

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 CLOSING YEAR.

The clock of the old year is nearly run down; the hour-glass of Time drops its sands into the ocean of Life. Another year is added to the age of humanity; another revolution of the wheel of Time brings us nearer to the great Hereafter. The old year is disappearing behind curtains of gloom which are occasionally tinged with sunbeams of joy. But the new year, like a beautiful babe, fresh from the womb of Time, will be with us, and many of us may hope to greet it with delight. As the old year takes its last lingering look at us may we reflect on the brief period of the earth-life and learn a practical lesson therefrom!

Christmas has taken its flight although it was decorated with holly and misseltoe, and cheered by the welcoming, blazing yule log. The old year must follow. Mirth or sadness, riches or poverty, wisdom or folly, may hold authority over us, but they can make no alteration in the irrevocable progress of Time. The years come and go, and leave us older, but do they leave us better? Many experiences during the closing year have been ours. We have acquired more knowledge of men and things; may we become wiser in consequence. Our good cause has progressed as we fondly hoped, and we can look with heartfelt gratitude around on the constantly increasing army of soldiers, ready to fight for its advancement. During the closing year Spiritualists have had to suffer, it is true, not only from the loss of caste, which is a small matter to the true Spiritualist, but from the feuds of party feeling. Its Eden has been claimed by the Adam of Ambition, and internal strife has wielded its double-edged swords with a vengeance; yet we have no real cause for despondency, because we know that Spiritualism will triumph, and that all that is not from God, although it may cause us the bitterest pain, must eventually fall.

The enemies of Truth have hurled their shafts of ridicule and their clumsy arguments at the heads of the Spiritualists which have fallen edgeless, like arrows upon a rock, whilst the ministering angels have stimulated us with holy magnetism, and we have been strong for the battle. As the angel of death writes "Finis" on the closing year, may we all profit from the lessons he has taught. It is useless living without learning—getting old without wisdom. As human beings, we have a standing account with God, and in due time He will demand a settlement. Shall we live through the coming year adding items of folly in the ledger of our lives, and never make the effort to erase them?

Spiritualism, thank God, has brought Christianity to our doors, and those who have not rejected it find their souls

filling with holy inspiration. It is impossible for Spiritualism to reign over a man's soul and he to be none the better for it. It is this which gives us knowledge of the Infinite and holy character of Spiritualism.

A word to our readers. The *Spiritual Times* closes its second volume with this issue. It has had a struggle for existence, and has been none the worse for it. Many kind friends have aided its editor, making a task, that otherwise would have been over-burdensome, comparatively light. It is not dealing in mere passing compliments to say that he thanks them. The great burden of expense is still heavy upon the proprietor. May we hope that our readers who deem our journal to be deserving support will urge upon friends to come forth and aid us. As a business speculation the *Spiritual Times*, although it is increasing in circulation, is at present a failure, and must be so until Spiritualism makes considerable progress in the future. Are there none of all who have knowledge of Spiritualism and who have means who will stretch forth a loving hand to ease our burden? We have to thank the kind friends who have from time to time sent us subscriptions. All can do something. If they will influence others to subscribe to the paper we shall (should the Almighty preserve us another year) have the satisfaction of recording our pleasure at seeing the *Spiritual Times* a great power for good in our midst. We are conscious of defects which we hope to improve, but we need time for the purpose. All we can say further at present is that we aim to do well, and by doing our best to make the *Spiritual Times* worthy the age. We feel commended by the words of Elliot—"He does well who does his best."

Farewell to the old year. May his last hours be full of peace; may the new year come forth crowned with blessings; and above all, may the love of God spiritualize our souls and transfigure our lives.

As we stand by the couch of the dying year may we all resolve to bury with it all selfish animosities, petty prejudices and ambitions, and prepare ourselves for active life in the future by an untiring devotion to truth in the present.

As Spiritualists, we need a careful self-examination and freedom from image-worship, the idolatry of mammon and caste, and above all, a kindly, loving disposition. Wishing our readers a happy new year, and a hopeful assurance of a heavenly home, when the cares and sorrows of earth are at an end, we take farewell of the old year.

SPIRIT-PHENOMENA.

SPIRITUALISM is the product of no special clime. It is a plant which has its roots in the universal bed of humanity, and it sheds its leaves over the soil of Truth everywhere. Its modern manifestations originated, it is true, in America, but that which produced them existed long before America was peopled. Spirit-manifestations originate from spirits, and spirits have existed and manifested from all time.

Hence the folly of supposing that Spiritualism is a new creation of the inventive brain of America. Once lose the idea that the physical phenomena which first made themselves known in America through the Fox girls commenced with them, and it will be easy to see that they must have had a power in all times. Had not the scepticism and folly of mankind operated to the injury of Truth, spirit-phenomena would have been recognized both in the past and present as part of God's universal economy for the government of the world.

PROPOSED CONVENTION.

It has often occurred to us that a Convention of Spiritualists held in London would be productive of great good. The age is one of progress, and Spiritualism holds progress as its central idea. The meeting together of Spiritualists from all parts of this great country could scarcely be productive of other than good. It is in the free commerce of thought that progress lives. Many, very many things are necessary to be done by us before we can consider our position as Spiritualists anything to speak of with pride. A Convention held in the capital of England would be an era in Spiritualism which we believe would do much to destroy party feeling and narrow views, which are clogs to our movement. We have long felt that we should all do well by intermingling class with class, if possible, in order that great questions, which are more than titles or lands, might be freely discussed. Let us hold a Convention, and freely discuss the various questions which branch out of Spiritualism. We shall be pleased to receive letters offering suggestions, and will act as far as possible as wisdom shall dictate.

THE DAVENPORTS AND MR. FAY.

The Brothers and Mr. W. M. Fay concluded the five *séances* at the Hanover-square Rooms on Friday, December 22nd. The audience on the last evening was crowded to inconvenience. The manifestations were of the usual kind excepting that three arms were seen at intervals, and a larger number of hands were shown. While the flour test was on a gentleman in black kid gloves, against rule, mounted the platform and either seized one or two of the hands, or was seized by hands; he was held fast for several minutes, which appeared to us agony to him. When he was released some one called out, "Is there any flour on your gloves?" He looked, but not a dust was seen. What better test than this could be given to prove that the hands seen at the aperture are not the mediums' hands, or that the duplicate theory does not hold good in all instances.

