if there be, let him read this work.

Mr. Powell then wanders in search of employment, only to meet with disappointment. Weary miles he travelled, footsore, almost hopeless. The counties of Middlesex, Lancashire, Yorkshire, were visited in vain.

\* "Life Incidents and Poetic Pictures." By J. H. Powell. London: Trübner & Co., 60, Paternoster-row. (The reviewer of Mr. Powell's work has given his name only as a guarantee that the review is the production of a disinterested and impartial person.)

And here, by way of digression, we may observe that one reviewer of "Life Incidents" has fallen into a singular error. He says that dyspepsia was the cause of Mr. Powell's failure to retain employment. We should take it that dyspepsia was the result of so many trials and vicissitudes. Let the reviewer go through our author's experience, and we will be bound to say he will soon have dyspepsia, and bile, too. He "returned home to his wife, sick at heart, and weary of life." A many reviewers would have given in altogether, and gone to earth; for those who send their shots from the security of darkness—who shoot in security to themselves from literary loop-holes—are not of the bravest or most enduring class, although they can easily blame others for want of those qualities. We have often seen human brutes hound on dogs, who suffered what the human dogs could not endure, even in degree.

Then comes a gleam of success, and past sorrows are forgotten, for the griefs of mature age resemble the April showers of youth more than we imagine. Then came a "strike," and visions of America and that good time coming, in the sun of which Charles Mackay has been luxuriating of late.

Mr. Powell goes into business, and meets with a Jew, who mesmerises him into buying a stock of blacklead pencils, which, had they not been utterly worthless, would have sufficed to write twenty volumes of "Life Incidents."

Then our author is wise enough to burn his first edition of poems, or is goaded to do it by a dyspeptic reviewer. How he came to be a lecturer, and how he went wandering, if not, as Shakspeare did, "singing to a listening world," yet singing as he went over the mountains and valleys of life, we must ask him to explain. The book is full of incident, and abounds in records of the vicissitudes and occasional joys which make up the sum of human life. It will repay perusal, and is a work that one might take up at any page or moment.

We do not know whether Mr. Powell, when he lunched with the sons of a duke, had read of Sancho Panza's adventures when Governor of Barataria (we think it was, for we have not read "Don Quixote" since our boyhood), but one would have thought, had he done so, he would not have allowed the fairies, in the shape of ducal menials, to have spirited away his beef and tarts, and made a Sancho Panza of him. The following extract is very droll, natural, and amusing, but before giving it we will, to raise ourselves in the estimation of our fellow-men, say that we, too (we, the humble reviewer), once had the transcendent, the overwhelming honour of lunching with the son of a duke (not a modern-titled duke) and another person, whose blood had run in belted earls for generations, when the aristocratic human blood was blue, not red, as is the case with common men—blue as the blotting paper we are about to use. We had read of the Governor of Barataria, and allowed no fairy, by the means of philosophic talk, to take our attention from the fore-quarter of lamb. "Amongst my frequent patrons (at Windsor)" says Mr. Powell, "were two sons of the Duke of A—, who always came accompanied by their tutor, a Mr. L. On one occasion I received an invitation to lunch with their lordships. Mr. L., the tutor, whose courtesy still lives in my esteem, presided, and engaged his aristocratic pupils and myself in conversation about Pre-Raphaelitism, a subject almost foreign to me, and I was not disposed to publish my ignorance by even venturing an opinion during the conversation. I had been assisted to some turbot, and had scarcely tasted it, being engaged listening to the remarks of the tutor. A powdered servant behind my chair, whose fingers must have been uneasy to clutch something, seized my plate and ran off with it, returning with a clean one. I was this time assisted to beef, and thought I would really do proper duty, when one of the young lords wished the "Professor" to inform them how he produced certain biological experiments. Of course, I could not help replying, but during the interval of time it took to make my reply understood, the powdered servant seized my plate a second time, replacing it, as before, with a clean one. I was then assisted to pastry, and thought I would not allow the powdered flunkey to molest my comfort a third time. But, alas! what was the use? Their young lordships had an appetite for biology, and I had better have had none for pastry, for on the very instant when I had placed my fork down to take my handkerchief from my pocket, all were looking for my words with greedy eagerness, and all greediness on my part, had I felt any, could not possibly have been satisfied, for the powdered flunkey ran off with my remaining tart. This was past endurance. I resolved to give myself up to conversation, and to make a fool of my appetite no longer. Cheese and salad I declined, I believe much to the satisfaction of the flunkey, whom I would have sacrificed a fortune at that minute to have biologically."

Our author gives an amusing account of an interview with Eliza Cook at Brighton, a place at which he first saw the waters of the great deep, but our space will not admit of much extract. His child dies, and he lays her in a Welsh grave, though her memory is with him for ever. He becomes the publisher and editor of a magazine, and fails for want of money. He cataplexes a lawyer (the first, we should think, who ever did.) A German Prince (what numbers of these princes there are, to be sure!) patronizes him, and takes ten shillings' worth of tickets for a lecture. Mr. P. finishes off his Incidents by saying, "I have persevered for years, through ill report and good report, partial failure and partial success, in the silent chamber of sickness and amidst the jarring strife of commerce, never utterly despairing, but always aiming towards perfectibility; not that I might simply win a niche in the temple of art, but that I might stimulate to holy thoughts and incite to high endeavours." In that object we say to the author, "God speed!"

The work is, as we have said, highly interesting, and will not only repay perusal, but will lift another thick veil from the moving panorama of real, breathing, suffering life.

As regards the "Poetic Pictures," we confess we have a difficult part to play.