Mr. Fay's coat test was repeated, exciting, as usual, the most complete and astounding influence on the audience. It is impossible to describe the marvellous evidences which take place at the dark *séance*.

The mediums are about to visit Dublin and Glasgow with Mr. Cooper, when it is expected they will return to the Hanover-square Rooms.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

(From the *Banner of Light*.)

The Eddy mediums have met with complete success in Boston during the past two weeks, as regards the physical manifestations at their *séances*. Some things have taken place a little out of the usual routine, which will be of interest to our readers, and, therefore, we will allude briefly to some of them.

One evening Wyzeman Marshall, the celebrated tragedian, was chosen by the audience to be one of the committee for tying. He was assisted by Mr. Grace, a rigger by trade, and an expert in tying, also a lady. The dignity and fairness manifested by Mr. Marshall and the rest of the committee, preserved the utmost harmony among the audience, and, as a natural consequence, with the mediums also. Both gentlemen on the committee declared themselves thorough sceptics in regard to the spiritual phenomena, and were known to be such. After the committee had tied the mediums with the utmost care, and fastened them down to bolts in the floor of the cabinet, the doors

were scarcely closed before the musical instruments were sounded and then, as quick as the doors could be reopened, a thorough examination of the tying was had by the committee, who pronounced the knots and positions of the mediums to be precisely as they were when first tied. This process was repeated several times with the same results. At one time, before the doors were closed, a hand, projecting out from the cabinet, was seen by the audience as well as the committee, and, without proceeding further, they examined the tying, but could discover no change. This declaration won the hearty applause of the audience.

Mr. Marshall was tied, and entered the cabinet with the mediums. On coming out he was called upon to report. He said the tambourine floated round overhead, sometimes resting on his head. The guitar was held up to his ear, and he felt a hand between the instrument and his face, snapping the chords, and various other manifestations. He was asked if he thought either of the mediums' hands were loose, and handled the instruments. He replied that he did not; he knew that neither of the mediums moved, or had their hands free. He was quite positive on this point. He was asked if he believed it was done by spirits. He said if he could believe that the spirit of man, after it had left this earth, could return and perform such things as we had witnessed to-night, he might attribute it to spirit-power; but he could not bring his mind to believe any such possibility. He further stated that he was satisfied these things were done by some power outside of the mediums; what that power was he was unable to say.

The other gentleman expressed views similar to Mr. Marshall.

The table test was quite exciting. The entire committee used their utmost exertions to keep it down, but found it impossible to do so. It would move up and down and around the platform, in spite of all the resisting power brought against it, while the mediums barely kept their hands upon it. The audience manifested their delight by hearty applause.

Mr. Marshall stated that while in the cabinet one of the mediums appeared to be in what is called a trance, and talked with him; and he asked permission to use handcuffs on the mediums, and it was granted. He said he would procure sets, and bring them with him some other evening. The manager consented, saying he might do so any evening. He chose last Wednesday evening. There was a large audience present. The cuffs were placed on all the mediums, and the keys kept outside of the cabinet, yet the manifestations occurred in the cabinet as usual, to the gratification of a large portion of the audience, and the utter astonishment of many. To satisfy some, a police officer was called upon to examine the cuffs before they were removed from the mediums, and he declared it to be an utter impossibility to slip them off the hand without unlocking. This test was too severe for the sceptics to get over or dispel to their satisfaction, and no doubt it will have the effect to somewhat moderate their flippant cry of "humbug."

An amusing scene occurred on Tuesday evening worth mentioning. After successful manifestations in the cabinet, and the untying of the mediums by the invisibles, a gentleman arose in the audience and pronounced it all humbug, and said if he was allowed to do so, he would tie the mediums so that they could not get loose. The gentleman was announced as "Col. Fry, of California." Permission was given him, provided he did not injure the mediums. He then stated that if he could be allowed to tie "the woman," and place her in the cabinet alone, he would do so, and not injure her, and if she got untied he would give her one of his silver mines in Nevada, or 5,000 dols. The offer was immediately accepted by the lady, and the audience vociferously called upon "Col. Fry" to go upon the platform and keep his word. He declined doing so, much to the merriment of the company, but said he would be present the next evening, and fulfil his engagement. The next evening came, but the operator in silver mines did not appear, nor "Capt. Palmer, of Nevada," who agreed to back up the Colonel to half the amount.

The mediums are to remain in Boston during this week, holding nightly *séances* in Mercantile Hall, 16, Summer-street.

SPIRIT-MESSAGE, No. 7.

Through the mediumship of JESSIE.
INVOCATION.

(Holding the hand of Mrs. H.):—
Father, Thou who art so high and mighty, King of all kings, Ruler of all things, pour down Thy love upon these Thy dear children. May they look to Thee, full of faith and holiness. May Thy grace inspire them to trample over all difficulties. May Thy Holy Spirit descend, and scatter its beautiful influence round and about. May Thy strong arm protect them. May they see Thine eye of compassion, and know that Thou art a God of Mercy. Oh! Father, forgive when they turn their feet astray. Set Thy lamp, O Lord, as a beacon before them. May they feel the full assurance of Thy kindness, and walk in the steps of Jesus. Protect them from all influences that are not good for them.

(To Mrs. H.):—

He will reward and bless you. His Holy angels are hovering round and about you. Oh! be guided. Oh! bless Him, that He has permitted them to come down and shine about you.

(Holding the hand of Mr. H. and pointing upward):—

He will—He will.

(Taking the hands of Mr. and Mrs. H.):—

Thou faithful workers in His vineyard, go on your ways rejoicing. Fear not; He is your God. He will bless you with an everlasting blessing. Put your trust in Him; He will protect you. He is your God and your Guide.

(To the company):—

Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make His paths straight. Open, as it were, the gates, and shed the light of Spiritualism along the paths. Endeavour to remove all things that obstruct its progress, so that many may enter, and find it not so crooked or so dark as they fancied they would. Put in each one's hand the lamp of Spiritualism. Tell them not to let the winds of the world dim its lustre. Tell them to go hand-in-hand, each helping the other, and each pressing forward. Tell them to be faithful and firm. Tell them to be watchful and wary, and, above all things, to keep their light brightly burning, so that its rays may illumine the darkness that reigns in the hearts of many of the children here below. Tell them they must not faint by the way; they must not even feel weary.