A man who has been accustomed to see palaces, thinks but little of the suburban mansions in Clapham-park or Brixton, for instance. He who has made it his constant practice to gaze into the heavens, with the wish to realize to himself the glorious mysteries blazing there, is so dazzled, or his attention is so absorbed that he cannot properly appreciate and realize the daisies at his feet. An admirer of Longfellow may be so pleased

with the "Psalm of Life" as to be dissatisfied with his more commonplace poems; and so with Tennyson's works. And yet, readers, although there are poets whose fame shines through all time, with a glory like unto the rays emanating from the stars and luminaries of heaven, we must not forget that on this earth of ours are roadside roses, daisies, violets, and the like, which claim our admiration; and it is clear that Mr. Powell is one to whom a daisy on a river's brink is not only a daisy and nothing more. He sees the daisy, and recognises and reproduces its beauties. There is in him the true poetic sentiment, and a considerable power of conveying to others the impression his soul receives when gazing on these things of beauty which are our joys for ever.

Mr. Powell excels, however, we think, in his domestic poetry—in the songs of the affections. He buries the child, but his gaze is upturned to the heaven where the soul of that child dwells, and a better tribute than a reviewer can give was conveyed in the remark of a lady, who said she could not help weeping when reading the verses where Mr. Powell alludes to a recent visit to that child's grave.

Amongst the poems containing the true poetic sentiment, we may enumerate "Marion's Grave," over which, after a lapse of years, our author, "her pilgrim parent stood;" "Queen of Little Girls," "A Cradle Song," "The Angels are about us," "Lullaby," "The Shattered Flower," "The Rainbow on the Sea," "The Sleeping Child," "Flaxen Curls," &c.

We think the majority of the poems possess great merit, but in consequence of our space being limited, we must request the reader to judge for himself.

In conclusion, we will observe that nothing shows the absurdity and worthlessness of reviews, and the carelessness or degeneracy of reviewers in the present day than the reviews we have seen of "Life Incidents and Poetic Pictures." One reviewer, when reading page 86, finds out that the author sneers at German metaphysics, where, for the life of us, we cannot detect a sneer. One reviewer praises the poems and condemns the prose; another praises the prose and denounces the poems, and so on. If all the reviews were shaken in a bag together, we might, out of the jumble, extract something, perhaps, like the truth.

Nothing is easier than to condemn; nothing more difficult with those who indulge in that luxury than to emulate that which they condemn. Let the carpers try, or again try, their hand at authorship, and they will probably receive the same drubbing in reviews they have so often had before. Who killed poor Keats? What killed Chatterton? No quarterly, we hope, will kill or nip in the bud Mr. Powell's literary efforts, and he has already passed through that poverty which drove Chatterton's "sleepless soul to perish in its pride."

Taking Mr. Powell's defective education into account (and many men of superior education might in vain attempt to succeed as well), he has produced works of which he has just reason to be proud; and we notice in his writings a steady and marked improvement. Of course, we must look for defects, but they are trifling. This is his best work, and it deserves what we sincerely wish it—success.

#### BLINDNESS CURED BY SPIRIT-POWER.

THE *Portland Daily Evening Star* of Sept. 12th, contains the following significant remarks in regard to the wonderful cures he has been performing in that city during the last three weeks. The editor says: "By a notice in to-night's paper it will be seen that Dr. Newton's stay is limited to a few more days. We can only say that the ministrations of this man have been scarcely less than miraculous. Hundreds have been raised from sickness to apparent health at a touch of his hand. We do not write this as a puff, at all. We are as much at fault in regard to this wonderful man as any member of the community. But through some agency—Spiritualism, he claims—he has done cures never performed, to our knowledge, by any other living man."

The doctor has closed his office in Portland, and is to open one in Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 10th. On his way home he called at our office, where he met a "blind man," who had been treated by many of the most noted physicians and opticians in the country without benefit. Having heard of Dr. Newton, he went to him, before the Doctor visited Portland, as he says, "because other people did, but he had no faith that he would be cured." The Doctor put his hands on his eyes, and told him his sight would be restored, and immediately he saw quite distinctly. The Doctor further told him, that in a certain number of days he would be able to read coarse print. The man said that promise came true. On learning that the Doctor was to be in this city last week, the patient, whose faith had now grown strong, desired to meet him again, and so came to our office for that purpose. The Doctor put his hands upon his eyes again, and his sight immediately became much clearer, and the Doctor assured him that in ten days he would be able to read very fine print. The man went on his way rejoicing, in full faith that the prediction will be fulfilled.

The angel-world, through the instrumentality of Dr. Newton, is truly blessing suffering humanity. The sceptical world should hide its head in shame for reviling this man because he sometimes fails in curing an incurable case. If but one cure in a thousand was effected, of the many thousands who come to him, even then he would be doing a holy work. But he does cure the majority of invalids who visit him, and therefore he is one of the noblest of public benefactors.

BANNER OF LIGHT.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our Correspondents.

## MR. COLCHESTER THE MEDIUM.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—The persecution which has assailed Mr. Colchester has led me to reveal some facts which occurred to me in an interview I had with that medium in London, in the year 1862. If those who are desirous of testing the truth or falsehood of Spiritualism will read what I shall write, they will add some extraordinary facts to their experience.

It was in June, 1862, I went to London with my husband and a sister-in-law, for the purpose of seeing the Exhibition. My husband, in walking down Oxford-street, met an old friend, whom he had not seen for some years, a gentleman well known in the literary and scientific world. In the course of conversation, my husband inquired what was going on in the intellectual world. "Have you seen anything of Spiritualism?" said Mr. P. "No." "Then you must go and see it before you leave town. I'll take you to a medium who will give us a *séance* if he is in London." "I'll go," said my husband; "but I do not believe it, do you?" "As much as I believe in my own identity; but I do not pretend to account for it."

So they walked together to No. 20, S— Street, P— Square, where Mr. Colchester then lodged. He was at home, and willing to give them a *séance*, as it is called, and "show them what he could." He did not promise to show them anything in particular. The result was as follows. At two o'clock my husband returned home in a state of great excitement, hurrying into the room where his sister and I were sitting, waiting for him to take us to the Exhibition. He exclaimed, "I have seen the most wonderful thing I ever saw in my life. I have spoken with my father, and shaken hands with him. I have spoken with E— (mentioning a friend's name), and the man told me that gentleman committed suicide." (This was true.)