(To Mrs. H.):—

You have travelled up Truth's avenue. You took your light with you, and you let its beams shine upon many that were outside the avenue. Many have felt the influence of the beams of your light; many have been led to believe through it. There [pointing upward] are your treasures; there will be your reward. Don't you know me?

Mrs. H. Who are you? Can you tell me?

Spirit. Through your own hand.

Mrs. H. How?

Spirit. With the *planchette*.

(The *planchette* was here used, and a spirit, C—, gave its name, which was correct. The following was then given with the *planchette*):—

You have been accepting the truths of Christ's love and God's eternal wisdom. Trust in Him, and He will direct your steps. More another time. Take leave now. We shall come soon, and bring G—. Adieu.

A COMMUNICATION.

IF, good friend, you will but for a few moments consider the difficulties that stand in the way of our beneficial action of human nature, surely you must confess to yourself that deep and heartfelt indeed is that goodwill that does not shrink from the task of ploughing the pestilential fields of incredulity, materialism, and indifference. Perhaps, also, you will acknowledge that no less ardent and heartfelt must be that love which leads away from our tranquil spheres for the sole, though meritorious, sake of battling against false knowledge and false judgments. When we quit our praise-singing state to come in contact with human passions and obstinate perversity, when we have to awaken dormant conscience, and sting man's slumbering sense of shame, believe me, the task appears so hopeless that, but for faith, love, and charity we would recoil from it, and leave man to his own resources. Yet do not by any means consider these remarks disheartening, for though the obstacles that stand in our way are numerous, our power from the Almighty is as irresistible as its source is Infinite. Yes, we shall strive, and by gradual degrees we shall succeed, despite evil, and the dominion it exercises over the human heart. The only advantage our adversaries can boast of, is that they make our efforts less fruitful than they otherwise would be, by stirring up those prejudices to which men succumb so easily. Hence the necessity of our specially warning mediums against the dangers that surround them, from the very fact of this gift existing in contact with frailness, and, moreover, of strengthening them in their mission. In them more particularly resides the power of doing great and lasting good, but, for this very reason, they must be satisfied with imparting the least possible from their own selves, so that, receiving light in due humility and purity, it may be transmitted unimpaired to their less gifted brethren.

The medium is chiefly a mirror; the purer the glass, the more perfect the result produced by the reflected ray. If then, it be a blessing to be a medium, this blessing is not the less a danger should its inherent responsibility fail to be duly appreciated, and should the soul fail to be accustomed to the sacrifice of everything which the laws of God repudiate. Curb your passions, avoid the fancies that spring from your own thoughts, contract the habit of associating your Maker with every instant of your life, bury yourself in the welfare of your brethren, before aspiring to the grace of mediumship, whatever this gift may be. Should this sacrifice be beyond your power, God's mercy will be far more pleased with the acknowledgment of one's weakness than with the perversion of His truths, and the fatal admixture of Divine with unholy teachings.

This, then, is the advice that we would wish mediums to follow, for the genuineness of the communications they are allowed to receive, and the very utility of their intercourse with the world of spirit-life, depend entirely on the state of the medium's mind and the purity of his heart. The knowledge of this circumstance should more than suffice to render mediums cautious, lest they lose their way, and incur the displeasure of Him from whom alone they can expect to receive peace and happiness.

The rising era shall and will be founded on faith, love, and charity; for hope must give way to love. If, therefore, the medium aspires to be a useful servant of the Lord, he will range himself under this banner, and ever keep it unfurled before his eyes, as well as before those of the world.

A SPIRIT.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.*

By J. H. POWELL.

SLEEP! cherub-beauty, sleep!
While ebon shadows creep
Around thy curtain'd bed.
Still, as the silent dead,
Unheeding friends or foes,
I watch thy sweet repose,
Thy deep and placid sleep!

In thy bosom who can tell
What divine conceptions dwell?
Who, among the sons of men,
Can portray by voice or pen,
The enchanting scenes that rise
Before thy slumber-seal'd eyes?
Oh, could'st thy own speechless lips,
As the sun through an eclipse
Breaks the clouds that shroud it wholly—
Break the dream-clouds fine and holy,
That obstruct my mundane sight
From the mysteries of thy night!

Sleep! wondrous beauty, sleep!
The house-dog's in the keep.
The caged bird does not sing,
Its head is in its wing.
I hear the clock's heart beat;
And wand'ers in the street;
As I behold thee sleep!
Of the mystic forms and fairies;
Of the innocent vagaries;
Of the myriad angel-girls
Rob'd in precious gems and pearls,
Waving garlands, made of flowers
Cull'd from Dreamland's spirit-bowers;
Of the pictures sketch'd on coral;
And the magic music oral;
Of the festive fountains playing;
And the frolic loves a-maying;
That to thee are things all real;
I can but guess and call ideal.

Sleep! dreaming angel, sleep!
While stars their watches keep,
Unconscious of the woes
That earthly worship knows.
No sound disturbs thy slumbers,
While Night its footsteps numbers,
And I behold thee sleep!

Is thy gentle spirit flown,
Mid the spirit-circles known
To childhood? Or is it there,
In its fleshy temple fair,
Guarded by the angels bright?
Oh! if I could gain a sight
Of the realms that round thee glow—
And could feel thy feeling's flow
Of bliss, what delight were mine!
Nought, methinks, is so divine.
But my soul is all too troubled,
By the sins that Time hath doubled.

Sleep! sinless cherub, sleep!
May angels ever keep
Guardian care o'er thee.
And when from slumber free,
May no perplexing sorrow,
From thy gentle nature borrow
The peace that guards thy sleep!

No one can tell when night passes away and day begins to dawn. No one can tell when Spiritualism first commenced, or when it will reach the perfection of its power and beauty, but it is creeping upon you like the dawn of morning—gradually and slowly, but surely. You see but one ray, a feeble ray of light; but soon another and another is seen, and you wonder why does not the fullness of its splendour beam in upon you at once, why the open window does not at once reveal the breathings of that spiritual life, why the curtain is not at once thrown down, that you may stand face to face with those you have loved and lost. If in the midnight hour the sun should suddenly appear beaming with its full radiance, its brightness would dazzle your vision. It waits until the dawn has prepared us for the splendour of the daylight, else the senses would not bear it. The morning of spiritual light is dawning, and its perfect splendour shall soon beam in upon you in all its meridian glory and beauty. It is breaking upon you quite as fast as you can receive and comprehend it, and but comparatively few are yet prepared to receive its present truths.—From a Discourse by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch.