We looked at each other in surprise, and were much puzzled and troubled to see him so agitated. We believed he had been imposed upon, and told him so.

"Will you go, and see for yourselves?"

"Of course we will; and we will prove Mr. Colchester to be an impostor."

On the following morning we took a cab, and went to 20, S— Street. Before going we agreed to write six questions each. We were not to let each other know what we had written, so we wrote in different rooms the questions we intended to puzzle Mr. Colchester with. "If," said I, with confidence, "he answers my questions without seeing them, I will believe in his powers." I smiled to myself as I folded up each question separately, and put the six together in an envelope, and into my pocket.

We arrived at Mr. Colchester's lodgings, and were shown into a front parlour with two windows on the left hand side of the passage. There was no one in the room when we entered. We looked about to see if we could find any apparatus by which the furniture could be moved or knocking performed, under the table and behind the bookcase, but everything was the same as in most London lodging-houses of that stamp. There were a few books in the bookcase. Among these I noticed a Bible, several prayer books and hymn-books, Shakespeare, and Cowper's poems. On the mantelpiece were some photographs, shells, and pieces of spar. Having looked about, I sat down on a couch, and making up my mind to be on the alert to detect any cheating that might be used, I felt for my questions, and had them all safe in my pocket. My sister did the same. Presently the door opened, and a young man came in with a few sheets of note-paper in his hand.

My husband said, "I have brought these ladies. Can you show them anything like what I saw yesterday? They are very sceptical."

"I will try," said Mr. Colchester; "but I can promise nothing. We will see." Then, turning to the window, he said, "The day is very propitious. If the air had been clearer, it would have been more favourable for the *séance*." (It was foggy and damp.)

Being seated, I addressed Mr. Colchester thus: "I suppose it will make no difference my having written my questions at home?" He said, "Not in the least." I took my little packet out of my pocket, and placed it before me on a kind of oval table. Mr. Colchester sat at the end, with his back to the window. I sat on the one side, my sister-in-law on the other; my husband on the opposite side from Mr. Colchester. I had numbered my questions, to be quite sure. The first was, "Where is A. H. G. B.?" To my great surprise Mr. Colchester wrote, "A. H. G. B. is in the spirit-world, and present with you now." As he wrote the *fall names*, Christian and surname, without seeing the question, I confess a feeling of astonishment, almost terror, came over me I shall not easily forget. Now, the gentleman whose name I had written had married my eldest daughter, and was killed in the mutiny. He was treacherously shot as he was swimming across a river. My daughter believed he was still living, for some years after his death had been reported. Mr. Colchester having written the answer, pushed it to me with the pen, and said "That, I think, is an answer to that lady's first question, is it not? Is it correct?" Of course I said it was. The next question of mine was, "Is it possible to communicate with spirits in this our mortal state?" Answered by Colchester: "Yes; we do communicate with earth. Spirits have the power. It is a gift given to mankind to show that the soul still lives."

The next question, No. 3, was, "Is there such a thing as total annihilation for the human soul?" Answer: "No; the soul can never die. There is no such thing. The soul still lives in the spirit-world."

Question 4: "Is my friend happy in the spirit-world, and shall we meet again?" Answer: "Yes; your friend is happy in the far-off land of spirits. You shall meet again, and know each other when you leave this form."

Question 5: "In what form shall we exist in a future state." Answer: "The same as in this, only in a more pure and holy form. We have the same form, only more spiritual."

My sixth and last question was, "Will my son return from Bonney?" Answer: "Yes, your son will return in safety from Bonney."

"But stop!" said Mr. Colchester, "I have something here." Undoing his wristband, he pulled up his sleeve, and on his arm, written as with a red pencil, was my son's name, which I had put on the top, thinking Mr. Colchester would never be able to tell his name; but he did, and, what was more extraordinary, he said, "That is the name of the suicide I told you of yesterday," to my husband. I was fearfully astonished. My sister-in-law had all her questions answered with equal truth. Mr. Colchester never having touched or seen one of them. In fact, they were only opened after they had been answered, to see if the answers corresponded with the questions.

My sister-in-law once during this *séance* went behind Mr. Colchester to the window, and was writing a question, after all had been answered that we wrote at home. Mr. C. said, "You are writing of Lord C., he is in the spirit-world. This was true; Lord C. had died a few weeks before."

This is the experience I had of Mr. Colchester. It may serve the cause of truth to insert these experiences. When Mr. C. had finished, I said to him, "You must be either a very good or a very bad man. How do you feel?" "Rather tired," he said, "but, I suppose, much the same as other people."

We left the house, and returned in a few days to Gloucestershire. The Exhibition had nothing to show equal to what we had seen at Colchester's. On my return, I told several friends exactly what I have written here. I sent some to 20, S— Street, P— Square, to find him, and test the truth for themselves; but Colchester had left, and from that day to this I never saw or heard of him again until I saw in the paper that he was compelled to pay a fine, or pay for a license for juggling, and that he was at Buffalo, in the United States. If ever he comes to England again, I hope I shall be able to test his powers again, to confirm my belief in what I have seen and related.—I remain, &c.,