* From "Life Incidents and Poetic Pictures." T. T. Tibner and Co., 60, Paternoster-row.

WHAT ARE THEIR COMPLAINTS AGAINST SPIRITUALISM?

We have before adverted to the fear of Spiritualism possessed by many very good, well-meaning people, and also to the anger displayed against it by the materialistic religious as well as irreligious world; and, after letting them expend their wrath, and after good-temperedly laughing at their foolish fright, let us listen to their complaints against Spiritualism; let us ask ourselves if there is any foundation for reasonable complaint, so that, if there is, we may amend the same.

We ought not to pander to any class, nor bow down to the mere idols of fashionable creeds or public opinion; but we are in duty bound, whilst acting conscientiously, to give as little cause of offence as possible.

One series of arguments or complaints against Spiritualism may be stated as follows:

1. That Spiritualism is seeking to be wise "above what is written," beyond what is lawful and right to know, prying into things that the Almighty has hidden.

We answer, surely you admit that all the great realms of science and knowledge are providentially left open for our research? Then they say—

2. Perhaps so, but the teachings of the spirits communicating to you mortals are inconsistent with Scripture.

We answer, that is only a matter of interpretation, or of opinion, the same as Calvinism, Baptism, &c. Then they rush off and say—

3. Well, allowing even Spiritualism to be true, it is of the devil, and will therefore do evil and not good.

We answer again that the devil must be a converted character, indeed, for he teaches us to do good, and not evil. Again they shrug, and say—

4. But even supposing it is not all of the devil; this is a practical age, and there is no practical use in Spiritualism.

We answer them, the same use in Spiritualism as in any other form of religious opinion, and more, surely more, inasmuch as the convictions of spiritual and religious truth is here founded upon facts within our own reach and investigation. Well, well, they say—

5. Admitting that much for the sake of argument, Spiritualism is only of use to Infidels. Christians don't need it; they believe in God and His Holy Spirit, and don't need to know anything about any other spirits.

We reply, if you admit it is of use to Infidels, I suppose you will also admit that it may be of use to the Sadducees of the Christian Church (if not to the Pharisees), and you know how sadly the materialistic spirit of Sadduceism has permeated the religion of the Church and country; and to call attention to facts attesting the spiritual nature of man, and his power as a spirit, embodied and disembodied, is surely one of the most important and interesting subjects that can be brought under our attention.

6. Aye, aye, they say again, if Spiritualism would only throw over spirit-rapping, and table-tapping, and the Marshalls, and the Davenportes, and all mediums, and be respectable, teaching nothing strange, then we should see no harm in Spiritualism, and we should believe it ourselves.

Ah! if Spiritualists were the makers of the facts, and were not troubled with consciences, then they might go with the popular stream, and row with the tide; but, having committed to their trust all-important facts concerning man spiritual and his power of intercommunion, they dare not belie themselves, or prove such moral cowards to truth as to deny facts because the facts do not always come in as respectable a manner as worldly men may desire, or because the mediums are not always bishops, priests, and deacons, as the religious world would think most fitting.

Such we adduce as a sample of reasons advanced sometimes against Spiritualism by some very respectable and decent people, but who are so cautious that they would not for the world run ahead of public opinion, but would rather take the chances of going to perdition, if it be only in respectable company and according to law, than to go to heaven with the truthful and lowly.

Oh! they admire sharp people, who look after "the main chance" (as they call it), and are always very suspicious of anything new, and shake their heads at everybody who say they believe anything beside the Bible and beyond the newspaper. Very nice respectable people these are; no rugged pioneer stuff in them; no experiments in reform; nothing but orthodoxy for them. No, they are of those who would leave all theology to the parsons, who ought to know; all physics to the doctors, who have been educated for it; all law to the lawyers, who have been trained to it, and all science to the professors of philosophy. They will not venture, except to give cautions, or to give the shrug of suspicion.

Such, we say, are some of the characteristics of very respectable people, who shake their heads at Spiritualism, and claim to negative it; who try to give it the cold shoulder or the un-

reasoning sneer, saying, "Go thy way for this time, and when you have become more popular and respectable, then I will send for thee."

Spiritualists are by no means perfect, nor is Spiritualism but in its infancy, so you may have some reasons for complaint against them, as they have reason sometimes to complain of their professed friends, so as to say, "an indiscreet friend is sometimes worse than an open enemy."

Some Spiritualists, they say, seem to rush to such extremes.

Some give such diverse teaching, and draw comparisons in as an extreme a light as possible.

Some make such wholesale onslaughts upon the Christian Church as to frighten people away from it.

Some credulously receive everything given by spirits through their favourite mediums, or by their own pet method, as positively and absolutely true.

Some incredulously deny every other form of manifestation but that that has come under their own immediate observation.

Some seek only after the wonderful, as if the wonderful was "the be-all and end-all" of Spiritualism.

Whilst freely admitting there are abuses as well as uses in Spiritualism, and freely admitting the *imperfect knowledge* of the laws and philosophy of spirit-life, yet they must stand by the truth which has by circumstances (or Providence) been forced upon them. They must stand by the facts they have witnessed, or deny reason and manhood, and the evidence of their senses; and they do and will continue to claim for the great truths of Spiritualism a candid hearing; and this claim must not, and, in the nature of things, cannot, be pushed aside for long, for fresh facts are ever recurring, and as attention is directed to the subject, so will fresh facts be continually arising and asserting themselves in various families and places, in every nation and kindred, and people and tongue.

Spiritualists do not push themselves forward with new theories, or wish to cram people with new notions; but they do and will continue to give their attestation to facts—to facts which are most potent, though most various; to facts which speak trumpet-tongued indeed; which stand at our doors and knock, and demand, and even thrust themselves upon our attention, whether we will hear or whether we will forbear.

Some may pool-pool the facts, or deny them when related by others; but when loved ones of their own are taken, and the chair is left vacant, then their hearts are left open to receive the messengers from the other side the river, and they may receive such evidence, sought or unsought, as to make them know that though they may forget their lost loved one, yet the loved one does not forget them, and is ever glad to commune with them, even, it may be, to enforce and ratify to them the long-forgotten dogma, "the communion of saints."