M. D.

## A SPIRIT-MOTHER APPEARS TO HER SON.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—I had heard various and conflicting reports concerning Spiritualism, which caused me to think much about the matter, and last Sunday evening, as I was meditating deeply, my mind was directed to the words, "Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God," when I asked the Lord in prayer to assist me by His Holy Spirit to try the spirits, and to lead me into all truth. After a long time spent in fervent prayer, it being late in the evening and no light in the room, I heard a sudden rustling sound, as of a woman's garments, and felt a current of air, as though some person had passed me, and on looking up (for I was still upon my knees), I saw my dear departed mother, who was indeed "a tree of the Lord's planting" while here below, standing at the farther end of the room, gazing at me with a look of ineffable tenderness, and appearing as though she were about to speak. Seeing her near me, I at once addressed her, saying, "My dear mother, wherefore have you left the spirit-world to visit me here below?" At which she replied, "I have come, my child, to warn you of the folly of your past conduct in rejecting the testimony of messengers from the world of spirits, sent by your gracious and loving Heavenly Father, to instruct and edify, to warn, to encourage, to comfort and protect His children, who are heirs of salvation. And, further, I am commended by Him to declare unto you that it is His will that you should accept and believe all that He sees fit to communicate in this way." When I heard these words from the disembodied spirit of my mother, I was overwhelmed with astonishment, and grief on account of my past neglect, and I renewed praying with still greater fervour, asking God to pardon my obstinacy, and reveal His will still further. While I was praying, I saw, as it were, a bright cloud of fire somewhat in the shape of a dove, come down through the ceiling, and immediately afterwards it expanded, so as almost to fill the upper part of the room, and appeared to rest over me, and suddenly I heard a voice like thunder, saying, "Resist not the spirit," and immediately it vanished, and I was left alone and in darkness. These things made a deep impression on my mind, and I immediately sat down to write this account of what took place, to send to you, in order that the sceptics may see it, and judge for themselves.—I remain, &c.,

JOHN CHAMPION.

49, Edmond-terrace, Notting-hill, Nov. 6, 1865.

## EVIDENCES OF SPIRIT-SIGHT.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Dear Sir,—Some months ago I sent you an extract from John Wesley's Journal, which you must have forgotten, or you would have done as you promised, inserted it in the *Spiritual Times*.\* It is a wonderful case, and well worth reprinting in this so-called Christian, but Sadlucan age.

\* We have unfortunately mislaid the extract alluded to.

I could collect some strange facts evidencing the nearness as well as the actuality of the spirit world, from persons who have not so much as heard of Spiritualism. A neighbour of ours has said that she sees nearly all her relatives after they depart. Her husband's brother's spirit came to her bedside, drew aside the curtains, and was about to lay his hand on hers, when she was so frightened that she screamed out and woke her husband. At another time she saw a farmer's wife, who had been dead some time, but who, in the flesh, suffered much sorrow through a drunken husband. Well, this woman saw this same farmer's wife in the daytime, in an orchard before the house, and she appeared so beautiful, her face beaming with light, and smiling at the same time most benignly upon her, that she stood transfixed for a time gazing. Then she began to fear and tremble so that she had to lean on a person's arm who came by her at the time, in order to get home.

A brother of this woman has told me repeatedly that he saw the apparition of a Mrs. Joseph Gifford, of this place, in the daytime. She was looking out of the chamber window. He told it to her son, who is now living in the same house. He told him to say nothing about it, as it would frighten the children. And so it is; in spite of scepticism there is an undercurrent of belief.

Another young married woman, who departed a few months ago, a little before she died, said, "Oh! what a number! So bright! so glorious!" and she recognised one young man who had died some weeks before, and she said, "There stands William Conquest, beckoning me over," and for some time she continued to see glorious beings, who have crossed the river, and often stand waiting to welcome us. Our great work is to prepare for the change by subduing and subjugating all our inordinate appetites and impure passions, and aspiring after every virtue which can adorn man or angel.

Sir, if these few remarks are of any use to you, insert them in the *Spiritual Times*. And I may at some convenient time send you some account of a remarkable manifestation, where the spirits came and turned a lathe, and moved tools from place to place.—I remain, &c.,

JOSEPH TILLEY.

#### APPEARANCE OF A HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

(From the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.)

In the French part of the town, below Canal-street, Third District, dwelt a man—Mr. Martel, let us call him. He had one or two children, some property, and a very pretty wife, of a rather rapid temperament. Presently she grew tired of his society, and fond of that of another gentleman—No. 2—and simultaneously with both these events No. 1 grew strangely sick; he got worse very fast; finished by dying and being decently laid away—as she thought, safely; but others thought differently. The grave couldn't begin to hold Monsieur Martel. They put him away, but he wouldn't stay. He was altogether irrepres- sible. Madame went into mourning, and went out again, and wound up with an alliance with No. 2. At this, No. 1 waxed wrath, and from his side of the grave determined on reprisals. Accordingly one evening, as Madame was fixing her back hair at the looking-glass, puff went a breath, and out went the candle. Whereat she began to rave, laying it to some one in the house playing pranks on her. All denied it, and she relit the candle, but again puff! and out it went again; and this was repeated seven times within thirty minutes. By this time everybody, including No. 2, were in a delicious state of excitement; and that worthy gentleman took his place on the piazza or gallery, relit the candle, and told her to go to the glass and finish doing up her back hair, as he meant to watch and detect the light-extinguisher. She did so, and no sooner had begun than his hair began to stand up in the most ridiculously absurd manner, and his knees clapped together as if he felt cold, and his eyes stuck out like a pair of peeled onions, and looked like two burned holes in a blanket, all caused by the dim, shadowy figure of a man that grew out of the air right by his side, and advanced straight to the woman, who also saw it, and screamed out, "*Jesu Maria!* it is my husband!" Whereupon No. 2 had sudden business down the stairs, and left. Not so Madame. She could not stir; a pair of unearthly eyes nailed her to the spot. "Why did you kill me? Why betray me before death? Why have you robbed my children to enrich that villain?"

To this she answered, "Don't come near me." What further passed cannot be said, but she agreed to undo all that she could undo—settle the property on the children; and he agreed to trouble her but once more, on a certain evening when he would come to test her promise. She kept it; and on the stipulated night many persons gathered there, all of whom saw the spectre. It came no more, nor did No. 2, and although people said it was the devil, yet Madame Martel found it convenient to avoid the chances of an exhumation, and she removed to parts unknown.