Every Spiritualist of any experience at all, knows the evils, the mischances, and the misteachings of evil or undeveloped spirits, better than those who have their theory on the subject and nothing more; better than those who, though Bible-learned, yet deny their Bibles if they deny the power of spirit-communication, or believe only in the power of devilism. Spiritualists know the danger of putting their trust in any mere mortal or immortal being. They know that, according to the law of Christ, it is ever lawful to commune with good, but never lawful to commune with evil for evil purposes. Spiritualists ought to know these matters, having had both study and experience in them, better than those who have neither known nor studied, but whose knowledge is confined to newspaper reports, or the exhibitions of conjurers. And, what is more, Spiritualists are determined to stand by the truth, notwithstanding the ignorant sneers of the "know-nothings" of the press, who put forth their "Facts and scraps, original and select," according to the popular demand, and to meet the market.

We know the tendency of human nature is to run to extremes, and though American Spiritualism may seem to have run a little seely, or, like a stripling outgrowing his old clothes, might seem to be a little awkward in his gait, yet we fear not—

For ever will truth come uppermost,
And ever will justice be done.

The pendulum of Spiritualism will right itself, for—

There is a Providence doth shape our ends,
Rough hew them as we will.

Mankind has oscillated throughout the ages from the extreme of superstition to the extreme of scepticism; the first hiding the greater truths of Christ and the after-life behind the "wood, hay, and stubble" of priest-craft, and even burying them in the sepulchre of gloomy fears, the latter refusing to see the truth, even though, Lazarus-like, it be raised to life before their eyes. Because he has as yet some grave-clothes binding him, superstition fears it may be a demon, and shuts its eyes: scepticism won't believe in his identity, and wags his head. But the command of the Master-Spirit, Christ, must be heard, "Loose him, and let him go!" and Lazarus will give to many his greeting, and many will rejoice, for the *free truth will make them free*,

and Spiritualists will go forth to perform its providential mission throughout the world, to work out its beneficent and glorious ends, to call men from the grave of materialism to the regeneration of their spiritual nature, to free the theological-bound Christians of the present day, to make men feel that God is breathing into them afresh "the breath of life," and they will become *living spirits, here and hereafter*, for "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living."

Notwithstanding the complaints against Spiritualism, the many short-comings of its professors and half-and-half friends, it has already done a great work in raising many men and women above the mere dust-life of earth to rapport with Heaven, to communion with angels and with God, and has given them that knowledge and positive assurance of a "life everlasting," and of the power of intercommunion between "the two worlds," that they can hold their heads erect in the face of day, can tread the pathway of life with lighter steps, and with happier hearts, knowing their destiny is heaven; and they can and do pity the poor dust-covered men of the world, who cannot so much as lift their eyes to heaven, who believe in nothing above the chimneys-tops, who have no hopes or knowledge beyond this bread-and-cheese life.

Yes, Spiritualists can really smile at the miserable incredulity of the rag-and-bone philosophers of the present day, who are ever occupied in the examination or analyzation of mere dust-heaps; they are incapable of perceiving the spiritual through the atmosphere of dust they have created; they cannot see the angel that at this very moment is perchance standing by their side; and if we are privileged to see and know them as departed friends and guardian angels, we ought to rejoice with exceeding joy.

S. WILKS.

SPIRIT-POWER DEMONSTRATED IN WELL-BORING.

(From the *History of the Chicago Artesian Well*. By George A. Shufeldt, Jr.)

Concluded from page 403.

The medium through whom the revelation of the existence of this water came, Mr. Abraham James, was born in Pennsylvania, is of Quaker origin, was unfortunate enough in early life to be deprived even of the rudiments of a common school education. As he himself expresses it, "his father, instead of sending him to school in the winter, kept him laying stone walls." Later in life he has been employed by different railway companies in the West, sometimes as conductor, at other times as a pilot, earning only ordinary wages. It is known to me to be a fact that he is entirely ignorant of any language except the English; does not know the meaning of a single French, German, Italian, or Spanish word. He is a simple-minded man, in the sense that he knows nothing of frauds, trickery or imposture; perfectly truthful and upright in his character, unostentatious, and seeking no publicity or notoriety, he pursues his own way in the world, a natural, honest man. His mind is as free from a knowledge of the sciences as that of a child of five years. He has had no instruction in drawing, and, in his normal state, has no knowledge of the art of any kind or description. There are hundreds and thousands of people here among us who know him well, and who can testify to these facts. Now, with a full knowledge of this man, his antecedents, education, and history, I know it to be a perfect impossibility for him, in his natural state, or unaided by the higher powers, to do what he has done and what he is doing every day of his life.

Here, on this ground, and in the rooms of this building, can be seen, by all persons who choose to visit the spot, some of the most elaborate and beautiful pencil-drawings in the world. A series of geological pictures, illustrating the formation and stratification of the earth's crust; some showing the simple strata of the formation in this vicinity, which were drawn before the drill was even started, and which were demonstrated to be accurate and truthful by the descent of the drill for over seven hundred feet; other pictures show great caves and caverns in the rock, created either by vast upheavals or by erosion, the action of water upon soluble rocks. The floors of some of these caverns are composed of great masses of the most beautiful fossil shells, which in their shadings and perfection, are evidently the work of a master hand. The elaborate character of this shell-work which runs through all these geological pictures—the millions of accurate pencil-strokes necessary to complete them, and the very short time in which they were executed, are matters of great wonder and astonishment to all who have seen them. Many of these drawings are on full-sized sheets of paper, 26x40 inches, and cover the entire surface; they were completed in from three to nine hours each, the latter being the longest time given to any one picture. Mr. James has also made many smaller sketches illustrating the same subject, viz.,

the fossils of earth. These latter are perfect gems of beauty, and all of his work seems to be geologically correct, and is so pronounced by those who understand these matters. By reference to standard works on geology, I find their accuracy proved to a demonstration. A greater work than all is now on exhibition here. It is a diagram of this stream of water, fifteen feet in length, and twenty-six inches in width. It is understood as a clairvoyant view of the stream from its source in the Rocky Mountains to its outlet on this ground. It may be called a "bird's eye" view. It exhibits on a general scale the principles of artesian wells, and demonstrates the manner in which water finds its way through the rocks and sands of earth, and finally raises to the level of its fountain head. This picture is composed of six sheets of drawing-paper, each one of which was finished separately, and without any apparent reference to the others, by the medium, and were joined together afterwards, when they were all found to match exactly, and make one complete work. This was the labour of only sixty hours. Persons familiar with the subject say that no ordinary artist can do the same amount of work in many months.

There has been recently added to this collection a full-length portrait of the martyred President, Abraham Lincoln; this also is a work done through the same medium. The sheet of paper on which this likeness is drawn is seven and a half feet long by four and a half in width; it exhibits the President, life-size, as standing upon a rock, the broken chain of African slavery beneath his feet, and in his left hand the scroll of American liberty. This picture was put upon paper in about twenty hours, and is in itself a most remarkable production, even of the power through which it is claimed to be received.

It is a matter of great difficulty, by any mere description in print, to convey even a tolerable idea of the nature of these works; they should be seen and carefully examined by all who are curious in the mysteries of nature.

A not less wonderful part of the matter is the manner in which the work is done. The medium labours in an unconscious state with from two to six pencils, and with one or both hands. The pencils are placed between the fingers, and the hand moves with a rapidity which troubles the eye to follow, each pencil doing a separate part of the work at the same time, and it makes no difference whether in the dark or light; indeed, his best pictures are made in a dark room. I have frequently bandaged his eyes, and held a paper between his face and his picture, and it made no difference; the pencils did their work equally as well as when his eyes were free and there were no obstructions.

There is another theory illustrated in these works, i.e., the medium draws a square or circle to accurate measurement, without other implements than the mere pencil, and this with the right hand or the left.

Mr. James has gone further than these physical manifestations of the spirit-power. In common with hundreds of others, who can verify the facts here stated, I have for the past two years heard through him a series of discourses on all conceivable subjects, political, scientific, and philosophical, which would not disgrace the greatest intellects that ever lived. With equal freedom and facility he discusses questions of political economy and political science, geology, chemistry, medicine, astronomy, the philosophy of life, the structure of the earth, and all of the physical and natural sciences.

A distinguished professor of the science, and a state geologist, after listening to a discourse from Mr. James on the subject, remarked, "I have met a man who knows more about geology than I do."

I have also heard him speak fluently, and with an evident knowledge of the whole, in French, Italian, Spanish, German, and an Indian tongue, and I am confident of the fact that he is, in his natural state, wholly ignorant of any other than the English language. There is neither deception nor fraud about this man. He is beyond all question above suspicion. He makes no exhibition for money, gets no money out of it, lives a retired and secluded life. Now what is it? Upon what hypothesis can this seeming mystery be solved? These things are facts—hard, stubborn, unyielding facts. Let those who do not believe as I do in the intelligence which operating through this instrument, performs all these wonders, solve the mystery, it is not for me.

It was through this medium that the fact of the existence of water and oil underneath this ground was revealed; this was as early as the autumn of 1863. And from that time until the water was reached, the fact was more than one hundred times re-stated and repeated, in the presence of the writer and numerous other persons, who can verify and prove this statement.

The land was selected, and the point for boring marked out by the medium in a trance state, the drill started, and the well bored at this point, with the result which is now visible to all—(a synopsis of the objects and purposes of this revelation is given in a previous page.) They will be carried out by the parties in whose hands the matter rests. Chicago is now on her grand march to her position as the second city on the continent, and there are those now living who will see her reach it. And such will also see on this ground, and from this simple commencement

a structure reared which will be, not only an ornament to the great North-west, but a shrine of religious liberty and truth, around which shall gather pilgrims from all the wide world.

In the fullest confidence that the Supreme Ruler and Creator of the Universe has done all things well "that every thing that is, is right," that eternal progress is the law of nature and nature's God, that no man should call God his Father, who does not also call man his brother, we launch our little barque, freighted only perhaps with the germ of a truth, out upon the great waters. She will return before many days, laden with the fruits of her mission.

Chicago, June, 1865.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

VISION OF A FATHER AFTER DEATH.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—The publication in the *Spiritual Times* of my vision prophetic of Lord Palmerston's decease having met with a favourable reception, I am induced to send you an account of a vision I experienced just upon awaking on the morning of the 6th December, 1861. The decease of my father having taken place at about four o'clock the previous afternoon, at his residence, about six miles from Maidstone.

I first saw, in a large open space, a long bench, the further end of which was obscured by a cloud or mist; on it were arranged, at intervals within view, five or six beautifully polished small steel cannon, each fitted with a glass lens raised above the touch-hole, through which the sun's rays were passing. I observed the bright focus of the lens of the first cannon had just passed the priming, and it had exploded; it was evident to me that as the sun's place changed, each cannon would go off in rotation. Having observed all this, the scene instantly changed to a room in my father's house, wherein I noticed an elderly lady, and another comparatively young, but their features were indistinct to me. I heard my father's footstep in the hall, and observed that he there divested himself of his outer coat. He then entered the room, but before he closely approached the ladies, an interval of time seemed to pass away, and he took off another lighter coat; throwing it aside, he immediately entered into close and affectionate communion with the ladies, whom I supposed to represent his long-deceased mother and sister.

This vision I viewed as a figurative view of my father's entrance into the spirit-world, leaving his coat or outer body behind, and afterwards getting rid of other earthly affections. The cannon I supposed to be a curious reference to his recent death, and to the approaching departure of other members of our family, four of whom, of the same generation, have departed at intervals since the vision.

I will add to the above another vision, of a class, I am aware, that is very common; but, being so well defined, you may perhaps think it worthy of insertion.

My uncle John died unmarried, the 26th January, 1823, at the age of twenty-three, when residing on Langley Heath, near Maidstone. Some time before his departure, he described to those around him a vision which he had seen of a beautiful funeral passing across the heath, with the furniture and decorations all in white. He seemed to take great delight in giving a most minute account of it in all its particulars. Little or no attention was given to the incident at the time, and when his death occurred some time after, and it devolved upon my father to order the funeral, he had entirely forgotten the circumstance of the vision. He went to an undertaker at Maidstone, with whom he was well acquainted, and told him to provide a handsome funeral, giving him *carte blanche* to arrange all that was proper.

When on the day fixed the funeral procession crossed the heath, my uncle's vision was forcibly brought back to the minds of those who heard him relate it, for they saw before their eyes a precise realization of it in all its details.

I have been recently reminded of this occurrence by meeting a gentleman who, when a lad, was present at the funeral, which from its unusually attractive character, was attended by the villagers and others for miles around.—Yours truly,

THOMAS GRANT.