Of course it was the devil, and not a spirit—spirits are hum- bugs, you know, while the devil is a horned reality—but what the devil could have got into him to set about doing good after that fashion in this late day, is more than I can fathom.

P. B. R.

New Orleans, Sept. 26. 1865.

#### SPIRIT-MESSAGE, No. 3.

Through the mediumship of JESSIE.

Be ye not as many that have gone before you, who make a garland of roses and put a net under it to catch the unthinking ones. Men make a garland of roses for themselves, that they may appear to the world good. But a net is under it, ready to catch the wayfarer's foot. Thus, instead of implanting good, and letting mankind know that they mean well, they conceal the net under the garland. This garland of roses is the seducing smile and flattering tongue—the net, the deceitfulness of the heart. Men make a garland of roses and put a net under it, delighting to entrap their fellows, and care not what they cause them to suffer. Seek you the wisdom of God, and your eyes shall be opened; then you will fail to heed the garland, because you will see the net. But you must ask for wisdom, that your eyes and understanding may be opened. What use are eyes that see not, and ears that hear not? The wheat must be separated from the chaff. God hath given you knowledge and instinct. You may know by the latter when you see the garland if the net is beneath it. The wicked flourish only for a time. While they are flourishing, they dig deep pits, and strew them with roses. But by men's fruits ye may know them. Do fig-trees bear thistles? Do thistles bear beautiful fruits? I say again, by men's fruits shall ye know them. If you wish to understand, you cannot be deceived. Are not the lives of the wicked, though garlanded with roses, full of bitterness and sourness, which set their children's teeth on edge? Farewell! My time is limited; I am called elsewhere. Farewell! and may the blessing of God rest upon you. May He aid you in that work you are called upon to perform. May each step you take be guided by Him. May you ascend the ladder which reaches to heaven, and know perfect peace. May all good things descend upon you, and may the Spirit of God pour His love and glory around you, so that nothing can harm or make you afraid. Seek, and you will find peace; knock, and the door of happiness will be opened for you. I come from God. My mission is to do good; therefore let your hearts be opened and your bodies pure. Then, indeed, the spirit of peace, love, and justice will dwell with you, making your pathway truly pleasant. When you sit, ask God to give you the spirit of peace, truth, and righteousness.

A spirit purporting to be the brother of the medium influenced her to speak as follows:—

Oh! if you knew what I have suffered for my transgressions, you would pity and pray for me. Did I not go with my eyes open step by step into sin? Did I not close my ears to the warning voice of those who went before me? But I am happier now, but not so happy as I wish to be. I have not yet attained to where my child is (alluding to his little son who died some years before him). The ties of earth drag me down. I sinned, and my sin was visited on my children. If you will comfort, and try to lead in the right path those I left behind, then would my spirit rest. But the hearts of my forlorn ones cry. They are, as it were, a veil of blood before my eyes. They retard my progress. Why does foolish fear act as a barrier 'twixt me and happiness? I will, if possible, this night make myself known and seen by that one who is a mother to them. (A sister of the spirit, who has charge of his surviving children, and who has once seen his spirit since his decease.) Oh, God! may Thy blessing be as a curtain, to shield her from all harm. You must see her, and make known my wish. Tell her to fear not. I would not harm her. I come in love to my destitute forlorn ones.

Question: Are you really more contented where you are than you was on the earth?

Spirit: I am contented with many things, but the sins I committed draw me back. You would say, How? It is this. If I had not sinned I should not have been summoned so quickly, and have left my children so helpless. Are not the sins of the parent visited upon the children? Have I not sinned, and has not my sin fallen as a black cloud, and rested upon my children?

Q. Do you hold the same ideas of religion you entertained when you were with us?

S. Do I not? Yes. Did I not believe in God, and in Christ as a Saviour, and put confidence in Him? And did I not, through the troubles of the world, instead of clinging closer to Him, step back from His protection?

Q. Do you believe the same doctrines?

S. No. What did I tell you? Did I not represent a hell, with fire and brimstone? Did I not say of God, though His love was so great, His hatred seemed greater? (Alluding to a conversation held with the questioner when the spirit was in the flesh.) No. God is a God of love and justice, and being a God of Love, if we in return love Him, not because of fear, but really love Him, then is our reward sure. But still He is a God of justice. Our reward is as we make it; and His wrath lasts not for ever. He cannot destroy; His love is too powerful. He will punish, but not in fire, and He will not punish for ever. Is not His arm strong to save? It never shortens or falls in strength, or grows weary. He, the All-Powerful, will overcome obstacles that appear as mountains to your eyes, because His love never wanes. He is All-Powerful and All-Wise.

Q. You now know that sects are not essential to true life?

S. Sects! God looks at the heart.

Q. Do you ever see Christ? (The medium's face brightened.)

S. No; I have not yet advanced enough to see Him. Oh! I would

sacrifice very much to see Him; but the recollection of my sins keeps me back.

Q. Do spirits retain their memories in the spirit-spheres?

S. Spirits near the earth remember all the events of their earth-life; but as they rise in the spheres they lose their memory, and realize the glory of God.

The spirit then sang, through the medium, one of his favourite hymns commencing—

"Hozannah to the Prince of Life."

and concluded the sitting with the following invocation:—

"Father, may Thy grace so enlighten these Thy children. May Thy glory shine around their path. May Thy love be as a bright star, beckoning them onward. May they take no false step, but may they be firm and sure. May Thy strong arm encircle them. May Thine eye watch over them; and may Thy Holy Spirit be with them and guide them onward. Amen—Amen.

Nov. 4, 1865.

### SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

Received 29th October, 1865, at Mrs. Jane Sanson's, Twickenham.

(Through the Mediumship of Mr. Fisher.)