Sbirley House, Maidstone, Dec. 16, 1865.

APPARITION NEAR TRING.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—I beg to state to you a few facts that have been taught me by my father, and a few that have come under my own observation.

The Lower Tenield way, made by the Romans, crosses the north-west

corner of Hertfordshire, about a quarter of a mile below the town of Tring. At this said distance from Tring, the main road leading from Tring to a hamlet called Little Tring, crosses the Lower Tenield way. This crossing has for many years been called Harry's Ash, from the fact that a man named or called Harry, who committed suicide, was buried in this crossing. As the custom was in those days, a stake was driven into or through the body when it was buried there. From the stake sprang up a shoot, which ultimately began to assume the appearance of a thriving ash-tree. As it grew from the stake driven through Harry's body, no one thought fit to cut it down or damage it, but as years went by and traffic increased, it was found necessary that it should be removed. Accordingly it was taken up, and planted in the corner of the field-hedge nearest to which it formerly grew.

Time passed on, and the tree grew old and decayed with age, but from its roots sprang up a sucker, which is now grown to a tree, and stands close by where the old one stood.

About this place there has at different times been many curious things seen.

When I was quite a boy I went several times to see a woman which a man saw dressed in a long white robe, walking noiselessly about this place; but I saw nothing, though it was confidently asserted by three or four persons that they saw her. A few months ago, John Woodhouse was coming home late at night, when, as he passed this place, a woman dressed in black, and looking very sorrowful, walked noiselessly up close behind him, until he came almost to the first house on the road, when she suddenly vanished, he not knowing whence she came, or whither she went. John Woodhouse was landlord of the Castle Inn, Park-street, Tring, and engine-driver for the Grand Junction Canal Company, at the Little Tring engine, on the Wendover arm. He departed this life on Thursday last, December 7th.

As he told me what he saw soon after the time when he saw it, I know it to be the truth.

If you think this note worth publishing, you are at liberty to do what you please with it.—Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM FREDERIC WALLIS.

Bunstrucks Hill, Tring, Dec. 9, 1865.

MORE FACTS.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Sir,—As somewhat supplementary to my letter which appeared in the *Spiritual Times* of the 16th inst., the following tests I received at Mrs. Marshall's since then may not be uninteresting to some of your readers who may not, perhaps, have had an opportunity of witnessing facts of that character for themselves in the presence of powerful mediums.

Regarding the presence and operation of spirits, since the first time I witnessed the manifestations in my own family circle, I had not any doubt, and the only phase of the phenomena on which I desired additional proof was evidence as to identity. That at all times appears to be the most difficult point on which to satisfy even believers in Spiritualism, and I can see many, and very good reasons, why such proofs are so sparingly given.

In making the following communication, I have, therefore, only to regret that, from motives of a personal and private nature, I cannot give them verbatim as they occurred; in substance they are identical, which, for general purposes, may perhaps answer equally well.

Having been told by Mrs. Marshall that a communication was desired to be made, I asked for a name, which was fully and accurately given; of course, one which Mrs. Marshall never knew.

I then requested that tests would be given to convince me of identity, and such facts stated as I then knew nothing of, when the following came (I omit only the names that were given, for the reasons stated):—

"You will find a book in ——— box in your house in which is a paper written by me."

I also received two other communications in reference to events, one of which took place before I was born, the other when I was about six years of age, both of which on my return I ascertained to be strictly correct; the particulars I do not feel at liberty to state.

In reference to the first communication, when I received it, part of it, at least, I considered was wrong, as I understood the book referred to, which I knew to be in existence, but which I have not any recollection of having seen for the last twenty-one years, was in the house of a relative in another part of the city.

I determined, however, to see if any book existed with writing as referred to, and, very contrary to what I had expected, found the actual book in the box, with the writing, as specified; and, furthermore, the writing attested to by the signature and memorandum of another individual, which dated so far back as the year 1844.

So far those communications are satisfactory to me, to set aside the mental or cerebral theory, or the existence of mechanical contrivances, so ingeniously put forward to account for the facts.

I may also mention other things bearing on the point; one,

the production of writing, done apparently without human agency, the three words, "God bless you!" being written on paper which, with a pencil, was placed on the floor.

Regarding this, however, I would have been more satisfied had a reply been given to a mental question, as is done by the knockings; but a gentleman in this city assured me that he was present at Mrs. Marshall's when a mental question was answered in writing, as I have described, where collusion was impossible.

During my visit to London, I had much pleasure in examining a series of spirit-drawings, of the most perfect and exquisite finish, all of which were done by a person ranking in the highest society, of an emblematic and figurative character, of a strictly Christian order, interspersed with appropriate portions of Scripture, and bearing the cross as the most prominent feature, a view of which drawings alone would be sufficient to compensate for my visit; and I hope the time may not be far distant when means can be taken to offer them to the world, as a still further proof of spiritual power and intelligence.

I had much hesitation about communicating to you the following incident, but I think such occurrences are not given to be concealed. Early this morning, when drafting this letter, the chords of a piano immediately behind where I sat, were swept across, as if by a hand, although at the time I was the only one in the room, and the piano was closed.—Yours, &c.,

EDWIN S. LAUDER.

Dublin, 44, Sackville-street, Dec. 29, 1865.

THE EDDY BROTHERS.

(From the *Banner of Light*.)

I have been promising myself the pleasure of writing a little concerning the physical manifestations I have recently witnessed through Miss Jennie S. Lord, the physical medium, for the perusal of yourself and readers; but something has detained me from so doing until to day, when I am able to do more concerning the Eddy Family, whose medium powers were shown at Bumstead Hall, last evening, under the direction of Dr. J. H. Randall.

On the evening of the 28th of September, I attended one of Miss Lord's circles, at Mr. E. Stebbin's, in Chicopee, and, although the violinist disappointed us about attending, and we had to sing ourselves, we had some most wonderful demonstrations, which it is not necessary for me to describe, as they have often been described through public prints, by more capable persons than the writer of this. I consider Miss Lord a most wonderful medium for such manifestations, and an honest pure-hearted girl.