"Catherine, my dear bairn, I am come to bless thee once more, and my dear old partner in love, and you, my dear Jane, and all. Oh! I do thank God for giving me the means of communing with those dears I associated with on earth. Oh! grant, good Father, that they may not be separated from me in heaven, our home. Oh! let me guide them to this happy place. Oh! give them rest, good God. Cheer up, my dear ones, and remember that a loving father watches over you. Lean on me. Pray to God sincerely. Be kind to each other. Live in harmony, for your time on earth is but a span; and then, oh! then, we shall be happy for ever. "J. C."

Being the initials of John Craig, the father and husband of the above-named persons. Jane (Mrs. Sanson) here asked if her brother John would ever be brought to believe in the truths of Spiritualism. (He is a local preacher in the north of Scotland, and believes it to be the work of the evil one.) The answer being in the affirmative, she asked him (being impressed so to do) if he would write a line for her to send to him, which being answered, Yes, the medium wrote as follows:—

"My dear son John,—At the express wish of your sister I write to tell you a few truths. I cannot say much now, but if you wish it I will write more soon. In the first place, then, let me say, your Saviour has said, 'These things shall ye do, for I go unto my Father.' What things? Why, the things which He did when on the earth. Well, my own dear son, we come on earth to do these things. Christ's mission was a mission of charity, so is ours. We come to tell you we are happy, and living in the light of God. We come to tell you how to live. Not that we can tell you more than has been told you by that blessed Lamb; no; but to tell you ye must do His works. Throw profession to the winds. Ye must do the work of Christ before ye can enter the kingdom of heaven. My dear son, *prove all things before condemning anything*. I, your loving spirit-father, come to earth, with God's permission to tell you to pray and pray again. Acknowledge God in all your doings, for ye are as nought without His aid. Say not this is of the Evil One. Remember Jesus has said, 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' If the Evil One taught you to pray to God, he himself must have repented. Judge not, my son, before you have heard, or you may be found fighting against your Creator. Let this, and this alone, be your proof of God's works and the Evil One's works. It is very simple; it is that by their fruits shall ye know them. This glorious truth has been the means of bringing millions of poor souls to believe in God, and humbly repent of their former misdeeds. Its believers are covering the whole surface of the globe. All will believe in the end. Oppose it not. It is God's will this thing should be done. Seek it, then, my boy, and work with your father. It is God's, and for the good of your brethren. Do not say they have got enough. Look around you. Look at the materialism of this age. It never was in such a state since the creation. I warn you, then, my dear boy, to be careful in your judgments, for with what measure ye mete to others will it be meted out to you. God bless you! I am often with you, doing you good; and while you look upwards and act as a Christian, your loving, high, and holy spirit-father will be permitted to visit you, and help you through your earthly trials. I will be near you when you read this. Then pray with me, and God will ever bless my son. "J. C."

### "REVIEWING GOES BY FAVOUR."

Two Columns and a half of the *Times* of yesterday are devoted to the praise of a novel called "Basil St. John." The following is the conclusion of a descriptive passage, which is quoted to show the author's "power":—"A more beautiful spot could hardly be found, and, once seen, it was a picture of which the recollection could not die, but would rise again and again in the mind's eye, as one of the most lovely pictures on which the eye could rest, even when one was miles and miles away." It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the publishers of the novel, which is supposed to be "a first attempt," are Messrs. Edmonston and Douglas, Edinburgh.—*Morning Star*, Nov. 3.

Has not the *Star* reviewed by favour? Is not the *Flaneur* Mr. Edmund Yates? and did not the *Star* review Mr. Edmund Yates' new book, "Lunning the Gauntlet" favourably a few days ago?

### EXCITEMENT AT MILO, ILL.

SOME of the good people of Milo township have been greatly excited, during the past ten or twelve days, over some alleged "spiritual manifestations." The scene of these disturbances is in a house occupied by Mr. Potter, in the south-west corner of the township. The following account of the "mysteries" has been furnished by neighbours and acquaintances of the Potter family, and is claimed by them as reliably authentic, as well as being generally believed by people in that vicinity. The first disturbances occurred while Mr. Potter was absent from home. It seems that a joint of the stove-pipe fell to the ground without any good cause, but this in itself not being very remarkable, it was put in its place without further note. In a short time it fell again, when it was laid on a shelf or table, but without any visible agency would be thrown unceremoniously to the floor. Brickbats, stones, and dirt were thrown on the floor while the doors and windows were closed. On the arrival of Mr. Potter, an account of the disturbances was related, about which he thought there must be some illusion or a natural cause. The unmistakable manifestations soon, however, convinced Mr. Potter that his family had not been mistaken. While eating supper, with the presence of several neighbours, the table was repeatedly covered with showers of dust, seemingly penetrating through the ceiling, yet no apparent disturbance of the ceiling itself could be detected. Mr. Potter has two girls, aged respectively twelve and fourteen, who appear to be the magnets through whom the invisible influence operates. These girls are children of Mr. Potter's first wife. In the absence of one or both of the girls no disturbances occur. The presence of both is needed to produce the manifestations. The most vigilant means have been resorted to, to guard against imposition or intrusion. Persons were stationed at each corner of the house, the doors bolted, and the windows closed, yet, in broad daylight, real, tangible brickbats would be hurled into the room. Several were marked, thrown out, and, strange to say, under these precautions, in a short time they would again appear in the room. Another remarkable fact, as these folks allege, is that articles of cutlery, marbles, and trinkets, lost for several years, are thrown on the floor. A pair of shoes belonging to one of the girls, were placed on the chamber stairs and the door closed, and in a short time the shoes fell at the feet of the girl. This was in daylight, in the presence of one or more neighbours. It is stated that Mr. Potter has searched every nook of his house and the surrounding premises for some unaccountable cause but all in vain. The ceiling of the room was removed, as the missiles seemed to escape therefrom, but nothing was detected. Mrs. Potter has refused to remain in the house. One of the girls was sent away, and since, it is said, there have been no disturbances.—*Princeton (Ill.) Republican*.

### STRANGE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS.

(From the *Banner of Light*.)

AT Upper Stillwater, Dr. George Hopkins, who heals under spirit influence and direction, is doing a great work; his success is wonderful; and, considering his entire ignorance of medicines, when unaided by his spirit-physician his cures are almost miraculous.

Miss Vine Francis, a young lady about twenty years of age, is the medium in question, and I have never met one who has been a medium so little time, that the spirits could produce such wonderful manifestations through. They are similar to those of the Davenport Brothers, with the addition of the spirit's speaking in an audible voice without the aid of the trumpet. The spirits predict that in a short time they will be able to deliver a lecture, without having to use the medium's organs of speech, and that, too, in the light.

Having heard of a "haunted house" in the Province of New Brunswick, not far from Woodstock, we decided to pay the said domicile a visit, and last week carried out our resolution. The family has been tormented, for about ten years, with strange "sights and sounds" in and about the house, both day and night. The outward cause of the disturbance was found to be a young girl of the family, who was blind—*blind from birth*. This medium would be taken up in her chair by some invisible power, and carried from room to room in the presence of all the family; at other times she would be taken up bodily from her chair, carried about the room and dashed against the wall or upon the floor with great violence, often injuring her very much; and at times they have threatened to kill her, because the family and others, who come to witness the strange manifestations, abused the spirits by calling them "devils," &c., and insisting that the medium was a "witch." One zealous advocate of the Gospel of Christ, named (name) recommended that the "witch" (as he styled the medium) should be "well flogged with green withes," thinking that the most effectual way of exorcising the bewitching spirits or "devils."

Her parents being members of a church, they summoned clergymen from far and near, to come and pray, or drive the infernal powers away, but all to no purpose. The manifestations continued to increase in violence, until the poor medium became almost idiotic, through the ignorance of spirits, both in and out of the body. For five or six years the spirits have taken full possession of the girl, and insist upon being recognised as disembodied spirits; and most wonderful tests of spirit-identity have been given, but have never seen the light, because the father of the girl has been threatened with prosecution by the friends of many spirits, who have come and manifested through his daughter.

The health of the medium is so much impaired that her attendant spirit objects to having many different spirits control her, but should she regain her lost health and reason, she will certainly rank with the most wonderful mediums of the day. The medium's name is Melissa Ridout. Her father resides on a farm in the town of Brighton, N. B.

The spirits wishing me to take her with me and try and heal her, I complied with their request, and brought the girl back with me to Houlton. Should her parents consent to allow her to continue in the exercise of her mediumship publicly, (which they can never prevent, except to injure her,) she will prove a most valuable accession to the ranks of our test mediums.

### BAPTISMAL HYMN.

(From the German of SCHMOLCK.)

Most Holy Jesus, we are here,  
Thy word divinest to obey;  
This babe before Thee doth appear,  
For Thou, the loving Christ, didst say,  
"Let little children come to Me;  
In them God's purest gifts I see."

And ever in our souls resound  
The accents startling, deep, sublime,  
"He is not in God's kingdom found,  
That realm which spurneth space and time,  
Who is not—glad from ruin torn—  
Of water and the Spirit born."

Thus, Saviour blest, to Thee we haste;  
Welcome this infant from our hand;  
Let him Thy richest mercies taste,  
And may he join the chosen band.  
While yet untouched by sins of earth,  
Renew him by the second birth.

Lord, out of darkness light create;  
Turn anger fierce to mighty grace;  
For crimes as old as passion's date,  
Pour pardon on this smiling face.  
May lips, may eyes to young to pray,  
Be heralds of eternal day.

This lamb, sweet Shepherd, take to Thee;  
Let him remember, Sacred Head,  
Truth's way; teach him the path to see.  
Thou Prince of Peace, may he be led,  
From peace to peace. Thou art the Vine,  
May he, a branch, bear fruit like Thine.

And now we lay upon thy heart  
The treasure dearest to our own;  
Our praise, our sighs, our yearnings dart  
For him to Thy all-glorious throne.  
We give a name; oh! write that name  
Where names of saints immortal flame.

KENNETH MORENCY.

### MEANINGS OF THE WORD CHURCH.

THE "Church" signifies sometimes the bricks and mortar which constitute the building; this is its physical or lowest meaning. The "Church" signifies sometimes the ecclesiastical wealth and revenues; this is its political or worldly meaning. The "Church" signifies sometimes the believers in the doctrines of the state Theology; this is its interior or intellectual meaning. But the word "CHURCH" never signifies the thing itself in ordinary parlance, in its inmost or divine meaning. The true significance has gone out of use, because the reality is not conscious to men. When the nobler powers of man are unemployed, he descends to lower uses; so it is with his words.—*The Shepherd*, Vol. 3.