Last evening, at the *séance* of the Eddy's, hands and arms were distinctly seen protruding from the little diamond-shaped window of the cabinet. Faces of an old grey-haired man, an Indian, and others were also seen. A man, whose business would make him well known in Boston, and one who said he had been a sailor sixteen years, served as committee, with a lady of my acquaintance. The sailor tied the family, as sailors know how to tie, and declared to the audience that it was impossible for them to get loose of themselves. They were placed in the cabinet, and the first mentioned gentleman covered their hands with rouge, so that whatever came in contact with them must be covered with it. The doors of the cabinet were then closed, and in a moment's time, upon opening the doors, the coat of one of the boys laid by his chair upon the floor of the cabinet. The boy was tied as before, his hands the same, and although the coat sleeves were lined with white cloth, and were turned inside out and closely examined, not a particle of the rouge was to be found upon the lining or upon the cuffs, which of course the boys' hands must have touched had he removed the garment himself. The committee took off his own coat and laid it in the cabinet, closed the door, and very soon opened it, to find his coat upon the boy, with his hands tied as before. I do not give a full description of the *séance*, because it is unnecessary. People had better see for themselves. The report of the committee was, that they did not believe that the family had anything to do with the manifestations, as they deemed it impossible, notwithstanding they had declared their belief in the beginning that it was a humbug.

I hear many people say they have no interest in the physical manifestations, because they do not appear to the powers of mind, and seem to be of a lower order. Well, I have sometimes thought so myself; indeed, I do not need them to convince me of the glorious truth that angels are with us, and can demonstrate themselves; but I thought last night, as I saw those faces, hands and arms, with attending manifestations, that if any person could explain the chemical process of producing such things, *such* a mind could not be upon a low plane of intelligence, and I said, Who can produce such wonderful phenomena without a knowledge of law? Can spirits who understand spiritual chemistry well enough to take from mediumistic magnetism elements to produce hands, arms and faces, be upon a low plane of intelligence? If they are, I am willing to go down a few steps, if so it be, to learn such things, that I may bring the knowledge up into our higher sphere. Can anything which God in infinite power has created, be too low or too much undeveloped for us to become interested in? Are not the rough, rudimentary foundations on which beautiful structures are reared as much worth our attention as the most perfect specimen of refinement may be? And if we have aught to do in rearing temples, of whatever material, ought we not to understand the laws governing the foundations on which they are to rise, that they may be made secure? Nothing, my friends, is too insignificant to claim our attention, for all are of God, that is if it be true that "in Him we live, move, and have our being."

Let us learn from such reflections lessons of real humility, and be

ready to look upon all life's revelations and conditions as truly useful in God's economy, thereby gaining the practical use of the spirit of charity for all human beings, all animals, aye, all that is. Knowledge may be wisdom, but most surely is it the parent of the most perfect charity, perceiving cause, in reasoning from effects, and consequently seeing without condemnation. Teach me, oh Father, the knowledge of Thy creation, that I may worship Thee in spirit and in truth.

Ever for Truth and Justice,

M. S. TOWNSEND.

Cambridgeport, Mass., Oct., 1865.

DIVERSITY.

WHAT diversity? No two planets, no two animals, no two things, alike. Not only does the oak differ from the pine, and the pine from the cedar, but no man ever saw two oak-trees alike, nor any two leaves upon an oak. There are no two grains of sand alike; to microscopic eyes they would be as diverse as boulders. To a stranger the sheep in a flock seem all alike; to a shepherd they are as different as the individuals comprising it, and he can call them all by name. Nature never casts two articles out of the same mould: when one is cast she cracks the mould, and makes a new one for the next, and thus secures endless variety.

Man is no exception to this rule. Look at the variety of races,—the blushing Caucasian, the oblique-eyed Mongolian, the dark-skinned African, the black-haired, beardless American, the dumpy Esquimaux, and the spindle-shanked Australian. Heads differ, eyes differ, fingers differ, all parts differ, in every man from every other man, the world over. That passing from us which is invisible to all differs from the invisible aura of others, or how could the dog track his master through the crowded street? There are said to be from three to four thousand languages on the globe, from the harsh and guttural Esquimaux to the smooth and liquid Italian. Every individual has, in fact, peculiarities of speech that distinguish him from all others. The voice reveals the person when we have no other clue; and we say that is John, Mary, or Thomas, when the persons speaking are unseen.

This variety that we thus notice in nature is a continual blessing. Suppose it to be otherwise. Let all the heavenly bodies be alike in size and brightness, and placed at equal distances, and we should have a celestial checker-board, true to the line, and pretty for one look, but tame forever. Make all the flowers roses, and who would not miss the violet? The rose itself would lose half its beauty for want of contrast with its less fair floral sisters. If all leaves were alike, and all trees after the same pattern, how the dull landscape would fatigue the eye! Make all men like pins in a paper, mould candles in a box, or shot in a barrel, the fat thin, or the thin stout; elongate the short, or stunt the long; give all eyes the same expression; make all noses aquiline or Roman,—and what a desert of faces would surround us! Let it occur to-day what terrible mistakes would take place before morning! There is not an ugly sinner but would pray for a return of his old face to rescue him from the dead level of humanity.

Minds differ more widely than faces. "Many men, many minds," is a proverb as true as it is old. More varied than flowers in the garden, leaves in the forest, or stars in the sky, are the minds of mankind. Look into our libraries and see the products of those minds,—books on every conceivable subject, and no two alike even on the same subject.

This difference is seen in boys as soon as the intellect is awake, and manifests itself continually. Here is a little mechanic saving his cents and buying a jack-knife, with which he whittles mimic water-wheels. See him in the brook, his little pants tucked up to his brown knees, while he rejoices, as his wheel spins round like an angel over a new world. Give him a chance to develop in his own peculiar line, and like a Watt or a Fulton, he will yoke new steeds to the car of progress, and drive on the world at a diviner speed.

ASSUMED AND REAL PIETY.

THERE is nothing more easy than to say divinity by rote, and to discourse of spiritual matters from the tongue or pen of others; but to hear God speak it to the soul, and to feel the power of religion in ourselves, and to express it out of the truth of experience within, is both rare and hard. All that we feel not in the matters of God is but hypocrisy; and, therefore, the more we profess, the more we sin. It will never be well with me till, in these greatest things, I be careless of others' censures, fearful only of God's and my own, till sound experience have really catechised my heart, and made me know God and my Saviour otherwise than by words. I will never be quiet till I can see, and feel, and taste my God; my hearing I will account as only serving to effect this, and my speech only to express it.—BISHOP HALL.

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By Mr. J. H. POWELL.
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