### DREAM SUGGESTIVENESS.

It is not by any means without precedent that the earliest symptoms of an unsuspected disease may be afforded by the kindly hints of dreams, which are modified by the greater susceptibility of the system to internal impressions. This providential phenomenon is the result of concentration and exclusion, just as we see the senses of hearing and touch eminently developed in the blind, a fact of which we take advantage when we close our eyes whilst listening to some heart-moving or heart-composing melody. The second principal prolific source of our dreams is to be found in the character, direction, and intensity of our immediately antecedent waking thoughts, or even in our habitual forms of mental activity, and in the prevalent disposition and tone of morals. The action of the mind does not terminate with the last waking moment. As a locomotive will travel long after its impelling power has ceased to put forth new energy; as a vessel will plough its way through the waters long after the furling of the sail, or the last revolution of the paddle or the screw; so will the activity of the waking mind project itself into the intellectual operations of the sleeping person. But now, if the mind be a locomotive, it will very likely run off the rails; if a vessel, it will very likely discharge its pilot and unship its rudder. Frequently the tragedy or comedy of the day will resolve itself into the burlesque afterpiece of the night. The occurrences of business or pleasure, or daily occupation, will frequently indulge in a repetition in travesty. But, singularly enough, the mind will not always go off the rails, or out of its course. The waking train of thought will occasionally be pursued in sleep, with as much precision and with greater success. Even when the problem of the evening before has not been completely solved during the night, we find it still marvellously advanced towards solution by one or two important stages. In such cases it would seem that there had been no real abandonment of intellectual action. That has been busy about the difficulty during the night; and in the morning it is solved easily, not alone because the faculties are fresh, but because they have been occupied upon it throughout the night, or portion of it. Thus we often find the brain so very fruitful just after waking; there is the rushing result of a concentrated experience and observation during sleep, ready to the hand of the waking man. Further, Sir Thomas Browne is by no means the only man who is free to confess that his sleeping self transcended his waking self. The mathematician has solved the problem which before was difficult even to forlornness and despair; the poet has indited the inimitable poem, and on waking been but the amanuensis of his dream; the painter has seen the model of a goddess floating on a cloud half-way to heaven, and the musician has rifled Paradise itself of an angelic melody. Thus Voltaire wrote a duplicate of the first canto of the "Henriade"; the "Divina Commedia" is said to have been inspired by a dream; Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" was unquestionably completed during a dream; and Tartini's "Sonata du Diable" is a plagiarism from a violin played by a dream-devil.—*The Literature and Curiosities of Dreams*.

### A SPIRITUAL PIECE.

(From the *Morning Star*, November 11, 1865.)

Paris, Nov. 9.

There was a Cabinet Council to-day at St. Cloud, under the presidency of his Majesty, who returned last night from the Princess Bacciocchi's. Next Sunday the Court is expected to move to Compeigne. General Sepie left town this morning to superintend the final preparations for their Majesties' reception. The first series of guests will be received on the 14th, and the theatrical representations for the entertainment of the Court are to be commenced by "La Famille Benacton." The author, Victorien Sardou, is a writer who announces to the public that not a line of his comedy is the genuine production of his own brain, but, on the contrary, the inspiration of the spirits of defunct dramatic celebrities with whom he is in constant communication, and who benevolently dictate to him as he writes. "La Famille Benacton" must certainly be a *spiritual piece*; whatever else it may be I am not prepared to say. I only wish, for the benefit of the *Star*, that I was on as intimate terms with the spirits of Addison, Steele, and the rest of the staff of the *Spectator*.

### DEATH.

DEATH to the great mass of believers, as well as of unbelievers, comes as the king of terrors, in the shape of a total extinction of being. The immortality of the soul is assented to rather than believed—believed rather than lived. And, withal, it is something so far in the distant future, that till long after the spirit has left the body, we speak of the loved ones as no more. Rarely does the believer find that relief in the doctrine of immortality which he insists on with so much eloquence in his controversy with unbelievers. He might find it, he ought to find it, and one day will; but not till he learns that man is immortal, and not merely is to be immortal.

**AN ADDRESS** will be delivered at the Spiritual Lyceum, on Sunday Evening, November 19th, 1865, at 7 o'clock. Subject—"Martin Luther, and the Spirit of the Reformation," by Mr. H. N. Livermore.

**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.

**Mrs Emma Hardinge's Address** is—Manor House, 7, Cheyne-walk, Chelsea. At home on Mondays and Wednesdays from 2 till 5.

**Parties interested** in Spiritualism, and wishing to extend information on the subject amongst inquirers, may receive some copies of the "Spiritual Magazine," free of charge, by addressing Mr. Tebb, 21, Park-rd, Dalston, N.E. Will Mr. J. Tilley send his full address to Mr. W. Tebb.

**John Murray Spear** has returned to his old address—146, Albany-street, Regent's-park, where he will be glad to receive visitors, as usual.

**Received, with thanks, £1,** from Mr. E. S. Lauder, Dublin, for the "Spiritual Times."

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Replete with interest . . . Will be found both instructive and amusing . . . The "Poetic Pictures" contain many passages of sterling merit.

From the Illustrated London News.

Mr. Powell's verse is better than his prose. The former is sometimes really vigorous, graceful and pathetic; the latter is nearly always loose and pretentious.

From the Morning Star.

An interesting, and, in many respects, a mournful book. . . . Mr. Powell's prose is very readable.

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Mr. Powell is, we are inclined to think, a thoroughly honest fellow, not without chivalry, but decidedly without any sense of humour.

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The book is undoubtedly a true picture of events in the author's career, and leaves the impression of honesty and simplicity on his part.

From the "Illustrated News of the World."

The narrative is a sad but striking picture of the difficulties which beset the poor man who attempts a literary life. The poems are short, and from the circumstances under which they are written may be considered to possess real merit.

From the "British Standard."

His life has been one of ups and downs and locomotion—one of prosperity and adversity—disappointments and triumphs. He is unquestionably a man of genius, considerably cultivated, and he possesses a large amount of general knowledge.

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Mr. Powell, through all his trials and heart-struggles, has preserved faith in God, Christ, and Immortality; and the drifts of this world's sorrows have not blinded him to the sublimities of life. Let him, by all means, go forward in his efforts, neither extravagantly elated by praise, nor depressed by dispraise. He may never become a Poet-Laureate, but he will write true Poetry, nevertheless.

From the Spiritual Magazine.

An honest, brave heart and ardent temperament seems to have carried him through struggles and misfortunes under which a weaker nature, or a less buoyant and hopeful disposition would have sunk. . . . His book will interest many readers, and we hope its author will have no reason to regret its publication.

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The sum of the matter is, that if one has a curiosity to know what Spiritualism is, and what it actually aims at, he will gain a better and clearer view of it from Mr. Powell's volume than from any other that has yet been published, not even excepting that of the great apostle medium, Mr. Home himself.—Caledonian Mercury, March 12, 1864.

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

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